

a not so golden life

Von LeoDrayThanatos

Prolog:

A/N: Hey guys!

This is my first fanficton, and also my first story ever written in English.

I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy writting it for you^^

Please review, so I know, what you think about it^^

There's a poll for possible pairings on my ff.net profile...:

<http://www.fanfiction.net/u/4446450/Leo-Dray-Thanatos#>

DISCLAIMER: as sad as it is, I don't own anything related to the Harry Potter series by J.K. Rowling... *sniff*

PROLOGUE

Ever since they returned from the Department of Mysteries, Harry had been unnaturally quiet. Hermione was quite concerned about her best friend. And she was annoyed with her other friend, Ron Weasley.

Because that thunderhead didn't even realize that there was something off with Harry. Ron was so dumb, he didn't realize how much even the mention of Sirius' name hurted his best friend.

But what Hermione didn't know, was, that there was something that bothered Harry even more than the death of his godfather. Because after Sirius fell through the veil, he run out after Bellatrix into the Atrium, where Voldemort possessed his body and tried to kill Dumbledore. But it wasn't being possessed by Voldemort that bothered him so much. It was, what Voldemort told him during that possession. He had asked Harry, if he was sure, that Dumbledore was everything he seemed to be.

Ever since then, he kept overthinking every single thing Dumbledore ever said and did to him.

Because he couldn't get rid of the feeling, that there was some truth in what Voldemort told him. And he knew, that he usually could trust his gut feeling, it hadn't ever been wrong.

The only time he didn't listen to his gut, was, when he, together with Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Neville and Luna, went to the Ministry of Magic to save his beloved godfather. Harry was glad, that there were only a few days of the school year left, because he didn't think he'd be able to concentrate on school or even his OWLs, with being busy overthinking every single thing.

He also was glad to be able to go back to his secluded summer holidays in Dudley's second bedroom, since there, he'd have all the time in the world to think it trough without being disturbed by Hermione fussing over him or Ron being absolutely

clueless of any of his feelings and annoying him by always asking him to join him to play some chess or exploding snap, or Dumbledore trying to be compassionate about Sirius' death with the annoying, happy looking twinkle in his eyes. He was also glad to no longer being exposed to the gawking student masses and the headlines of the newspapers, where the same reporters, who called him a liar and worse about a year ago, now wrote, that it seems like he did tell the truth about Voldemort being back, without a single apology to him.

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The end of the year feast had been like every other the years before. And for Harry, it was just a continuation of the previous days. The food was delicious, Hermione kept fussing over him about him not eating enough, Ron was as tactless as ever, Ginny had started to flirt with him once more, which annoyed Harry to no end, since he really wasn't interested in her or any other person at all at the moment, and everyone else was gawking at him, without even hiding it anymore.

Therefore, Harry was really glad, when he sat with his close friends in their compartement on the train to King's Cross. They had locked the door with severe locking spells that were above NEWTs level and closed the curtains as well, which was a good idea, since Malfoy tried to make his obligatory visit. And no one really felt like seeing him or even listening to his annoying voice.

Once more, Ron tried asking everyone to play some games, Ginny tried to hit on him, and Hermione asked him, if he was sure that everything was ok and if he really was okay with going back to the Dursleys. After some time, Harry was fed up with everything and everyone and exploded: "No, Ron, I really don't want to play anything with you, but want to be left alone! That includes you, Hermione. I'm okay and even if it would bother me to go back to the Dursleys, which it doesn't, there wouldn't be anything I could do to change it. And Ginny, I'm definitely not interested in you! So, please, stop hitting on me. It's fucking annoying!"

They all stared at him open mouthed. No one knew, how to react to it. Especially, as it was the first time since Sirius' death, that Harry showed any real expressions, and spoke more than in the previous days together. And Harry went back to looking out of the window and thinking.

When the Hogwarts Express arrived in London, it was still quite silent in the compartement of Harry and his friends. Hermione was still musing about Harry's behaviour, Ron was fuming that his best friend preferred being completely boring and looking out of the window over playing a game with him, Ginny was thinking about what she could possibly do to get Harry to be interested in her and Neville and Luna were quiet as usual, reading a book about some exotic magical plants and the Quibbler respectively.

When the train stopped, they all took their luggage and got off it, and walked towards their waiting families. When he reached the Dursleys, he acted as if nothing special at all had happened all year long and especially didn't mention the death of a certain escaped criminal, since the thread of him let the Dursleys leave him to do whatever he felt like, without having to do lots of chores beside cooking.

Plus, he could come and go whenever he pleased, without being locked in in his room.

