

Ginny sat on the edge of the bed, with her head in her hands. She could not believe the type of month that she was having. Sure, it had all started nice enough, despite her silly tendency to fall into extreme clumsiness when a certain green-eyed Gryffindor was around. She thought that forming a plan to combat her "illness", would help out where Harry was concerned. For her plan to have worked however, Ginny would almost have had to steer clear of Harry, she realized. She thought that if she didn't look at him, or he wouldn't have spoken to her, or if he didn't get to close to her, or if no one would have mentioned him to her, or if she could have kept her mind off of him, the plan would have been alright. She sighed, and she knew that this had been borderline hopeless, that not even divine intervention could salvage her wreck of a plan. She would have to keep trying her best, and hope for some good fortune, if she wanted to get closer to Harry and at least try to be his friend. Unfortunately for Ginny, Lady Luck never came to call.

When he came down to breakfast that morning, their eyes had met. Though it was only for a fleeting moment, Ginny was mesmerized by the deep emerald green that seemed to be exude brightness, more so than usual, and seemed to capture his cheerful mood. It was at this moment, that she knew all hope for her was lost. The fates decided not just to take the wind from her sails, but to cause her to shipwreck all together. She thought she could sink into her self and die after she had knocked her porridge bowl to the floor. This was the worst, everyone will have seen it. They would laugh at her. She knew that surely they would taunt her to no end so she lingered a bit longer under the table to avoid any comments from anyone, especially Fred and George. When she came up from the table however, no one appeared to have noticed what happened. No one looked away quickly, nor were there any smirks, or anything of the sort. She thought perhaps she could get through this day after all, when she heard her name called.

"Well, we'll manage," said Mrs. Weasley, but she looked worried. "I expect we'll be able to pick up a lot of Ginny's things secondhand."

"Oh, are you starting at Hogwarts this year?" Harry asked Ginny.

She nodded, blushing to the roots of her flaming hair, and put her elbow in the butter dish.

Despite the fact that it seemed as if Harry had not noticed, she had turned a deep shade of maroon at this point, and pointedly looked down at her plate. She didn't so much as look up for the entire breakfast, trying desperately to will herself to disappear.

Ginny was ready to leave Flourish and Blotts. She had thought that women were being a bit shallow when it came to Lockhart, and that though he was a good looking fellow, he had something else about him. There was something untrustworthy that she couldn't place. She had scowled when Lockhart had pulled Harry to the front, and put him in front

of those cameras. What little she did know of Harry personally told her that he did not like attention, especially not from about 75 wizards and witches, AND a newspaper photographer. She wondered if the poor boy would ever be free of the shackles of fame, and ever have a normal life. She knew something was happening, when a blond boy, with a pale face, and cold gray eyes came over to meet them.

"Bet you loved that, didn't you Potter?" said a voice Harry had no trouble recognizing. He straightened up and found himself face-to-face with Draco Malfoy, who was wearing his usual sneer.

"Famous Harry Potter," said Malfoy. "Can't even go into a bookshop without making the front page."

"Leave him alone, he didn't want all that!" said Ginny. It was the first time she had spoken in front of Harry. She was glaring at Malfoy.

"Potter, you've got yourself a girlfriend!" drawled Malfoy. Ginny went scarlet as Ron and Hermione fought their way over, both clutching stacks of Lockhart's books.

She knew after this day that she would have no trouble carrying on the unspoken Weasley tradition of despising everything about the Malfoys. Why did Draco have to antagonize Harry after she defended him? She supposed that it was just the type of person he was, especially after hearing the others talk about him and his father. Ginny knew that everyone had known about her feelings for Harry, but to have someone blurt them out loud, in a very public place, had embarrassed her to no end. She was cheering for her father, as he and Lucius Malfoy broke into fisticuffs a little bit later.

Ginny was at this point doing everything she could to keep herself from crying. She knew that she had lost almost all chance of being friends with Harry. She knew that Harry wouldn't want some little girl, who became as clumsy as they come when she was around him. He would want someone he could talk to, someone who could function as more than just the person that was called when he needed things knocked over. Some of her tears had begun to leak down her cheek, when she heard a soft knock on her door. Figuring it was her Mum, or one of her brothers, she went to go answer it. It was the last person in the world she had expected to visit her.

It was Harry.

She flushed scarlet at this point, and fiercely searched her inner strength for the power to shut the door. She quickly found however, that she was unable to do so. Her curiosity for his motive, and her borderline obsession had kept her from shutting the door.

"Hey Ginny, I...er...I mean, can I talk to you for a minute?" asked Harry.

She realized that she was not capable of uttering a word at this moment. She nodded

shyly to Harry, and moved so that he could come inside. She went and sat down on her bed quickly, mostly out of fear of fainting. When Harry sat down next to her on the bed, it felt like all the oxygen was cut off from her brain. If it were possible, she would have been flushed even more than she was now.

“Ginny...are you alright? You look like you’ve just been running” Harry asked softly.

When all hope for conversation appeared to be lost, she found the last remnant of her courage, lodged deep within her soul.

“Oh yes, I’m fine. Thank you,” whispered Ginny.

“That’s good then,” he added smiling pleasantly at her. “Listen Ginny...I just wanted to thank you for saying what you did to Malfoy today. It means a lot that you would try and defend me like that. Thank you.”

Harry then got up, and it appeared as if he was about to leave. Before she could figure out what he was doing, he bent down and kissed her on the cheek.

“Thanks again,” Harry whispered in her ear, and he left the room.

She was rooted to the spot. She had not even the strength to blink her eyes at this moment. What had just happened? Harry did not just do that, did he? She touched the cheek where he had kissed her, and to her it felt fiery to the touch. Maybe she would be able to make friends with him after all, she thought after a few minutes.

She moved to go and close her door before anyone could come and see her in the state she was in. Moving back to her bed from the door, she accidentally tipped over her cauldron. Frustrated, she began to dump its contents back inside. She noticed an old black book she hadn’t recognized before. She noticed the words T.M. Riddle, in smudged ink on the back. It appeared to be a diary, but it didn’t have any entries. Not a single written word on the entire thing besides the name on the back cover. “This is great,” she thought. “I’ve needed a new diary anyhow, and I certainly have something to put into it today.”