

Dreams may come true...

...but needn't

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Kapitel 1: weird dreams

Prologue

When he woke up he felt cold, extremely cold. Moreover the air was icy and his breath visible as light white clouds. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes again. Pictures were flooding in front of his inner eyes, leaving behind a familiar image – a small red bird flying through black sky, cutting like a warm, flamed sword through a cold ice block. Afterwards it vanished into nothing, became one with the pure darkness around him.

Sudden movement caught his attention. His eyes flipped open. He sat up and looked around, watching for any changes in his surroundings. Nothing. Thus he sighed bored and reached out for his glasses, which used to lie on the bedside table. At that moment he realised he wasn't where he should have been. He looked around. The blurred environment was white and greyish. Where was he? He wondered what had happened. This place was for sure not his bedroom, not even anything familiar. The coldness sneaked slowly but strongly under his clothes and into his body. He shivered. Where the hell am I?, he asked himself, rubbing nervously his hands together.

Although he didn't wear his glasses he was certain if he had, he wouldn't have seen anything more than this fog. There was a silent noise to his right, not far away from him. Clutching his shirt firmly to his body he stood up and tried to look for the whereabouts of the sound. Hushed footsteps were coming straight towards him. He looked up. Astonishment on his face he stood there, watching the person drawing nearer. He knew that face, those cold grey eyes, that blond flat hair and that pale skin. However he couldn't turn his eyes away from him, him who he detested the most.

The strange thing about this situation was, he could feel the coldness fading the nearer the other person came. And the moment this man stopped only a view metre in front of him, their whole surrounding had completely changed into a warmth filled place, flooded with golden sunlight. Amazed by this happening he stood there - silence. A thin smile on his lips the other person raised his arm and touched gently his cheek. This warm feeling he got overwhelmed with streamed through his entire body. Then the other one drew his face nearer and nearer, looking intensively into his opposite's eyes. Heat struck him when their lips touched and pleasure filled his mind. All of a sudden everything went dark around him and he abruptly sat up, breathing hard.

Harry gasped for breath and looked immediately around. His hands clutched into the

blankets and the silent breathing of a woman next to him. Relieved at being at home he realised it all had been a dream – just some nice dream.

Ginny moved still sleeping and muttered something unintelligible. He laid down back - thinking. What had he thought just now? A nice dream? How could that be possible? He suddenly blushed. As if he was talking to someone else Harry shook his head. It was a nightmare, a terrible nightmare, he told himself angrily. Who would have wanted such a dream? Absolutely not him. Slowly he calmed down and stared at the ceiling. He heard his dear wife breathing at his side. That was where he belonged to. This was his life. There was no space for weird dreams.

He closed his green eyes and was struck by the image of the smile the person had given him in his dream. This kindness in his look had chased away the coldness he had always felt, when he had seen him. Now he remembered the warm feeling he had had while the other man has touched with pure gentleness his lips with his own. A night mare, huh?