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Skulle en gång i tiden skriva en novell, mest för egen vinning. I den pratade jag mycket om vind, och snabbhet. Och moln.

Detta är en fortsättning på de tankarna, och en fortsättning på en fanfic, som började med "Roof".

Windy

Windy...

Well, actually it was. She turned her head up against its direction just to feel the sensation of "speed" - as Hermione sat up on the roof.

She looked, and turned, and looked some more, and later she turned back again. To face the "speed".

In all of its glory.

She sat on the roof, looking through the wind, in to the sun setting down. Or, to be less complex, she looked at that day's sunset. Looked, and longed. She was, however, not alone. Not alone she longed.

This is fun.

"Hermione, can you please help me for a second?"

"No..."

"Please?"

"No..."

"I've got company"

"Where? Up on the roof?"

"Yeah... A boy..."

"Really? Who?"

"My secret lover, actually..."

"You are not making any sense, actually. Really... Your lover? Then, who is your lover?"

"A boy..."

"You're impossible!"

Maybe so...﻿

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