

Sneak preview part of chapter: Revived memories

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Now both girls were totally convinced about Mikey's painting qualifications, they were elaboration on what to do next.

“Do you still want to go ahead with the original idea?” Alexandra asked.

Lily thought for a while.

“Yes, It seems that the stones operate on the image in your head, or with the older central-stones a combination of thought and position of directional-stones. You have captured some of those images by picking up stored memories. I think it is important to store and share those images.”

“You are right, let's do so. Shall we ask Mikey?”

“Straight away!”

After a long stroll up to the Ravenclaw tower, where Mikey's studio was located, they knocked at his door.

“It's us Mikey, Alexandra and Lily.”

When he let them in, they noticed that one of the paintings was gone. Lachlan had moved to the corridor on the second floor.

For a moment Lily found herself between two Alexandra's, one in flesh-and-blood, and another one, almost alive.

“Please Mikey, can you do me a favor?”

“Certainly!”

“Can you cover the other painting? It is so much alive, I almost started talking at it.”

With a grin and a wave of his wand, one Alexandra was gone.

“Well ladies, what can I do for you? Portrait of someone else?”

Lily Evans' Diary – year three

Lily shook her head, “No. No persons. Landscapes. We need to transfer as good as possible the memories of some landscapes. I know that eyes are your specialty, but what can you do for us in this respect. Any magic you can apply to them?”

At first Mikey looked slightly disappointed, as he rather painted persons, but when she mentioned 'magic' he started to think.

“Those places, have you been there yourself?”

“One place we have been both, but all of the others, no. It is much more like the impressions of our professor history. She has memories if stored impressions.”

“How can you verify whether I painted them correctly?” he asked.

“If so, I will also be able to go there. Although we think that some of these places no longer exist anymore.”

“I might add something, but I have to dig up a book about it. Can you tell me something about some of the places?”

Alexandra nodded, “Some at least. One is located in Athens near the Parthenon, another we think is on Crete, at Knossos. We have seen three others. One is on a small island at the Hebrides, and the fourth is submerged in the Mediterranean. The fifth one, you might have visited yourself, Stone-Henge.

The sixth one is in Norway, near the Durmstrang institute, at least, that is what we think. And most of the other places, we have absolutely no idea whatsoever where they might be located.

“So, in that case, it seems to me as a good starting point to use one of the locations you've been before, not? But be careful

Lily Evans' Diary – year three

that you do not mix the original impression with your own memory.”

Lily commented, “Very good point, Mikey! So what destination are we going to do?”

Alexandra looked at her. “You'll have to be the judge, so just wait and see.”

Turning to Mikey, “Ready for another experiment?”

“Ready when you are, fair lady!”

Alexandra walked to the back of the chair, Mikey sat down on, placed her fingers on his eyes and head, and concentrated deeply.

Finally Alexandra said, “That's about it. Perhaps I should visit the original place, for refreshing my own memories. Can you start one the first one?”

Mikey sat still for some time.

“That is a weird feeling indeed. But yes, I think I can do something with it. No promises though. I'll try next week.”

But it wasn't the next week Lily got invited to see the results, and neither the week after, nor the month after.

At the same moment Lily got slightly disappointed, even annoyed, the two McGonagalls came to fetch Lily.

“Miss Evans, may we invite you to a very special exhibition? It took some time, but believe me, it was worthwhile waiting!”

This time they were not heading for Mikey's studio, but one of the larger classrooms. At the door they also found Mikey and Dumbledore waiting. The first one glowing with excitement, the other full with expectation, just the way like Lily felt.

Lily Evans' Diary – year three

“Ladies and gentlemen. My I present you my first full private presentation. I've named it 'revived memories'.” And with a wide gesture, he opened the door. Lily expected the paintings to be hanging on the wall, but she saw none, the room was pitch dark.

Suddenly a light appeared and shone on one painting. A site Lily knew very well. Greece, Athens, near the Parthenon. The site she had visited along with Alexandra, Sirius, James and his parents. But the scene was different, not how she remembered it. Somebody must have read or sensed her mind, because a second light showed a second painting, directly next to it. This was exactly how Lily remembered the place.

“I don't understand, they are different but what, how?”

Mikey explained at a low voice, “These two paintings are about exactly the same object, even the same location. However there is a time lapse. The left one is 1500 years older, from the original memory. Your friend and I traveled to Athens some weeks ago. What we saw, is on the right picture.”

Now, when she looked closely to the first picture, she noticed the difference. People wearing ancient clothing, and the temple was still whole and decorated.

“I presume we don't have to tell you where this is located?” and with these words a third painting lighted up.

Lily heart started to glow. Yes, this was Knossos. Even before their holiday, she had this picture in her mind. Strangely she seemed to remember it, how it used to be.

The third one, everybody recognized. Stone-Henge. Again two paintings.

“Did you also traveled to that place?”

Lily Evans' Diary – year three

“No that came from the fresh memories when you and Alexandra visited the place.”

At the fourth one, Dumbledore said: “Desolated spot. Where is that?”

Now Lily responded, “That is on the Hebrides, Calanais or Calanish. We visited the place this summer.” This time there was hardly any difference between the left and the right paintings.

“From here on, only old impressions.”

Alexandra pointed to the next one, “This is how Alexandria must have looked liked, in the old days. And this, this is Cartage before the Romans decided to destroy it.”

The next painting showed a forest, a long wide lane, and a building at some distance. “Norway. Some say it is the main building of Durmstrang.”

While walking to the next one, Lily was thinking, “Nice paintings, and the transfer obviously worked well, but what kind of magic had Mikey put into it?”

Before she could ask her question, it got answered by the next painting. She saw a large valley with mountains that were covered with snow or ice. Except one. It looked like another mountain, but it radiated heat through the picture. She had to step backwards, being afraid that she got burned.

“We think that is, or better was, Iceland. It became unreachable, just like this one.”

And she pointed to another one.

Lily Evans' Diary – year three

Here they saw spread over the desert hills, lot of tiny stone houses, colored by the sun setting. And at one side a huge sea, unbelievable blue tinted.

“We think that this was Cartage, before it was demolished. It must have made a huge impact on the one who traveled to that place. The image was extremely strong.”

When Lily looked at the painting, she could feel the longing of going to that place, realizing that it was totally impossible, as that entire city was ruined by the Romans.

“This one is the cause of most of the time you had to wait,” Mikey said, pointing at the next one.

“Exceptionally well done!” Dumbledore said. “I like mountains. Those hills, those flowers, that view... But where is it located, do you know?”

“No, not exactly, we assume somewhere in the Alps.”

Albus took another step closer to the painting, “If you painted those mountains accurately enough, and I have no doubt whatsoever that you did, you can perhaps find out comparing it with other pictures or photographs.” With another step he was inches away from the painting.

“Normally when you get this close, the image of the painting get's lost, and you only see the paint on the cloth. But not here! I could almost smell the fresh air. And I long to walk their, climbing up to the next hill, knowing that there probably will be another hill blocking my view.”

When he turned away, Lily noticed a small tear in his eye, and she knew that professor Dumbledore would probably never find the time to go there anymore, and certainly not be able to make such adventures hikes.”

Lily Evans' Diary – year three

The final one didn't need any introduction either. The huge building near, had such a characteristic shape, that every one recognized it, The Borobudur, Java.

“As you remember Lily, there were many more places, but those were too vague, I had to refresh my own memory before I could pass them to Mikey. Last week I did, and he will work on the other ones, but we wanted to show you these already.”

Finally it started to dawn at Dumbledore and professor McGonagall. “Hold on. Just a minute. Alexandra, you told us that you captured memories on images. That is already extraordinary. Are you now trying to tell us, that these were or even are destinations of those traveling-stones?”

“Yes I do and even did. And with these images, I think I can pass that information to others. Don't you think you can use these, Lily?”

But Alexandra didn't get answer straight away. Lily had walked back to one of the previous paintings. She stared at it. Like Mikey had said, these were from memories, old memories, some of them perhaps over 500, 1000, 1500 years old. Perhaps even older.

But still she felt like she recognized one of the minute figures on that painting. Although this was totally impossible she started to become dizzy. It looked like someone she saw not so long ago. It felt here brains started to melt. Someone she saw very recently.

When her knees gave way and it appeared that someone turned the light off, she realized and remembered. The one in the

Lily Evans' Diary – year three

painting was she same one she had seen this morning. In the mirror!

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