

Chapter 2

Bring It On

“I—I didn’t know he had any family,” Mrs. Weasley said in surprise.

“Well, you’re looking at it,” Monica replied; her voice was drenched with sarcasm.

“Your father tore my brother to shreds!” a young man exclaimed.

“Now, Charlie, calm down; you can’t rightly—.”

“Oh, Mum! You’re too trusting! Look where it got Dumbledore, why don’t you?” Charlie said loudly.

Mrs. Weasley opened, and then closed her mouth; she was speechless from shock. “Charlie, what has gotten into you? Ever since you’ve been here, it’s been one thing after another; and quite frankly I don’t like it,” she said in a scolding tone.

“I’ve just started taking this war seriously, Mother; that’s what has ‘gotten into me.’ It wouldn’t hurt if it got into the rest of you, I think.” Charlie said, as Mrs. Weasley scowled. “I bet you’re just like him.” Charlie said, his tone was fierce. “Daddy’s little girl, right?”

Monica’s voice turned to steel. “You’re wrong. I’m not a werewolf; if that’s what you’re insinuating.” Charlie started to speak, but she stopped him. “If I was, why haven’t any of you heard of me? My father being who he is?”

She’d thought that would put Charlie in his place. “Maybe because even he’s ashamed of you? He threatens people to keep quiet about you, so no word will spread?” Charlie replied; obviously she’d thought wrong.

“Charlie Weasley! That is enough!” Mrs. Weasley exclaimed; and then looking at Monica, she said, “I’m sorry; you will have to excuse my son’s *horrid* behavior. He hasn’t quite been himself, since he came to do a stint with the Order here.”

“You’re apologizing to that maniac?!?” Charlie choked out. “Mum, have you gone mad? Did you forget what happened to Bill?”

“No, but I won’t take it out on someone who is innocent of the affair.” Mrs. Weasley answered.

“She’s *his* daughter!” Charlie replied angrily.

“Just say Greyback, would you? Greyback, Voldemort; they’re just names, ‘s not like something’s going to leap out, and kill you if you say them!” Monica said, and she had to fight back a smirk, as she watched Charlie’s face start to match his hair.

“All right then, if she’s so good, Mum, why doesn’t she go to Hogwarts?” Charlie asked, through clenched teeth.

“How do you know she doesn’t?” Mrs. Weasley snapped.

“Because McGonagall has obviously never seen her!” Charlie answered.

“Maybe she’s a Squib?” Mrs. Weasley quietly said.

“I am not a Squib!” Monica shouted. “I can use magic just fine! As for Hogwarts, it’s not where I was enrolled!” She stopped; her emotions were making her give away information that she wanted to keep.

“Where are you enrolled?” Mad Eye’s creaky voice asked.

“No use hiding it now.” Monica thought. “I’m a graduate of Durmstrang.” she proudly said.

“You’re the one who received all O’s, aren’t you?” Mad Eye asked.

“Yes I am, and proud of it!” Monica answered.

“Yes, I remember now; you’re labeled as a potential Dark Wizard risk.” Mad Eye said.

“I’m- - I’m what?” Monica asked; she hadn’t been expecting this.

“You’re on the Ministry’s list of possible, future, Dark Wizards, and Death Eaters.” The violet-haired woman said.

That made Monica’s blood writhe. How could they put her on such a thing; without a chance to prove herself? She should go to the Ministry right now, and Crucio them all into taking her off of it!

Lupin caught the look in her eyes, and said, “It’s just a precaution, Monica.”

“That doesn’t make it right!” she shouted; all her life she’d had a label, and now she had a permanent one. “So what are they going to do? Keep tabs on me my whole life?” Monica continued. No one answered, and she had to clench her hands at her sides to keep from grabbing her wand.

“Sit down,” McGonagall quietly instructed.

“No, thank you; I’d much rather stand.” Monica said with hostility.

“I didn’t ask if you wanted to; now sit!” McGonagall barked, and Monica did as she was told; although she glared fiercely all the while.

“Now, before anyone else says anything,” she gave Charlie a meaningful glance. “I’d like to ask our visitor a few questions. Molly take a chair please.” McGonagall paused as Mrs. Weasley seated herself. “First let me introduce you to those whose names you don’t know. This is - -.”

“I’ve introduced myself already, Minerva.” Mrs. Weasley said.

“Right, well that’s Charlie Weasley, and as you can tell he’s Molly’s son.” Charlie scowled in reply, as McGonagall said his name. “This is Nymphadora Tonks.”

Tonks waved as she was introduced. “Just call me Tonks; I can’t stand Nymphadora,” she said, making a face at her first name.

“And he is Remus Lupin.” McGonagall continued, and Lupin smiled. “Now that you know everyone, I must ask; what are you here for?”

“I’m here to join the Order.” Monica answered. “*But now I’m not so sure I want to.*” she thought.

“Why do you want to join us?” McGonagall questioned.

“To prove I’m not a cannibalistic Dark Wizard; I suppose.” Monica said, sarcastically.

McGonagall went slightly red. “I see; well if that’s what you’re here for then you won’t mind if Hestia scans your mind when she returns, tonight.” she said.

“What? You’re going to have me Legilimensed?” Monica asked, surprised.

“We have to make sure you aren’t a spy for Voldemort, or the Ministry.” McGonagall said.

Monica thought it over, and realized that this was her one shot. “Fine then; I’ll do it.” Monica answered; thinking, “*Bring on the worst...and then do better.*”