The Prodigal Daughter: Writing, history, mourning

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Her youngest child and only daughter was returning home today after a four-year absence. It had been over a year since they had last seen Ginny. Although Ginny had never stepped foot in England the entire four years she had lived in Paris, her parents and brothers had made occasional trips to visit her. The wizarding world was still putting itself back together after the war that had threatened to destroy them and it had taken almost two years before people felt like traveling outside of England. When the portkey had stopped swirling, Molly had turned to End her daughter and barely managed to stifle a gasp. Her baby girl was gorgeous and the Paris spring air seemed to caress her skin as Ginny stood up to welcome them. Prodigal Daughter was a virtual representation of one of Aveline de Grandpré's genetic memories. Aveline returned home from her journey to Mexico, and was greeted by Gérald Blanc, who informed her of the changes that had taken place in New Orleans. Aveline entered the warehouse, surprising Gérald. Gérald: Aveline! I-. Aveline: Gérald! You look as though you've seen a ghost. I left Chichen Itza the moment it was secure. Gérald: Then you were successful? Aveline: De Ferrer will no longer trouble us.