

# If

by norwegianeyes

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## Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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"If... My dad used to say that "if" was the most powerful word in the English language."-Tegan, Doctor Who

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Sirius sat in his dark, empty room at Grimmauld Place. He was slumped against the cracked wall, a bottle of half empty Firewhiskey in one hand, and an old photograph in the other. He was lucky that he had found the photo in the first place; why it was hidden beneath fifteen years of dust in the attic of his childhood home was beyond him.

Sirius traced Lily's round face with his skeleton-like index finger. He had always loved Lily, even though he knew he could never have her. But on lonely nights, his mind always wandered to 'what if'.

What if he had told Lily how he felt? Would she have returned his feelings? What if this had been a picture *of their* wedding he'd been staring at. Would James have an expression of longing? Would Sirius be dead now, and James the one to end up in Azkaban?

He sighed and crumpled the faded photo, hurled it across the room.

*Damn the 'what ifs'.* The more he thought about it, the more depressed he got. And his depression always led him to getting completely plastered; almost drinking so much he would be inches from death.

Sirius chugged the remainder of the bottle and smashed it against the wall, joining the photo. His laugh was full of melancholy and its echo filled the room *What ifs*, he thought. Merlin, his life was filled with broken dreams.