

A Mother's Promise

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Lily is sitting in her rocking chair by the window, tightly wrapped up in a woolly blanket. She has just fed her little baby boy. And he is now fast asleep in her arms. Outside, the rain is splashing against the windows, and the wind is howling in the trees, shaking the shutters as if it were a giant who is trying to break into the house. Lily tightens her grip around her baby boy, holds him closer towards her chest. It is a chilly night. And the chill seems to slowly creep into her very bones. She knows that they are safe. Albus Dumbledore himself has overseen the casting of the Fidelius Charm, and their Secret Keeper is one of her husband's oldest friends. And who would suspect Peter, little Peter Pettigrew, to be trusted with such a secret? But still, something doesn't feel right. Lily looks down at her little baby boy who is sleeping so peacefully at her chest and remembers the prophecy *the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches* ... 'Is this you, my little treasure?' she whispers, caressing her baby boy's jet-black hair. 'Are you the one they are waiting for? Are you the one who will save us from the Darkness?' The baby boy stirs in her arms, and his small hand grips a strand of his mother's red hair, holds on tight as if trying to keep her close. Lily shivers. She imagines seeing shadows flitting around the house, feels the cold creep into her heart. Then her baby boy starts to cry, and the sound cuts into her very soul. 'Hush, my little angel,' she whispers. 'Mummy's here. Mummy will protect you. Mummy will always be there to protect you.' She hears footsteps behind her, feels James wrap his arms around her cold body. 'Is everything alright, my love?' he asks. Lily nods. 'Yes, my love. Everything is alright.' They both look down at their little baby boy. He has stopped crying, has let go off his mother's hair and is now looking up at his parents with bright green eyes. 'Yes,' Lily repeats. 'Everything is alright. I am holding a piece of heaven in my arms.'

Mere hours later, James Potter is slain in his own house by the hands of the Dark Lord. Lily Potter dies only minutes later, giving her life to protect her baby boy.

Just as she has promised.

The Swedish readers may recognise some of the lines in this little story. It was inspired by the song 'Himlen i min famn' by Carola Häggqvist.

Merry Christmas to you all.