

# She Came to Me in a Letter...

*by katydid*

I havent decided whether to continue filling out this story. It strikes me that perhaps this monologue stands stronger on its own... that does not mean there isn't a story behind it, however. Unknowingly Severus and Hermione had been exchanging anonymous letters until they, quite unexpectedly, fell in love. This lead them to have to disclose their true identities and deal with the ramifications. Of course the monologue can be read w/out that storyline in mind as well.

## Monologue

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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How is it possible to grieve the loss of something you never had?

Ours was not an unrequited love, but rather one torn apart by the cruel hand of circumstance. She was born too late and I too early. However, if I were one to believe in souls I would say with complete certainty that ours were destined to be mated. For no one can understand me as well as she. All of my life I've known that I would be misunderstood, that no one would see or comprehend the inner workings of my mind, and that they would much rather find comfort in their petty rationalizations... despite what these misinterpretations may bring upon me. I never in my wildest dreams imagined that I would stumble upon someone like her... I never allowed myself to.

No one can truly understand pain, be it physical or emotional, unless they have endured it... survived it. Of course, I wouldn't wish the pain that I have felt on my worst enemies. Although, admittedly, I've often thought about inflicting my pain on those who caused it, but that is a fruitless fantasy... One that can never be realized. She knows such pain in her life and I find myself wishing that I could endure her pain for her. That I could suffer so she could live the way she deserves to. Someone so young should be just that... young. She should be naïve, carefree, and innocent.

Granted, when I was her age, I did not have that privilege. I was never young... every naivety was quickly and efficiently shattered and, though many would disagree, I cared entirely too much. Caring is unquestionably a weakness, but one that cannot afford to be lost. As for being innocent... I lost my innocence before I even realized its significance. I had no choice in that matter, however, from then on I have strived to choose the right path no matter what hardships it may bring me. I became accustomed to pain, to loneliness, to betrayal and disappointment, to whatever was necessary to survive. And then I met her. I had learned long ago never to trust or confide in anyone, but I trusted her. I needed to trust her for she understood me implicitly and loved me despite myself. Our pain is what binds us. It is our strange kinship.

For once in my life I had something good, only to find that I could never really have it at all. She must remain tantalizingly out of reach. In this I cannot be weak. I must remain strong and push her away. Though it wrenches at my heart, I must refuse the love she offers so readily. I will always love her, but I cannot be in love with her. In truth, I feel fortunate to have experienced such an exquisite love. The only regret I have is never having been able to kiss her.