

# You Have To Live

*by norwegianeyes*

Told in the POV of Sirius and Hermione's daughter. Sirius has died and Hermione is not taking his death very well.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Mum shook as I held her. Hagrid put Da's body down on the stone slab and took a seat. Uncle Harry stood before the altar, clearing his throat to begin a heart breaking eulogy. It was hard to hear over Mum's noises and coaxing her like a small child, telling her that everything would be alright.

But, I knew Mum would never be the same. Da was everything to her. She loved him with a passion I could only imagine. Frankly, I wasn't sure how Mum was going to cope. I had a feeling that Mum would be joining Da soon. I wasn't sure how my brothers and I would deal with that.

After the funeral I took Mum to my house. We sat in the kitchen in complete silence for three hours. I was afraid of saying anything, out of fear she would break down. I just stare at her. She seemed so empty, her expression was blank. Her dark eyes gave away her loneliness. Her eyes had to be the saddest thing I had ever seen.

The next few nights Mum slept in bed with me. It seemed like our positions had be reversed. Mum had been reduced to a crying child who'd had a bad dream, and I was her mother, soothing her. Neither of us got much sleep.

Soon, Mum stopped eating. We were forced to give her potions that would settle her stomach and trick her into eating. My brothers and I were scared shitless. We were certain mum was trying to die. But that couldn't happen.

A year after Da's death, we checked mum into St. Mungo's. They would give her better care than we ever could. We visited her every Tuesday and Friday. She never improved. Then came the day the Healers informed us that she had Dementia and they weren't sure how long she had. Apparently, mum was the youngest patient with the disease they had ever seen. It broke our hearts. I remember one visit in particular that she didn't have a clue who I was. I cried for days.

Two years later, I was being held by my daughter as my mother was buried next to Da. As she stroked my hair, I made a promise to myself that I would not let my daughter go through the pain of losing her mum. I had to live and move on.