

Dai-ko-Myo

by apisa_b

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Chapter 1 of 1

When Hermione is in need, she receives an unexpected gift.

Hands. She had been dreaming of hands. Again.

Slowly, Hermione shook off the last tendrils of sleep that still engulfed her and enticed her to stay huddled under her warm blanket. She reached under her pillow and pulled out a notebook and a pencil to note down her dream. Not that there was much more to do, but to add the occurrence of the dream to a long list and try to add details to the sketch she had made: a pair of hands forming a bowl, a light between the hands and in the light some sort of Asian signs, which evaded her attempts of penning them down.

She also noted down that her palms were tingling.

Hermione looked at the list she had made about the occurrence of the dream and tried to match the pattern. At first she had dreamed it every third night, then the frequency increased to every second night. Worrying her lower lip with her teeth, she thought about what she remembered of the days before the occurrence of the dreams. Suddenly, her eyes widened in realisation; she always seemed to dream the night when she had passed Slytherin's locket on after wearing it for a day, thus the change of frequency after Ron had left. At the thought of Ron, her breath hitched and unbidden tears sprung to her eyes. She shook her head and determinedly threw back her blanket, letting the onslaught of cold air drive every other feeling away.

Cries of pain, both physical and emotional, echoed through the Great Hall and seemed to reverberate in her. Hermione's body ached from exertion and the after-effects of curses and missiles made of castle wall that had hit her during the fierce battle. But even over all the physical pain she felt, the tingling in her palms she had not noticed since the locket had been destroyed was back. Her mind protected itself with numbness, but behind that barrier, the pain and horror of having so many friends seen suffer and fall was waiting to lash out to her, so she busied herself by tending to the many wounded.

As she turned after having helped an injured Auror into the hall, she absentmindedly rubbed her hands on her trousers to get rid of the irritating sensation in her palms, but to no avail. Looking around in search for someone else she could help, she noticed Lavender Brown, lying on a make-shift sickbed, her face covered in grime, barely conscious. Hermione stepped closer and brushed some strands of hair that were sticking to Lavender's face back and then let her hand rest on her forehead for a moment. To Hermione's astonishment she felt warmth spread from her hand. She was about to pull her hand back when Lavender stopped her in mid-motion.

"Please, leave it there," she sighed. "It numbs the pain."

Too amazed to do something else, she let Lavender guide her hand back to her forehead and let it lay there until Lavender gave in to her exhaustion and apparent pain, and fell asleep.

Hermione knew that she only would find a dead body at the end of the low-ceilinged tunnel she was crawling in, but she had to go and retrieve it. It was the least she could do. The coppery smell of blood that assaulted her as soon as she reached her destiny, nearly made her gag, but she gulped and moved on towards the lone figure lying in a pool of congealed blood. His eyes were still open, making it seem as if he was staring at her accusingly, blaming her for letting him die here all alone in the dirt of the Shrieking Shack.

It took a lot of willpower to break that stare and crouch down next to him in order to shut his eyes with her hand. With that contact with his forehead, the tingling in her palm increased and warmth spread through her arm; she was sure that Severus Snape was not entirely gone. Not yet. Instantly, she drew out her wand in a fluid motion and conjured a Patronus to send a message up to the castle.

In wonder Hermione let both hands rest on Snape's head and felt heat radiating from her hands as well as calm spreading through her body. Upon closing her eyes, she almost could hear a faint echo of Fawkes' song reverberating in her mind.

When finally two Healers arrived, she reluctantly made room for them to cast their diagnosis spells.

"We are wasting time here. We are much more needed up in the castle," the younger of the two Healers said, but it only took the tiniest of eye contact with the older one, who already was weaving his spells around the prone body on the floor, and a curt nod on his part to tell her that she had been right.

Meditating on dwarfs, honestly!

Hermione inwardly scoffed, but remained silent so not to disturb the other persons who sat in the same cross-legged position on the floor and were listening intently to the course instructor. Had she known where she would end up, she never would have shown up, she told herself, but deep down she knew she was deluding herself. As soon as she had recognised the Japanese characters on the poster advertising a Reiki seminar she now knew they were called *Dai-Ko-Myo* and meant *The Great Bright Light* as the characters she had drawn in her dream diary all this time ago, she knew she had to attend, no matter what.

Despite the esoteric surroundings that evoked visions of Divination classes with Professor Trelawney, and did nothing to help her quell her distrust, she couldn't help but to be impressed. What the incense burning shrew in her wide gown in various shades of green another similarity to her former most despised teacher had told them so far had fit with what she had experienced and at least partly made sense and matched with theories about how most healing spells worked.

Hermione was snapped out of her musings by the Reiki instructor teaming the group up in pairs to practice the theory they had learned the previous days on each other. Hermione ended up with their instructor, which pleased her inner student, still eager to make the most out of each learning situation.

In a flurry of activity, mats were arranged all around the room, for each pair one. After giving a few additional instructions, the Reiki instructor lay down, and Hermione started to go through the hand positions they had learned the previous day. Instantly, Hermione felt the well-known tingling in her palms and the sensation of warmth spreading through her hand.

"I was wondering about you," the instructor addressed her. "You seemed to be one of those scientific sceptics, and I was sure you were only here to write a scathing article for one paper or the other, in which you would say Reiki was nothing but a fraud, but now I realise you already are attuned. What are you doing in a first level seminar?"

"I'm not attuned. In fact, I have never even heard of Reiki before I saw the poster announcing this seminar," Hermione answered.

"But you clearly are attuned, for I feel the energy being channelled through you. I wonder what happened to you, for self-attunement of the Reiki channel is extremely rare. It is heard of, but ..."

She looked at Hermione in a calculating way, but said no more.

"Healer Granger! Please wait!"

Upon hearing her name, Hermione turned and watched Neville Longbottom running through the corridor to catch up with her.

"Since when am I Healer Granger to you?" Hermione asked and opened her arms to a welcoming embrace, in which Neville stepped as soon as he reached her and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Well, that's what you are, isn't it? Honour where honour is due."

"What can I do for you?" Hermione asked, hooked her arm through his, and together they continued to go down the corridor.

"I merely wanted to thank you for what you did and are still doing for my parents. They are so much better now. And I wanted to apologise for not believing in you when they started to get worse after you had started your Reiki treatment."

"There's nothing to apologise for, Neville. It's only normal to be sceptical when you don't see progress, but the situation is getting worse. I have to thank you for letting me continue the Reiki sessions. You know, it's normal that the symptoms get worse at first, but I think it really was worth pulling through it, wasn't it?"

"They have so many more lucid moments, I'm so excited," Neville exclaimed with shining eyes.

Hermione stopped and turned to him.

"Neville, don't get your hopes up! Despite the apparent progress, they will never recover and will never be able to leave the *Janus Thickey Ward*," she warned him.

"Yes, I know, but seeing them so much improved makes it hard to let the voice of reason dampen my hopes. Thank you again."

"You are very welcome. Have you already seen them today?"

"No, I was on my way there when I saw you."

They had stopped in front of the door to the *Janus Thickey Ward*.

"Got any plans for after your visit?" Hermione asked.

"No, not really. I'm not on patrol today, so I'm at my leisure to return to Hogwarts whenever I want."

"Brilliant. You go and visit your parents. I still have to see after one patient today, but then I'm heading out of here. What about having a bite together so we can catch up on gossip?"

They agreed on Hermione picking Neville up at his parents' end of the ward. After having waved a short goodbye, the young Healer turned towards the part of the long-time resident's ward which had become her refuge after her breakup with Ron. Due to their often opposite working hours, they often weren't able to spend time with each other for days in a row. And when they saw each other, their time was spent bickering with each other. Ron had found distraction in the arms of another witch, but at least

had the decency to spare her the mortification of finding it out through gossip.

The break up had been a quick and clean cut, but cuts tended to hurt no matter what, and Hermione found herself searching quietude in the weeks after it. Severus Snape's bedside had turned out to be the place she was drawn to when people had started talking after the first appearances Ron and his new partner made in the gossip column of the *Daily Prophet*.

Severus Snape was still in a coma. His body had slowly healed, as Hermione noticed in the change of the energy flow throughout all the Reiki sessions she had been giving him over the years. His mind or soul on the other hand didn't seem to be willing to return. Everyone was telling her that she was just wasting her time, but stopping by Snape's bed and giving him Reiki before she headed home had become a well-loved ritual, so she continued with it.

Hermione sat at Snape's bedside and was contemplating his fate. All the other Healers had given him up. In today's staff meeting, the majority vote was on not to attempt any more new treatments. Of course everything he needed would be provided for, but no medical treatment would be given anymore. So if she wanted to continue to give him Reiki, she would have to do it in her free time.

His body was healed. And yet he refused to regain consciousness. Maybe his soul needed healing, too? But could that be achieved when he wasn't conscious?

Her mind wandered back to the time she first had felt the *universal life force energy* flowing through her. It had been when she frequently had been exposed to a Horcrux. Probably her soul had suffered from having to be near something so evil and tried to heal itself. She vividly remembered her dreams around the *Dai-Ko-Myo*, which was a Reiki master symbol used in attunements and healing of the spiritual body, the soul. Maybe Snape's soul, having nearly been killed by a Horcrux, had been damaged by it as well?

Hermione had been trained on the first level of Reiki and was able to channel the *universal life force energy* into other physical bodies, and she of course had read about the other two levels, but being the logical person she was, she couldn't wrap her mind about the possibility of distant healing, in which even the boundaries of time could be overcome to heal, to even heal traumas of previous lives. But maybe she should reevaluate her position and give it a try.

It was common knowledge that Reiki was something that couldn't be learned through reading books. One had to be introduced into the methods, had to get attuned and had to practice it. On the other hand, she apparently had been self-attuned when her soul had been in need and attunement was the main thing that was claimed it couldn't be achieved through reading books. So to avoid attending a seminar with a bunch of esoteric Muggles and be forced to meditate on dwarfs of all things again, she would try to overcome her trepidation and engage herself in the concepts of level two Reiki.

Just to heal Snape's soul.

Hermione knew she should go home. She had had an exhausting nightshift, and the day ahead of her wouldn't be an easy one. She really should go home and sleep a couple of hours, or she never would look presentable this evening. It wouldn't do to look like a hag Ron's wedding, or would it?

On the other hand, it was far too exhausting to stand up from the chair in which she was sitting at Snape's bedside. It was far better to remain there and meditate on the *Dai-Ko-Myo*.

In Reiki, symbols were used as means of focusing the attention in order to connect with specific healing frequencies. Hermione had been very frustrated to learn that the *Dai-Ko-Myo*, the most powerful symbol, the one used to heal the soul and the spiritual self, could only be used by Reiki masters. But in Reiki the intent was the most important thing, and so she just followed the instructions she found in the books she had bought on the subject. Based on those instructions, she had developed a ritual she performed at the end of every shift, which would always find her at Snape's bedside.

Her ritual always began with drawing the symbol in her palm with the index finger of the other hand, and then she redrew it with her palm on Snape's crown chakra, where she let her hands rest for several energy cycles.

With all the willpower she could muster, Hermione sat up from her lolling position in the uncomfortable visitor's chair and started. With closed eyes she drew the symbols in her palm, but something felt different today. Hermione paused and opened her eyes. Just as she noticed that the symbols were glowing on her palm, she became aware that she held her wand in the other hand. Had she drawn the symbols not with her finger but with her wand instead? She couldn't recall. After a short hesitation, she continued and lost herself in the intent of what she wanted to achieve: sending healing energy to Snape's soul, wherever it may be.

Maybe Hermione had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position while letting the energy flow through her and was dreaming; maybe something different altogether was happening, but Hermione suddenly found herself sitting on a swing in a playground. Looking down at her hands lying in her lap and loosely forming a bowl, she noticed a light hovering above them.

"Are you a witch?"

Hermione's head snapped up, and she saw a skinny boy standing before her. His black hair was overlong, and his clothes were mismatched and shabby.

"What have you said?" Hermione asked.

"Well, it's obvious, isn't it?"

Hermione had a feeling she knew the boy, although she couldn't remember ever having seen him.

"I have something for you," Hermione said and held out her hands to the boy. The ball of light that had been hovering above her hands moved towards the boy and penetrated his forehead, and then, for a moment, the *Dai-Ko-Myo* gleamed there.

With a curious look on his face, the boy stepped forward and took her hand.

"You truly are a witch!"

When her back started to ache from the less than comfortable position she was in, she opened her eyes and nearly fell off her chair in surprise to find Snape's eyes open and looking at her.

"Sir? Can you hear me?" she tentatively asked.

Blink.

"Was that a yes, sir?"

Blink.

"Could you please blink twice?"

Blink. Blink.

Hermione instantly activated the alarm spell so a Healer on duty on the ward would come.

"Are you in pain?" Hermione asked and regarded his face intently.

Blink. Blink.

"I take this as a no then."

This was met with an affirmative blink from Snape's side. Overjoyed, Hermione took one of Snape's hands into her own and felt his fingers moving feebly.

"Healer Granger, what is the meaning of this?"

The Healer on duty on the ward threw back the curtain that had shielded Snape's bed from curious glances.

"He is conscious. Look, he can answer *yes* or *no* with blinking. One blink means *yes* and *two mean no*."

With a few questions Hermione's statements were found true, and within minutes the secluded spot in the Thickey Ward had become a place of frantic activity.

"Mummy, I can't sleep."

Hermione looked up from the book she was reading into the tired face of her daughter. The little girl was standing in the door, barefoot and in her nightshirt.

"What's up, darling? How can I assist you in falling asleep?"

Hermione gathered the little girl up into her arms and carried her back to her room.

"Can you please use your hands? They always help me fall asleep."

Smiling, Hermione tucked her darling daughter in, brushed her long black locks back and looked into her dark eyes.

"You have to shut your eyes first, honey. Sleep well."

Obediently, the girl shut her eyes and relaxed as she felt her mother's touch. Only as the change in her breathing indicated that she had fallen asleep, Hermione noticed her husband leaning in the doorframe and watching her.

On her way out she let herself willingly be drawn into his arms.

"She is right. Your hands are magical," he said, took her hands into his and kissed them.

A/N:

This was written as a gift for ladyinthecloak.

Many thanks to Southernwitch69 for making sure my lack of knowledge about English grammar and punctuation isn't too obvious.