

# Before the Burrow

*by Lady Dragonsinger*

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## The Last Day

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hogwarts. It had been a second home for her for the past seven years. Memories and thoughts ran through her mind as she carefully packed her trunk for the last time just as she had every year before this. Only this year, it was different. Her trunk would not be going home--at least not the home it had returned to for the previous six years. Rather this time, the trunk would be going on to her soon to be new home.

They had looked at it during the Christmas Holiday and it was perfect. A small yet roomy cottage house set off in fields with trees surrounding. Homey and cozy and perfect to raise a small family in and even had possibilities for building additions on to it later. They had even talked about that. She thought it would be wonderful to have at least two, a boy and a girl, and even now, she had to smile as she thought of a little boy running around looking just like his father with red hair and a smile that was contagious. He had said two and maybe even three, and that would be fine too. She knew they would be happy and had love, and no matter what they had to face in the future, they would do so together.

Soon enough the trunk was locked and ready, and the young Gryffindor left the dorm and made her way through the common room for the last time. Standing there looking around, she wondered if they did have children would they be Gryffindors as well? Or maybe even Hufflepuffs! A smile came to her face as she remembered wondering during those first few weeks if perhaps the Sorting Hat had been mistaken when it called out 'Gryffindor' for her, but somehow she had fit the house just as the Hat had said.

A pair of strong but loving arms slipped around her waist, and her smile grew as the young man who also would be leaving Hogwarts for the last time--at least as a student--spoke softly to her. "Wishing you could remain, dear?" he asked her.

Shaking her head gently, her answer was firm. "No. Not really. Not knowing what I have to look forward to," she replied, resting her head against his. "It's hard to believe that it has been seven years since we first stepped into this common room, though."

He laughed in agreement. "It has gone faster than I would have thought but I guess that is because I had my mind on other things besides magic," he retorted.

At that, she turned around in his arms to look at him, grinning. "And what might those other things be?" she asked teasingly.

His grin grew as well. "Well, there seemed to be this certain Gryffindor girl that insisted on making herself a constant presence in my mind. Wouldn't happen to know where I could find her now, would you?" That smile that she loved so much present now.

"Perhaps. I understand she just finished packing and was looking for a companion to walk to the carriages with," was her response.

Kissing the top of her forehead softly, his arms left her waist, and he offered one to his companion. "Well, then, my dear Mollywobbles, shall we find ourselves a carriage to

ride to the station in?" Arthur asked her as she took his proffered arm.