

# My Sister's Eyes

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer:** The letters "J" and "R" do appear in my full name, but that's as close to being the creator of these characters and situations as I'll ever get.

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Who in their right mind would leave *a baby* on somebody's doorstep, as if we were living in a sodding *novel*? But someone's left a baby on *my* step. According to a note that came with it, it's my nephew—Harry Potter.

Surely I can give this *thing* to an orphanage; I already have my beloved ickle Duddykins. Why should I have to take anything away from *my son* only to give it to my sister's loathsome half-breed spawn?

I look at it again in disgust. I should just shut it outside again and let it die. It doesn't *belong* here.

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But then I look into its eyes and I see my sister staring back at me. Suddenly it sinks in. Lily's dead. Gone forever. My heart grows heavy and I feel tears start to wet my cheeks. He may be an abomination, but he's all that's left of her now. I look at him again, this half-breed with my sister's eyes, and I sigh.

All right, Lily. You win, as usual. He can stay. But he's not going to take a single precious resource from Dudley.

He can stay here, but I don't have to like it. Neither does he.

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**Author's Notes:** This was inspired by one of HermioneWeasley1972's Saturday Night Drabble prompts for November 28, 2009:

*"Write a private moment that Petunia has after she realizes that Lily is gone (can be in front of Harry or holding Harry, but not include Vernon or Dudley.) How does she react? What is she thinking?"*

Even if she never grieved for Lily again, I like to think that for just one moment, Petunia felt the loss of her sister. I know that she was tremendously jealous and full of resentment towards her sister, but I still like to think that maybe the decision to raise Harry, no matter how badly she did it, might have come from something other than any threats that Dumbledore might have made in his first letter to her.

Incidentally, I know that my use of italics in the first 100-word section is a little excessive; this is by design. I wanted to show precisely how disgusted and angry Petunia was, and I've noticed that people tend to put emphasis on more words when they're as angry and disgusted as I imagined Petunia would be at this particular moment.