

Pain

by Aling

Hermione contemplates the moon.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Silence reigned supreme in the meadow, broken only by the whisper of wind threading its way through black charmeuse and lace.

Hermione clutched an engraved locket to her chest, tracing the hollowed initials with her thumb and forefinger. She pressed down *hard*, until her palm itched with sweat.

The moon cast an ethereal glow over the dewy pasture. It seemed so fragile in the sky, almost as if she could reach up and steal it away from the heavens.

Hermione knelt to the ground, the stiff grass crunching underneath her weight, and she rested her forehead against the granite tombstone.

She wanted to cradle that glass moon in her hands, wanted to shatter it, to use the broken shards to cut out the vessel burning a hole in her chest, to bury it and all her emotions in the grave beneath her.

But the moon refused to budge, no matter how strongly she wished it. Instead, Hermione succumbed to her anguish.

As she doubled over and wept for Jack and Helen Granger, she thought *this is pain*.