

There's no time

by incarnated soul

'She has to go back, has to save him.' Hermione races against time to change history. Drabble written for the GS100 'No Time' challenge.

No time

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: My very first drabble. Enjoy!

Kneeling on the cold floor, Hermione claws desperately at her neck, struggling to grasp the Time-Turner. But her hands are shaking, and the small hourglass swings wildly, its chain catching on her hair. She lets out an anguished sob.

There's no time.

The blood pools around her, soaking into her jeans: a painful reminder of what is being lost.

She has to go back, has to save him.

She yanks the chain from her throat – tears springing in her eyes as the metal tears her hair, her flesh – and cries out as the hourglass is flung across the room.

Nonononono...

*

Hours before, in the confusion of battle, as their whole world was falling apart, he had pressed it into her palm.

'Just in case,' he had whispered into her hair, 'there's no time.'

She had leant into his chest, felt his measured heartbeat thudding loudly: a reassurance, a promise *I will always beat for you*.

He'd taken her hands, pressed his lips to them – *such blessed hands, to have felt his warm touch one last time* – and disappeared into the darkness.

Now, he lies before her, bleeding, dying, and her hands, her treacherous hands, can't feel his heart thudding anymore.

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Sobbing, she scrambles to the Time-Turner, her palms, knees, skidding in blood. As long as he has half a breath left, she can save him.

She snatches up the chain—

Her chest tightens. Helplessly, she watches as glittering sand trickles out of a small crack.

Nonononono...

Panicking, she presses her bloody thumb against the glass —*there is still some left*— and turns it. Risks be damned.

It works.

But when the world stops spinning around her, Hermione can only stare aghast at the scene before her.

Kneeling on the floor, past-Hermione claws desperately at her neck...

She steps forward, reaches—

*

Shocked at the sight of her, past-Hermione reels back but not before Hermione's hand catches the chain,*pulls*. It breaks free, and in slow motion, the Time-Turner catapults into the air.

Nonononono....

They stare in horror as it lands in a pool of blood: a dull thud, a shattering crack. Both hands reach for it, fingers slipping, colliding, on the bloody floor.

One slowly picks it up, trembling, holds it against the light... lets go. A keening noise fills the air.

Desperately, Hermione turns the hour glass: once, twice, thrice...

The air shimmers weakly.

But there is no time left.

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