

Fairy Tales

by MoonlitMeda

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Banner made for my by Marty (SecretSeeker)

I used to think life was like a fairy tale. No, to be fair to myself, I wasn't quite that naive. I knew there were people for whom things didn't work out, that bad things happened to good people and good things happened to bad people. I just didn't believe that that applied to me. I thought if I was good, and really even if I wasn't especially, everything would be alright for me. That I would have difficult decisions, but always know in my heart what the right choice really was, and make it accordingly. I'm not sure that I even believe in knowing things with the heart anymore.

It's fairly easy to trivialise my life into a fairy tale, and therefore make all my decisions seem obvious. The trouble is, all stories have bias, and it can be placed on either side. I might be held back by my cruel, controlling parents, who hate the man I want to marry and will do anything to prevent said marriage. That's how Ted tends to see it. He's really quite reasonable, on the whole, but nothing I say can make him understand that there's a second side to this story.

What if, instead of my captors, my parents are my saviours, rescuing me from what could be an unhappy marriage? No, I don't really believe that. But I do believe that that is how they view the matter. They believe that Ted could make me unhappy. They, after all, have been conditioned from birth to think of Muggle-borns as scum. At what point does pardonable, educated prejudice become stubborn blindness? It's easy to say that they're biased, but not easy to help it. It's easy to say that my parents are cruel, blinkered and stubborn to the point of calling their minds diseased by it, but labelling has never helped cure anything.

It isn't that I agree with them, it's that I can't think of a good way of disagreeing with them. I don't care what anyone says, or how stupid they can be, or how angry, I love my parents very much. I love them despite who they are and what they are, what they say and what they think. I love them, just because. But it isn't enough. I know perfectly well which side of the fairy tale I'm going to come down on. And it isn't a fairy tale any more, it's life and it's vile. Part of me is being cut away, without the aid of numbing spells, and it hurts very, very badly. I'm losing something that I'm never going to get back. No matter how long I live, and how happy I am, the ache will still be there. Not that there aren't possible numbing spells out there, but I wouldn't touch them with a barge pole. I still retain enough of the fairy tale instinct to tell myself that pain

is a part of life and shows me I'm human. It doesn't help much.

I can't live with the people I just love despite who they are. It isn't good enough. I'm too selfish for that when I know that Ted is out there and I love him ~~because~~ because of who he is. Because of his faults as well as because of his good points. And because he is Ted, and always will be.

But I *am* a Black. I can't help it, and I can't change it. I'm a Black, and even if one day I become a Tonks, I will still be Andromeda Cassiopeia Black, now and forever. I don't subscribe to my parents' brand of Blackism, but I have to admit that Ted's influence has done a great deal for me. I was neither an entirely complacent nor an especially rebellious daughter. Ted has taught me to think and to question, whereas previously I didn't think to look. I strongly suspect that it would be unwise to get too complacent. Certainly there are other things which I have inherited from my parents that are not altogether perfect, and it will be a tough job to weed them out. If I choose to do so. After all, I am a Black.

I can't hide behind my surname forever, and I would no longer be comfortable with that, but all the same it's tempting. I don't find it easy to do something which I know is going to hurt my parents, and Cissy too. It's hard to say with Bella; she tends to go by extremes, but rather unpredictable ones. It is easy to say she wouldn't care, but hard to dispel the thought that she is, after all, my sister. Still, Bella can look after herself. I suppose Cissy can too nowadays, but years of looking after a person are hard to let go of quickly. And whether she needs my support or not, I have a strong, although possibly slightly narcissistic – how appropriate – suspicion that she will miss it.

As for my parents, they are not ice and I am their daughter. They may have had children for the sake of society, but they, my mother in particular, do care about me. I don't really believe that it is only for the sake of society's opinion that they are anxious to keep me away from Ted. They honestly believe that he will hurt me.

So, yes, I do know what I am going to do. And, yes, it is, in the end, the choice that makes sense in the fairy tale. But I would hate for anyone ever to think – and I think people will – that it was an easy, obvious, or even especially sensible choice.