

# Alone

*by MoonlitMeda*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Dear Ted,

It seems that I've spent half my life writing letters to you. You hardly got any of the ones I composed in my head, but I was writing them just the same. It didn't really take long for you to get inside my head. A few weeks maybe. At that point, I wasn't expecting to have years for talking to you. But now I'm back where I started. Back to where I was before you. Alone.

It took a long time to realise that you weren't coming back. I didn't doubt that you were dead, I could feel that. I don't know what you've done to me. I remember myself young. I might have been dreamy for a Black, but I still maintained a practical element. I wouldn't have let anyone suggest that they could feel the world go cold when someone they loved wasn't there anymore. That would have been you, the eternal romantic. You always were a bad influence upon me.

I didn't doubt that you were brave enough to go on either. I always knew you were brave. But I didn't think you would. Not really. You wouldn't leave me. And you didn't. It's taken me so long to realise. Of course you've not left me. I'm not here forever. Some day, I'll find you again. I have that to look forward to. Why would you chose a half-life for a few short years, forcing me, if I wanted to see you again, to take that same life, when we could have a life forever if I could only be patient.

If I realised that everything hinges on that if. I need to be here, I need to be doing what needs doing. We have a grandson, after all. I have someone who needs me. And he's so like you, Ted. I just wish you could see him. It's been long years since the last time I saw you, and Teddy has been growing. I suppose it's not felt long to you. Here, it's been eleven years. That means Hogwarts, of course. I never thought I'd be doing this again.

Do you remember the day we took Nymphadora to buy her things for Hogwarts? Of course you do... How could you forget? And who but she could cause so much chaos in one short day? I was half-expecting a re-run with Teddy, but he's too much his father's son.

It's strange; it feels like I've got to know Remus much better since his death. His character comes out in Teddy so often. In a way, it was Teddy that finally convinced me that Remus did love Nymphadora. Because Teddy might be eleven, but I can tell now he's not the type to grow up and marry someone he doesn't love. And as I said, he's the spitting image of his father. Well, except for when he's being his mother's replica.

Do you see them, where you are? You surely must. Do you see us, the three of you? Do you see me and Teddy? He doesn't remember you, of course. That hurts me so much. Of all the people he knows, he's missing three of the most important ones, the three he needed most. I'm sure that being brought up by his grandmother must be hard for him. It must make him different from people. I can love him to the ends of the earth, and it won't make up for the fact that he's never ever going to know his parents.

Are you watching me, Ted? Are you watching the world you left behind? Of all the things in all of time to see, are you watching me? I know you must be. I learnt many years ago not to doubt you. But knowing that you're watching isn't enough. I need you here with me. Yes, it's been eleven years, and yes, I keep on going, but it's not

enough. Not anymore. All of a sudden, I'm feeling so alone. I knew this was coming. Without Teddy in the house to keep me going, without anyone to keep up appearances for, I've deflated into the lonely old woman I'm becoming. I never thought I would get old...

How much longer, Ted? Can't you tell me that? How much longer does Teddy need me here for? I don't want to leave him alone, but I can't keep on going forever. I'm not even sixty yet, but I feel old. Life's getting too much for me. I can't take any more obstacles; life's thrown too much my way already.

That was why I started writing this letter. To give myself strength. Because while I've been writing, I've felt you here with me. I've heard your voice pulling me onwards.

Echoes from the past leading me on into the future. *What happened to the famed independence of Andromeda Black?* What happened to Andromeda Tonks? What happened to her strength? It's still there. At least it had better be. I'm going to need it. It's time I stopped moping. Old or young, alone or in company, happy or not, I'm still me. And I will go on.

Thank you, Ted. Your strength, not mine, is sustaining me now. Your will keeps me here until I'm ready to carry on. Holding me in my proper world until it can do without me. Dear goodness, Teddy will need me yet. He has his teenage years still to come. So, yes, I am alone. That was where I started in this letter, and there's no more anyone here with me now than there was then. But I've got my strength back. I have a promise ahead of me and a job to keep my hands more than full. All I need is the faith to keep on trying. All I need is the knowledge that I may be alone, but it's not forever. Just a temporary necessity. Just for now.

All my love, always,

Dromeda.