

Vigil

by JackieJLH

Today, she waits.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: genhp_idws Last Drabble Writer Standing competition on Livejournal. The prompt asked for three separate 150-word drabbles, all interconnected, written for the word prompts: 'vengeance', 'tomorrow', and 'magical portraits'. Warning: this fic is angsty like whoa.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow, Andromeda Tonks will begin planning funerals. Tomorrow, she'll miss being someone's wife, someone's mother, someone's dreaded mother-in-law. She'll find herself being more of a mum than a grandmum to a little boy who, like her, will have no one else in the world.

Tomorrow, she'll be in hell, and she can't fathom that tomorrow. Not really. Even though her mind has been racing with nothing but horrific possibilities, they come more in the form of losing everything and everyone; of Death Eaters breaking down her door in the wee hours of the morning; of dying with her grandson in her arms, or running away with him, living in hiding. Every time she pictures Dora or Remus not coming home, it's always accompanied by the image of the world falling apart around her.

Tomorrow, she'll be in hell, but today? Today, she waits.

(That's hell too, in its own way.)

Vengeance

The hours stretch by. Andromeda finds distractions where she can—she cleans up the dinner that's still spread across the table downstairs, cold and long-forgotten, and starts tidying the bedrooms just in case her home becomes a makeshift hospital again, like during the first war. She busies herself as much as possible because sitting idle is torture, but when Teddy starts crying and she can't console him, when he's looking for his mum and Dora just isn't there, the feelings of fear and worry return with a vengeance.

"Hush now," she tells him, rocking him back to sleep. His hair shifts from blue to pink on its way to red, and for just a moment, she's holding her daughter again, small and helpless, pink hair bright in the candlelight.

No crying, she insists even as tears gather at the corners of her eyes. Dora will be fine. She's coming home.

Magical Portraits

"Anything?" she asks, pacing past the empty frame again. There's no answer, of course—Phineas isn't here tonight, or even at Grimmauld Place. He's at the castle. She asks anyway because not knowing anything is making her feel like she's going mad. Only the baby nestled in the crook of her arm keeps her from going to Hogwarts, from

joining in the fight herself, doing her best to stand between Dora and danger.

Phineas appears just before midnight, his face drawn and tired-looking. "The battle is... not going well," he says slowly. That's not all he has to say, Andromeda can tell. She's terrified to hear whatever it is, and she sinks into the nearest chair, hugging Teddy closer.

"And my daughter?" she asks, her voice a harsh whisper.

Phineas hesitates, but after a long moment looks down at his feet, replying with only a quiet, "I'm so sorry, Andromeda."