

Patterns

by Doomspark

Someone is unhappy with the direction their life is taking.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This is All Hallows Eve. The Day of the Dead. Some say tonight marks the turning of the year as well. Night comes early this time of year.

They'll be getting ready for the Feast downstairs, but I'm up here lying on my bed and watching the falling leaves while I'm writing in my journal. They flicker and shiver across the sky, tumbled around with no direction. Such fragile things, leaves. Their shadows, caught by the moonlight, dance across the wall and ceiling of my room – scattered pieces of a puzzle. And I wonder for the thousandth time: who am I?

No roommates this year. That's one of the perks of being a Prefect. A Pity Prefect, some say. It's a narrow little room, up a narrow flight of stairs. I go back to watching the leaves dance, their patterns breaking and reforming endlessly in the harsh glare of the moonlight. Most people think moonlight is soft and romantic. But there are no secrets under the moon. Things can be said at night that would never be said in sunlight. The moonlight beats upon my walls, showing me the endless patterns of my life.

I've got one candle burning. It's enough to write by, but can't compare with the moon.

Expectations. I've been doing what everyone expects me to do for as long as I can remember. What choice have I had? Go to school. Study. Pass the OWLs and NEWTs. Oh, and in your spare time, fight against the Dark Lord. I'm tired. Bone tired. I don't even know what I want any more. I'm not sure I ever did. I'm a bloody rat in a bloody maze, following a predetermined pattern to a "glorious destiny". And it's not going to change. Even when – if – I get out of school, I'll be doing what other people expect for the rest of my life.

I feel trapped.

The moon is nearly at its zenith now, and the patterns on my walls and ceilings are beginning to fade as its light no longer shines in directly. They're still there, just not as visible. The room is almost dark now except for this single candle, and it feels strangely comfortable. What would life be like on the dark side?

I've never really made a choice for myself. Here at Hogwarts, my friends tell me what to do most of the time. Especially her. I know she doesn't approve of me. I could be better at studying. I know this as well. But she doesn't need to keep telling me about it.

I turn over and look out the window. The darkness wraps around me like a comforting blanket. Maybe, maybe if I make a choice here. Tonight. In the darkness, maybe I can break out of these patterns. Maybe I can take back what remains of my life.

I need to go down to the Feast. Otherwise they'll come clattering up here and act all worried. I'll make an excuse to leave early. This friendly darkness will be there when I

get back.

He closed the journal carefully and set it on his desk next to the candle. Then he left the room, carefully locking the door behind him. The flickering light picked out his name in gold lettering on the worn burgundy cover. Peter Pettigrew.