

Julia was Cold

by Aurette

Resentment and bitterness lead to tragedy.

Julia was Cold

Chapter 1 of 1

Resentment and bitterness lead to tragedy.

"What's wrong with her?"

"I don't know."

"She needs a doctor, then."

"She needs a *Healer*."

"You know how I feel about that, woman. You won't mention it again. Take her up to the doctors' in the morning."

~

"Where's your mam and sister, then?"

"At the hospital."

"The hospital? I told her to take the babe to see Dr. Mann."

"She did. He sent her to the hospital in an ambulance. Mam sent me back home to tell you."

"So now you have. Go on, get out of here."

"Aren't we going?"

"What, to the hospital? We'll likely pass them on the way home, and it will be cab fare wasted."

~

"Where've you been? You've been gone all night!"

"Why is the boy not in school? Why is he still in his nightclothes? Have you even fed—get your hands off me!"

"I said, where *were* you."

"I was with the baby! Where the hell would I have been? Not that you care, or you would have come! Now get off me. She needs fresh clothes and her dolly and a better blanket. It's so cold in that room. I know she's cold... Leave off, you bastard. I have to get back before she wakes up."

"What's wrong with her then?"

"Nothing a Healer couldn't fix—*ow!* Stop! I haven't time for this. *Please!*"

"You mention magic again, and you'll be sorry for it. You can be sure of that. I'll not have that mumbo jumbo in my house. I can break you as easily as I broke your useless wand."

"But she needs—"

"Shut it! I'll have none of it! Not in this house! Not ever! There's nothing wrong with her that proper medicine can't fix! You'll see! To hell with your ruddy magic! It's good for nothing! It won't put food on the table, will it? I break my back to do that, don't I? It didn't make me wealthy, did it? It's sodding useless, and so are you! Get out of my sight! And take this fekkin' excuse for a son with you! I'm sick of looking at him!"

~

"Is this the Snape house?"

"Yes."

"Is your father in, boy?"

"He's... sleeping."

"You'd better go get him."

~

"Dad. Dad. *Daddy!*"

"Whu-? Gerroff!"

"Daddy, wake up! There's a copper at the door."

"What? What've you done?"

"I didn't—"

"Oh, go on. It was a joke. What the hell could a runt like you get into at six?"

~

"Can I help you, officer?"

"Tobias Snape?"

"Yeah, my friends call me—"

"I've been asked to take you to the hospital, sir."

"Why?"

"It's best the doctors explain."

"No, it's best that you tell me right now, *officer.*"

"Very well. It's your daughter. I'm sorry, Mr. Snape. She's gone."

"Gone? Gone where? She's not even two. Where was the missus? She was supposed to be watching her."

"Sir, your daughter died. Thirty minutes ago."

"Oh... sweet Jesus... Oh, God. *No...*"

~

"Dad?"

Prompt: Inability to let go of a grudge costs one family dearly.