

Mementos

by MHaydn

Reflections of the wizard Salazar.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Are you okay, sir?"

"I'm fine," he said.

Salazar had paused before the flight of stairs leading to his rooms in the tower. It had been several years since he had climbed them without giving it a second thought. It had been several months since he had consciously considered such small details of his life, several months since Rowena's cremation.

When he reached his rooms, he did what he had always done since the ceremony. He opened the door to the washroom and looked at the stone basin she had given him so long ago.

"You like simple things," she had said.

The laughter had danced in her eyes when she had said that. She had known that, on the surface, he was a complex man, full of conflicting motives and doubts and fears and desires. He never simply arrived at his conclusions the way the others did, but the others had adjusted, and they knew that, finally, he would stand beside them.

He went to the window and opened it. The breeze ruffled her silk scarf that hung nearby. She had insisted he buy it for her because she had saved his life in their first skirmish with the Druids. It had been another of her little jokes since, by then, they had each saved each other many times. She had insisted with a twinkle in her eye, and it had been her favorite.

He often thought that Godric and Helga had made the right decision in moving away from the school. Too many memories, too many new things. It was better to start a new life unencumbered. But nothing had encumbered him while Rowena was here. Rowena of the restless, probing intelligence that never let his slacken.

Spring would arrive. He would make Rowena's favorite broom ride through the plum blossoms. Alone. He would die of the pain.

Prompt from MuseAmusant: Plum blossoms, a stone basin, a silk scarf