

Memento Vivendi

by Ladymage Samiko

In the midst of grief, Hermione remembers...

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Chapter 1 of 1

In the midst of grief, Hermione remembers...

Grief was an odd creature. She could function perfectly well... or break into a storm of tears... or, as now, stand and stare listlessly at their dressing table.

Her—*their*—brush lay there. Beautifully engraved silver, the softest bristles... He'd bought it. For an invented holiday.

He'd insulted her hair.

She'd returned the favour.

He'd loved to brush her hair with it.

She returned *that* favour. He'd practically purr.

They'd swatted each other with it—on various occasions. *Those* memories made Hermione smile. Her fingers traced the engravings.

She would place it—gently—in Severus's hands as he was buried.

A/Ns: Written for the GS100 'Hairbrush' challenge, and, in a way, a companion to [A Quiet Time](#). Throughout history, there has been the 'memento mori,' a remembrance of death/the dead. 'Memento vivendi' is 'remembrance of life.'