

# Through My Eyes

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Post-War one shot. Harry's POV. Who lives, who dies. What has become of the characters we have all grown to love?

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Chapter 1 of 1

Post-War one shot. Harry's POV. Who lives, who dies. What has become of the characters we have all grown to love?

Disclaimer: I own nothing but the plot. I am simply exploring in J.K.'s world. \*sigh\*

Through My Eyes

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Sitting in a small, crowded waiting room in St. Mungo's, holding a steaming cup of tea, I think back on the years since I was at Hogwarts, the Final Battle, those who have been lost, and joys of the future yet to come.

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I had expected to fight Voldemort mere months, if not weeks, after my seventh and final year at Hogwarts.

Yes, Ron, Hermione and I finished school. We took the summer after our sixth year to organize Dumbledore's research on Horcruxes. We discovered the owner of the initials R.A.B. and then tracked down and destroyed the real locket, leaving only three Horcruxes to destroy before we could go after Voldemort himself. We found the locket in number twelve, Grimmauld Place, and thanks to Hermione's brilliance we were able to discover the spell to destroy it, and the other Horcruxes, in a book hidden in one of the unused rooms.

Given that I knew the prophecy, and what it held for my future, I had never expected to finish school, but after coaxing from Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and assurances from Professor McGonagall, who had agreed to turn a blind eye if a situation were to arise in which we needed to abruptly leave the school, we decided to return to Hogwarts. We had not given up on finding the Horcruxes, and find them we had, one by one.

We found information that Helga Hufflepuff's cup was buried somewhere deep within the rubble of the Muggle orphanage that Tom Riddle had lived in as a child. Leaving school in the dead of the night, Ron, Hermione and I found and destroyed another of Voldemort's prized Horcruxes. Later information led us to believe that the Shield of Ravenclaw, engraved with a golden badger, was in the Riddle House. A second nighttime excursion led to the successful destruction of the fifth Horcrux, though Hermione and I both received fairly significant injuries from the Death Eaters who had been tailing us.

Unable to find information on the second to last remaining Horcrux, we decided to go back to the notes left by Dumbledore on the subject. Dumbledore was right, of course. He knew within what objects the remaining Horcruxes were contained. He always knew more than he let on, but being modest as he was, he never let anyone know everything he knew. Rereading his notes for the hundredth time, we realized that Nagini, Voldemort's snake, was most likely the missing piece of the puzzle. What we did not know, however, was how to get to her... without Voldemort knowing. We knew that the final piece of Voldemort's soul still resided inside his inhuman form and that it would be the last piece to be destroyed. Together, we decided that both Nagini and Voldemort would have to be destroyed at the same time; there was no other

choice.

We went through the motions of school, took our N.E.W.T. tests, on which Hermione surpassed the entire school with her marks, not that anyone was surprised. Ron and I both survived the test. I, surprisingly, received marks high enough to attempt my desire to become an Auror, an ambition that never became a reality. We graduated and finally began to feel as though our lives were somewhat normal.

Voldemort seemed to be biding his time. Time continued to pass, and we still had no idea of his location or his plans, but we had expected an attack at any time. The attack, however, had not come the year after graduation, nor had it come the year after that. We celebrated Hermione's 22nd Birthday at the Burrow in September; it was a small party with me, the Weasleys, Neville Longbottom, Lavender Brown, and several other friends from Hogwarts. It was nice to be surrounded by close friends and family once again; I think we all knew deep down that the danger of Voldemort's attack was still ahead of us. Before we knew it, Ron and I were also approaching our birthdays.

I proposed to Ginny under our special tree during a trip to Hogwarts Castle. Ginny had willingly accompanied me to my meeting with Headmistress McGonagall, an interview, if you will. She accepted, and we were married the following May, in the Weasleys' back garden. I asked Remus Lupin, my surrogate second godfather, to stand in as my father, and Mrs. Weasley to act as my mum. Molly Weasley took me in when I had nowhere else to go. She is the closest thing to a mother that I remember ever having; it was only fitting that she stand in as my mother.

Shortly after our marriage, however, things changed. We began hearing rumors of Voldemort's activity; his attacks were drawing closer and closer to London every day.

Ginny and I were at home on the fateful July afternoon when our world crashed down around us. She was working on medical notes, as she had successfully become a Healer only days before, and I was scanning the *Daily Prophet* for news when Ron Apparated into the living room, his robes singed and smoking, eyes wide with fear, insisting we follow him back to the Burrow.

We immediately Disapparated and were struck with absolute awe at the destruction that stood before our eyes. The entire house was still on fire, despite the combined efforts of Molly, Arthur, Bill, Percy, Fred and George Weasley's Aguamenti Charms. We now know that it had been set ablaze using Gubraithian Fire. Two Stunned Death Eaters lay motionless on the ground in front of the garden. As Ginny and I ran to join the fight against the raging fire, Remus Apparated into the garden, yelling that Voldemort and his Death Eaters had attacked a Muggle park in the center of London. He told us that the Aurors and other Ministry members were already fighting, but reinforcements were desperately needed. He motioned frantically for us to leave the house and follow him. Little did we know, Voldemort was expecting me. Dusk was rapidly falling over the growing crowd of Death Eaters and Aurors already fighting. We joined, hoping with all of our hearts that our loved ones would come out unscathed, but knowing all the same that the chances of that were slim.

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I now have a job as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts. I love my job and love teaching these students, but I can't help feeling that things should have turned out differently. I was never the one who should have been teaching here. I had never really wanted this. She had. Her love was learning, teaching, but because of an incurable curse, she would never be able to.

No, she wasn't dead, and I suppose she was lucky in that way, but she would never be able to stand, talk, read and would never live a normal life as a beautiful, intelligent and powerful witch ever again. Insanity took our beloved Hermione away from us. Antonin Dolohov, the Death Eater who nearly killed her in the Department of Mysteries, tortured her to insanity using the Cruciatus Curse. He said it was only fitting that he be the one to attempt to finish her off. We visit her often in her private room in St. Mungo's.

At least Ron didn't have to see her suffer the way she did. Her suffering would have killed him. He really did love her with all his being. We learned shortly after the battle that he had proposed to her. They had planned to marry at Christmas time of the same year; they would have been so happy together! His death was quick and painless, Avada Kedavra by the look of it. He died fighting as bravely as he always had. It was Lucius Malfoy who killed him, although he didn't last much longer in the battle himself. Fred, George and Percy made sure of that.

Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnegan made it through the battle alive, although not completely unscathed. Neville Longbottom, on the other hand, was not as lucky. He died protecting his wife, a beautiful young witch from America. She was expecting their first child, but complications from the Sectumsempra Spell left her nearly dead and childless.

Draco Malfoy was killed by Voldemort himself for refusing to kill me. Maybe Draco really wasn't as bad as we all thought during school. Sure, he was still an annoying git with unfortunate family ties. It was strange, uncanny, really. He had stood up for me. He had told Voldemort that he no longer wanted a part of this, and that if he had a choice, he would help me finish him off. Draco's decision hadn't lasted long. He was dead before the Final Battle had even really begun.

Mrs. Weasley was killed by a stray Killing Curse while on the ground caring for Bill, whose face had been hit by a close-ranged Reducto Curse. Mr. Weasley fell apart at that time. I spotted him sobbing on the ground at her side, holding onto both her and Bill's hands. She was like a mother to me, and her loss caused unbearable pain for friends and family alike. She was mourned by many in the Wizarding world.

Bill's recovery was as close to full as possible. Parts of the damage to his face were irreparable, giving him an empty, sunken look about him. Fleur, his beautiful wife, was pregnant during the Final Battle and was thankfully in France with her family at the time and had remained out of harm's way.

Mr. Weasley is now the Minister of Magic. He, along with Percy, makes sure things run smoothly in the Ministry. He offered me a high-paying, senior-level position shortly after the battle in any department of my choice. I regretfully declined even though I was grateful for the offer. The memories there were still far too painful.

Katie Bell, Oliver Wood, and Angelina Johnson were all drafted to the Puddlemere United Quidditch team, but were killed, along with the other team members and their coach, after a practice. A group of Death Eaters blew up the changing rooms. While none of the three were my greatest friends, I was still devastated at the appalling news. We later learned that Voldemort had ordered their murders based on an incorrect whim that they were helping members of the Order of the Phoenix.

Ginny and I are now expecting our first children, twin daughters. We are amazed, albeit excited, about the approaching arrival of the first girls in the Weasley line since Ginny herself. Friends and colleagues repeatedly insist on showering us with attention and gifts, and while we are grateful, we cannot help but wish things had turned out differently. I wish, more than anything, that things had turned out differently. I lost my parents, my godfather, my mentor, and now many members of the closest thing I ever had to a family, all at the hands of Lord Voldemort.

Together, Ginny and I had decided to name our girls Molly and Lily, after our mothers. We felt it was only appropriate as they were the quintessence of the meaning of being maternal. Both women had lived wonderful, productive lives, and both would be remembered for their love and their devotion to their families.

So many friends were lost at the hands of a terrible monster. There are so many memories, memories both good and bad, memories never to be forgotten. We take things one day at a time; I must remind myself, daily, that it is finally done.

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The cup of untouched tea, now cold, shakes with excitement in my hands as I spot a kindly Healer approaching me with a gentle smile on her face. She beckons for me to follow her into an adjacent room, where I meet, for the first time, my two beautiful baby girls. As I lean down to share a chaste kiss with my beautiful wife, I realize that life, difficult as it may be, is only what it appears to be when looking through my eyes.

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A/N Thanks to Jayadev Calamur for his daily persistence to write my own fic. This one's for you, JD. Also many thanks to my two wonderful, intelligent, and beautiful Betas: MuggleMomma and Alphie, whom without this work would not exist as you see it today.