I am Home

by Luthien Narmolanya

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Chapter 1 of 1

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DISCLAIMER: Even though I would like to claim I invented the Harry Potter universe, I have to admit that the brilliant and unsurpassable J. K. Rowling did *bows*

They say the stars are shining. I just see blackness around me. They say the sun warms up the days yet I freeze every second. They say that I will be all right, but I feel like every fibre of my being is fighting, defying me, begging to die. They say I am alive. They are lying. I am dead, I was dead ever since I lost the only thing that ever made me happy, the only thing worth getting up in the morning for. Only thing ever worth living for.

Sirius is gone. They say I will understand that and that this pain will lessen. What the fuck do they know? Have they ever spent nights wondering if he's alive in Azkaban? Have they ever understood him? Have they ever loved him the way I did?

I know I should show courage, a brave face, all for 'the cause.' They pressure me to show no emotions, but do they even know how much it hurts? Every tear I would cry for him, swallowed by artificial pride?

I can't even think about what he would say if he saw me during the night. Sometimes I weep. Sometimes I just lay in my bed, too much shock, too much sadness, too much fear swallowing me, pushing me ever deeper into the darkness. Sometimes I walk slowly to the Department of Mysteries, to the veil. I sat there, crying, gently touching it, listening to the whispers as if his loud laughter would enter my ears, any minute now.

I miss everything about him. His bad temper, his the way he loved Harry, his bitterness when he talked about the Order, his hatred of Severus, his love for me… Everything he did, I wish I could see, hear or sense it. Just one more time. How I wish I stopped and memorized the way he walked, the way he smiled, the way he frowned… the way he lived. Life isn't life if he is not by my side. He was the only one who gave me the courage to live, and now he's gone.

I get up, not even bothering to put a coat on. The snowflakes dancing around my eyes don't have the same beauty they did once. Now they are just cold, whipping my face.

I am there. The veil is fluttering before me and I know what I must do. There is no going back, no regrets… this was the only thing that makes sense. My fingers slide across the black curtain, and I firmly grasp its edges. With a deep breath, my foot steps inside, and even though I had no idea what to expect, I am surprised that my foot is standing on solid ground. This only strengthens my will and I walk inside, letting the veil devour me.

For a moment, there is nothing. Not even darkness. And then a gentle yet firm touch on my shoulder makes me turn around and I see him. The same mischievous grin, the same childish look in his eyes.

And then, he smiles and tells me: 'I knew you wouldn't leave me.'

And I knew, I am home.