

Dear Father

by imonmedication

Remus writes a letter to the father that left. RL/SB implied. Written to the song ?
Emotionless? by Good Charlotte. v.short. Original character is the father.

1shot

Chapter 1 of 3

Remus writes a letter to the father that left. RL/SB implied. Written to the song ?Emotionless? by Good Charlotte.
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Dear Father

Mr Avery Lupin

24 Leafy Haven

Wizards Groussherzogtum Lëtzebuerg

Luxembourg

Ef16 93e6

Hey Dad

I'm writing to you

Not to tell you, that I still hate you

Just to ask you

How you feel

And how we fell apart

How this fell apart

I never wrote because I never knew you. Eventually I learned your real name and address, but I know it's too late to be able to start again. You changed me, you with your drinking and violence. If you didn't like me then, you'll hate me now, but I don't care. You had four children; could you not have written to any of them?

Are you happy out there in this great wide world?

Do you think about your sons?

Do you miss your little girl?

When you lay your head down

How do you sleep at night?

Do you even wonder if we're all right?

But we're all right

We're all right

We all grew up and moved on: Donovan is an Auror, Rowena is married with two children, and you're a grandfather to children who don't even know you. Ernie finished school last year and is playing Quidditch for Wigtown Wanderers, and I teach in Defense Against the Dark Arts at Hogwarts. Mother is still at the old house with the man she married last year. She doesn't know I'm writing this, neither do I really. Her husband is just the type of person you'd hate, but she's happy. I was always different than the family, and after I left school, I was always lonely. You should have been there, but I'm not on my own anymore; I have Sirius by my side. I know that that's just another reason for you to forget me, but I love him, and you were wrong. I can love, but there will always be the empty space where the father's love should have been.

It's been a long hard road without you by my side,

Why weren't you there all the nights that we cried?

You broke my mother's heart,

You broke your children for life.

It's not okay,

But we're all right.

I remember the days; you were a hero in my eyes

But those are just a long lost memory of mine.

I spent so many years learning how to survive

Now, I'm writing just to let you know I'm still alive.

I left home at sixteen to get away from you, but I couldn't. Everywhere I went, it still felt the same. I know why now. You were never there. I wasn't running from you, it was me I was scared of. It was me I was trying to hide from. I didn't know that then though, so I spent the last years of my childhood in school in James' and Sirius' houses and in shop doorways. My seventeenth birthday gave me my first real reason for that fear. When I was living on the streets, I wandered into a forest. It was full moon. Do you hate having a gay werewolf as a son?

The days I spent so cold, so hungry,

Were full of hate.

I was so angry

The scars run deep inside this tattooed body

There's things I'll take, to my grave.

But I'm okay

I'm okay.

I know I won't be forgiven, but no matter what you may think, I never forgot you. You were still my dad, although I could no longer picture your face. I was troubled as a teen, but I survived, and I'm finally happy now. I won't lie and say I never hated you, I did and at times I still do, but I will always love you. I can only hope that you love me too.

And sometimes

I forgive

And this time

I'll admit, that I miss you, I miss you

Hey Dad

Love,

Your son

Remus J. Lupin.

(P.S.) I kept your name.

The Reply

Chapter 2 of 3

As the chapter title says.

Mr. R.J Lupin

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Room 36

Defence Against the Dark Arts Department

We are doomed from the start, as starters are.

Why am I doing this?

Digging my own grave. Though it's shallow,

I would lie in it.

We're down in the basement, in the dark,

after we crash your car.

Hoping fast that my arrow hits the mark,

so we know who we are.

You always knew me because I never hid who I was. I was an alcoholic ex-rock star who fucked around and had more mistakes than brain cells, and I'm still the same. I didn't write for one simple reason: you were all your mother's mistakes because the stupid bitch forgot to take the pill. I'm only writing to you now so that you don't waste any more of my time by sending soppy letters.

Please keep the reporters at bay.

This is a matter of life and death,

but I deal with things like this everyday.

Please keep the reporters at bay.

You never do what I tell you to.

You never do what I say.

We've been hurting a long time. Trying hard for this.

We all have sizeable scars. We got it.

You'd break it all apart. We got it.

We can make it work like this, like this, like this...

I don't care what happened to you all. I'm running for my life. You're not the only one with problems you know. Do you want to know what your father has done? It started with nicking a car, then burning a car, then beating up a witness, then getting done, then the drugs, then the debt from the drugs, then the money stealing, then the armed burglary, then the dead shopkeeper and then the running to preserve my freedom.

Yes we are a bullet in the heart

and the message sent.

Always dragging your feet over sand

and over hot cement.

Make a list of your favourites. Write it down.

Make it legible.

A problem we're always facing. You never rest.

You either push or pull.

You always wanted something. First you wanted as far away from me as possible, then you want to send letters, next you'll want to come with me and kill me soon after. Just make up your mind. I don't what you are as long as I don't have to be a part of it. And I don't hate you, why would I? Like you said, I don't even know you.

Please keep the crowd under control.

This is a matter of life and

death and we're not prepared. I just want you to know.

Please keep the crowd under control.

This is the weight of my conscience.

This is an all time low.

We've been hurting a long time. Trying hard for this.

We all have sizeable scars. We got it.

You'd break it all apart. We got it.

We can make it work like this, like this, like this...

If we make contact again, we'll be killed and I don't want to die so do me a favour. Rip up the address you have of mine and pretend that the unlucky sod your Ma's with is really your Da.

Good bye

Mr. A. Lupin

Reply to father

Chapter 3 of 3

Remus writes his last letter to his Father, to the song 'I Don't Love You' by My Chemical Romance. Last in the 'Dear Father Series'.

Song by My Chemical Romance and the characters are NOT mine... *sigh*

Mr Avery Lupin

G-wing

Goulburn Correctional Centre

Luxembourg

Ef16 93e6

Dear Mr A Lupin

Well, when you go

don't ever think I'll make you try to stay

And maybe when you get back

I'll be off to find another way.

As far as I'm concerned, your freedom is a small price to pay to get scum off the streets. I half knew you wouldn't care about me, but what you said was unforgivable. How dare you talk about my mother, you probably didn't know her. You probably don't care enough about anyone to know them; no wonder you're all alone.

And after all this time that you still owe

You're still the good-for-nothing I don't know

So take your gloves and get out

Better get out

While you can.

I did some research so that I could try to drum some humanity into you. The man you killed was thirty-eight-year-old father of two and husband Joel Hanson. His two girls were nine years old and seven years old. His other four-year-old daughter died three months before you killed him. His thirty-seven-year-old wife was eight months pregnant. That's one child that will never know its father, one woman who will never again see the man she loved. Do you care now?

Sometimes I cry so hard from pleading

So sick and tired of all the needless beating

But baby when they knock you

Down and out

It's where you oughta stay.

I used to beg Mum to let me go and see you; now I'm just glad you're out of everyone's way. I gave them your address, and then they had the police in Luxembourg track you down. Apparently they saved your life as you nearly drowned in your own vomit. For a while I thought it would have been better if they'd left you, but that was just the part of you inside me.

And after all the blood that you still owe

Another dollar's just another blow

So fix your eyes and get up

Better get up

While you can

I know that they can get your shit into there, so you're probably stoned out of your face reading this. Some things won't change, and I'm glad I can see that now. You will never be my real father. I always thought I loved you, but I got that letter this morning and since I read the truth, I realise that:

I don't love you

Like I loved you

Yesterday...

Yours sincerely

RJ Lupin.

(Flames will be stared at, shared with friends, and posted for general hilarity on my bebo, myspace and/or other public sites.)