

All That's Left of Yesterday

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One man's look at the world after Dark overtook the Light.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I feel cold; the kind of cold that has nothing to do with temperature, but everything to do with temperament. This cold lies deep in my soul and is the conductor of my emotional symphony. My cold is reliable, always present, and my source of strength. It will never leave me, never be lost, and will always be a part of who I am. That is how it has to be.

It is always hardest to keep my cold when I am back home. I don't come back often, knowing I will collapse under the weight of my burdens if my cold should falter. Yet return I do, once a year, to pay my respects to my loved ones, clear their graves of the encroaching nature, clear the surrounding grounds, and strengthen the magic that keeps my home upright.

I relax in the space that was once a place of love, hope, and security. Here I can remove my cloak, release myself of the constant burden of anonymity, and be a Weasley. For the two days it takes me to return the home and grounds to some resemblance of yesterday, I feel normal, like the Dark never overtook the Light. But it becomes clear to me, as it always does, that this home, once full of activity, is quiet and empty. The memories are just too thick for me to keep at bay. Yesterday is gone, indeed. And just when I think my cold will give way, my work is done. I am able to leave and return to the world that has been forever altered.

The cold did not always exist, but that seems like a lifetime ago. A time when I was innocent and life was wonderful; when laughter was rampant in my belly and part of my daily existence. A time when I cherished friendships and relished in games of chess and Quidditch. When leisure time meant hanging out with my friends, doing nothing, and wanting nothing more. When my only concerns were schoolwork and relationships.... That was, indeed, a simpler time.

That was so long ago, and almost nothing of that life survived, succumbing to the powers of the Dark. The Dark, which now invades every aspect of our lives, has turned men's hearts to its ways. Those of us who hold onto our fortitude and convictions hide away, cloaked under our hoods, pining for yesterday.

The Order of the Phoenix is no more. Not from lack of passion for our mission, but from total destruction and annihilation. The fight cannot continue when there is no one left to stand against the evil that permeates our society. If there were two or three, we could begin again with hope and purpose foolishly, perhaps but with conviction and desire to return to the days of yesterday. But what can one ordinary wizard do?

There is no Hogwarts left to speak of. Hogsmeade and Hogwarts were the scene of the final battle, where Dark overtook the Light. We were ambushed, overtaken by those who follow the Dark. While the castle we loved so dearly would never be again, we lost more than brick and stone. We lost our entire contingent. Lost our friends, our mentors. Lovers were lost, daughters and sons, mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, teachers and students. We had such hopes and had prepared for so long, invested much in whom we believed would conquer the Darkness and bring Light back into our lives.

There is no longer a distinction between Diagon Alley and Knockturn Alley. The latter swallowed and forever altered our once beloved shopping Mecca. The Dark also destroyed the Ministry of Magic, leaving us no central government. And without government, we find ourselves at the whim of the Dark.

So many things that we took for granted are now gone. So many things....

And while things can be replaced and locations rebuilt, people cannot. And no one can begin to replace all that I have lost.

I get so angry with myself for taking for granted that time would always be on my side. So many wasted years I spent pining after the one I loved, but was always too childish to express my desire. She was the love of my life. In my dreams, I can remember the smell of her hair, the shimmer in her deep brown eyes, her laughter, her strength and, most of all, her infuriating nature. How I loved to go at it with her. She was so beautiful when we argued. Of course, she was always right about everything. Yes, I did love her.

And how I miss my best friend. Such hopes we all held in him. Despite the burdens placed on him, he was honest and true. And in the end, he did his best. No one can deny him that. It has been almost eight years since our world was destroyed. The savior of our world my best friend fell, leaving evil behind. He was The Chosen One, to kill or be killed according to prophecy. I loved him, and I will always remember him.

And my family....

Oh, the pain is beyond what I can endure! I must hold fast to my cold; it protects me and keeps me strong. I cannot deny the anguish in my heart when I come home and feel the emptiness of the rooms. An emptiness that mocks me and torments me with memories of how life should be instead of what it is.

Yes, I am alone now, and it honors those I have lost. I am nothing without them. They were, to me, all I had, the most meaningful parts of my existence. Without them, I only have the cold that has taken root deep in the bowels of my existence. The cold comforts me and protects me. It brings me fortitude and determination. Yes, it is this inner strength that keeps me alive, keeps me fighting and keeping the Dark at bay. While others have succumbed, I survive, hidden amongst Muggles and wizards alike. One must survive, if only to remember yesterday.

I hold on fast to the cold deep within my gut. It sustains me; it keeps me from feeling the loss that can so quickly consume me. I am fearful of letting go. I cannot begin to imagine the depths of my sorrow if I allow myself to be overtaken by that part of myself which remembers my yesterdays. That part of myself that remembers the laughs and the love of friends and family.

I am alone. No one to depend on but myself and my cold.... I hold fast to a bit of education I clearly remember from Hogwarts that has become an important part of who I am: 'Constant Vigilance'. This is my life now. I am aware that the Dark surrounds me, and I must be alert to my environment. I am also aware that I have created my own Darkness, but this is how it must be. My self-imposed exile is necessary in this new world. Now is not the time for attack or offensive measures. Now I must engage in self-preservation.

While I may not want to feel anymore, I do remember. The cold protects me and keeps me sane. I don't want to feel the pain and the emptiness. I want to hold fast to the cold, to the strength it provides. I am fearful I may collapse under its weight, but know that the weight it is keeping at bay is far more dense and burdensome. I do remember yesterday despite myself. And while I am scared it will trigger an avalanche of emotions that I fight to keep at bay, it is comforting, as I look around at all of the unknown faces, that someone in this world will remember yesterday. The buildings are gone, our people are gone, but it is I who remains, remembering yesterday. And maybe one day, those of us who remember yesterday will find each other, come together and find fortitude and conviction in those memories, giving new meaning and purpose to our lives.

And with this thought, I feel a slight burning in the pit of my stomach that finds the possibility of hope acting as embers, burning a new desire in me. Careful not to let go of my cold, I give way to the heat burning in me and, as I walk down the street, my newfound heat gives me the strength to turn down my hood that has provided me security in anonymity all these years. Walking on, my red hair flapping in the wind and brilliantly exposed for those to see the last of the Weasleys, for those who... remember. And as I walk on, I can only hope that I attract the attention of others who remember yesterday, and together we can keep the embers burning.

A/N: THANKS for reading! I am so full of ANGST sometimes! THANKS to Jackie for the fabulous beta.

If you read this, please take the time to review! I appreciate your feedback!!!! Thanks.

Disclaimer: Same as everyone else. I own nothing but enjoy my time playing.