

Hold On

by from_n_to_h

Song fic inspired by the song Hold On, by Good Charlotte. WARNING, this fic contains very realistic and graphic descriptions of a person addicted to heroin. That being said, I do think that normally this would be very out of character for our little Ginny.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She was going to vomit again. She crawled to the toilet and used the last of her strength to pull herself into a sitting position. The very disgusting noise of vomiting into a toilet hit her ears before the knowledge that she was indeed doing the vomiting reached her brain.

After a few moments to recover her breath, Ginny pulled herself up on the sink and looked in the mirror. Merlin, she looked like absolute shit. She put a hand against the wall next to the mirror to help herself remain standing. Her hair was greasy and unwashed. That was nothing new in these past six months, what was new was the fact that it could no longer be defined as thick and lustrous, was now in fact thin, brittle, dull, and hung about her head in limp hanks. Well, even if her hair didn't scream drugs and booze, the rest of her did. Her eyes were no longer the bright and happy greens that had drawn Harry to her. They were sunk into her skeletal face, red rimmed and yellowed, and no one looked into them anymore. To do so would cause one immediate insanity from all the pain that swam there. Her skin, always pale, now hung on her frame and was dry and thin, almost as though her bones had been bound in parchment instead of paper. Her breasts were gone, along with her hips and the thighs Harry had loved to rub his hands against while they kissed for those few weeks when he had acknowledged her. What was there instead was the body of a twelve-year-old dying of some Muggle cancer. Or of a young woman who was already dead inside and simply trying to speed up the process on the outside.

She would feel better if she got something in her system. Surely she had something lying around. She couldn't have gone through all of it already. She first walked, but quickly was reduced to crawling about her bedroom, in what used to be her parent's house. She was the only one still here at the Burrow, now that the war was over and both her parents were dead. But that didn't matter at the moment. All that mattered this very second was knowing that she still had something sweet; she knew she couldn't Floo to Draco for more tonight.

Oh, fuck, oh, please. She couldn't find anything except her cigarettes, and they would do nothing for her at this point. She was starting to become crazy with need, scratching at her stomach with one bony hand, fingers stained yellow from nicotine, while the other, the one with angry red lines on the inner elbows, searched for a small, precious, life saving package. Finally, she found one. She couldn't wait to cook it tonight, she knew. Even though she knew the high would be sweeter if she cooked it and then used the needle, her body couldn't wait any longer. She opened the baggie and used her finger to spread some against her gums. The rest she could cook properly once she was high enough to function.

Song that inspired this fic:

Hold On

This world this world is gone
But you don't you don't have to go
You're feeling sad you're feeling lonely
And no one seems to care
Your mothers gone and your father hits you
This pain you cannot bear
But we all bleed the same way as you do
And we all have the same things to go through
Hold on if you feel like letting go
Hold on it gets better than you know
Your days, you say they're way to long
And your nights you can't sleep at all
Hold on
You're not sure what you're sure what you're waiting for but you don't want to no more
You're not sure what you're sure what you're looking for but you don't want to no more
But we all bleed the same way as you do
And we all have the same things to go through
Hold on if you feel like letting go
Hold on it gets better than you know
Don't stop looking you're one step closer
Don't stop searching it's not over
Hold on
What are you looking for
What are you waiting for
Do you know what you're doin to me
Go ahead
What are you waiting for
Hold on if you feel like letting go
Hold on it gets better than you know
Don't stop looking you're one step closer
Don't stop searching it's not over
Hold on if you feel like letting go
Hold on it gets better than you know
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