

# The Bridge

*by sinbad*

This is based on a challenge issued by readingwriters group.

## The Bridge

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Although there didn't appear to be anything special about this old bridge, it was visited every year on a certain day by a middle-aged woman. She'd kiss her hand and place it on the bridge and, with tear-filled eyes, remember.

She had lost her love here at the end of the Great Battle. She had been part of the faithful trio that defeated the Dark Lord, but as they crossed this bridge they were attacked by a surviving Death Eater. Ron had died, and her life would never be the same.

Snippets of memories rolled like film across her mind's eye: Dumbledore's death, Snape's innocence discovered, fearsome battles, the slow rebuilding of wizarding society, leaders good and bad, the much-feared and disputed Marriage Law. Enough for a dozen lifetimes had passed in a few short years.

She still kept in touch with her old friends. Ginny and Harry had married and raised several children. Remus, McGonagall and Tonks were still molding the upcoming generation of witches and wizards at Hogwarts. She juggled duties as Charms professor with her Ministry work. Her husband ran the best apothecary in Europe, and it suited him. Neville, who never did do well in Potions, owned and ran a nursery and supplied her husband with many of the herbs he used. Fred and George still operated their joke shop. Bill contentedly worked under his father at the Ministry of Magic. After the terrors of the war, he and Fleur were ready for a peaceful life.

She sighed, enjoying the warmth of the sun on her skin, the smell of blooming flowers, and the cool breeze. Her memories wouldn't release her yet.

She remembered the difficult early days of her marriage. Her husband was almost 20 years older than she, and the necessary adjustments were hard for both of them. But she didn't regret her choice today. Together they had made a loving home for their children and a good life for themselves. Their love wasn't passionate, but it was comfortable and kind.

More tears spilled down her face as she thought of the dear friends who hadn't survived. She still missed Mad-Eye, felled by Avada Kedavra; Shackbolt, slain at Hogwarts' doors buying time for the youngest of the students to escape; brave little Professor Flitwick, who took a lot of Death Eaters with him; and all the others she had never had the opportunity to know. She grieved for the waste of promising young lives and for their elders who should have had more years.

It was time to once again leave the past behind. She breathed deeply, bringing order to her mind and calm to her spirit. She felt a touch at her shoulder. She recognized her husband's touch, and smiled as she turned to him. "Severus, let's go."

"I thought we'd go out for dinner and celebrate life," he replied. Hermione reached for his hand and together they walked away.

For Uncle Tom, who passed away 5/13/07

Sinbad