

Resurrection

by Doomspark

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Dark Arts, they call them. Evil. Shameful. One cannot proudly proclaim to practice them. But I question this. Is it truly evil to perform a so-called Dark Ritual if one's intent is not evil? Conversely, if one's intent is evil, is not the most benign of spells a Dark Art?

Heresy, some would say. So I am a heretic. Nothing new there. If I am no longer thought to be a traitor, I am still a "greasy git" according to the majority of those I teach. It is too easy for them to believe ill of me.

Here in my private workroom, I have locked and warded the door with my strongest spells. What I do this night, none may interrupt, although with Albus retired, there is no one here who can break my wards. It is the dark of the moon, and my room is lit only by the four thick candles placed at the cardinal points of the compass. In the center of the room, my worktable, cleared of everything, and made ready for this spell.

In the dawn of a new sun, the table was cleansed.

In the light of a full moon, the table was cleansed.

And now, in the dark of the new moon, the table is covered with a cloth that has been as painstakingly prepared. No silk nor satin, but unbleached linen, draped over the table and covering it completely.

On the table, a few odd items. A scrap of green wool. A pair of broken glasses. And a bowl of earth taken from her grave. She has been gone from me for nearly twenty years, and I mean to make an end to it tonight.

This place, Hogwarts, was dear to her, as dear as she was – is! – to me. A cruel twist of fate to take her from me just when I was freed to court her. I wept. I raged. And then I planned. Twenty years, I've studied and planned.

I loved her from the first time I saw her, I think. But I said nothing of it. How could I? There were too many obstacles – my connections with Voldemort among them. The difference in our ages – a trifle, yet one more load to bear. But teachers and students cannot voice feelings for each other. It profanes the trust placed in the teacher, and it shames the child.

I face north, and stare into the flickering candle light. North for the chill of frozen death. I clear my mind of everything, and begin the incantations, feeling power form and grow in the dancing shadows.

West for the sunset of life, the moment of dying.

South for the prime of life.

And finally East, for the very beginning of life. For conception and birth.

One cannot practice a spell like this; this is much more than Flitwick's swishing and flicking and other foolish wand waving. The power roils around me, an untamed force that will turn on me in an instant and consume me should my concentration slip. Or perhaps it will simply pull me through into the realm of the dead. Either way, Hogwarts will be out one greasy Potions professor.

Now I form the power into an archway above the table. It fights, twisting away from my careful shaping. Yet I persevere. Finally it is complete – a vast arch leading to ... infinity? I dare not look through it too long. Instead I summon up the last of my strength and cast the cloth, the shattered glasses, and the contents of the bowl into it as hard as I can. My voice breaks on the final words of the spell. "Come home, beloved. Come home, Minerva!"