

# Epitaph

*by earth\_fae*

People may die, but sorrow lives on.

# Changes

*Chapter 1 of 1*

People may die, but sorrow lives on.

The snow fell gently upon the rows of tombstones, blanketing the graves with a fine white dust. There was no breeze in the air to brush the snow away, so the dust patiently sat on the stone for a disturbance to send it on its journey to the ground. If it were not for the falling snow, the cemetery could have looked like a still painting of grey and brown strokes across the canvas of pure white. It was, in a word, peaceful. This was the place where the bodies of those lost in the war against Tom Riddle came to rest for eternity when their souls left Earth. There was, however, one section of the cemetery made special for the brave souls who fought by the side of Harry Potter so they could rest beside him forever with loyalty. There was a great amount of losses from the war, and many were still gripped by the strong hands of grief and sorrow.

By the time the fine dust of snow on the ground and tombstones became a thin blanket, a woman had entered the cemetery gates. The metal hinges gave a quiet squeak from the cold as the woman closed it behind her. The woman held herself proudly as she walked down the snow covered pathway, but in her eyes showed the tremendous sadness that has been tearing at her heart since the end of the war. She stood at the entrance of the cemetery and took a deep breath, fighting the urge to start crying. Becoming aware of the flakes of snow collecting on her head, she pulled the hood of the cloak over her, and tucking a stray brown curl of hair behind her ear, she began to walk toward the war heroes.

As she neared the section of the lost war heroes, her eyes became glazed with unshed tears that were threatening to fall. She stopped at the entrance of the section and pulled out her wand. From thin air, the woman created a bouquet of black roses along with one solitary black rose that looked as if it was dipped in blood. Taking another deep breath, the woman walked into the rows of tombstones, stopping at the very first one.

*Harry James Potter*

*Born 1980*

*Died 1999*

*Lost his life defeating Tom Riddle*

*Beloved hero, husband and friend*

The woman closed her eyes and gently tugged out one of the black roses from the bouquet, kissing it and placing it on the top of Harry's tombstone. The contrast of black on the clean, white snow hurt her eyes a bit, so she turned away from her friend's monument. Sighing, she stepped back and walked to the next gravestone.

*Ginevra Molly Weasley Potter*

*Born 1981*

*Died 1999*

*Lost her life fighting alongside her love, Harry Potter*

*Beloved hero, daughter, wife, and friend*

Again, the woman pulled a black rose from the bouquet, kissed it, and placed it on the cold granite. She cleared her throat trying to get rid of the memories reading the names invoked. She continued on down the row of graves repeating the ritual on the rest of the stones in pained silence.

*Ronald Bilius Weasley*

*Arthur Weasley*

*Neville Longbottom*

*Remus John Lupin*

*Nymphadora Tonks*

*Alastor Moody*

*Sirius Black*

*Rubeus Hagrid*

*Charles Weasley*

The woman placed the last black rose on Charlie's grave, leaving her with the one red-dipped rose left and one tombstone. She had done her best not to cry over her lost friends, but she gave up that attempt when she reached the last grave. She fell to her knees on the cold, snow-covered ground in front of the granite, tears falling down her pink-stained cheeks.

*Severus Snape*

*Born 1959*

*Died 1999*

*Lost his life when shielding his wife from a killing curse*

*Beloved hero, teacher, and husband*

*Will continue to love Mrs. Hermione Jane Snape for eternity*

*And is sorry he could not spend more time with her*

The woman wept even more after reading the epitaph as she had done for the past few months she visited the cemetery. The woman lifted the rose to her lips and kissed it just as she did with the other roses, but lingered on it a bit longer. As a tear dropped from her face, she placed the rose on the grave and took her wand out again, pointing it at the stone. A flash of light and a word was added to the epitaph. Hermione dropped her wand in the snow and cradled her face in one hand as she placed her other hand on the life that was growing within her.

*Severus Snape*

.  
. .  
. . .

*Beloved hero, teacher, husband, and father*

---

Black rose – symbolizes death; “farewell” (does not exist in nature)

Red rose – symbolizes sincere love, passion, respect; “I love you”