

Where Are You Going?

by *_Levicorpus_*

Ginny happens upon a rare sight as she hides from reality in the woods near the Burrow.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: The song is 'Where are You Going?' by Dave Matthews Band, and the lyrics are slightly incorrect due to an unreliable lyrics website's mistakes. I hope those who have read my more 'normal' stories can forgive me for this flight of fanciful angst. Enjoy.

Where are you going?

With your long face pulling down

The moment that Harry walked out the door, I lost myself. Red hair draped about my shoulders, I walked out the back door and into the woods. My white, collared shirt was unbuttoned slightly as I wandered through the fallen leaves. I hummed a child's lullaby to myself as I wept for the loss of the man whose lips were too far from my memory for me to find solace. I cried.

Don't hide away like an ocean

But you can see, but you can smell and the sound

of your waves coming down

I hid in my suffering, so I hardly heard the rustle in the bushes until something had caught my foot. I screamed as I fell onto the ground. The smell of stale liquor overwhelmed my senses as I struggled loose of my captor's grasp.

"Ginevra?" A drunken voice coughed out my name. There were three people who had ever called me that: one was dead, one was my mother, and the last was...

"Professor Snape?" I was shocked.

"Siddown." He chuckled darkly. I sat beside him, leaning against the strong oak tree. "What the fuck is wrong wiv me?" He took a swig out of a bottle in a paper bag.

"Professor, I've never seen you like this."

"Not many people see me this way."

I conjured some cold water and threw it at him along with some charms. He awoke from his stupor and smiled at me.

"Thank you." It was a tight-lipped smile.

"Where-did-Harry-go?" I asked in one breath. It was the question I had been bursting to ask.

I am no superman, not at all

I have no reasons for you

"I should be asking you the same question, dear. For where he is, there lies Hermione." He was obviously a bit tipsy still.

"Pardon me, but did you just say..."

"Perhaps I did, perhaps I did not."

"Don't be an ass." I rolled my eyes.

"How dare you take that tone with me, I'm..."

"Drunk in the middle of a forest talking lustfully of a witch that's barely of age?"

"Yeah."

We sat in silence, me dreaming of my dark-haired Casanova and he, presumably, of his curly-haired genius.

I am no hero, and that's for sure

But I do know one thing,

where you go is where I want to be

The silence ebbed as an ocean would and we looked at each other. Then we, the oddest pair of all, sighed in unison before I broke the silence.

"What about Hermione? You know she and Ron are crazy about each other." And then what he did shocked me to screaming. He cried out and smashed his bottle against the tree. His hand was covered in blood, and he clutched his forearm in fear.

"I haven't seen my own blood for a long time." I had already started to heal him. "Why is it so hard? After I lost her..."

"Who did you lose?"

"She was an answer to my question."

Where are you going?

Where do you go?

Are you looking for answers?

To questions under the stars?

The blood trickled slowly down his arm, and I bit my lip. He stared at the ground and whispered, so faintly I hardly heard him.

"I'm sorry."

I decided that answering couldn't be helpful, so I bandaged him gently. But when he winced, I looked up at him and spoke.

"I'm sorry, too."

He patted my hand and smiled wearily.

If along the way, you are growing weary

you can rest with me until a brighter day

"I've tried to make Hermione the answer."

I am no superman,

And I have no answers for you

"Oh," was just about all I could manage. I was shocked by his comfort in his despair. I knew I couldn't make it right, and Hermione probably couldn't either. But I sure wished I could be a heroine for him. I wished my bandages could fix his ripped, mangled heart. It wasn't love, or even pity. I just understood on a deeper level than a comforting touch could be felt. He gave me a tight lipped smile once more.

I am no hero, oh that's for sure...

The tears slipped out. There was nothing I could do. I stood from the spot and ran through the forest again with mist falling all around me. I couldn't do it...I couldn't. I heard muffled footsteps. I felt arms encircling me from behind. *This is wrong, this is wrong, this is wrong*, filled my mind until I just let go and allowed myself to be held. I sobbed hard into his grasp until the tears wouldn't come.

"What will happen if he dies?" I choked out. "What if he never comes home?"

But I do know one thing,

Where you are is where I belong

"I'll make you a promise, Ginevra." He said after a pregnant pause. "I'll do my best for Potter if you promise me to give Hermione this if I die."

A certain trust had formed in the hopelessness of we who regarded each other in the misty forest.

"Alright."

And Snape handed me the ruddy parchment that smelled strongly of sweat and travel...he had been carrying it next to his heart. I placed it in my pocket and gave a half-smile as reassurance.

"I know she belongs with Weasley...I know that. I know they love each other. I said that in my letter. But there's a lot she needs to know. And a lot I had to tell her."

It was evident that he wanted to be in her arms as much as I needed to be in Harry's.

"What if I never get to hold her?"

I do know where you go is where I want to be

Where are you going, with your beautiful face looking down?

There was another pause, in which thoughts were as tangible as words in the strange medium of grief. So I placed my hand gently on his chin and lifted his face so he could see me.

"She will forgive you." A tenseness left him and his shoulders slackened like a suddenly-dropped rope.

"Oh, God," he moaned. A tear slipped off of the brim of his nose.

Don't hide away

You are like an ocean

That I cant see, but I can smell and the sound

Of your waves coming down

I don't know what stirred in me, but I kissed his forehead gently.

"Good luck, Professor. I'll keep it safe for you. You have my word."

And then I left him there, kneeling and staring blankly at the ground. The mist enveloped my ankles, and I wrapped my arms about my middle and stared at the ground in front of me.

I pulled Hermione out of Ron's grasp and led her out to the grounds. The world seemed open and hopeful with our victory. We sat on the grass.

"Hermione, Professor Snape died last night."

"Yes, I know." She responded easily, as though the information either had not sunken in or did not disturb her. I prayed for the former considering the parchment I was holding.

"He asked me to give this to you, Hermione." I held out the letter, and she took it quickly.

"Me? What in the world could this possibly...oh, my God." She began to read avidly. I waited with my face in a grimace and my stomach in a knot.

She lowered it with shaky hands after smelling it briefly. She placed a hand over her mouth as she sobbed.

"Oh my God, Ginny, oh my God. When did he..."

I shook my head.

I am no superman

I have no answers for you

I walked up to the podium where I was expected to give a speech to an audience including Hermione's children and grieving husband. I smoothed my black dress.

"Hermione was my best friend throughout my life, and now that she has left us, I have reviewed what it was that we talked about on all those days that we found ourselves. We talked about what we loved. We talked about what puzzled us. Death is a mystery that few can solve, so we search for answers in places like this." I glanced at the light falling through the stained glass depicting an angel. "But what Hermione and I spoke of entailed learning from our journeys.

"She had an impressive journey...complete with a husband that loved her as he loved life itself and blessed children, and a new child that will never be held by her...for she was grasped by Death's hand as she brought a new life into this world." A sob escaped me, but I caught myself. "So today, let us honor a woman who was pure-hearted, bright, and loving, whose light shone on all of us as she lived. And now, as we bow our heads in mourning, may she be meeting those she loved and learning the answers to those puzzles we always spoke of." Of course, I was talking about Severus Snape, the man whose unreturned affection had plagued her since the moment she had opened that letter.

I am no hero, oh not at all

I do know one thing, where you are is where I belong

Where you are is where I want to be.