

# Where I End And You Begin

*by spybarbie*

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## Where I End

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I lost my sense of purpose after the fall of Voldemort.

Before, during the war, I was constantly researching ways to get ahead... ways to stay alive. Now, after the war, I find myself staring at the pieces of my life with no desire to put things back the way they were.

I guess you could say that's where my story really begins: after I decided that everything from before had to change.

After I decided that the only way to begin again was to let you in.

Ron hated me for it, hated me for the fact that my life wasn't about him and Harry anymore... hated that I needed my life to be about me for once.

Harry understood in his own way. After all, you showed him what he needed to know, what he'd been missing all along. He couldn't hate you, not in the way he had before. He is jealous: Jealous because you knew Dumbledore, jealous because you knew Sirius, jealous because you knew his parents. He's jealous that you were given the opportunity to love his mother.

After the battle, after seeing Remus and Tonks and Fred and Colin Creevey... and everyone else who, hours before, had been alive and fighting... I had to know what happened.

I walked away from Harry's bedside, pulled my hand from Ron's sweaty grasp, and went back to the Shrieking Shack.