

A Watercolor Study In Pastels

by rosedemon

Teddy Lupin has a one-sided chat with the portrait of his late father, Remus Lupin.

One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Article in the Daily Quibbler dated August 7, 2017.

A small ceremony was held today at the Ministry in the Hall of Heroes for the installation of a portrait of Remus Lupin, killed during the Battle of Hogwarts.

The Hall, which holds both portraits as well as memorabilia of the fallen heroes in the battle against Lord Voldemort, has come under criticism in the past years for a noticeable reluctance to include Lupin. As one of the many participants in the war to rid the world of the Death Eater's threat, Lupin had been instrumental as a tireless opponent to the Dark Lord and his minions. Accusations of long held prejudices against those who are werewolves have been at the core of this debate and the reason many of Lupin's supporters have given for his noticeable lack of presence in the Hall.

Harry Potter, who has been at the head of this debate in championing that Lupin's portrait was included, spoke at the installation ceremony today.

"It has made me happy to see Remus added to the many that are honored in this memorial," said in a short speech before the unveiling. "He was a brave man who gave his life so that we could enjoy the peace that we live today. It was an honor to know him."

The portrait, painted by famous artist Helene De Vimes, is a life-size watercolor in pastels. The painting will hang across from a portrait of Mr. Lupin's late wife and participant in the battle, Nymphadora Tonks Lupin.

Among the crowd at the ceremony included Mr. Ronald and Hermione (nee Granger) Weasley, Andromeda Tonks and the son of Mr. Lupin, Teddy Lupin.

Refreshments were served afterward at the tearoom.

Later that afternoon.

You look grand, father. Just grand. The artist really did a marvelous job. It is too bad these portraits don't talk like the ones at Hogwarts. They decided against that here. The Ministry was afraid you and the others would make too much of a commotion. I could see it too, the lot of you yelling and carrying on about who did what during this battle or that. So this place is silent, like any memorial should be I suppose. Reverence requires quiet.

You almost look like you are in motion, as if you are off to battle Death Eaters. And you look so very young. I know that is a bit of a stretch. Sorry, Dad, you were not so young when all this happened. I have seen the snaps of you before this painting was created. Grand has some. Harry has a few. You seemed to have avoided the camera. Harry's are from when you were a student at Hogwarts. You always seem to be hiding in them on the edges of the shot. But you can see how young you were. Not much older than I am now, I think. It is odd to think of your parents as being children. You only know them from when they became your parents, never considering at one time that they were youthful and full of life.

The ones that Grand have are twenty years later. Most of what she has are of Mum, her baby snaps, her growing up, when she became an Auror. There are a few of the two of you. The one I have always liked was the two of you together when Mum was almost ready to have me. You are standing behind her with your arms wrapped around her, and your hands are over her belly. You may not believe this but I can remember that touch. Oh, I know I wasn't born yet, but I can still feel your hands trying to protect me. Your hair is gray in that picture. Grand said you had premature gray from a hard life. Maybe that would explain the lines on your face, the ones over your forehead and around your mouth. Worry lines, they call them. You must have worried all the time.

But your portrait here does not show any of those signs of a life that was spent fighting a disease you hid. It only shows you as a champion. So here you are a hero on a wall with other heroes on a wall. It is here you will be seen by generations and honored by all. It is fitting.

I have to admit, I have wished many times over that you had been a coward. That when all of this happened that you had taken Mum and ran away. That way I would have had a father and not a hero's portrait to talk to. I used to be angry about it. Other children seemed to have parents. Why couldn't I have a set? I used to ask Grand that all the time. She would tear up when I did. I didn't understand that not only did I lose my parents, but she had lost a husband and a child. But really, what do you expect? I was only five or six at the time.

The best thing you ever did was make Harry my godfather. Just to let you know, he took the job seriously. Still does. At first Grand wasn't too happy about sharing me with him. But you know, as time went on and I started asking questions about you, she let me spend time with Harry. After he and Ginny got married, it was almost like having parents. When their children started popping up, it was almost like having some brothers and a sister. Only problem was, it was not my family. Not really. Oh, yeah, they tried to make it seem like I was just one of the brood. Never, ever did they treat me any different. It was me. I knew I was different. When I looked about the dining room table, no one looked like me. It kept me apart, as if I was alone in a crowded room. Harry has told me that you had that sort of sensation all your life too. We share a connection.

We have talked a lot, Harry and I. He has told me everything he ever knew about you. Harry told me how you were afraid. Afraid of a full moon. Afraid of hurting someone while you were a werewolf. Afraid of hurting Mum. Afraid you would pass the disease to me. Afraid of being responsible to someone besides yourself. He said it colored your life, this fear. He said it made you hide from the people who loved you as well as the ones who hated or feared you. Harry did say you could not outrun Mum. She loved you so much. Harry also told me you loved Mum too. That even when you tried to deny it, you could not. She was the first person who had looked into your soul and wasn't afraid of what the full moon would bring. She was a brave one, wasn't she? But I suppose you all ready knew that.

Harry told me how you taught him how to use the Patronus Charm. How to beat a boggart. He told me how you could put Severus Snape into a snit. He told me about how funny you could be and how warm you could be to a friend who had even worse luck than you did. Sirius. Grand always talks so tenderly about him, him being her favorite cousin and all. Maybe the two of you had more in common than you think.

Harry also told me how thrilled you were the day I was born. He said you were positively overjoyed. Maybe a bit tipsy too. I forgive you for that. Harry said you were relieved that I had none of the wolf about me. I guess back then they really had no idea if a werewolf could pass his genes on to his children. You know, Dr. Abbott discovered that fact years ago.

I was mad at you for a very long time. I found Mum's correspondence. Yes, I did. All the cards, all the notes, all the letters. You left her. You did. When she was going to have me, you left her. I read the letters she had sent you. She must have loved you so much because the letters ache. I never thought words on a page could hurt so badly, but these do.

I can only imagine why you abandoned her. Your fears? Were they so overriding that you would leave a woman who cared for you and an unborn child? What excuse was there? Some sort of duty to the cause, to become a savior to another? Harry has tried to explain your motives, but it never quite makes sense to me.

But you did come back. Grand said you showed up one rainy day with the letters in your hand. I think Harry had something to do with your return, although he won't admit to it. Grand said Mum nearly jumped into your arms when she saw you. Grand could not understand the attraction between you two, but she knew better than to question it. I don't pay that much mind. I have seen pictures of Grandfather, and I cannot see what she ever saw in him.

So after that, and after I was born, you and Mum stayed together. Even at the end you and she were together. Grand says that Mum would not have had it any other way. Harry says the same of you. The bond between the two of you had one purpose, Harry says. You had to leave the world in a better way for me and others even if the cost was in your lives.

I guess what I am trying to say, Dad, is that after all this time I think I finally do know something about you. Not as the handsome, dashing advocate of the rights of wizards and Muggles. Not as the warrior-hero who fought the forces of Voldemort, but as the man who was my father. A man who was a bit flawed, quite human, who was loved and loved. Someone who I wished I could have known personally but will never have the chance.

I have to go now. They are having tea and refreshments in the cafeteria here. I wouldn't bother normally with the lot. Stuffy group and there will be some of those reporters there. I have had enough of them in the past few months since the announcement was made they were hanging your portrait. But there are going to be some kids there my age, at least. Nice looking girl, I forget her name. Vickie, Vesta, I don't remember. She is one of the Weasley girls. I saw her at school a few times. She has, ah, well, filled out since last term.

I have to go now. I will be back. We can chat again. That will be nice to look forward to, won't it?

Later that night there was a rustling sound in the Hall of Heroes. Paintings that were meant to be static suddenly come alive.

"He's a good boy, what?" she whispered. "Right fine, I think."

"He is indeed, my dear 'Dora,'" he answered. "I hope he comes back for another visit."

"Don't be silly," she laughed. "He will be back. Just you watch."

Remus smiled and gave his wife a wink. "You look a bit lonely sitting there. Why don't you float my way and have a sit next to your husband?"