

# Missing You Tonight

*by Gelsey*

So close, yet so far apart.

## Missing You Tonight

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The torches flickered, sending shadows running frantically into corners and under beds. Poppy Pomfrey couldn't keep from peering nervously over her shoulder, but the Hospital Wing was still and silent, everything as it should be.

Except, of course, for the curtained-off section on the far end, where sixth-year Frank Longbottom slept, recovering from being caught in a duel between Slytherin and Gryffindor. It had been quite nasty, she thought sadly, tears coming to her eyes now that it was over and he was fine.

She sighed and went to her office. The moment she was truly alone, she abandoned all pretense of the calm demeanor she projected while on duty and burst into tears. She collapsed onto the window seat, reaching frantically into her pocket to grab a small mirror.

"Oh, please be there," she murmured desperately. "Kingsley Shacklebolt," she intoned, and a minute later his face appeared in the mirror.

"Poppy," he said, exhaustion and pleasure warring for dominance in his voice. "What's wrong?"

She wiped at her tears, the evidence that had given her distress away. "I just..."

"What happened?" he prompted softly.

It poured out like pus from a wound, the whole horrible day. "And I just thought I'd left it all behind when..."

His fingers touched the mirror as if he were trying to wipe her tears away. "When you left St Mungo's," he finished gently. They'd met there, just after Poppy had finished her internship as a Healer. As events had escalated, so had the injuries and casualties the hospital had to deal with, and Poppy had left for the supposedly safer job at Hogwarts.

"It's here, Kingsley... How did it get here?" she cried, anguish giving her face lines she was too young to have. "They're children!"

"Oh, angel," he said softly. "I know, I know." In that moment, his dark face held the same grief and helplessness as hers. No matter what they did, the war spread every day.

"I wish..." Soft and wistful, her words hung in the air.

"I know." They hadn't seen each other in person for months, which was the reason behind spending what little money they had on these magical trinkets. His fingers touched the mirror again, and this time hers did too. For a second, it was as if they were really touching.

The moment was broken by a sound on Kingsley's end. His face etched with resignation, he said, "I have to go. Aurors and Obliviators have been called to Muggle London

again.”

“Be safe. I love you,” she said, pressing a kiss to her fingers and her fingers to the mirror.

“I love you, too,” he said, returning the gesture. “Don’t worry, it will all be fine.” With those words, the mirror went blank, reflecting her blotched and tear-stained face back at her.

She remained curled up at the window, mirror clutched protectively against her chest. As darkness pressed against the cold panes of glass, an entity all its own, she wished she could believe that promise.

**Author's Notes:** According to the Lexicon, Kingsley was a young man during the time of the first Order of the Phoenix, and Poppy’s age is never mentioned other than that she’s “middle-aged” in Harry’s years, meaning she was older than James and Co. Thanks to Cilla for looking it over and to MissBlane for proofing.

This was written for a challenge on the LJ group Romancing the Wizard.