

The Long Journey to Right

by sc010f

Something terrible is happening to Hermione Weasley, but can her children accept it? Written for the GS100 "Wrong Day's Journey" challenge. DH and Epilogue compliant, to a certain extent.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Mum, don't you remember?"

"Darling, of course I do. We were so young, then. But I wasn't pretty. I remember that nobody ever called me pretty."

"Mum, we have to leave. We have to go to St. Mungo's."

"Hugo, why? Where are you taking me?"

"St. Mungo's. I just told you."

"Oh, are we visiting your father?"

"No, Mum, dad's gone. He's been gone for a long time."

"When will he be back?"

"Mum, he's not coming back. Come on, let's get to the Floo."

"We're going to St. Mungo's? Why, Hugo?"

"The Healer wants to check your progress."

"I remember when we were here last. I was so young, then, my dear. Younger than you, I think."

"Very good, Mrs. Weasley. Now, sit up. There's a good girl."

"He used to call me that, you know."

"Who? Dad?"

"No, Hugo, not your father. Never your father."

"It doesn't look good, Mr. Weasley. Even with the new potions, she's not improving as we'd like."

"How long do we have?"

"She could live her natural span. She's only, what, forty? But I don't have much hope for her recovery."

"Hugo? Where did you go?"

"I'm here, Mum. Don't be afraid."

"Rose, she's getting worse."

"I don't know, Hugo. We can't do much more than what we've already done."

"I know, but there has to be something."

"You're not thinking about involving Dad?"

"No, we can't. Besides, getting him to talk to either one of us . . ."

"Hugo, I know, but she's unmanageable, wandering off like this. And you can't care for her all the time. And I can't—who's that in the Floo?"

"Professor McGonagall! What's wrong?"

"Rose, Hugo, I'm so glad I've found you. I'm so sorry, but your mum just turned up here at Hogwarts."

"We'll be right there."

"She's not improving at all?"

"No, Professor. The Healer says that she could live her natural span, but that her memory will never improve."

"I still can't believe that this could happen."

"It could be a curse, but we don't think so. I've read about dementia and Alzheimer's in the Muggle world, but we just don't know why, or how."

"Rose? Don't you have to go to class?"

"It's okay, Mum. Professor's given us permission to see you."

"Hello, Professor McGonagall, I'm almost finished with my essay."

"That's wonderful, Hermione."

"Where's Ron? Professor, where is he?"

"Mum, it's okay. We're here."

"Minerva, what's happened to her?"

"We don't know, Severus. She just started to fade. First her short term memory, and then this. There's no magical reason."

"Where's Weasley?"

"Gone. Hermione was so lost in the early days that he couldn't cope. Rose and Hugo care for her now."

"There's nothing that can be done?"

"Horace is making potions. St. Mungo's is helping. Bill Weasley is working to discover if it was a curse."

"In other words, no."

"I just don't know how much longer the children can care for her."

"They're hardly children. Eighteen and twenty."

"They still have dreams, Severus."

"She could come to the castle."

"She could, Severus. I'd like her to, but it'll be difficult for her. Apparently, if she's not in familiar surroundings, she gets difficult to handle."

"What is she, one of Hagrid's pets now?"

"Don't be like that, Severus."

"She's not getting the care she needs from her children!"

"Since when are you concerned?"

"Since the most intelligent creature to pass through these gates in a generation is having her mind destroyed!"

"Severus, I can't. How do you think Hugo would react?"

"If he's honest with himself, with relief. We can care for her here."

"Where are we?"

"You're home, Mum."

"I don't remember."

"It's okay, Mum. This is a new home."

"Oh. Is your dad coming too?"

"No, Mum, Dad's gone."

"When is he coming back?"

"He's not coming back, Mum."

"Hugo, let me. Good afternoon, Miss Granger."

"Professor Snape! Hello! Why are you a portrait?"

"I died, Miss Granger. Many years ago."

"Oh, how sad. This is my boy, Hugo. He's taking me home."

"You are home, Miss Granger."

"Professor, thank you . . ."

"Do not concern yourself, Mr. Weasley. She will be cared for here."

"It's still an imposition."

"No, it's not."

"Professor, I'm the one that set you on fire."

"I know, Miss Granger. And I forgive you."

"I don't understand it! Ron? Where are you? Professor? Have you seen him? Let me go, please!"

"Miss Granger! Calm down. You're safe."

"You're dead! Why are you dead? I saw the snake! Harry! I can't . . ."

"Miss Granger. Be seated. You're safe. You're home."

"Yes, Professor."

"Good girl."

"I remember it took you a long time to call me that, Professor."

"Do you?"

"Yes, it was right before you died. I crept back. I tried to help, but . . ."

"I remember."

"Severus? What's going on?"

"She's sleeping. Her body is still stronger than her mind."

"You look tired."

"It's not possible."

"How is she?"

"Fine. She is at peace. These last few weeks have been difficult. Did you finish the commission?"

"Yes, the charms were difficult, but it's finished."

"It ought to be ready when the time comes."

"I know. Rose and Hugo have agreed; Ronald has, too."

"Good. It is the least she deserves."

"Oh, Severus, I wish there was something that . . ."

"I know, Minerva. I do too."

"Being a painting has made you sentimental."

"You never could make jokes, Minerva."

"Ginny? Harry? What are you doing here?"

"It's Rose and Hugo, Mum."

"Of course. Where's your father?"

"Dad's gone, Mum."

"When he comes back, I think I won't be here."

"Yes, Mum."

"I'm going on a trip!"

"That's fabulous, Mum."

"I went camping once. Do you remember, Harry?"

"It's Hugo, Mum."

"Miss Granger."

"Hello, Professor McGonagall. Do you remember when Harry and I went camping?"

"I think we're ready."

"What?"

"For your trip, Mum."

"I'd like that."

"Minerva, this is wrong. I can't allow you to do this to my mother!"

"Hugo, not now. We agreed."

"She's your mum, Rose!"

"Severus, why are they crying?"

"You've died. It's appropriate to grieve."

"What? When?"

"You don't remember?"

"It's like a dream. I think I've been here a long time."

"Thirty-seven years."

"And you were always here."

"Yes."

"Watching over me."

"Yes."

"And now I'm in here with you."

"Yes. Charms, spells &ndash we are wizards."

"In death you have a sense of humor?"

"Good girl. You noticed. And what you have in death nobody can take from you."

"Why is Hugo so angry?"

"He thinks it's wrong &ndash that we've killed you."

"Oh, no, Hugo, oh, my love, everything is finally right!"

AN: Thank you to Angel Mischa for her help with my comma and emdash/endash illiteracy! I make no claims of ownership on the characters. My only reward is your review.