

Aftermath

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Two short snapshots of Molly Weasley after the battle.

Uneasy Hero/In Silence

Chapter 1 of 1

Two short snapshots of Molly Weasley after the battle.

Uneasy Hero

The whispers that follow her through the castle are subdued, but she can hear the awe and shock in people's voices as she passes.

...Bellatrix...

She knows she should feel pride; after all, her children are heroes of the war against Voldemort, or relief; the nightmare is over, ordinary witches and wizards can sleep safe in their beds. What she actually feels is numb, an aching hole in her stomach that no amount of adulation will fill.

...duel...

It doesn't occur to her that what she did was remarkable. That bitch was threatening her Ginevra. No-one threatens one of her children. Not even Voldemort's whore. The nagging, seething emptiness taunts her, *you didn't protect Fred*. Duelling ten, no, a thousand dark wizards can't make up for not being there for Fred.

Being a hero is no consolation when everything is broken.

In Silence

The light through the window gives everything a shimmer of dusty gold. Her hands move calmly, smoothing the faded patchwork quilt, tugging and fussing and tucking to get it just so. The sheet, clean and white, folds back over the quilt, revealing the freshly fluffed pillow.

She has done this a thousand times before, but never so perfectly.

Then, when it is silent and still and there is no-one else to see, she kneels beside the bed she has so carefully made and lays her cheek on the smooth cool patches he will never sleep under again. It is only her and the silence now, and her tears begin to fall.