

eRPeGäimer

Sad Feelings

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Inhaltsangabe

Remus Lupin is very sad after his best friend died.

Vorwort

Dies ist meine erste FF und gleich auf Englisch... ich hatte die Idee mal und hab einfach zum Schreiben angefangen. Aber erst nach der ersten Seite ist mir aufgefallen, dass ich die ganze Zeit englisch geschrieben hab... Viel Spaß beim lesen!

Bitte zeigt mir meine Fehler!

Achja, ich bin nicht so gut in Englisch...

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Letters

A letter lay on the table. A man sat behind it. He cried. He had just read the letter again. Again and again. He was alone now. All his friends were gone. In one night. He let out a shout. No, he couldn't stand it. Why? Why must he be the one? Why must he feel all this sadness? Why must he be left?

Sirius. The traitor. He killed Peter. He betrayed James. He left Remus behind.

Peter. He was dead. He was killed by Sirius, his friend. He tried to save James. He left Remus behind.

James. He was betrayed by Sirius. He nearly was saved by Peter. And he left Remus behind.

And here he sat, crying. Remus was left behind. His friends gone. His darkness great. His hope gone. His problems great. He didn't want to be here anymore. He wanted to be someone else. In one night all his dreams faded away. His dreams of a happy future.

Then he thought of Harry. The little son of James. He lived. He was alive. His friend's son. But he was at the muggles. And this was to far away.

Remus stood up. He looked around in his room. No, he couldn't leave the thoughts of his friends. He couldn't live alone. He looked out of the window. He couldn't have helped his friends in that night. The moon waned. Two days ago, Halloween had been full moon. And Halloween his friends were gone.

His thoughts wandered to Sirius. The man, who sat in Azkaban. Why? He always thought Sirius was on the right sight, everyone had thought that until that night. Remus was glad that this man came to Azkaban without questions He can stay there until his life will be gone. He can feel the fear of these Dementors until he will die. Remus didn't feel sorry about him. He was very furious about Sirius. He thought that Sirius was a Black on whom somebody can trust. But he had thought wrong. He was like his family. Full of people, who thought that purebloods very the only wizards that shall live. And Sirius was the one who thought in another way. Believed Remus, but since Halloween he knew better.

Remus pushed all the pictures away. Pictures which had shone him the way through the darkness. Pictures that made him happy. Sirius as a great dog, Sirius with James. All this had gone. He remembered the first meeting with Sirius. Sirius had been a friendly boy who had helped him pushing his trunk on the train. Then the two had sat in on compartment. But Remus remembered that he couldn't have good friends. Because sometime they will realise what he did on full moon. But then in the second year the three found out what he was. And they still treated him like a friend and didn't say anything about his problem. But in the fifth year they told him that they were Animagi. And they had a so funny time...

Remus wished that these times would come back...

Peter. He was braver than Remus had ever thought. He tried to save James, tried to kill the traitor. But he was dead, too. Killed by his friend, Sirius. And Remus couldn't have done anything. Full moon. Sometimes he wished that he wasn't bitten. Sometimes he cursed this werewolf. But he couldn't change it. Remus heard a sound at the window. Another owl had come. It had brought a letters He opened it slowly. It was from the ministry:

Dear Mr. Lupin

You're allowed to visit the prisoner Sirius Black tomorrow evening at seven o'clock. Please come to the ministry at this time and not later. Please don't bring other things than yourself and your wand with you.

Phiona Handyles

Remus smiled a bit. Surely Dumbledore had asked if he could come and see his old friend. Tell him how much he disliked him. But then he got serious again. He thought about James...

He liked James always very much. He was always happy. He never thought that something was forever wrong. "You can solve almost every problem", he always said, "And yours, too. Not forever, but every full moon can be funny, if you want." This thought helped him through every night in which he must change to a werewolf. But he won't hear James's voice again. Never.

He left the room, went into his sleeping room. He sank onto his bed without changing, without eating anything. "James is dead, Peter's too, Sirius is in Azkaban. And I, Remus couldn't do anything." This thought never left him alone. And after hours of thinking, he finally could sleep... but he dreamed of his lost friends...

Azkaban

Hey, thanks for all the nice Kommiss! I never thought, that someone would say that I'm a good English writer!
And here's the New chapter!

Azkaban

Remus went to the ministry next day. He had been sleeping terribly. But that wasn't important now. He would see Sirius and tell him face to face how much he disliked him! A wizard with a great blue hat and a green robe waited for him. "Mr. Lupin?" he asked, "Can we start?" Remus nodded. He couldn't think of something else then Sirius, James and Peter. Padfoot, Prongs and Wormtail. And Moony, who was alone.

Padfoot. Today they would meet. Should he tell the ministry that Sirius was an animagus? No, then he would be a traitor, too. The secret, which was well kept. And no one apart from him and Sirius knew it now. The others were dead.

He didn't realize that they arrived on an island. In front of him, there was a dark portal, made of black stones. White mist came out of it- The breath of the Dementors. Should he really go through this bow? Should he really go to the cold, dark prison? Should he really visit the murderer, Sirius Black?

It was a difficult decision. But finally he took all his breath and went through the archway. Suddenly he felt cold. He couldn't move anymore. He was frozen. The breath of the Dementors floated through the air. The mist lay thick on the grounds. Suddenly someone grabbed his hand and Remus followed the person. They went through another portal, which was this time guarded by Dementors. Some minutes later, they arrived at the cells. There were lots of Death eaters. No one here was really innocent. And Sirius wasn't it, too. They went down a row of Death eaters. And there it came. Sirius's cell. Remus got slow.

Sirius didn't sleep like all the others. He was awake, sitting and... thinking?

Sirius didn't talk to himself, like all the others. He was just... thinking?

Sirius didn't move crazy like all the others. He was looking normal and he seemed to... think?

Sirius thought... but about what?

How he could escape?

Where Voldemort was now?

How Harry could be killed?

How... he could betray Remus, too?

As Remus came to a hold in front of Sirius's cell, the prisoner raised his head. "Y've come to visit me?"

Remus looked at him with disgust in his look. "Why should I visit you?" snapped Remus, "You... you..." He didn't know a word for it. He wanted to tell Sirius what he thought about him. How sad he was, how he hated him. But this feelings were too strong so that *sad*, *hate* or *disgust* weren't strong enough.

Sirius grinned at his old friend. "Oh Moony, you just wanted to see me? That's great! I wanted to tell you something..."

Remus stopped him. "Don't call me Moony! That's not my name for you anymore. That was a name for friends!"

Sirius laugh faded away. "You aren't...? You really...?"

Remus nodded. “Yes. I am not your friend anymore. You betrayed me. When you betrayed my real friends, you betrayed me, too. Because I am a good friend and I help my friends! You aren't my friend; you are a filthy deatheater!”

Sirius sighed. He couldn't explain it to Remus, because he wouldn't listen if he would try. “See... Peter...”

Remus got angry. “See... *Peter*”, he aped Sirius. “*Oh... I killed him because he was a moodblood who was so stupid and stayed James friend!*” continued Remus in Sirius voice. Then he switched again to his own voice: “If it would have happened another day and I didn't have to stay at home I would have done the same as Peter! He was braver than you. He always knew that you were stronger. But he faced you on the open street. He did what better wizards should have done!”

Sirius sighed again. “Look... I can explain it. I didn't...”

Remus turned away. “I'll not listen to your explanations!” He looked at the man who had brought him to the prisoner. “Let's go back!” The wizard nodded and grabbed his hand again. He felt the cold feeling again which he had ignored while he was talking to Sirius. But now the Dementors were in his mind again. He could feel them and he was frozen. He didn't want to be near them anymore. So he followed the security wizard very fast. The green robe shimmered in the mist. They went past other deatheaters. These people were innocent in compare with Sirius. They went through the Dementors gate. A little bit of Remus' sadness fell away. They went through the portal through which they had gone first. The ministry wizard said some words which Remus didn't understand and they suddenly were in the ministry again.

All of Remus fright fell away. He felt hot again and the sad feelings were gone. He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up. There was Albus Dumbledore standing in front of him.

Albus smiled at Remus. “Could we have a small talk?”