

I Won the War

By Luff the Hufflepuff

Prologue

August 30th, 1998

It was the brightest, most possibly beautiful day the whole year had supplied. The roses were full in bloom, the grounds were covered in late summer color, the sky was a startling blue with no cloud in sight. Currently, people all over the world enjoyed the great weather, soaking in the peace the day gave off, grateful everything was so still. Everything was safe, perfect, and fine. Nothing could have been better. Nothing could ruin the peacefulness that today brought.

But it was the darkest day he had ever endured.

Many people had gathered there and sat in neat, little rows. Almost everyone had their heads bowed, and quite a few were crying with black handkerchiefs clutched in their hands as they listened to some man he recognized babble on about death and the afterlife. But he wasn't going to cry. He wouldn't. Not now, not in front of everyone. He hadn't deserved to cry. He didn't even deserve to be here...But he was.

It had been a blur when Ron had died. He hadn't deserved it, he had always thought that he had been the side-kick to the famous Harry Potter, when the end came to the end, it had been Ron who was the hero and Harry was...Harry. He had been the little boy who caught a bug... That was all he had ever been, and all he would ever be. If it hadn't been for them, the evil they had brought down would be ruling with their regime of terror.

But they **had** succeeded. And they had brought down a considerable force of evil. But they had still paid a heavy price...All Harry had to do was look over at Hermione and her rapidly growing stomach to know they had paid the worst price of all. A son who would never know the hero that was his father. She still wore his ring, one on each hand. Harry's hands trembled as he grasped the small ring that hung next to his heart. Yes indeed they had paid the heavy price. And he knew it wasn't worth it.

It had been awful to see all those he loved and respected fall. The justice of those who killed them was severed, and all of those who were responsible were planted six feet under. It hurt to watch all those people die, but they had all been avenged. But this...this was indescribable. Incomparable. And no amount of deaths could change that, fix that, to make it even remotely okay.

He supposed the speaker stopped talking, for everyone had begun to stand. Little talking was transpired as they, one by one, rose from their seats and walked in a simple formation. He stood behind everyone, for many reasons, no one noticing him as they all walked slowly and mournfully towards the mound of dirt. Each of them had grabbed a handful of dirt and dropped it onto the grave, saying a quick prayer or good-bye before leaving. Some laid down flowers or other tokens of grief onto the grave and even one placed down a sweater that he recognized that once had been his own.

He waited until they all had left, waiting even past Mrs. Weasley collapsing to the ground in hysterics. He waited for what seemed hours for Mrs. Weasley's husband to collect her and comfort her. He couldn't reach out to her, it would be inappropriate. It was his fault that she had to burry yet another child. No noticed him though, their grief too great for the hero they had lost.

And then he was all alone.

He walked to the grave, the day feeling more like December than August. He shivered involuntarily at the thought and shut his eyes. This was getting harder the longer he waited.

With a bruised hand, he grabbed a fistful of earth, looking slightly misty-eyed at the stone tablet at the head of the grave. He dropped it on top of the pile others had started, revealing a gold band on his left hand, gleaming in the sunlight. It sill bore its original script she had placed on it last March and tracing the letters seemed to bring tears to his bright green eyes. She had looked so lovely that day, much more than he had noticed that day. Why hadn't he told her everything right there? Why had he been so stupid to wait for so long? They could have had months, years...but now, they would never have that chance. *He* would never have the chance to make it right. And that was the worst part of it all.

He sighed, looking away from the band, took a deep breath and said:

"I won the war, Gin. I won the war because you died. And it was my fault."

Please R&R!

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Authors Note: Well! Its been over a year. A *year*. In that course of time, I matured rapidly, dated many guys, started a new passion, and lived life to the fullest...and I completely abandoned my writing, my longest standing passion ever. I admit fully that I 100% forgot about everything I had written and moved on to some bigger fish to fry, or so I had thought. It's currently 10:00pm PST, and I've just gone over my writing on this site, and after reading my prologue, I realize I really had something going. I really really did. And it's a shame that I don't remember everything about the story that had drawn me to it, and I'm quite upset over it...though I did find some notes from a year ago, and I'm working with what I've got. I know now that I cannot let this story go, and I really owe that to Siriusly Amused, who inspired me to start writing again. Thank you.

This is dedicated to my betas:

KK, because I loved her so damn much. She's been there through everything, and as I write, knowing what I've got in store, that I'm very bloody lucky to have her in my life. Without her, I'd probably be some blubbering mess and homeless in East L.A. Thank you for being there for me. Thank you very so much, even though what I do in return pales in comparison of everything you've done for me.

_____, you've really done so much for me in the few short days you edited my 7 chapters in. You gave me great ideas for the series, and I've got a real plan down because of you. I love you lots, and I'm endlessly happy that you're doing this for me, despite the fact you're so busy with EVERYTHING else. And, experience really does help where I'm left drawing a blank. It'll come in handy later on.

Summary: We all know the story of The-Boy-Who-Lived; the pain, the suffering, the sacrifice. But what if you could avoid your fate? In the case for Harry Potter, his life is perfect: he's got a loving family, a beautiful girlfriend, and is Hogwarts Head Boy. But what happens when fate catches up with you? Harry's begins to catch up with him in a series of dreams of a life he's never had. But when the dreams start becoming reality, Harry realizes that he alone can change the outcome and save the ones he loves most.

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor do I own anything else in this fic, even Nicole isn't really mine...shes based off of several characters I've read in fics and a bit off of my best friends, and I do not own them either. Though, I do deserve barrels of rotten tomatoes chucked at me for taking a year to realize about my fic. Sorry 'bout that!

Onto the story!!!!