

History of Magic homework with the ice cream maker's help. And he did have excellent ice cream.

So they parted ways, and Harry headed over to the ice cream shop, running over the possible flavour ideas in his head. "Harry!" He turned, groaning quietly, ready to tell whichever eager reporter had spotted him that he would very much like to be left alone.

But it wasn't a reporter. It was Dennis Creevey.

Harry froze at the sight of the soon-to-be fourth year — Dennis had grown a little bit, in the last few weeks. He was skinnier, though, and still looked a little hollow in the eyes.

He looked so much like his brother, it made Harry's throat go dry. "Harry," Dennis said, a little breathlessly. "I was hoping I'd see you today!"

"Hi, Dennis. How— how are you?"

The boy's face crumpled, just for a moment, before he pulled it back together. "I'm... getting by. It's hard. But, y'know," he gave a self-deprecating shrug, "we all have to keep going."

"Dennis, I'm so sorry, I—"

"Don't, Harry," Dennis insisted. "We both knew what we were doing. Colin... he wanted to fight because of you, yes, but also because of me, and because of our parents, and all the other muggles and muggleborns that were being killed. It wasn't your fault." His lips quirked bitterly. "Sometimes I think that if I'd just stayed in the castle like everyone told me, if I hadn't been there for Colin to want to protect... but you can't go down that road. Colin made his choices, and we've got to accept them. Even if... even if it's hard." He swallowed, lip wobbling slightly. Harry reached out to squeeze the boy's shoulder.

"That's..."

"More mature than you'd expect?" Dennis half-joked. "Dad's had me seeing a therapist. A squib woman, so I don't have to lie. It... it helps."

"I'm glad, Dennis. Really." He was so very young, and Harry hated how much he had already seen. It would do him good to talk it out.

God, Harry realised; he was *the same age* as Nashira. Just a kid. But never a kid again, not really, after all he'd been through.

"Thanks. Listen, Harry, I have something for you. These last few weeks... Colin had all these pictures he'd taken, and he never got the chance to develop them. The ones from Bill Weasley's wedding, but also just a whole bunch from around the castle before... before everything. I've got a load for everyone at school, but... would you make sure these get to the right people?" Out of his satchel, he pulled a translucent blue plastic folder like the kind Harry used to use in muggle school, full to bursting with photographs. "Colin would want everyone to have them. He... seeing people liked his photos always made him so happy."