

movements. Looking at him, Harry couldn't help but smile faintly — he could certainly see the blond a few years from now, wearing those awful lime green robes, working that firm-but-efficient bedside manner on patients.

“Harry,” Charlie sighed out, wincing when Draco reset his shoulder in place. “Have you seen Sirius?”

“He went with Kings and Amelia to go retake the Ministry. He promised he'd come back in one piece.”

Charlie scowled, though that might have been the pain of having several broken fingers reset. “He'd fucking better,” he muttered.

“What the hell happened to you, anyway?” Harry asked.

“Edward Parkinson. Thought he'd torture me a little before killing me,” Charlie explained hollowly. “Viktor here saved my life.”

Harry took that to mean Parkinson was dead. Pansy would be pleased.

Ginny burst into tears, hugging Viktor tightly around the waist. “Thank you,” she rasped. Viktor pat her on the back awkwardly.

“I am glad I made it in time,” he said simply, making Harry wonder just how close a call Charlie had had. His stomach squirmed just thinking about it.

His gaze shifted back to the mourners in the middle of the hall. More and more bodies had been brought in, but it seemed like the flow had stopped now. Dare he hope that was it?

Other than those in the Hospital Wing who couldn't be saved, of course.

An urge rose within him. He didn't want to, felt panic claw its way around his heart, but at the same time he *had* to.

He had led them into this mess. He had to lead them through the hard parts, too. He stood up, ignoring his friends' concerned calls, walking on shaky legs towards the middle of the hall.

The first few faces he saw, lax in death, were strangers. He moved slowly down the row, reluctantly dragging his eyes from one to the next, waiting to see a face that utterly floored him.

He recognised Emmeline Vance, one of the Order members. Then, further down the line, a girl he knew to be a Ravenclaw seventh year, though he wasn't sure of her name.

But beside that girl was a body that hit Harry like a punch to the gut. “*No*,” he gasped, staring down at Colin Creevey's still, lifeless form. The boy's blue eyes, usually so bright and full of joy, stared blankly up at the ceiling.

Harry staggered — and the body that caught him was surprisingly strong, for its frailty. “You did everything you could, Potter,” McGonagall whispered, holding him by the shoulders, her