

“Nah, not quite. He’s my godfather.”

She nodded, apparently happy to accept that explanation. The twins and Neville, who had heard about Sirius from Harry but never met him, looked perfectly comfortable in the situation. Harry was honestly surprised Dumbledore had let them stay.

“Sirius, I need you and Remus to set off at once. The old crowd must be alerted,” Dumbledore instructed. Sirius’ eyes turned stormy.

“I’m not leaving until I know Harry’s alright,” he insisted. “A few hours won’t lose us the war, Albus. We’re leaving in the morning, and no sooner.”

Dumbledore’s lips thinned, but he didn’t argue; he couldn’t, not without revealing how little he cared for Harry’s wellbeing. “Very well, but you must leave first thing tomorrow. Severus, you know what you must do... if you are ready.”

“I am,” Snape replied, though he was paler than usual. Harry’s hand clenched beneath his blanket; Dumbledore wasn’t even *hesitating* to send him back to that awful monster.

“Then hurry. And good luck.” Snape swept from the Hospital Wing, and Dumbledore turned back to Harry. “I must go downstairs; I should see to the Diggorys. Harry, take the rest of your potion. I’ll see you all in the morning.”

Harry’s heart ached at the reminder of Cedric, and he closed his eyes against a fresh wave of grief. When Dumbledore left, he looked up at Sirius, who scooted back on the bed to put an arm around him. “He’s right, pup, you should get some sleep. We’ll stay with you.”

“Take your potion, Harry,” Mrs Weasley encouraged, still sending nervous glances towards Sirius. “Try and get your mind off things. Think about what you’re going to spend your winnings on, eh?” She tried for a smile, but it just made Harry wince, staring at the bag of galleons accusingly.

“I don’t want it. I shouldn’t even have it, I didn’t win.” He and Cedric had taken the cup together. It was his fault Cedric was dead.

“Cedric wouldn’t want you to blame yourself, mate,” Fred told him softly. “You couldn’t have known what would happen.”

Logically, Harry knew Fred was right, but that didn’t mean his heart believed it. He had survived and Cedric had not, because he was Harry Potter and Cedric was *the spare*. The Cup had been a portkey because of Harry. It was always because of Harry.

“You guys should go back to the dorm,” he muttered, looking away. He was going to cry, he could feel it, and he refused to do so in front of such a large audience. “Get some sleep, come back in the morning.”

“Only if you promise to sleep too,” Neville insisted. Harry nodded, though he didn’t speak the words.