

“It’s very likely, yes,” Remus confirmed, voice tinged with sadness. “War and death go hand in hand. But if we’re smart, and we’re lucky, then the deaths will be minimal. And if we’re very lucky indeed, everyone we care most about will survive the war. But I can make no promises.” He leaned down to kiss Harry’s hair. “You can’t blame yourself for every casualty of war, Harry. Even the ones you think you could have prevented. That way lies madness, and I love you far too much to let you do that to yourself.”

“I love you too, Moony.” Harry still marvelled at how easy it was to say those words and mean them, after years of having no one to say them to at all. He had so, so much to be grateful for, these days. “I’ll... I’ll try.” Guilt was a hard creature to shake, but he was working on it.

“That’s all I can ask.” Remus smiled, patting him on the back and guiding him towards the table. “Now sit down and eat, you must be starving.”

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Remus left for the Order meeting at five, and Harry entertained himself by reorganising his bookshelf; he was slowly filling in the space, and was eager to buy more now he was home. He’d almost run out of fiction books entirely. When Ceri called him down for dinner, he was slightly disappointed not to see Sirius, and angry once he heard the reason why.

“The Weasley family and Hermione Granger are moving into headquarters tonight,” Remus told him, grimacing faintly. “It’s earlier than we expected. It’ll be harder for Sirius to get away, but he promises he’ll come over as often as he can.”

“What are they all doing there, then? Surely they aren’t involved in the Order; half of them are still in school!” Harry couldn’t see Mrs Weasley letting her kids get involved in a war council, Dumbledore or no.

“Oh, certainly not,” Remus confirmed. “They’ll be cleaning mostly, I expect; the house is in a bit of a state. The twins weren’t happy at being left out of meetings, since they’re of-age, but Molly overruled them.”

“I have no doubt they’ll find a way to eavesdrop by the end of the month,” Snape pointed out dryly. Harry snorted.

“By the end of the week, more like,” he remarked. “They’re very quick when they’re motivated properly.” He stabbed a roast potato. “What else is the Order up to?”

“Not much, in all honesty. We’re still just gathering people and getting the word out. Albus has a few people in the Ministry trying to weed out those who aren’t loyal to Fudge, but it’s slow going.”

“Several members of your guard seem concerned that you have not left the house,” Snape told him. “Albus suggested you were merely grieving. He isn’t worried about your lack of movement; with any luck, it’ll stay that way.”