

wanted to fight Voldemort — he'd told Harry, one night, that he would be at his side when the fight came.

But the fight got to him far, far too soon.

Harry let out a scream that was lost in the howl of the wind as he sped up, and he realised he was crying. He hadn't cried since the night in the Hospital Wing.

The hole in his heart was back, bigger than ever, and Harry imagined reaching into his chest and grabbing the edges and just *pulling* until the hole was so big it consumed him entirely, just let all his grief and rage spill out until it was all that was left of him. Sometimes, it felt like it had already done so.

He was glad, so very glad, that he wasn't being left at the Dursleys. It was bad enough being there for a regular summer; if he'd been left alone with his muggle relatives and all this grief and anger, he surely would've gone mad. Nothing to do but sit and worry at the edges of the hole, fall deeper and deeper inside it, let the guilt swallow him up.

It surprised him when he heard a bell ring in the distance — how was it lunchtime already? He'd barely even started! But apparently he'd been flying through his grief for far longer than he realised. His hands were clenched so tight around his broom it ached to move them, but when his feet touched the ground the hole in his heart felt a little bit smaller.

It wasn't magically better. Like Madam Pomfrey had said, there was no potion or spell that could fix that. But it was a start.

He was glad it was just Remus in the kitchen when he came in; he didn't think he was quite ready for Snape to see him in that state. The werewolf's face softened, and he held out his arms. Harry didn't hesitate to fall into them, burying his face in the man's chest. "I'm so sorry, cub," Remus murmured, stroking his hair. "I know he was a friend of yours, and he was far, far too young. I'm sorry."

Harry thought about his own grief, and thought about what it must have been like for Remus when Harry's parents died. They hadn't been much older than Cedric, and they were practically his *family*. "How did you do it?" he asked croakily. "How did you move on, when you lost Mum and Dad?"

"Honestly, for a long while, I didn't," Remus admitted. "I went through a bit of a rough patch. But eventually I realised that Lily would've kicked my arse six ways to Sunday if she saw what I'd let myself become, and James would have been right behind her." He held Harry close. "I know it sounds hard, but the best thing you can do for those you've lost is live. Carry on living, even when they couldn't, because that life is precious and you never know when it's going to run out. It never goes away, not truly. There are some days I can hardly breathe for how much I miss James and Lily. But those days get further apart, in time. Especially now I have you back in my life."

Harry was silent for a long moment. "More people are going to die, aren't they?"