

“You’ve got me there, kid. Well, normal teenagers should be in bed by this time. Actually, that’s a lie, normal teenagers stay up all night getting into mischief,” he added with a half-grimace, “but you’ve got a big day tomorrow, so you should get some sleep.” He shuffled off the mattress, but leaned in to kiss Harry’s hair. “I’ll see you in the morning. I love you, Harry.”

Harry would never get tired of hearing that. “I love you too, Sirius.”

His godfather slipped quietly from the room, and Harry looked down at the mirror in his hands, sighing. That was one of his problems solved.

If only he had a hope of figuring out how to address the others.

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Harry awoke with a gasp, hand flying up to his burning scar. *What the hell was that all about?*

It could have been a nightmare. But a nightmare had never made his scar burn like that. A nightmare had never felt so... real.

A shiver went down his spine. He couldn’t even remember what really happened; he concentrated harder, trying to recall. It had been so vivid... there were two people he knew, and one he didn’t... in a room he didn’t recognise... a cold, high voice — Voldemort.

Flashes of the dream flew through his memory. Wormtail was there, they were talking about — about him. They had killed someone already, and they wanted him dead too.

Harry had no idea who the old man was, but his gut told him he was now dead. Except not, because it was a dream. Wasn’t it?

He crawled out of bed, wondering if anyone else would be up that early. Snape was usually an early riser. To his surprise, Remus was the only one in the kitchen, his eyes still half-closed. “You’re up early,” he commented, then frowned when he got a better look at Harry. “Cub, are you alright?”

“I had a dream,” Harry started shakily. “I... when I woke up, my scar was hurting. It’s probably fine, right?”

The look on Remus’ face suggested that it was not, in fact, fine.

“Tell me everything.” Remus held out an arm, and Harry only hesitated for a moment before accepting the comfort offered, leaning into the man’s embrace.

“I don’t remember much, just that it was so vivid.” He told Remus about the old muggle man, and Wormtail, and Voldemort. The more Harry spoke, the more Remus looked grave. “And then I woke up, and it was like someone had pressed a hot poker to my scar.”

Remus put the back of his hand to Harry’s forehead as if checking for fever, then ducked down to press a gentle kiss to the still aching scar. Harry tried not to flinch. No one else had