

Never again. Harry would make sure of it.

“Okay,” he agreed — he *was* exhausted, after all. “But, if I’m needed...”

“Word will be sent,” McGonagall assured, though by the look on her face Harry doubted anything short of the castle collapsing would be enough of an emergency to warrant her calling for him.

She sent him on his way with a gentle push, and Harry went back towards Snape and the rest.

“Who?” Ginny asked simply, looking at his face. She was leaning against Neville, his hand clutched in both of hers.

“Seamus,” he said, watching pain fill both their eyes. “Padma. And... and Colin.”

Ginny sucked in a sharp breath. “No.”

“I’m sorry, Gin.” Harry knew they were friends; year mates, bonding first over a mild obsession with Harry Potter and then through other things, the HA only strengthening that bond.

“Does Dennis know?” she asked, tears filling her eyes. Harry nodded.

“McGonagall said Colin took a curse for him. That’s how... that’s how it happened.”

Ginny blinked furiously, clenching her jaw, throat bobbing as she swallowed thickly. “Then it’s how he would have wanted,” she croaked. Neville put an arm around her, kissing her half-shorn hair.

“I’m so sorry, Gin.”

“Harry.” Draco’s quiet, solemn voice made him turn. “We should go upstairs,” he said, and at first Harry thought he was suggesting sleep, but then the blond continued. “I haven’t seen Mother since... she went down from a Bone-Breaker at the very end of the battle, someone getting one last shot at Lucius Malfoy’s wife,” he snarled. “I need to know she’s okay.”

“Of course. You should have said sooner.” He looked back at their cluster at the table; Charlie looked better now, sat up and rolling out his sore shoulder. “We’re going to the Hospital Wing. Seeing who we can find.”

“Sounds good,” Neville said. “I think we’re gonna sit here for a bit.”

Ginny didn’t look in any state to move, still reeling from the news of Colin’s death.

Harry and Draco headed for the doors, and Snape moved into step beside them. He was taking Sirius’ instruction very seriously, it seemed.

The whole way up to the Hospital Wing, Harry was mentally convincing himself that even if he didn’t see people, there was no reason to panic. There was plenty of activity still going on