

All across the battlefield, similar reunions were happening. The quiet was broken; this time by shouts of joy and relieved sobbing, as loved ones found each other and relished in being alive.

More people converged on Harry. Sirius hugged him so tight his feet left the ground, babbling about how proud he was. Neville grinned at him despite his bloodied and beaten face, before being knocked to the ground by an enthusiastic Ginny who seemed to have lost half of her hair and possibly the tip of her ear in the battle.

Harry tried not to panic, at the faces he didn't see. The house elves had been fast in moving injured fighters off the battlefield; they could be up in the Hospital Wing, already healed. There was *no need to panic*.

He looked back, seeing Snape's eyes scanning the crowd, looking for the same head of greying tawny hair that Harry had noticed was missing. Harry reached out, grabbing Sirius by the shoulder. "Where's Remus?" he asked urgently. Sirius looked at him, then looked at Snape, who had whipped round at the name.

"Last I saw him, he was defending a couple of kids from a troll," the dog animagus said. "He was bleeding a bit, but still standing. Severus, I'm sure he's fine."

Snape's lips tightened, but he nodded.

Harry went light-headed all of a sudden, the spike of fear for his other godfather sending his pulse skyrocketing. He vaguely heard Draco call his name, before there was a sharp *twist* in his stomach, then he was bent double and expelling the contents of his stomach onto the grass. His head pounded, but strangely he felt a lot better, and he was grinning as he straightened up. "I'm fine," he insisted, seeing stars in his vision only for a moment or two. "I'm fine."

"Is this a bad time?" It was Kingsley, hurrying over — his battle robes looked a little charred in places, but he was otherwise unharmed. And behind him stood Amelia Bones.

"Oh, thank fuck you two made it," Harry blurted, "we'll finally have a competent government."

Kingsley blinked, while Amelia looked like she was fighting a smile. "That's the hope," she agreed wryly. "We came to tell you we're headed to the Ministry with a few others who are up for it — reclaiming the building, spreading the word. We have to move quickly."

Harry was impressed that they had the energy to jump straight in to such a thing. "That's good. With any luck, he'll have left it mostly empty." Harry couldn't see Voldemort leaving behind potential cannon fodder in his siege of Hogwarts.

"That's what we're hoping. But we're going armed and ready all the same. If anyone feels up to joining us, we'd gladly take some extra wands," Amelia added, looking around the mismatched group.