

Harry Potter - the order of the phoenix epilogue

Von Cyn

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Kapitel 1:	2
Kapitel 2:	5

Kapitel 1:

Harry Potter

The order of the phoenix - epilogue

It's been one week, since Harry returned "home" (or better be named as the dursley-hell). One week full of loathing, thinking and emotional suffering. Never in his entire life had Harry felt so alone. By no means he recieved letters every day from Hermoine and Ron - his dearest friends, who seemed dying with worry. He also got one from Lupin and even Moody came around to write a few grumpy lines. Uncle Vernon of course has been furious about so many owls at Privet Drive - not that Harry cared anyway. It was only very little left for what he truly cared with Sirius gone. He couldn't even bring himself to a weary smile about Ron's pityful attempts at brighten his mood with pathetic jokes or Hermoine's somewhat eternal letters about how life still had its sunny spots. He felt rather guilty about that, like he wasn't grateful for their friendship, but the immense pain inside his heart was slowly eating him up. He spend hour after hour just sitting inside his tiny room staring at the blank walls, or the mirror, Sirius had given him for a present. Never had he shed real tears over the loss of his godfather or really talked to anyone about his feelings. His letters always were short and told everyone who asked, that he was just fine. Not that he convinced anyone with that, but it didn't really matter after all. Nothing did. Downstairs Dudley hat another row with his mother about his driving licence he would shortly get an how he wanted an car with that (to show off probably). He felt rather disgusted about the sweetness in Mrs. Dursley's voice, trying to explain her spoiled son that she wasn't thinking much of that. What - of course - had another fit of screams from Dudley for a consequence. Why couldn't they just shut up? Harry wanted to hear nothing, just spending his time in silence. Once more he was staring at the mirror in his hands, which trembled slightly.

"Why...." he whispered hoarsly, "why did you have to leave me...?" He got quite a firmer grip on the rather cold object, again feeling this blinding rage building up inside himself. But Harry didn't have any strength left to let it out. Suddenly his door sprung open, and a very angry, redfaced Dudley looked dreadfully at him.

"You!!! It's all your fault!!!" He screeched, stampered towards the bed, on which Harry sat. The bespectacled boy just stared up blankly not very interested in what the fat git had to say. Dudley grabbed him by the collar and seized him up close to his face. "Because we have to feed you an' by you clothes an' everythin' Mum and Dad can't buy me a car!!!" He roared. (Ridiculous, because Harry never got any new clothes and hadn't been eating much since he got back) "I'll make you pay for this!!!" With that, he rammed him into the wall. With the impact, Harry lost his grip on Sirius' mirror and it shattered on the floor. Seconds ran by, where nothing happend while he just stared at

the pieces and Dudley, still pinning him to the wall, continued shouting insults at him. Just as the green-eyed boy realized, what his cousin had destroyed his aunt and uncle appeared in his room as well, remotely angered like their son.

"I've had enough!!!" shouted Uncle Vernon. "We've all been trying so hard to give you a family and everything and you?? Just making trouble again!!" Harry wasn't surprised at all, that his uncle ignored, that it was again Dudley's fault but like said, he didn't care much. All he cared right now was his broken mirror. Just the last bit of his strength came back and his anger flared up sending Dudley right onto his parents.

"GET OUT!!! ALL THREE OF YOU!!!" He shouted as loud as his lungs would give permission. The whole room began to shake, what frightened the Dursley Family to death and all of them were scrambling out of the door as quick as possible, which was closed forcefully right after them.

Harry's whole body was shaking and he was slowly sinking to his knees. Trembling hands picked up the pieces of Sirius' mirror, clutching them tightly, not caring about the cuts he already got from them.

"Why....." Another hoarse whisper...

Pieces....

"My mirror....Sirius's Mirror...."

All shattered....

"Why...."

Gentle, yet mischievous eyes smiling at him.

Maybe someday....you would want to live with me..

"Sirius..."

Alone....and so cold....His godfather being hit by the curse...

I'm here for you Harry...anytime you need me. Just one look into that mirror.

"No...."

One by one, tears slowly trickled down his still childlike face from eyes, which inhabited so much pain...too much for a fifteen year old.

Bleeding hands from clinging onto the shards...

His eyes meeting Sirius' for the last time...Lupin's arms holding him back tightly not to follow...

"Please...."

Always by your side Harry....

Sirius finally disappearing behind the veil, falling into the shadows....Lupin's words echoing through his mind...

"he's not coming back, Harry.....Sirius's gone....he's gone...."

"Please...come...back...." His voice cracked with the pain, tears now pouring freely from his green eyes.

"Come back....." Every memory he had with his godfather and his father's best friend rushed by, every moment...every word...every hug...every emotion...feeling betrayed..learning the truth...finally having family...being loved...feeling at home...home was, where sirius was...but he was no more...he was gone...left him....again...his family....left him...alone....cold....scared....shattered....

"SIRIUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

And Harry collapsed.

Kapitel 2:

And Harry collapsed.

"....happen??...."

"Quiet.....still asleep..."

"...hospital after all...."

The sound of whispering reached Harry's ears and he slowly opened his eyes. First he couldn't remember what had happened and didn't seem to understand where he was. The voices became clearer and suddenly many faces appeared in his sight.

"Harry!! You're awake! Thank god!!" Ron called, relief washing over his face only to be replaced by a pained expression, when his mother started hissing at him for being again too loud.

"Ronald! We're at a hospital for goodness sake!" Mrs. Weasley kept remembering, then turning towards Harry, flashing him a smile.

"Harry dear! You gave us quite a shock moment. How are you feeling?" She asked, embracing the boy carefully. "F..fine..I guess...." he answered slowly, still not quite understanding what was that all about. "Where...where...what...happened?" He asked, looking into concerned faces. Half of the Weasley family, including Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, Ron, Ginny and the Twins Fred and George, as well as Hermione and Lupin were looking at him, but neither began to speak. All of them exchanged unsure looks which began to annoy Harry slightly.

"Would anyone have the kindness of answering my question?" he whispered, for he found his throat aching. By now he had already figured out, that he was at a hospital, likely St. Mungos. Bandages covered his arms, legs and his torso and he felt weak like never before.

"Well dear..." Mrs. Weasley started, but Lupin interrupted her softly. "We were hoping you would answer that question for us." He sat gently down on the bed, looking at Harry with worried eyes. "When we arrived at the Dursley's house, we found you lying unconscious on the floor of your room...surrounded by pieces of what might have been a mirror or....." The fair haired man stopped talking, for the mentioning of the mirror seemed to have brought back some of Harry's memory, because the boy's eyes widened slightly.

"Mirror..." He repeated weakly, but then said no more. A short moment of silence followed, all eyes fix on a boy with a strange scar on his forehead, but who remained silent. Mrs. Weasley cleared his throat and went on, where Lupin had stopped. "You were lying in those shards, nearly bleeding to death...having a firm grip on one of the pieces...." Again silence, for he had finished, and everyone waited for what Harry had

to say. When nothing came, Hermione walked towards his bed und gently took his hand in her own. "Harry?...." She said softly, waiting for a reaction. The one spoken to, seemed to snap out of some kind of trance for he stared somewhat dumbfoldly at the young girl at his bedside. The silence streched once more, and even more worried looks were exchanged between the people in the little hospital room.

"Harry...mate..." Ron began, but stopped in his tracks, not being able to say anything. He stared helplessly at his parents and then Hermione, but all had the same looks on their faces.

"Maybe we should give Harry a little rest for today." Lupin finally said, starting to lift himself from the bed, when a hand got hold of his sleeve to keep him from walking away.

"Shattered...." Harry's thin voice filled the room, and everyone turned their eyes on him once more. He trembled slightly, a blank look in his eyes while he spoke. "How did that happen Harry?" Lupin asked, softly running his fingers through the boys hair. Green eyes unfocused, slowly filled with tears.

"I got it from him....it was a present..." Harry whispered, his voice full of tears now. "And now it's broken....Sirius...." The tears trickled down his pale skin, losing themselves in the white pillow on which his head lay. Not a sound escaped his throat now, he only shed silent trears, and too much pain in those green orbs. Hermione, still holding his hand, was unable to say anything, her own eyes filled with tears, trying to surpress them, for this was Harry's moment of grief. Nobody asked questions, for they wouldn't need answers right now. Every heart in that roomed aced at the sight of Harrys pain, and no one found any words to say. Ron was looking away, focusing on something at the wall,not bearing to look at his best friends pain, Fred and George just exchanged meaningful looks and Ginny, who couldn't keep her tears under control, was silently comforted by Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, who threw sad looks at a certain crying boy. Lupin still stroked Harry's hair and than finally pulled him up carefully, embracing him gently. First, he felt only the trembling of the thin body in his arms, but some time after that, he felt hands clinging to his shirt, while more tears fell. "Why...." Harry's tearstricken voice came up once more, asking a question, no one could answer. "Tell me...why did he have to die...." Sobs wracked his already too weak body, his soul being tortured by the too painful memory. "He....he was all the family I had left..." Now even Hermione couldn't hold back her tears anymore, for her friends pain was too much for her as well. And Ron finally looked over to the bed, while a tear slowly made its way down his cheek. They all had been through too much and seeing now the once so strong Harry Potter lying there, crying heartily and broken over the loss of his godfather and friend brought them to their limits as well. Especially, as everyone knew, that the war with Voldemort now only stood at his beginning. Lupin, who had also lost the last what he had called family, forced himself to a steady voice, soothing Harry and then spoke up a little louder.

"I can't tell you why Harry...No one can. And no one's to blame for it but the dark lord and his followers. Not you...not Sirius..." He stopped, thinking hard what to say next. "Nobody could expect for him to die...but all of us...including Sirius had to face the fact, that there would be sacrifices to be made...Sirius knew, that if he stopped hiding, he would endanger his life....but rather his than yours...." Harry sobs became even

harder, but he didn't have the strength to say anything anymore. "Harry...." Softly Remus Lupin forced the boy to look up at him, and a loving smile curved his lips "Remember what Sirius once told you...people you love are never leaving all by yourself..." the smile widened slightly, while the man gently wiped the tears from Harry's eyes. "...you can always find them, if you want to..." His hand moved from the boy's face, placing itself right over his heart. "...right here...." Harry's tears seemed to slowly subside at the words of Remus Lupin, who was now the only connection he had to his father's past. "And don't forget the living...." he said, pointing at Ron and Hermione, who now stood next to each other, each of them with caring looks on their faces. "You won't be alone Harry..." Hermione said, squeezing his hand softly. "We'll always be by your side my friend..." finished Ron, while smiling and ruffling Harry's already uncombed hair.

Deeply touched the boy looked around, and for the first time since Sirius' death he felt, like he could go on. The wound of this immense loss still fresh was surely not healed tomorrow or next week, but he knew now, that he didn't need to endure his pain alone. So many friends he had, so many people who cared for him, not only the ones now sharing this room with him, but a lot more. And suddenly some of the weight on his heart lifted and he even could bring himself to a little, but still teary smile.

"Thank you so much....all of you...." he finally said, while Lupin gently laid him back on his bed. All of this, despite the heartwarming feelings he received, had been very exhausting for Harry, who now slowly closed his eyes, drifting off to sleep. He still could hear the hushed voice of Mrs. Weasley who shooed everyone out of the room, to give him some rest. Before he fully fell asleep he heard a familiar voice from somewhere deep inside of him.

"I'll be with you..wherever you go Harry....Inside your loving heart I will always be alive...and our love will always keep me there...."

~Fin~