

Resurrection

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That very moment Harry stared down at the unmoving body in front of him, he made a vow.

He was surrounded by dead people. Strangers, friends, *family*, and they were surrounded by even more strangers, friends and *family*. Now that this gruesome battle was *won* over, he felt too many emotions to name flowing through him, overwhelming him, but his emerald gaze was locked on the lifeless body in front of him. He hadn't even known he was able to feel this kind of pain still, his senses having succumbed to numbness due to the onslaught a while ago, but apparently he did.

Not him... not them.

He tried to tune out the screams and shouts of anguish enveloping him as his eyes took in the scene in front of him. He felt determination blocking everything else out. Harry was sure he had never seen a person looking so utterly *broken* before. He slipped away unnoticed, left the hall and turned on the spot, leaving only air behind as he disappeared with a loud crack.

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Harry found himself in the corner of a large room filled with crying, cheering and shouting people. He was glad that no one seemed to have taken notice of him, people apparating and disappearing left and right, and silently made his way to the elevator as fast as he could. He all but punched the lowest button, waiting impatiently for the device to take him to his destination. Casting a quick disillusionment charm on himself, he hurried through the maze of corridors he wished weren't familiar, carefully avoiding any people he might have come across until he reached his goal.

Sneaking past the few wizards and witches within the room, Harry quickly crept to a shelf, utilizing the distraction the recent *Victory over Voldemort* end of the war offered. He grabbed one of the devices, stuffed it into his pocket, and silently made his way out.

—

Harry found himself in a house he had rather not seen again, but he felt like it was the

only place where might find what he was searching for. He had no idea if what he was planning was in any way smart or even safe, but something inside of him urged him on, making him forget about the foolishness and possible dangers of his idea. Then again, the things he usually did and has done weren't any different.

He entered the room he was hoping to hold the solution for him, playing with the device he had just obtained within his pockets and had only gotten to work when something happened that made him smile wryly. Seemed like this stage of the plan had worked out. He watched silently when the newcomer took away the book he had just grabbed and instead offered him a different one. He offered a thumbs up and started to read.

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Amazement. That would be his answer if asked what he felt upon the fact that his plan had so far been going along smoothly. At least as far as the execution was concerned. Harry still hadn't found what he was searching for, even though it felt like he had been in here for weeks, inhaling old dust while looking through even older tomes. His companions felt very much the same, but each one of them was just as determined.

Of course they are.

Shaking his head, Harry wordlessly gave the book to one of the other occupants in the room. He went to the door, scribbled something on a piece of paper that was attached to the wall next to it and left. He needed to get out.

He decided to see what Ron and Hermione were up to. He hadn't seen them since the day after the battle three days ago.

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Harry suddenly slammed the door open and was met with indifference. He was breathing heavily, but he had a feeling that something he had been nonchalantly told was exactly what he had been looking for. There were fewer occupants in the room now, but none of them seemed particularly fazed by his entry. Taking a deep breath, he let his gaze fall on each of them.

They had discarded the books they had been reading at the time he had left and were instead strolling through the aisles between the shelves. They were searching for the same as he was. One might have thought that knowing what you were looking for was better than not knowing it, but he had the feeling that in this case, it would have actually been easier to stumble upon a solution by chance instead of being forced to find one particular book that hadn't been seen live in dozens of years. He quickly wrote something on the parchment next to the door and silently made his way to one of the yet unoccupied aisles. Someone appeared to his left and instantly made his way over to the next one.

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He awoke with a groan. His head felt like it was about to explode any minute, and considering how sore his back felt, he was sure he had been lying on the ground for a while now. Slowly, Harry sat up, blinking to adjust his sight to the dimly lit room. The candles were almost gone. He must have been out for hours.

When he heard someone a few feet next to him taking a sudden, deep, shuddering breath, forcing air into unused lungs, his head whipped around.

"...what..."

—

Harry wasn't quite sure how it was possible to feel this amount of joy and pain at the same time, yet he did. *It had worked.*

Some time later, he found himself sitting on the couch in a room he had spent more hours than days in. His companion was confused, pale and had needed help getting up the stairs.

"What...", the voice croaked from not being used, "... What happened?"

Harry took a deep breath, his eyes sweeping through the room, halting on the three items that he had brought with him from the room in the basement. He turned to the other person next to him.

"I brought you back", he said simply.

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Brown eyes stared back at him, not quite understanding. Harry leaned back and summoned two glasses of water. This was going to take some time.

Harry observed the person sitting in his kitchen. The person had gained a lot of their strength back and dealt with the circumstances in a way only they could have. It had been a few days now, and he thought the time for the big reveal had finally arrived.

"Are you *sure* that we are understood?"

He was answered by a dismissive gesture by the person sitting seemingly relaxed on the chair. But no matter how hard they tried, Harry could still see the nervousness, the itching and the *longing*.

"I won't floo over until you give me the okay, I got it."

He nodded. Wouldn't do to bring one person back from the dead only to give another a heart attack due to the sudden return.

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As Harry ever gracefully tried to step out of the floo, he actually just managed to fall forward and right into the person he had attempted to visit.

"Harry! What are you doing here?", a not-quite-as-cheerful-as-it-used-to-be voice said upon contact.

Arms held him upright until his head stopped spinning and he looked up in a too familiar face. It was pale, with eyes sunken into their sockets and red-rimmed, dark circles standing out amongst all else. Once more he felt a giddy joy *crashing* rushing through him, but Harry stood up straight and looked into the dull eyes in front of him.

"Do you trust me?"

Brows furrowed in confusion.

"Sure, but what-"

"Do you trust me enough that I would never, *ever* lie to you about what's going to happen and that it's all real?"

Tired eyes stared at him. He looked back steadily, his green gaze unwavering. After a moment, the person in front of him, still unsure about what was actually happening, nodded.

Harry let his eyes linger for a second longer before his face broke into a smile. Wordlessly he grabbed some of the floo powder next to the chimney, got down on his knees and stuck his head into the flames as they turned green. Only seconds later he emerged again, but still wasn't saying anything.

"What-"

"Hush. Give him a second."

Give who a second?

A minute or two later, the chimney erupted into green flames once more and a person he thought he would never see again stepped out.

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Harry was the silent observer when Fred Weasley stepped out of the flames, causing all colour to drain from the face of his twin. He saw George taking a step back, as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing, and gripping the table next to him so hard his knuckles turned white.

The twins just stared at each other for a moment, Fred appearing rather hesitant and George still looking like he was about to collapse. His mouth was moving, but no sounds were coming out. Harry saw the brown eyes flickering over to him and decided

to speak up.

"He's real, George. I brought him back."

Green continued to meet brown calmly, sincerely, and slowly Harry saw tears forming in them. George looked back to his twin, standing there and looking somewhat lost. He could see the tears leaving his hazel eyes as he spoke up, his voice nothing more than a broken whisper.

"... *Fred*."

He received a short nod and a crooked smile in return, and apparently, that was all that was needed. The twins all but leaped at each other, crushing together in a fierce hug, tears sprouting from both their eyes. Holding each other as close as humanly possible, they slowly sank to the floor, each apologizing and saying the name of their most important person over and over again.

Harry silently slipped out of the room, a broad smile on his lips and tears of many things in the corners of his eyes.

—

He wasn't sure how much time he had passed in *the twins'* kitchen, just sitting at the table and letting his thoughts go wherever they wanted to. He couldn't help but think of the *other* people who had deserved a second chance at life just as much. But if there was one person whose death had crushed the most people, it had been Fred's. He was sure he had made the right choice, so why could he barely keep the tears inside when thinking about it?

"Harry."

His head slowly turned to the source of the voice. Behind him in the doorway, both twins stood, their eyes red and puffy and watery and *happy*, tightly gripping each other as if they were afraid of letting go. As if Fred was going to disappear as soon as he lost contact to *this* world. Harry would be lying if he said he couldn't understand that.

The next thing he knew was that he was pulled off his chair and enveloped into a bone-crushing hug by two people.

"You have no...", the voice was shaking, "... absolutely *no* idea how much I - we thank you..."

And Harry felt the last of his resolve breaking.