

# Don't Fear The Reaper

*by norwegianeyes*

Sirius comforts Ginny about death.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Sirius comforts Ginny about death.

He was not expecting to hold Ginny that night as she cried. He had planned to drink another bottle of Firewhisky, then go to bed, but he had heard crying as he passed her room. He wasn't sure if he should intrude, but his conscience wouldn't let him go to bed until he did.

He lightly rapped on the door, waiting for a reply. He heard whoever was inside gasp and cleared his throat. "Hello? It's me, Sirius. Are you alright?"

He waited for a reply. Nothing. No noise was coming from the room. He was about to knock on the door again when he heard quiet footsteps approaching the door, and it was slowly opened by a ginger-haired girl. Ginny. Tears were running down her face. Sirius was awestruck. He wasn't sure what to do. It had been years since he had to deal with a crying girl. He nervously chewed on his lower lip. "Erm..." He twitched. "Is there anything I can do?"

Ginny eyed him up and down, as though she were sizing him up, perhaps trying to decide if she could trust him. It made him feel more uncomfortable. Slowly, the youngest Weasley opened her creaky door a bit farther and allowed Sirius in.

Sirius remembered that this room was where his cousin Bellatrix had slept whenever she came to visit. It seemed a lot less evil now that Ginny occupied it. She had decorated it with bright colors and posters of the *Harpies* and *The Weird Sisters*. Everything was neatly organized and clean. It impressed Sirius, as he was never a tidy person.

As he studied the room, his eyes came across Ginny, who was sitting on the bed with her knees pressed to her chest. He crossed the room and sat on the opposite side of the bed. His hands were in fists, tugging on his loose pants nervously. "So... what's wrong?"

Ginny didn't answer. She had stopped crying for the moment, but her lips were in a thin line. Moments passed and Sirius was getting annoyed. He sighed and started to rise from the bed but was pulled back down by Ginny's small hands. He looked at her quizzically. He was about to snap at her until he saw that she had started crying again.

Without warning, she dove into his arms, holding on desperately to his shirt. Sirius let her cry on him. He didn't know what else to do. This was awkward. He was thirty-six years old and had a crying fourteen year old attached to him. He was clueless. But he figured that letting her cry would be for the best. He stroked her back, trying to soothe her and calmly waited until she settled down. It seemed to be forever when Ginny finally untangled herself from him. She sniffled and wiped away more tears on her arm. "I'm sorry, Sirius."

He laughed. "Don't be. Everyone needs a good cry now and then."

She choked back a sob and buried her head in her hands for a moment. She began to cry again, having trouble catching her breath as she tried to explain what was bothering her. "It's just... I'm so scared! This... is so dangerous! I... mean... I could lose... my entire... family! What am... I going to do if... Mom and Dad die? How... will we live? I... can't bear it!"

He held her close. "Ginny, you shouldn't worry about it. Yes, I'll admit that there is a chance that someone in your family could be killed. But the chances are good that they won't. During the last war we were outnumbered. This time the tables are turned and they are outnumbered." She looked up hopefully at him. He did not look back at her, fearing that she would see the doubt and fear in his eyes. "Besides, do you really think that if Arthur and Molly die we are going to leave you high and dry? No way! You guys have a lot of people who would jump up to help you out, including me." He squeezed her. "So don't worry, okay?"

She frowned. "What's death like?"

He sighed. "I don't think anyone knows. I mean once you're dead, you're dead. There aren't any spells to bring you back. And dead people usually don't talk, you know?"

Ginny furrowed her brow and stared down at the wooden floor boards for several moments. She seemed to be concentrating on something. Sirius waited patiently for her to speak. She finally lifted her head and gazed intensely into Sirius' dark eyes. "Lie to me? I don't want to be afraid about... *it*." She asked weakly.

He wasn't sure what to say or do. He was in an odd situation. He smiled weakly and grasped her hands. "Ginny, I'm not going to lie to you. You don't deserve that." He squeezed her hands. "You don't have to be afraid of death, you know. Billions of people have died. I'm sure you can handle it too." He got off the bed and beamed down at her. "If you need me, I'm just a few doors down." He hugged her gently and walked away.