

In the Spring

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Harry approached the white marble in silence. Lost in his thoughts, he nearly tripped over the man seated in the grass a short distance from the tomb.

"Percy!" he gasped, startled. "I - I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention," he continued after stepping back and regaining his balance.

Percy looked up at him warily. "No, Harry, *I* should be the one apologizing. I am in the way here, after all," he said primly as he made to stand up.

'In the way?' Harry pondered this for a moment. "Oh! No! No, Percy, not at all. May I, er, may I join you?" he asked nervously. He hadn't had any contact with Percy since that fateful day in the Headmaster's office with Umbridge and Fudge, except for seeing him once at the Burrow a month after the Battle of Hogwarts, and the sting of that letter he had written to Ron and the anti-Dumbledore propaganda that questioned his own stability and motives had not completely faded.

"Join me?" Percy looked surprised. "Why of course, that is ... that is, if you want to."

Harry sat down near Percy, but still far enough away to give him some privacy, and absentmindedly stroked the soft, pale green of the spring growth just beginning to thicken.

"Harry?" Percy cleared his throat. "I... I just want you to know that I'm sorry for any distress I might have caused you when," he paused, searching for the right words, "when I was working for Minister Fudge."

Harry smiled down at the grass and turned to Percy. "I didn't understand then, Percy, but I do now. It's spring." Percy looked confused. "We can, er, start anew. Yeah?" Harry finished.

Percy responded with a small smile. "I'm Percy," he said, extending his hand, "and I'm very pleased to meet you."