

One Night

by luvsev

Hagrid goes to retrieve Harry.

Chapter 1 of 1

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'I can't believe it, Headmaster... Lily and James Potter are dead?' Hagrid wiped several large tears out of his eyes as Albus looked at him with compassion.

'I know it is hard news to hear, but something good happened tonight, Hagrid. Voldemort has finally fallen; the war is over, for now at least,' Albus said lightly and handed him a handkerchief.

'You mean he's gone, Headmaster? At long last?' Hagrid sniffed.

'It appears so. I need a favour from you, Hagrid. I need you to retrieve young Harry and deliver him to his aunt and uncle.'

'You mean to tell me he's still there all by himself? I'll go now, Headmaster.'

The Headmaster looked once more at Hagrid before reaching into his robe pocket to withdraw a silver key dangling from a skull keyring. He tossed it to Hagrid, who deftly caught it and walked away.

He shoved the silver key into the ignition of Sirius' bike and felt the engine roar to life. He flipped the flight switch and swiftly began rising in the chilly autumn air.

Night surrounded him as he flew past gathered, grey clouds full of moisture, and the steady glow of happy city lights. It seemed as though the world below remained unaware of the changes seen tonight. The fact that the greatest, most fearsome wizard of all time had been defeated would faze very few. Only those who were a part of his world would truly feel relief.

As Godric's Hollow came into view, he slowly made the descent, hoping to make a quiet landing. Once he came to a full stop a few feet in front of the Potters' home, he sat there and cried—cried for all who had been lost and all the senseless suffering. With shoulders shaking, he entered the nearly destroyed house to find the little boy, but not before passing a young woman he didn't know.

'It's ok, Hagrid. I was just protecting him until you arrived.'

'But, who are you and how do you know my name? I wasn't told anyone would be here aside from Harry.'

'I mean no harm, I promise. Just make sure you get him to safety. He's going to be essential in the future.'

He started to speak, but before he could say anything further, the girl disappeared with a loud crack. Wandering into the nursery, he immediately saw Harry sitting in his crib and looking up at him expectantly.

'Hiya, Harry. Let's get you out of here, ok?' he said as he bent over the crib and picked Harry up. 'You're going to come with me and take a ride on a big bike.'

Harry smiled up at him as he was securely tucked inside a blanket and cradled gently. Hagrid hummed softly to him as they sped off into the cold night air, leaving Godric's Hollow and the dark past behind them.

Hours seemed to have passed during the trip to Number four, Privet Drive, and Hagrid held tightly to the sleeping child, making sure no harm came to him. It was such a difficult thing to have to leave this little boy with people who knew nothing of the magical world.

He once again landed and spotted the unmistakable white beard of the Headmaster in the distance. As he dismounted his bike with Harry, who was still asleep, he bent to give him a whiskery kiss on his forehead.

'I just know special things await you, Harry. In the future, if you need anything, you can always call on me. I'll be a friend. Good luck,' he said as a tear rolled down his cheek.

A/N: Thanks to Hermione for the following prompt: Write about the night Lily and James died from Hagrid's perspective, from the time he picked up Harry to when he touched down at Number 4, Privet Drive.

Also, thanks go to rdholmantx for the quick beta job.