

Ham-fisted Homecoming

by Stefdarin

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Closing his eyes against a pain which caused tears to gather beneath his eyelids and a lump to rise in his throat, Harry tried hard to remember time would ease that pain. Simply time. Swallowing in an attempt to loosen the knot in his chest and letting out a slow breath, he opened his eyes and gazed at the assembly.

Standing on the podium beside the dais that had taken his godfather away from him, outwardly Harry displayed the serenity they all expected of him. But inside he was torn apart. How could they expect so much of one so young? How could they expect him to lead when all he wanted to do was curl into a ball and mourn for all he had lost—all they had lost?

The Dark Lord was gone, but that did not make the pain – the loss – any easier for him. Today, at his insistence, the Order of the Phoenix was gathered here to finally pay tribute to Sirius, one of the first to die, and the only one whom they had not honored. Harry clenched his fists to stem the anger at happenings he had had no control over and cleared his throat to deliver the speech he had carefully written.

“Today... We are here to honor—” he stopped abruptly as the sudden urge to yell overtook him. He raised his piercing, green eyes to the crowd and met the concerned gazes of his mentors and friends. “Why? Why did they have to die? Why did you all live in denial for so long? Why did you put all your faith in a child—a child who had no idea what he was doing? A child who craved love, only to have it snatched away again and again!” he shouted, his face crumbling with grief, unable to hold it in any longer.

Suddenly, a loud gasp rose from the crowd, and Harry felt a gentle tap on his shoulder. He jerked away from the contact and sobbed harder, having thrown his arms over his head on the podium.

“Look, mate, you’re causing a scene.”

Harry stopped sobbing abruptly and seized up, his breath trapped in his chest. Apprehensively, he looked up from his arms to see Sirius standing before him, then darkness took over.

Harry woke slowly to arguing.

“This is amazing! A time portal, you say?” Arthur Weasley asked, sounding astonished.

“Has to be, how else could I end up here?” Sirius responded.

“Bloody hell, you’re really here! You’re not dead. Blimey!” Ron Weasley exclaimed.

“I don’t care that he’s not dead; the fact remains that he scared Harry nearly half to death. He’s been through enough—we’ve put him through enough. I’m not sure he will understand this,” Minerva McGonagall informed.

Kingsley Shacklebolt sighed heavily. "No, especially when he finds out Albus isn't dead either and has eloped with Ginny."

Harry felt the darkness invade once more.

Prompt: Sirius didn't die. The curtained portal propelled him forward in time. He reappears at a very inopportune moment of your choice. Bonus points for extra awkwardness. (From ApollinaV)

A/N: Thank you, ladyinthecloak and Southern_Witch69, for all your hard work.