

Treasured Moments

by *linlawless*

A chance meeting gives Harry a new understanding of an old friend. Written in response to a prompt from [m_mcgonagall_65](#).

A Ficlet

Chapter 1 of 1

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Original Prompt: Luna/Harry - Gen or pairing - In that moment, he understood her (or she understood him, if you prefer).

Author Note: As always, thanks to my Team of Geniuses: alpha Mazzy, betas karelia and TeaOli, and Britpicker Proulxes. And thank you to [m_mcgonagall_65](#) for the delightful prompt: if you enjoy reading the result half as much as I enjoyed writing it, I'm happy. :)

"Luna!" Harry was delighted to meet his long-time friend on the pavement in front of the Leaky Cauldron. "What are you doing in town?"

"Hi, Harry," Luna said, smiling at him in the way that only Luna could, making him feel as though she was the only person he would ever find who really knew him. She gestured vaguely to the left. "I need to purchase some flowers for my mum and dad."

Harry frowned in confusion. "Why?"

"It's their anniversary. Mum loves flowers."

"Oh." Harry didn't quite know what to say, so he offered, "Would you like some company?"

"That would be very nice." They set off toward the florist. After a moment, Luna said, "I always have to come to Diagon Alley for Mum's flowers. She likes Snapdragons best, and the shop here always has the friskiest ones."

Hearing the smile in her voice, Harry envied her a little because she had some memories of her mother. Curious, he asked, "What was she like?"

Luna's smile grew. "She was lovely, Harry. She was brilliant and sweet and caring..." Her voice trailed off. As they neared the flower shop, she added, "She'd read to me, and she had this way of doing it where she'd use her wand to transfigure her clothes, and she'd change her voice for each character, so it was really more like watching a play than reading." Pausing again, she grinned. "But her singing voice was horrible. Dad used to tease her mercilessly about it. And her cooking..." Luna's fond grimace was comical, and Harry couldn't keep from smiling in response. "In any event, he won't even consider trying to meet someone new, even after all these years. He says, 'Why would I want anyone else when no one can ever compare to your mum?'"

"For a while after she died, I tried to be just like her. I thought perhaps then Dad wouldn't be so very sad without her. But then one day, he said, 'Luna, dearest girl, your mum tells me you're trying to become her. She wants you to understand: you must never try to be anyone but yourself. Not for me, not for anyone. You're perfectly

wonderful as *you*. That's all you ever need to be, and for that, you needn't try so very hard..."

Seeing the sheen in Luna's eyes, Harry smiled gently. "She was right. They both were. You're perfectly wonderful as you are."

Her smile was ethereal, and Harry tried his best to fix it in his memory. This was, after all, a moment to be treasured. Luna said, "Harry, I just realised I never asked you: what brought you to town today?"

"I needed some Quidditch supplies." He held up a paper-wrapped package. "Broom polish, that sort of thing."

"Oh. Did you find everything you were looking for?"

Harry considered her for a moment, then took her hand and squeezed it. "You know, I believe I did."