

With Eyes Closed

by SS Lupin

A ficlet about Harry's dreams.

One-shot.

Chapter 1 of 1

A ficlet about Harry's dreams.

His first dream, he remembered, was about a motorcycle.

Motorcycles could be something normal boys dream about. They moved really fast, made a great big roaring sound, and were so cool. If Dudley could actually sit astride anything without losing balance of his huge body, he'd probably want one.

But Harry always had to be the different one. Though it would hurt him in his waking hours, Harry didn't mind not being normal in his dreams. His dream motorcycle wasn't just big and fast, it also *flew*.

And Harry was flying with the motorcycle, the breeze ruffling his hair and his eyes taking in the sight of sparkling stars.

~*~

Harry also had nightmares. Nightmares of Dudley actually able to *catch* him and punch him again. Nightmares of his glasses forever broken, so he could never see in his motorcycle dream rides.

During his first few years at Hogwarts, Harry's nightmares had gotten worse. His scar would hurt, and he'd get visions and possessions from Voldemort... Harry would even get nightmares about his friends dying around him, and he could never get to them.

But his good dreams got better, too. Harry would have dreams of Dumbledore telling him new things about his parents, and drinking warm butterbeer with Ron and Hermione in the Three Broomsticks without his Invisibility Cloak on, and Harry catching the Snitch and hearing the crowds roar again and again...

And after his third year, he had a dream about a gaunt but smiling man with dark hair saying to Harry that he loved him.

~*~

Harry didn't like to think about what he dreamed of in the time during Voldemort's second coming and the War. Most nights Harry was too tired to dream, but when he did, he usually forgot them or tried to.

Harry had seen enough bloodshed, had gotten hurt so many times, and had witnessed too many people die... He couldn't bear to see it all again at night, waking up screaming and afraid.

Then one night, Dumbledore had been in his dream. He was sitting in the headmaster's office, which was strange since McGonagall used the office now. But Dumbledore was speaking to him regardless of the fact that he was dead and should be in one of the portraits lining the walls, offering Harry sweets and toying with one of his silver

tools.

Harry sucked on the tasteless dream candy and asked Dumbledore a question. Realizing that he had talked aloud in his sleep, Harry bolted out of his bed, though he heard the answer.

“Love, Harry. It’s been the answer all along.”

~*~

Harry had defeated Voldemort the following afternoon.

Following the war, Harry began living his own dream. Now eight years later, Harry watched his children playing in the backyard and knew he had what he wanted.

His youngest son, Sirius, ran to Harry as his father was eyeing a new addition to the backyard.

“What’s that, Daddy?”

“My first dream,” Harry replied, picking up his son and looking at the old motorcycle. “And you are my latest.”

- fin.

Author’s Note: Written but posted belatedly for Harry’s and JKR’s birthdays.