

# His Greatest Desire

*by jmlane57*

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## The Mirror of Erised

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### **His Greatest Desire: The Mirror of Erised**

*"Harry ... Harry ... Wake up, Harry!"*

*Harry Potter, sixteen years old and in his sixth year of magical education at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, moaned and tried to slap away the gentle but insistent hand which shook him as he shifted in his bed, not pleased at having been awakened from a very tantalising dream about Ginny. Ginny, his best mate Ron's little sister ... or at least she had been. She had gradually become more and more attractive to him until Harry had to admit, if only to himself, he was slowly but surely falling in love with her.*

*Sooner or later he would have to tell her, but at the moment he wasn't able to muster up sufficient nerve to approach her. And now he had been rudely awakened from a delightful, delicious dream of her ... for what reason, he didn't know...but he certainly intended to find out. It bloody well better be worth getting awakened for, or else he would hex the culprit into next year and ask questions later.*

*"All right, all right! I'm awake!"*

*He reluctantly awakened to find a fuzzy image of an anxious-looking Albus Dumbledore standing over him. What would Dumbledore be doing in the sixth-year boys' dormitory in the middle of the night, and what was more, why would he specifically seek him out?*

*Harry reached to put his glasses on, and Dumbledore's face came into focus, still looking every bit as anxious as when he had first arrived but at the same time pleased that Harry was at last awake and speaking to him. "Yes, Professor? What's so important that you would wake me in the middle of the night?"*

*"You'll see." Dumbledore smiled enigmatically. "Come on, now, my boy. Get up. I have something very important to show you."*

*Harry yawned and stretched, then reluctantly threw back his bedcovers, sat up and slid into his slippers. He then reached for his nearby bathrobe and shrugged into it, tightening the belt around his slender waist before turning to where the aged headmaster of Hogwarts was impatiently waiting for him.*

*"Ready?"*

*"As I'll ever be," Harry returned sleepily. "Where are we going at this hour, anyway?"*

*"All in good time," the headmaster again replied with an enigmatic smile. "I truly regret interrupting your sleep, Harry, but I promise you, what I have to show you will be well worth any inconvenience or lost sleep you may experience."*

*With that, Harry shrugged and followed Dumbledore out the dormitory door and closed it quietly behind him so as not to disturb his dorm-mates, who were all still deeply asleep. He was unaware of it at this point, but he would not be the same when he returned as when he left.*

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*At first Harry thought they were heading for the library since they had gone up to the fourth floor of the castle, but at the last possible moment Dumbledore turned into the last room Harry had ever expected him to enter again ... a room he had always warned Harry to stay away from because the properties of the artifact therein were so profoundly addictive. But the headmaster had said there was a very good reason for bringing him here on this night, so hopefully Harry would now find out what that reason was.*

*Once they entered the room, Harry was surprised to find that Dumbledore had warded the door so no one could follow them in. He was equally surprised to see him point toward the door a second time and cast a nonverbal Silencing Charm to make the room soundproof. This meant that what the Old Man had to show him had extreme relevance to not only his immediate future but his entire life to come ... so now, in spite of his initial resentment at having been awakened, Harry was now wide awake and eager to find out what they were here for.*

*Dumbledore recited the spell which would activate the Mirror of Erised, and soon the old man motioned Harry to stand before it and concentrate on the one thing (or person) he wanted most, although it did not show the actual future, simply the possibility of a given future. A short time later, it showed him looking somewhat older, approximately in his mid-twenties. He was especially stunned to see that the curse scar he had carried on his forehead virtually his entire life was gone. Did that mean he would be able to successfully fulfill the Prophecy and destroy Voldemort? That was the only reason Harry could think of that the scar might disappear. Surely a very important thing, but it couldn't be the only reason Dumbledore had brought him here. There had to be more he hadn't seen yet.*

*Harry looked incredulously at Dumbledore, but the headmaster frantically waved him back to the Mirror. The next images he saw showed him and Ginny, both older, in their twenties, but this time they seemed to be surrounded by several children of various ages, hair and eye colours. He also noted that his older self was carrying a toddler girl around two, whereas Ginny was cradling an almost newborn baby, roughly three months old...a child who looked identical to him as a baby, so it must be a son. As he watched, the older Ginny moved her left hand to shift the baby in her arms, and Harry spotted a wedding ring on the proper finger, just as he noted one on the left hand of his older self. Gods, did this mean he was likely to marry Ginny one day and have a family?*

*He looked at Dumbledore again, but the headmaster waved him back to the Mirror. This time he saw his parents with their arms around each other, waving and smiling at his older self and his family, as if they approved ... Only then was he able to look away and ask the questions he wanted to ask.*

*"Is this what you wanted me to see, sir?"*

*"It is. It means that the feelings you bear for the charming Miss Ginevra Weasley are 'right on the money,' as Muggles say. One day in the not-too-distant future, it is very possible that she will be your wife, as you saw, and the two of you will likely be the parents of many children, possibly even as many as Arthur and Molly Weasley themselves. What is more, it is entirely possible that you will also successfully fulfill the Prophecy, vanquish Voldemort for all time and lose the curse scar which has always connected you to him."*

*"Have you any idea when this might happen, sir?"*

*"I'm afraid not, Harry. I'm a top Legilimens and Occlumens, but unfortunately, I am not a Seer. This is all I can tell you with any certainty: it is quite likely to happen, particularly if matters between you and Miss Weasley continue as they are, so you would do well to prepare for it as best you can."*

*It was almost too much to take in all at once, but Harry knew he would be talking about it at length with Ron and Hermione over the next several weeks. Only then would he feel able to approach Ginny and confess how he had come to feel about her ... then perhaps at some point tell her about the dream when they were alone together. For the time being, he had best get back to bed, because the coming day was a school day and he would have to get up early.*

*Dumbledore seemed to sense this and un-warded the door, removing the Silencing Charm, and the two of them left the room. Harry followed him back up to Gryffindor Tower and the sixth-year boys' dorm. The old man simply smiled enigmatically at his favourite student again and left Harry standing at the door.*

*The young man sighed and opened the door, then stepped inside and closed it behind him, heading for his bed. Not that he was likely to sleep after all he had been shown. It would likely keep him awake the rest of the night ... but at the moment, Harry didn't care. He had been given too much to think about to care about losing sleep, at least not for the present.*

*"Harry? ... Harry! Wake up! We're going to be late for class and 'Mione's going to go spare if we're tardy again!"*

*"All right, all right," Harry moaned, somehow certain that he had just gotten back to sleep before being shaken awake again. "I'll be down in a few minutes. Grab me some toast and eggs."*

*Ron nodded and ran out of the room even as Harry sat up on the side of his bed and stretched again, yawning deeply, his eyes feeling scratchy and heavy. Maybe he could have 'Mione put a spell on him to pep him up enough to get him through the day ... He then quickly changed into his school uniform and robes after putting his glasses on so he could see what he was doing. Just wait until he told his friends about his dream!*

*If he knew 'Mione, she would likely try to analyse the dream from all angles and speculate endlessly on what it meant despite her claims that Divination was a lot of codswallop, that the things usually attributed to the movement or placement of given planets or stars was simple coincidence, that heavenly bodies had no influence whatsoever on a person's life. Well, even if they didn't, it would seem that the Mirror of Erised did, at least to a degree, or else Dumbledore wouldn't have deemed it so important that Harry see the images he had.*

*And despite his hesitancy to let Ginny know how she was making him feel, Harry couldn't help but feel excited and happy at the possibility of marriage and parenthood with her. Of course, it was likely to be necessary for him to fulfill the Prophecy and vanquish Voldemort first, but the Mirror had showed that it was possible for him to accomplish it, so he wasn't too worried about that...at least not at this moment in time. The Mirror's legend said that whenever you looked into it, you saw the greatest desire of your heart, so seeing what he had there had to mean that it was entirely possible that his future held great happiness, equally great love and a large family.*

*Finally, it held the possibility that he would lead at least a more-or-less normal life ... but only after vanquishing the Dark Lord and his minions for all time. But whatever he had to go through to reach that point would be worth it, praying that Ginny and her love, not to mention umpteen children, waited for him at the end of it all. He truly had no idea how long it would take, and wished he could have gathered some idea of just when it was likely to happen. Harry sighed as he finished dressing, grabbed his books and other school materials, then rushed out the dormitory door to join his friends in the Great Hall for breakfast.*

*It seemed that he wasn't meant to know, at least not yet ... but as Dumbledore had said in the dream, he had best prepare himself for the possibility, so it was probably a good idea to get started as early as he could. After drafting the best possible plan of action with his friends, that is. Until then, Harry would hold both in his mind and heart*

the knowledge that he had seen his greatest desire, and a possible future he had never imagined would be feasible for him, played out before his eyes...and he would do whatever was necessary to see that that desire became reality.