

And It Comes To An End

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what about everyone else?

Nothing's gonna change destiny/ Whatever's meant to be/ Will work out perfectly

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Song's not mine(it's Avril Lavigne's awesome Keep Holding On), characters aren't mine, books aren't mine. Enjoy!

Author's Note: We know what was going through Harry's mind throughout the last battle of DH, but what about everyone else? Major DH spoilers (obviously).

You're not alone

Together we stand

I'll be by your side

You know I'll take your hand

Hermione held desperately onto Ron as he struggled in her grasp. She could barely see Harry through the dust, Ron's hair, and the burning tears in her eyes. But she could tell he had very deliberately turned away from Fred's body. A strangled gasp escaped her as she continued to try to keep Ron back. Fred. She understood Ron's urge, Percy's compulsion. She wanted to go after them. She wanted to use every spell she had in her extensive arsenal against those who did this. But she couldn't. She had to be the calm one right now. She needed to be strong for Ron. They both needed to be strong for Harry. It was the only way they were going to survive this. Hermione held onto the struggling, anguished person in her arms even tighter. She had to keep Ron there.

When it gets cold

And it feels like the end

Luna ran towards the forest, with Ernie and Seamus close behind her. They had been dueling close by when Ernie had noticed Harry, Ron, and Hermione heading there. They had seen the dementors and realized that the three could not fight them off. She ran, her wand drawn, as she felt the coldness and despair seep through her. She needed a happy thought. She thought of her father telling her he'd found the horn of a Crumple-Horned Snorkack. A thin stream of silver barely left her wand. She needed something stronger. She thought of when she'd been freed from that horrible basement, of the feel of fresh air, the sight of the sun, the sound of life. But then she remembered Dobby, of what her escape had cost. Her hare sputtered. She needed something happy, without associated sadness, and she needed it now. They were nearly there. She didn't know how long the other three would last without their Patronuses. She had to help her friends. And suddenly, there it was. Her friends. She

thought of the day she realized she considered Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, and Neville her friends. Even more importantly, when she realized they considered her theirs. Her hare soared out of her wand tip just as they reached the woods.

There's no place to go

You know I won't give in

Luna walked forward, her wand still outstretched, keeping her Patronus aloft. "That's right, Harry... Come on, think of something happy."

The crack in his voice made her heart twinge. "Something happy?"

She understood, it was getting harder and harder for her to keep her Patronus, but she needed him to do this. It was the only way they would see the dawn. They had to fight. She looked at him. They had to fight. Her voice came out in a whisper as she put all of her strength into her Patronus and the weight of her words. "We're all still here. We're still fighting. Come on, now." She raised her eyes as a stag suddenly burst forth from Harry's wand, one last beacon of hope against despair.

No, I won't give in

Percy cursed Rookwood with vicious intent. Before he had even hit the ground, he turned to another, hitting him with a careless spell as he ran down the hallway, where he saw a couple of students dueling three Death Eaters. He would get them, too. And the ones that came after them. And the ones after that. He would get Every. Last. One.

Keep holding on

Cause you know we'll make it through

George led a small group of students in a strategic retreat, firing spells as they went. The last secret entrance had been breached. They cursed as they ran, and he tried to keep track of the students in his care as they fought Death Eaters on all sides. Suddenly, a chill washed over him. A pain ripped through his heart, so great it caused him to double over. The Death Eater he'd been dueling leaned forward to finish him off, when one of his charges stunned the man. George forced himself to straighten up, and continue to fight, even as tears threatened to drown him. He knew, he *knew*, he was no longer a twin. There was no longer a Fred and George. He had to fight now, alone. As just George.

We'll make it through

Oliver ran, as a giant stepped two feet from where he was. He'd been fighting with Alicia, Angelina, and Katie, but he'd lost sight of them when the giants started to battle. They'd been a good Quidditch team, the best, really. But now he was losing them, one by one. He already knew Fred was dead. The look on George's face as he ran by had been all he'd needed to reach that conclusion. He wasn't sure that George would survive without his other half. And Harry, Harry he knew would probably not live through this battle. Not if he could end it by dying. Oliver began to search with renewed purpose. He would not lose the last three members of his team. He might no longer be a student, but his duties as captain were not yet over. He caught a flash of blond hair out of the corner of his eye and ran towards it.

Just stay strong

Bill was battling two Death Eaters, and he was getting tired. They were backing him into a corner, and he knew he wasn't going to be able to get out of it. He wondered where everyone was. He'd been surrounded by friends a minute ago, but they had all disappeared. Fleur had vanished with them. He had to find her. Sidestepping one Death Eater, he pushed him into the wall as he fired a curse at the other, running around the corner before they knew what had happened. He headed towards the sounds of fighting, searching for his wife. Suddenly, a figure appeared in front of him, and he froze. Greyback was only a couple of feet away, and Bill could not move. Memories of the last time he had faced that monster pummeled him, and he was helpless. Greyback saw him and sneered at the look of horror on Bill's face. He leapt towards the frozen man, but a furious voice cut through the night. "I do not zink so! Stupefy!" Bill whipped around to face Fleur as Greyback's unconscious body hit the floor with a dull thud.

Cause you know I'm here for you

I'm here for you

Lupin fought fiercely with Dolohov, watching Dora battle Bellatrix out of the corner of his eye. The hatred in the witches' faces was unmistakable. He wanted to help, but it was taking all of his power just to keep ahead of the man he was currently fighting. Suddenly, a flash of green light and a scream broke his concentration. He turned just in time to see Dora's body fall to the ground. An anguished cry left his lips as Lupin ran towards her. His moment of distraction cost him dearly. He heard Dolohov's curse, and turned, but it was too late. His vision was filled with green light as his thoughts were filled with his wife and son.

There's nothing you can say

Nothing you can do

Hagrid felt himself being carried away by the giant spiders. He was glad that they were running away from the battle, where they wouldn't get hurt. He needed to get back to Harry, though. He finally managed to get away from them, falling on and flattening a large bush as he did so. Hagrid picked himself up and began to head back toward the battle when he heard a shout. Before he could blink, he was tied to a tree. He knew he wasn't going back. "I'm sorry, Harry."

There's no other way when it comes to the truth

Colin grinned, despite himself. He had really done it. He'd sneaked back in! And he was actually good at this! He fired off another spell as he darted around several Death Eaters. He remembered almost all of the curses Harry had taught him in the DA. He saw a couple of adults fighting, up ahead, and ran to help with their masked opponents. With a thrill of accomplishment, he cursed one, then turned around as he went for another. He never saw the jet of green light aimed at his back.

So, keep holding on

Lavender lay on the ground, unable to move. She just didn't have the strength. She could feel blood seeping, and she knew it was just a matter of time. Vaguely, she wondered why it was so quiet. It sounded like the battle had stopped. Had they won? Was Voldemort dead? Or was Harry? What about Ron, and Parvati? Whoever was, she was sure she would join them, soon. She wondered if anyone would find her, if anyone was even looking. Surely she wasn't the only one missing. Someone would find her before the end. Although she wasn't sure she wanted to live anyway, not with these scars. She saw the way people looked at Bill Weasley. Maybe it would be better if no one found her. But she didn't want to die alone. Suddenly, she heard a noise, footsteps, and a familiar voice.

"Lavender, Lavender!"

Cause you know we'll make it through

We'll make it through

Parvati searched desperately through the corridors. After Voldemort's ultimatum, she and her sister had joined everyone else in the Great Hall. But after an extensive search had not yielded Lavender, she and Padma had gone off to look for her. Hermione had said she'd fallen off the balcony, so she was trying to get there, but it was hard with so much destruction. She almost didn't recognize the place she had called home for the past seven years. Frantically, she called into the night. "Lavender, Lavender!" Suddenly, she heard a feeble groan to her left. She saw a crumpled, still body, and ran, slipping on emeralds as she went. "Lavender! Padma! Go get help!" Parvati heard her sister's retreating footsteps as she knelt next to her best friend.

"Parvati..." She grasped Lavender's hand.

"It's going to be all right. Just hold on. Padma's gone to get help. Just hang on, okay?" Her voice cracked, and her friend was once again still. There was so much blood. She had no idea what to do, how to stop it. She'd stopped taking Charms after her fifth year. She and Lavender had both been much more interested in Divination. A lot of good that was doing them now.

Lavender started to stir, forcing herself to speak. "Madam Trelawney... was right."

Parvati looked at her, confused. "What do you mean?"

Lavender took a breath, gargling slightly on her own blood. "She said... we would not all survive this war. She said... some of us would die."

Parvati gripped her hand tighter and leaned in closer as she spoke fiercely, tears trickling down her face. "Of course some people weren't going to survive. It's a war. But enough people have already died tonight. The prophecy's been fulfilled. She didn't mean you." She gripped Lavender's icy hand as tight as she could, as though that alone could anchor her to this world. She leaned over so close that some of her hair trailed in the blood. "*She didn't mean you*"

So far away

I wish you were here

Ginny knelt over the injured girl. She couldn't remember her name, but she was pretty sure she was a seventh-year Hufflepuff. "It's alright. It's okay. We're going to get you inside."

"But I want to go *home*. I don't want to fight anymore!"

Ginny's voice cracked as her heart broke. "I know. It's going to be all right." She continued to hold the girl's hand, wishing someone, anyone, would come, would help. She didn't want to fight anymore, either. She wanted to go home, be with her family, with Harry. Harry. Ginny paused suddenly and looked around. For a moment she could have sworn she felt him, nearby. Tears falling down her cheeks, she turned back to the frightened girl at her feet. He wasn't there.

Before it's too late

This could all disappear

Neville walked a few steps as he continued to look for bodies. He wondered why Harry had told him about the snake. He'd said Hermione and Ron were the only others who knew. Why was he included? Sure, he was Harry's friend, but not like Ron and Hermione were. Neville came to an abrupt halt. The look on Harry's face when he said he wasn't going to give himself up swam to the forefront of his mind. He had lied. Neville whipped around, headed back to where he had left Harry, continued further towards the woods, hoping to find him before he got too far, before he carried out his stupid plan, his meaningless sacrifice. Didn't he understand that with him gone, they would all be at the mercy of Voldemort? Frantically, Neville looked around. But Harry was gone.

Before the door's closed

And it comes to an end

Minerva McGonagall was nearest the front entrance of the Great Hall when Voldemort's voice was heard. "Harry Potter is dead." She refused to believe it. He wouldn't have run away. He wouldn't have abandoned them. And he couldn't be dead. Otherwise they all were. She knew none of those left alive would ever surrender to Voldemort. As she led the group of people to the front doors, she made sure she was the first out, in case it was a trap. And then she saw him. Young Harry Potter, her student, her Gryffindor, their hero, their last, best chance, lifeless in Hagrid's shaking arms. And any hope of survival, for her, for any of them, crumbled.

"NO!"

With you by my side

I will fight and defend

Neville didn't know what overcame him, but he couldn't just stand there, listening to Voldemort tell lies about Harry. He wouldn't have run. Harry was a Gryffindor. Then, he'd noticed the snake on Voldemort's shoulders, and he remembered the last thing Harry had asked him to do. '*Kill the snake.*' Without thought, without a plan, without fear, Neville had charged, wand drawn. He would kill the snake, if it was the last thing he did, which it probably would be. Voldemort knocked him to the ground, disarming him, before he'd even gotten halfway there. Neville picked himself up, determined to die on his feet. He trembled, inside, as Voldemort spoke to him, his snake-like hiss sending shivers through Neville's soul. But he would never give up. He would never join him. "Dumbledore's Army!" The responding cheer behind him gave him hope, gave him strength. It gave him courage.

"On your head be it." Neville didn't have time to ponder Voldemort's quiet words, because, suddenly, the Sorting Hat flew to him. Then it was on his head and he was on fire. And he couldn't move. Neville had had many curses inflicted on him in his short life, from the leg locker bind to the Cruciatus curse, but this was worse than anything he had ever experienced. His entire body was on fire, and he couldn't fight it, couldn't escape it. All he could do was stand there and burn. And scream. As pain overwhelmed him, through the flames he could just make out Nagini. The snake would live. He had failed Harry. 'I wish I could kill the snake,' he thought, feverishly, as he felt his body lose the fight against flame. 'If it was the last thing I ever did, that'd be okay.' His body began to give way. It was only a matter of time. Then, suddenly, he felt something cool and heavy fall on his head.

I'll fight and defend, yeah, yeah

Augusta Longbottom ran towards her grandson's screams. She fought through the crowd of people, desperate to get to him. He was going to die. He was going to leave her, just like her son. She had sworn she would take care of him, protect him. But she couldn't get to him. No matter how hard she tried, how hard she fought, she just couldn't get through. In despair, she watched him burn.

Keep holding on

Charlie ran up the front steps, just by-passing Horace Slughorn as he did so. When he had seen the Slytherin sneaking off after Voldemort's ultimatum, he had seen red. The coward was going to leave.

"*What's wrong? Going to go to the other side now, since there's no hope for us?*"

The professor shook his head as he stood in front of the young man with his wand pointed at him. A Weasley, if he remembered right. "No... no. I'm going to Hogsmeade. There's a whole town of people, of wizards and witches, people who can fight. We're going to need all the help we can get when Harry doesn't turn himself in."

Charlie had been stunned. Why hadn't anyone else thought of that? He had immediately apologized and offered to accompany him to the village. They had just started rounding willing fighters up when people, dozens and dozens of people, started Apparating into Hogsmeade. Before they knew it, he and Slughorn had amassed an army of villagers and Hogwarts students' families and friends. Now, Charlie ran back into the castle amid the chaos. This time they had a fighting chance.

Cause you know we'll make it through

Arthur Weasley cursed his soon-to-be former employer, Minister Thicknesse, as he and Percy rendered him unconscious and took his wand. He had just retrieved the wand when he noticed that Percy had already disappeared. Quickly, Arthur straightened up and began looking for him. His cautious, careful son had become reckless, headstrong, since witnessing Fred's death. Arthur was afraid Percy's carelessness would cost him his life, as well. He finally spied him dueling with another Death Eater and ran to assist him. He would not lose another child tonight. He refused.

We'll make it through

Flitwick pointed his wand at Dolohov, and with scarcely more than a twinge of remorse, he squealed a curse that caused the Death Eater to scream before he fell. Filius had seen Remus fall. He'd been helping two students who were outnumbered three to one, so he'd been unable to save the young man. He remembered when he'd been a student...smart, thoughtful, and quiet. He remembered him as a fellow teacher...creative, patient, and resourceful. And now, he would always remember him dead...still, pale, and lying crumpled next to his wife. No, Filius Flitwick felt no guilt at what he had wrought upon Antonin Dolohov.

Just stay strong

Cause you know I'm here for you

Minerva focused all of her energy on staying alive. She knew she had no chance of getting out of this one. Voldemort was immensely more powerful than her. He always had been, even when they'd been in school, and he'd been two years behind her. Not to mention, it had been far, far too long since she'd engaged in a proper duel. Her fight with Severus had proved that to her. But she would not quit. As long as he was fighting her, he wasn't hurting her students. She would make that sacrifice. She fired off a series of curses, watching in despair as he deflected them all with ease. She moved to sidestep a jet of green light, when she tripped over a stunned Death Eater. She lost her balance, felt herself start to fall. She knew there was no hope for her now. Just as she resigned herself to her fate, as she looked up into the cold, snakelike eyes, red with triumph, she heard a shouted curse from behind. Hitting the ground, she quickly got to her feet as soon as she landed. As she looked up, she saw Horace dueling with Voldemort.

I'm here for you

Slughorn panted as he attempted to stay ahead of Voldemort's wand. He couldn't believe what his prize student had become, what he had helped him become. He'd seen Minerva dueling Voldemort and had gone to assist her. He'd only been a couple of feet away when she fell. Without a thought, he had stepped forward, into her place, fighting to keep her alive long enough for her to rejoin the duel so that they could fight together. Horace Slughorn had decided upon where his loyalty lay.

There's nothing you can say

Nothing you can do

There's no other way when it comes to the truth

Molly looked around the Great Hall, searching out her family, making sure they were all still there, still alive. She had already lost Fred and Harry tonight, and she was determined not to lose anyone else. Arthur and Percy were dueling the Minister of Magic, she spied Ron and the Longbottom boy overtaking Greyback, and she could see Bill and Fleur fighting in the corner. They all seemed to be doing alright, so Molly continued to search. She found Charlie assisting a couple of students, and George was fighting Yaxley with his friend Lee. But where were Ginny and Hermione? She knew Ginny was fighting, despite her best efforts to keep her only daughter safe. Suddenly, she saw them in the middle of the Hall...and she froze.

They were fighting Bellatrix Lestrange.

Molly had barely taken in the sight of Ginny, Hermione, and Xenophilius' daughter fighting Voldemort's closest follower, when the unthinkable happened. The killing curse came within an inch of her daughter. The daughter she had hoped for, cried for, been so sure she would never have. The first girl in five generations of Weasleys, the girl she had waited six boys to bear. And all rational thought, all logic, fear, and reason, fled Molly Weasley. For the first time in her life, she felt only hatred. Pure, consuming hatred. She would not lose another child, especially not this child. She couldn't.

"NOT MY DAUGHTER, YOU BITCH!"

So, keep holding on

Kingsley Shacklebolt had immediately gone to assist Professors McGonagall and Slughorn when he saw them dueling Voldemort himself. He was younger than both of them, and as an Auror, he certainly had more dueling experience than either. He quickly lost count of how many times the two saved him with a quick shield or charm as the three fought to the best of their capabilities. He was vaguely aware that the hall had seemed to quiet down significantly, and at one point he noticed that they seemed to be the only four dueling, other than a pair further down, but he was far too busy to see who it was. As a result, he was wholly unprepared for the furious scream that left Voldemort's mouth. Kingsley barely had time to register that it hadn't been any of the three of them that had caused it, before he was blown across the hall with the force of a bomb.

Cause you know we'll make it through

We'll make it through

Molly had only a moment to savor her victory, when she heard the chilling cry. She turned in terror, absolutely certain that her death was nigh. She had time for one, last, desperate thought. 'Forgive me Arthur, I had to.' Then, as though in slow motion, she saw Voldemort raise his wand, and just as she was sure the curse would fall, she heard a new cry, this time from a familiar voice she thought she would never hear again.

"Protego!"

Hear me when I say

When I say "I believe.

Ginny thought she was going to pass out. Her body had run such a gamut of emotions in the last few minutes, she didn't know how much more she could take. From almost dying, to being sure she would lose her mother, to her mother's victory, and now, her boyfriend was back from the dead. 'Ex-boyfriend,' said the giggling little voice in the back of her head. She ignored it. They would get back together after this, she was sure of it. If he survived. Which he probably wouldn't. Oh bloody hell, now she really was going to pass out. Ginny swayed for a moment, putting her hand on Luna's arm, using the other girl to steady herself. She forced herself to listen to what Harry was saying, what he was explaining. She didn't understand all of it, but it gave her hope. It sounded like he had a plan. She let go of Luna's arm. He had a plan. He would be all right. She clenched her hands into fists, her fingernails digging into the palms. Of course he would.

Nothing's gonna change

Nothing's gonna change destiny

Ron yelled at the top of his lungs, he couldn't help it. "HE'S ALIVE!" Even as the hall fell silent, as Harry and Voldemort circled each other, as the stakes were raised deathly high, Ron couldn't stop grinning. Harry was going to win. He was sure of it.

Whatever's meant to be

Will work out perfectly

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Hermione listened carefully to Harry. She couldn't grasp all of his reasoning, and she was sure she was missing some large chunk of information she needed to sort it all out, but she understood enough. She smiled, so, so proud of him. He had figured it out. Whatever *it* was, he had figured it out.

Keep holding on

Albus Dumbledore moved into the foreground of the portrait he was in. He smiled proudly through the tears in his eyes. Harry was doing so well. He had figured it all out, with only a little help. Dumbledore watched him circle Voldemort, with confidence, with assurance. He was no longer the little boy who had come to Hogwarts six years ago, he had grown up. He could do this.

Cause you know we'll make it through

Ginny wished they would stop talking, wished Harry would stop explaining. She wished he would just act, wished he would just end it. They had been fighting this fight since before she was born. She just wanted it to be over. She wanted him to go on and defeat Voldemort, so that they could just get on with their lives. She was tired of this war.

We'll make it through

Hagrid beamed as he watched Harry. He'd done it! He'd figured it out! He wasn't sure *what* Harry'd figured out, exactly, but it seemed to be the right thing, judging by the look on You-Know-Who's face. Hagrid had always known the boy'd be a thumpin' good wizard someday.

Just stay strong

Cause you know I'm here for you

Molly fought the urge to rush forward, take the curse that had been about to come her way. She knew she had to let Harry do this his way. He was one child she could not save, no matter how badly she wanted to. She would have to let him fight on his own, whatever the consequence might be. She gripped her wand tighter by her side. She might not be able to save him, but neither would she move from behind him. She would stay right there until it was over, one way or another.

I'm here for you

Minerva fought to pick herself up off the floor, slowly, painfully. She had been witness to most of the events thus far from the ground, slowly coming around, but she knew what was going on. She knew Harry had returned. Somehow, he was here, alive, and ready to fight. She looked at his face carefully. No, he was ready to *win*. And she would be right here. Unsteadily, she finally got to her feet.

There's nothing you can say

Nothing you can do

Albus listened to Harry's explanation, floored at how much the boy really did understand. Things he hadn't even completely grasped. He watched, transfixed, as Voldemort's face darkened with rage. How he wished he could leap out of this infernal painting and stand in front of Harry. But he couldn't. Not this time. He had given Harry all of the tools he possessed. Now it was up to Harry to use them.

There's no other way when it comes to the truth

Aberforth spied his brother in the portrait on the opposite wall. Slowly, he made his way to it, never taking his eyes off the two wizards circling each other in the center of the room. Once he reached the painting, he glanced at it, still facing to the front. Albus' face stayed looking straight ahead, as well, but Aberforth knew he knew he was there. "Whatever cockamamie plan you cooked up for him better work. You better be right about this one, Albus."

So, keep holding on

Arthur finally reached his wife and grasped her hand. Together, they watched Harry, each clutching their wands for dear life, ready at a moment's notice.

Cause you know we'll make it through

Seamus looked sideways at Dean. "Do you know what he's talking about?" He whispered.

Dean shook his head, glancing briefly at his friend. "No." He whispered back.

Seamus looked back at Harry and Voldemort. "Well, do you think he's right?"

Dean watched as Voldemort's hand tightened its grip on his wand, ready to strike. "Blimey, I hope so."

We'll make it through

Luna listened in confusion. Harry wasn't making any sense to her. But he seemed to know what he was saying. She looked at Voldemort's furious face ~~he~~ *he* certainly seemed to understand what Harry was saying. A glance at Hermione and Ron said that they seemed to grasp most of what was going on, too. Luna relaxed with a slight smile. That was alright, then. Harry must know what was doing. Listening intently once more, she lightly batted at the Wrackspurt that had to be floating nearby.

Keep holding on

Neville stood by his grandmother. "I don't know what the boy's talking about, Neville. I do hope he knows what he's doing."

Neville absentmindedly patted her hand, all of his focus on the conversation in front of him. "Don't worry Gran, he does."

Keep holding on

Kingsley discreetly moved over to Molly and Arthur Weasley, joining them as they stood directly behind Harry. He saw Minerva do the same on their opposite side. All four were ready, but none moved. Kingsley stayed alert but silent as the last words Albus Dumbledore spoke to him rang in his ears. '*Harry is the best hope we have. Trust him.*'

There's nothing you can say

Ron watched as Harry and Voldemort readied their wands. This was the end, he knew it. He could feel it. The time had finally come. He fought the yell that was bubbling in his throat. It wasn't time for that yet. It would be in a moment, he knew, whatever the outcome. Every muscle in his body tensed. He waited.

Nothing you can do

Hermione gripped Ron's arm so hard she saw him wince as her nails broke the skin. Quickly, she pulled her hands away, curling them into fists instead. All the things she'd read, spells she knew, answers she supplied, and it came down to this. Just Harry and Voldemort. And none of her knowledge was going to do him any sodding good at all.

There's no other way when it comes to the truth

Albus watched as the moment of truth fell upon them. If either of them were wrong... if either he or Harry had gotten any of their reasoning wrong, if any of the deductions or suppositions or just plain guesses were incorrect, even just a little bit...Harry was dead. Dumbledore closed his eyes. He could not bear to watch this. But as the curses rang out, his eyes flew open. He could not look away.

So, keep holding on

"Avadra Kadavra!"

"Expelliarmus!"

Cause you know we'll make it through

We'll make it through

Finis