

Wake Me Up When September Ends

by Alexannah

Songfic. Harry and Dumbledore attend a funeral for a certain canine Animagus.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Songfic. Harry and Dumbledore attend a funeral for a certain canine Animagus.

Author's Notes: *The song actually inspired this scene, and I thought it was fitting to make a songfic out of it. The funeral itself is an extract from my fic "Phoenix Tears", the first chapter of which I hope to submit soon.*

Both knelt down on the ground. Dumbledore raised a mound of earth and tossed it aside with his wand, leaving a hole. Harry pulled open the parcel. The sky was grey and gloomy – a perfect mood for a funeral.

Summer has come and passed

The innocent can never last

Wake me up when September ends

"Five pieces," he counted.

"Why don't you say something for each?" Dumbledore suggested. Harry nodded and carefully picked up the first shard of glass.

"Sirius." He paused.

"The words will come," Dumbledore said quietly.

Harry nodded and took a deep breath.

Like my father's come to pass

Seven years has gone so fast

Wake me up when September ends

"Sirius," he tried again. "You ... you were the best thing that had ever happened to me. You were the first adult to try to take the place of a parent in my life, and I was thrilled. It didn't matter so much that you were on the run because you were still on the end of letters, and I wrote to you with my problems. Thank you for being there."

The first fragment dropped with a small thud, and Harry picked up the next.

Here comes the rain again

Falling from the stars

Drenched in my pain again

Becoming who we are

"But I was scared," Harry continued, running a thumb lightly along the edge of the glass and staring into space. "Scared I was going to lose you, scared that I-I didn't deserve you in my life, and – and I tried to protect you. I decided I wouldn't use this mirror because I didn't want you to come charging up to Hogwarts to murder Umbridge on my behalf and get caught. Now look at it," he added with a sad half-laugh, glancing back at the shard. "I hoped for one wonderful minute that I could still use it to talk to you, so you wouldn't really be gone ... but it doesn't work like that. I'm sorry. I put you before me, and now you're dead, and I'm the one sitting here alive." Harry wiped his eyes on his sleeve.

The second fragment dropped, and the third found its way into Harry's hands.

As my memory rests

But never forgets what I lost

Wake me up when September ends

"I'm sorry. I should have listened to you and Professor Lupin, I should have listened to Hermione, I should have tried in Occlumency ... I thought I knew best and it didn't matter, and ... it all came to this." Harry let out a muffled sob. "I guess Professor Snape is right. I am arrogant. And I'm sorry." Harry made to drop the third fragment in, but paused. "And ... I'm sorry for not being more like my dad. But honestly, after what I've seen of him now, I don't want to be."

Harry could feel Dumbledore shaking beside him as he dropped the glass in the hole. Whether it was from cold or something else, he didn't know and didn't ask. There was a long pause as Harry contemplated the penultimate shard.

Summer has gone and passed

The innocent can never last

Wake me up when September ends

"I don't think I ever really said ... thank you for the Firebolt. And sending me that birthday cake the summer before the Tournament. And the pocket-knife – though that's ruined now." Harry pulled it out of his pocket. "I tried to get through an unopenable door in the Department of Mysteries with it." Harry stared at the melted blade for a moment before tossing it in the hole too. "And thanks for letting Ron have Pigwidgeon. He really loves that owl."

The fourth fragment dropped into the ground. A long silence fell.

Ring out the bells again

Like we did when spring began

Wake me up when September ends

"There's still one left ..." Harry murmured. "I don't know what else to say."

"Could ... I say something?" Dumbledore asked hesitantly. Harry nodded and held out the fifth and last mirror fragment. Dumbledore took it firmly, albeit with a trembling hand.

Here comes the rain again

Falling from the stars

Drenched in my pain again

Becoming who we are

"Sirius," he quietly addressed the glass, "I'm sorry for everything. For the part I played in this, for not being there when you needed me, for letting you and Harry down this last year." Dumbledore bent his head, clutching the fragment tighter. "And I'm sorry for the secrets. I wish I could rewrite the last few decades. But I can't, and I can only hope to make it up to you and Harry by taking a better hold on the future." Dumbledore took a deep breath. "I care about Harry as much as you did, and I swear here and now I *will* take care of him the way you wanted to. I won't let you down again.

"Goodbye, Sirius."

"Goodbye," Harry whispered.

As my memory rests

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Dumbledore seemed to be having trouble letting go of the glass shard, but after a minute holding his shaking hand over the hole, wrestling with himself, he finally released his fingers, and the glass fell to the bottom with a thud.

Summer has gone and passed

The innocent can never last

Wake me up when September ends

A drop of rain splashed onto Harry's face. Looking up, he saw the clouds were darker than they had been when they had come outside. Neither he nor Dumbledore showed any inclination to return inside as the gentle patter turned into a waterfall, and the ground turned to lakes of mud. The icy cold seeping through Harry's clothes was a relief to the numbness he had been feeling before.

Harry suddenly broke the silence. "You're bleeding."

Dumbledore looked down at his hand where he'd been clutching the last fragment. It had broken the skin, blood streaming out and down his fingers, mixing with the rain and mud.

"It's just a scratch." Dumbledore looked up at the stars and heaved a sigh. "Nothing a simple charm won't fix."

Like my father's come to pass

Twenty years has gone so fast

Wake me up when September ends

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