

Mr. Prongs Would Like to Welcome Padfoot Home

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Submitted: May 4, 2006

Updated: May 4, 2006

A small fic where Harry and Remus are thinking about Sirius while they're at Grimmauld Place the summer after his death. [A small dedication to Sirius.] Complete.

(I have this posted on FF.net under the same penname. I might add a few other stori

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1 - Mr. Prongs Would Like to Welcome Padfoot Home.

A/N: This is just a short fic dedicated to Sirius.

- Normal font: Normal actions and speech.-

-*Italic font: Memories or stressed words.*-

-- : end of a memory.

Mr. Prongs Would Like To Welcome Padfoot Home

Harry Potter sat idly on an old box that was placed under the windowsill in one of the unoccupied rooms of Number Twelve Grimmauld Place. The room was dark; nearly pitch black, but not quite, given that the light from the waning moon shone through the open window.

The sky was decorated with luminous dots of light, scattered ceremoniously across the atmosphere. No clouds moved across the sky this night; no sound was heard. Even the usual loud music from the neighbors house wasn't heard. It was a night for the dead; and that was exactly what was on young Harry Potter's mind.

It was the summer after the battle at the Department of Mysteries. This was the worst summer that Harry had ever lived through and it wasn't even over. He had lost his Godfather, his mentor, his friend. His death had thrown Harry into so much turmoil that he didn't know what to do with himself anymore.

Opening the cover of a leather bound book on his lap, Harry looked at the first picture of the photo album; the one of his parents and himself as a baby.

He smiled slightly, letting his fingertips trail across the smooth surface of the picture. Even though he had never known his parents, he knew what it was like to have a fatherly figure in his life... but that individual that had given him that view of life was now gone.

Sirius.

The simple name always sent him into an array of emotions; anger, hate, guilt, depression, sadness. Turning the page of the book, he peered silently at the picture of his parents wedding. Sirius' image was happy, healthy, and carefree. Harry only wished he could see his Godfather like that once more...

Said boy turned his head sideways to look out at the night sky. The outline of his body shone silver from the moon above, leaving him silhouetted to the world. His emerald gaze moved unhurriedly across the heavens until his eyes rested on a single star that twinkled brightly against the sky; the dog star.

``Sirius..."

At the single spoken word, a warm breeze picked up, rushing past the boy where he sat, causing his hair to be ruffled in a gentle caress....

A tall man walked towards his godson, reaching his right hand out to ruffle the boys hair, ``Hey kiddo."

``Sirius." Harry swatted at the mans hand, laughing at his antics. ``Why do you always do that?"

The older man laughed at the fruitless attempts of his godson trying to flatten his hair. Harry just mock glared at his adult-friend, but the twitch of his lips betrayed him. Sirius absentmindedly slung an arm around the younger boy and waved a hand around in the air in front of him before responding to the question.

``I really don't know why I do it, I guess it's just because I used to do that to your dad all the time."

``Not that he needed you to do that, mind you." Harry mumbled, recalling the images of his father's hair; messy and untamable.

Sirius let out his infamous bark-like laugh and ruffled Harry's hair again, ``But all the girls liked it." --

The raven haired boy continued to stare up into the sky, eyes locked onto the star that his Godfather had been named after. He had never known that losing someone could hurt so much. He would never be able to hug Sirius again, he'd never be able to talk to him anymore.

A small noise sounded in the hall in front of the door before someone opened it slowly. It creaked loudly but Harry gave it no mind and ignored it, still lost in his own thoughts and emotions. He didn't want to talk to whoever had entered the room to join him.

``Harry..."

He closed his eyes slowly after hearing his name being called and then turned slowly to acknowledge the last loyal Marauder. *``Remus."*

The ex-professor walked over to Harry and crouched down next to him soundlessly and looked at the photo album in the boys lap. He blinked a few times before he looked up into Harry's eyes, brownish gold meeting emerald green; both filled with vibrant emotions.

``I miss him, Remus..." Harry whispered before turning to look back up at the sky.

``I know you do, Harry. I miss him too." Remus' gaze followed Harry's and locked onto the star.

``Why did he have to go?" The boys voice wavered.

Remus just sighed and didn't say anything; he didn't know *what* to say. Resting a hand on Harry's shoulder, he spoke softly, *``Sirius wouldn't want us to mourn for him like this."*

``I know, but I can't help it. I miss him."

``We all do, Harry, we all do."

``It's all my fault--"

``No." Remus cut him off with that single word.

They sat in silence for a long time after that, neither of them wanting to say anything. The silence wasn't uncomfortable, just thick with emotions from both occupants. In the distance, the bark of a dog echoed into the solitary room and Harry sighed.

Light filtered into the bedroom that Harry shared with Ron during the summers spent at Grimmauld Place. The redhead was sprawled out on his bed, long limbs hanging off of the edge and his blankets tangled around his legs.

The other occupant in the room lay on his side, facing away from the window. He hadn't bothered changing last night before bed; so he lay uncovered on his bed with his glasses still on, though they were now askew on his nose.

*All seemed peaceful in the room; red and black hair splayed across pillows on opposite sides of the room. It **was** peaceful, that is, until a certain person came into the room...*

A large, black dog slunk into the boys bedroom, quietly padding along the floor to Harry's bed. In silent agility, Sirius jumped up onto the boy in the bed and barked loudly in his face to wake him up.

The boy jumped from his dreams and opened his eyes immediately but when he saw his Godfather in his animagus form, he rolled his eyes and buried his face against his pillow.

``Geroff me Sirius, I'm trying to sleep." He said with a muffled voice.

Sirius just changed back into normal form, laughing all the while. His laughter echoed through the room and Harry couldn't help but smile good naturedly at his Godfather.

``Not a morning person, are you?" --

While Harry was rapt in his own memories, Remus glanced down at the photo album in the boys lap, left forgotten by its owner, and was soon lost in a few of his own....

``You may now kiss the bride," a voice spoke in front of the couple.

Lily and James finished the wedding ceremony with a simple kiss. Sirius let out a loud whoop of joy,

Remus smiled at the newlyweds, and Peter smiled nervously off to the side. After James and Lily broke away from the kiss, they beamed at their friends.

Sirius congratulated them with, ``Now when will I be seeing Prongs Jr.? Hmm?"

Lily blushed crimson and James laughed heartily at his friend, ``Soon enough, Padfoot, soon enough!"

``James!"

``Sorry Lily." He said sheepishly, running a hand through his hair out of habit before his wife swatted at him.

``Congratulations you two." Remus stepped forward and gave James a `manly' hug and hugged Lily with deep sincerity.

``Thank you, Moony." James grinned as he hugged his friend back and flashed Lily a smile.

Sirius, preoccupied by something, spun around until he said something was spotted; the wedding cake. It was sitting on a table off to the right, decorated beautifully and delicately with the two figures up at the top. Sirius' eyes widened comically and he turned excitedly towards James. ``Cake?"

He didn't even wait for an answer before sprinting off to the table and announcing that it was `cake time' at the top of his lungs, catching the attention of everyone but instead of waiting for anyone to respond, he dug into the cake, causing James to burst out laughing.... --

Remus chuckled halfheartedly at the memory and Harry turned to look at him. Remus just smiled softly at him and said, ``Memories."

Harry smiled back weakly at the werewolf. His eyes were brighter than normal, unshed tears obscuring his vision from behind his wire-rimmed glasses. Remus, seeing the boy close to tears, wrapped an arm firmly around his shoulders and moved him closer.

``Do you think that Sirius is thinking about us too; wherever he is?" Harry asked quietly, not objecting to the comfort that Remus was giving him.

``Of course he is. He would never forget us."

Harry nodded and looked up into the sky again, eyes resting on the same star for the umpteenth time. A single tear escaped from his eyes, glowing white in the moonlight as it slowly slid down his upturned face. The wind picked up again, and Harry watched from the window with Remus as leaves rustled on the trees and the stars twinkled merrily from above.

Unknown to both of them, the wind wove around the trees, lifting up towards the heavens and whispered a lone sentence to the world, `Mr. Prongs would like to welcome Padfoot home...'