

The time that is given us

How love can change lives

Von Gepo

Kapitel 1: First chapter

He had cried that night. In the dark of his room, he had remembered his wife and his children and his friends, now perfectly aware he would never see them again. He still remembered the day he died. He remembered going into that forest and being killed. He remembered how he had said goodbye to everyone in his head, knowing he left them for a reason. Knowing he would never see them again for a reason.

But this was just completely unreasonable. Being here served no purpose. Killing his future, himself, his children, just by existing ... maybe he should die. Let everything take its course. Maybe his grand-greatfather was wrong and his being here was only an unimportant event in history. If he was to die here and now, would everything happen how it was supposed to?

He did not know. He could not know.

But was it really important? If it came right down to it, could he kill himself? He shuddered at the thought. No, he was here now, he had to make the best out of it. Maybe he could change some things for the better. He nodded to himself and stood up to flip open his calendar.

22nd of July, he was supposed to drive back to Bath. Tomorrow he was to meet some carpenters for a refurbishment of his house. After that his calendar was blank. He had no plans past his retirement. It sounded like he inhabited the body of a life-wary man. Well, he might be, he had most likely seen a lot of death.

Harry decided to pay Diagon Alley a visit before following his host's plan. With the pendant, he should be able to go there, should even be able to acquire an owl. He had to contact Dumbledore. And to be honest, he needed company to stop himself from going crazy.

His Eastern Screech-Owl was certainly as pureblooded as an owl can be when it came to the noises he made. Hedwig had been such a nice owl, just being at his side through everything – most important of all: silently. This one going by the name of Phoebe was far from silent. But he was bound to Harry and that was the most important. And he was a cute bit of fluff, Harry had to admit. He even settled down after an hour of driving.

Which brought up another problem Harry had not exactly thought about: Where did one get fuel in this era? There weren't any petrol stations on the road. Harry was not even sure they were invented yet. He leaned out of the window and asked some people in the next town he passed. They sent him to the apothecary. He felt a bit silly

asking for petrol in an apothecary but they actually had some in stock. Well ... after this he could write a whole new kind of road trip. It was as surprising as the fact that this car could go up to a 100 km/h. He had expected to be happy about reaching 30 km/h in a car from the thirties but far from it. He had to learn a lot about this time and to erase some prejudices.

It was nearly evening when he reached Bath and felt quite stupid for having to ask around for the location of his house. At least he had the address from his personal identification. What he found was a mansion with a live-in cook and maid called Margret. She immediately noticed he did not know her name but had no problem telling him again and freely giving the information that she had been employed for a few weeks now in which he seemed not to have been home a lot. He tried to get more information out of her by subtly asking if there had been any changes lately and she gave information about neighbors, the head of town as well as some local projects. Her lack of mention regarding a wife and children left Harry relieved. She did not even comment on the presence of an owl, she only asked its name and how he should be fed.

With a sudden stroke of genius Harry asked: „Were you instructed on financial affairs and how to get the money for maintenance and food?“

„As well as my salary, of course, Sir. I go to the bank twice a week before going to the market.“

„Splendid, why don't we go together next time? I have to reacquaint myself with the town. I feel like I have been away for years.“

„Of course, Sir“ She actually seemed happy about that. Maybe she was lonely, living here all by herself. „Normally I would go the day after tomorrow.“

„That goes well with my plans, I am meeting some carpenters tomorrow. Did you have some wishes about changes in the house?“

„Oh, um ... well, there are some things which need to be repaired.“

„Can you write me a list?“

She fidgeted and said: „I'd rather show them to you, Sir.“

Oh ... maybe she was unable to write. He had not thought about that. Different era, he should remember. He nodded and said they would do that in the morning. At the same time he remembered he did not even know what the house looked like in general and said: „I will only make a small inspection now.“

Good excuse for looking at everything. She seemed a bright girl, seeing as she asked immediately if she should bring something to write for him to make a list for tomorrow. Might even be a good idea, he did not know why his host had asked the carpenters over and he must run out of luck sometime soon. He was lucky his host had not already begun to set up some sort of business. Even though he might have, Harry would never know about it.

About an hour later he knew the general layout and what he should ask of the carpenters tomorrow. Except for some minor repairs here and there, he wanted an owlery for Phoebus and a fireplace made completely of stone. The one he had seemed unsafe to him and he needed a bigger one anyway if he planned on making Floo travels – unknowing if he even could.

He ended up making a full repair tour with Margret anyway, it would have served no purpose to do another one again tomorrow. After setting up a perch for Phoebus and giving him some meat, Harry fell into bed and slept nearly immediately.

The carpenters, some minor businesses, getting an overview over his bank account

and buying some things he had been unable to find in his home concluded his next few days. He had not forgotten the importance of the letter to Dumbledore but he had to focus on setting up a basis first.

Finally settled a week after he had woken up in 1932, he finally composed his missile:

Dear Albus Dumbledore,

you do not know me – yet. Please spare some minutes for a story sounding like it was written by a raving lunatic.

I cannot give you my name nor where I know you from. I can tell you however that I come from the future, nearly a hundred years from now. I was thrown back in time by some kind of magical accident and am unsure what to do now. I went to the Ministry but the head Unspeakable told me there was no way to get back and that the time I came from was most likely destroyed now just by my being here. In my time I knew you as a wise old man who might speak in riddles sometimes but always had good advice. So I am hoping that you can shed some more light on this, either by telling me I might have hope left or by confirming what I was already told. I trust in your expertise.

*Your future friend who will for now go by the name of
Grenmore Horten*

Harry sighed after sending the letter via Phoebus. He knew what the answer would be, he had already accepted he would never see Ginny or his kids again but it hurt so much that he clung to hope. Even though he rationally knew that his great-grandfather had told him the truth. Still it was best to confirm the information. A lot of lives depended on it and he would not give them up without second thought.

It would be nice to have a photo to remember them by. Or his wedding band. Anything. He felt like a child again, clinging to a memory, no, an idea of people that loved him. Before he had any pictures of his parents, before he had his friends, before ... before he knew he had magic. The one feeling he remembered from that time was the feeling of isolation. Having no home, no roots, the feeling of being utterly alone, not only missing the living but also the dead.

He remembered how it was to be having no one.

He cried again that night.

Dear Grenmore Horten,

as you already expected, I can only offer you my condolences. I conferred with every book I could find on the topic but time travel except for the limited version by using a time turner is not invented yet. What you experienced might still happen, but as you were told, I also fear there is a high chance that it will not. I can see that you are trying your best to keep a low profile so that you will not change the future and I think it takes a courageous man to make that decision. Deciding to do nothing is sometimes harder than to take chances. I hope you could tell me more but I completely understand that that might ruin your chance to preserve the future you are trying to save.

*Your friend now and then,
Albus Dumbledore*

The note left Harry smiling sadly. He had been prepared to read the words but it changed nothing in their capacity to hurt him. He closed his eyes, savouring the pain for a moment before he sighed and imagined the pain leaving with his sigh. It was a technique he had learned as an Auror and it helped sometimes.

This time it did.

He had to make a decision here and now. Would he keep his low profile or would he actively change the future? The first would not insure that his future would happen. And while he wanted Ginny and their children back, they would not be theirs anymore. His life as Harry Potter was over. He was Grenmore Horten and would be forever more. Right when he did not wish it anymore, his childhood dream came true: He was completely normal.

If he wanted to. He could lead a completely normal life.

Or he could decide to change the future. He could decide to tell it all, to save all the lives of the people who died under Voldemort, he could make them ... he could have them take this burden from him to kill the one that would terrorise them all.

He could take the way of the coward and have some Aurors kill a still innocent child. Harry gave a humorless laugh. No, he could not. He would never, ever tell them, exactly because they would kill an innocent child.

Only over his dead body.

Dear Albus,

thank you for your kind words. As you have deducted correctly I am a Gryffindor and thereby chronically unable to take the easy way out. I have decided I cannot stand by and let everything happen because there will be another war coming and it will take even more lives than the one with Grindelwald. I know about him and you, by the way. I also know you lied about killing him but as I understand your reasons, I cannot find fault in it. I am unable to kill the uprising menace as well. It leaves me with the same problem you faced back then: What shall I do? I know who he is, where he is, what he will become. Killing him now and thereby saving everyone is an option but not one I can take. I do not know how to solve this dilemma.

*Yours truly,
Grenmore*

Grenmore Horten. He was beginning to accept the name. Everyone in this city knew him, he seemed to be friends with the current head of town and he was a respected member of society. He had enough money to last him a while, so he could decide on what to do. He also seemed to have invested in some businesses, since he had a small income from different sources. Not enough to live this lifestyle and pay Margret on but enough to get him by if he absolutely had to. The question now was what kind of job he could and should do. He still wanted to blend in, so it had to be something a rich, successful and influential man would do. Politics? Maybe some job with the police like he did before? Or he could open a business himself. There was a war coming, maybe he could specialise in uniforms and later change to suits. He did not want to produce weapons, so uniforms were quite a good idea. He should make some inquiries about what he would have to do.

He was outlining his future business when Dumbledore's reply arrived:

Dear Grenmore,

I am unsettled and elated about what you know. We seem to have been quite good friends if I told you about all of that. Everything regarding Grindelwald is my best kept secret in this era. As you might know, I am and will most likely always be in love with him and I pray you do not have to face that as well. I was unable to save my lover from becoming a foe of mankind, I could only save him from death and until this day I am not sure he would not rather be dead than forever imprisoned. If I had the opportunity to go back in time, I would try to change his mind, to show him the error in his ways and save the life we had. Even if we fought, I was happy back then. I don't know if you ever saw a good side of the one you had to oppose. If not, then please believe that he has one. No one is born evil, it is only what the world makes us into. And even if some are more prone to doing evil deeds than others, being born with a mind able to hurt others does not mean that one absolutely has to do it. If you find yourself in a position able to change him before he falls to darkness, I urge you to do so. Even if you fail, trying is the most noble thing you can do. And most likely the only thing your mind will allow you if you are the man I think you are.

*Yours truly,
Albus*

Change him before he falls into darkness. Well, but how? Right now, he was only a six-year-old- oh. Oh ... he was a six-year-old orphan. An orphan. Harry could have slapped himself. Of course the boy was an orphan. He detested the place he lived in, he had no friends there and somewhere in his later years he began using magic to terrorise other children. Really, Harry should know what that was like. Living somewhere where no one wanted you, where no one would befriend you, where to only good you could get was seeing someone else more miserable than you were yourself. The solution to that was easy.

He would give Tom a home.