

# Growing Up

Von Pris

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## Introductions and First Steps

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter. If I did, I wouldn't write this.

If those true to the Noble and Ancient House of Black knew what was going on in their ancestral home they would spin in their graves. Sirius Black, on the other hand, was most likely dancing in the afterlife. Assuming there was one. But considering the presence of ghosts one could assume that an afterlife really existed. At the moment, a party was taking place in No 12, Grimmauld Place. The reason was, that He-Whose-Name-Was-A-Stupid-Anagram, better known as Lord Voldemort or You-Know-Who, had been killed by Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived-To-Defeat-He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Apparently witches and wizards were very fond of stupid titles, as above mentioned had in fact been printed in several papers and magazines.

To the complete disappointment of everyone, except those directly involved, Voldemort had not been defeated in a final battle of epic proportions. Moldysorts, sorry, Voldemort had come to No 4, Privet Drive in the disguise of a travelling salesman. He had cleverly masked his presence and Harry had let him inside none the wiser. Because The Dark Lord liked to play with his victims he had started to talk to the teen. Who had offered him some of the peanuts he had been eating. Unbeknownst to everybody, even Voldemort himself, the Dark Lord was allergic to peanuts. And had died, more or less instantly, of an anaphylactic shock. Upon his death the illusions masking his appearance failed, and a very surprised Harry Potter found himself with a dead Dark Lord at his feet.

This was the reason for the party, which doubled as a sixteenth birthday party for Harry. Nothing could dampen the mood of the celebrants. Not even old Mrs Black's portrait, which had been taken out by getting rid of the whole wall it was mounted on. The whole Order of the Phoenix and DA was present. Even Snape was laughing, which had almost shocked some of the others into heart attacks. Two of the loudest guests were the Weasley Twins, which was no surprise at all. They had supplied some of their products to liven up things a bit. Not that it was needed, but it was fun none the less. Right now they were huddled over a bottle of butter beer, adding something to it. On their faces were identical mischievous grins.

"Oy, Harry!" Fred shouted. "I bet you can't drink a butter beer ex!"

"Course I can, Gred. Give that to me!" Harry answered a bit slurred to the challenge, as he was already slightly drunk. Had he been sober he might have remembered that it was never a good idea to eat or drink anything offered by the twins. Harry took the bottle and drank its contents down in one go and collapsed immediately after finishing.

"Didn't know that he was that..." Forge started.

"...drunk already that a butter beer would knock him out!" Gred finished.

Suddenly, the heap that was Harry sneezed.

"Ron, that didn't sound like Harry," Hermione said.

Ron nodded to this and knelt down next to the pile of robes. When he finally found something in there he was surprised to see a little boy with green eyes and a lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead. He was about fifteen months old. Immediately upon seeing Ron he started wailing. Awkwardly he picked his best friend up and wrapped him in his much too large T-Shirt. Hermione was preparing to start yelling.

"What have you two morons done now?! Do you have an antidote or were you stupid enough to give him something untested without preparing a counteragent first?!" Hermione shouted in a good imitation of Molly Weasley.

"Well, you see,..."

"...he was supposed to turn into..."

"...a purple chinchilla."

"Not into..."

"...a baby." Fred and George stammered.

"Do you write down the formula at least?" Hermione asked.

"Yes!" the twins chorused.

"Pray to what ever deity you believe in that it is possible to turn him back. If this is not reversible I will make life living hell for you!" Hermione hissed.

"And I will help. Now we will go to Mum." Ron stated.

The twins looked very nervous about that.

Molly Weasley had been furious with her sons. And told them so, shouting at the top of her voice. Professor Snape had been provided with the formula and would try to find a cure for the boy. As amusing as the situation was, he would try to be fast. He owed the brat a life debt. This was taking him a step closer to repaying.

The twins would be punished properly, as they had to look after Harry until he returned to normal. Right now, it was the morning after the party, they were standing in their apartment above their shop looking at the little boy sleeping in a crib.

"This can't be too hard, Fred."

"Well, I don't know, George. We have to change him, bathe him, feed him, the list is endless."

"I know, but there's only one of him and two of us."

"That doesn't mean anything! Do you remember how tired cousin Emily and her husband were when Tim was little?"

"Good point, brother. We will see how it will turn out."

Little Harry chose that moment to wake up crying. Fred picked him up and tried to calm him.

"He's wet and hungry, I think. I will change him and you will find him something to eat. Mind that it's healthy, or Mum will have our heads, George!" Fred said and left for the bathroom.

"Let's get you dry, little one. I think we should start with getting your shoes and trousers off." Fred said and Harry quieted at the prospect of getting his diaper changed. Fred had no problem with undressing and cleaning Harry. Putting on the new diaper was a bit more difficult, as they weren't using muggle disposable ones. Those couldn't be charmed against odour and diaper rash. It took him a few tries to get it right and Harry was starting to get impatient.

"So, done now. Wanna see what George's got for you?" Fred asked. Harry looked at him doubtful. How could someone, who was exactly the same as the one who had taken so long to change him, get him something decent to eat?

"Come on, Harry. It won't be so bad." Fred responded to the look. Harry's expression didn't change.

In the meantime George had prepared something to eat for Harry. He hoped the boy liked mashed bananas.

Feeding Harry was a very messy affair. About twice the amount of banana they got him to eat was spread over Harry, the twins, and the kitchen.

"Bathing time, Harry!" Fred said and Harry's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. The twins decided to bathe with Harry, as they were as sticky as him.

Bathing with Harry was a lot of fun. The little boy was delighted with the multicoloured bubble bath, the red water, and the animated fish. He had Fred and George build castles out of the foam and tried to catch the fish. He even succeeded once. The twins were glad that they had decided to hop into the tub with Harry, as they would have been sopping wet anyway. Dressing Harry now went rather quick, as they knew how to put on a diaper now.

While they were cleaning the kitchen Harry started to cry again.

"What's wrong, little one?" Fred asked.

"Mama?" Harry hiccupped.

"Your Mama and Papa are in Heaven with the angels Harry." George said.

"Back?" Harry asked.

"They won't come back. But they are watching over you." Fred answered.

It took them a while to calm Harry down.

## A Day With Snape

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter.

Thanks to my Beta.

Later in the morning Professor Snape stopped by to fetch the twins' notes on their potion. He was surprised to see them in one piece after a morning with a toddler.

"Madam Pomfrey will be by in a quarter of an hour to check his health and his abilities. I will be as quick as I can about the antidote." Snape said.

As he turned to leave he found himself confronted with Harry.

"Up!" Harry demanded.

"You want me to pick you up, Potter?" Snape asked. Harry nodded.

"If you tell anyone about this I will kill you and use you in a potion. Understood?" He said as he picked Harry up. Fred and George nodded and silently left the room.

The truth was that Professor Snape had never really hated Harry Potter. He had acted the way he had to keep his cover. That didn't mean that he really liked the boy. He disliked children on principle. But he had found that he respected the boy. They had grown up under similar circumstances and Snape was amazed that the boy's spirit had never been broken, despite everything life had flung at him. He had even apologized to Potter after the Dark Lord's defeat. In private, of course. They had reached an understanding, and given a few years time, they even might become friends.

"I don't think you remember who I am at the moment. My name is Severus Snape. Can you say that?" Snape asked. Harry screwed his face up in concentration.

"Sev'rus Snape!" Harry tried.

"That's close enough, Harry. What did you do today?" Snape said.

"Bath!" Harry answered.

"I guess you liked that. I have to go now." Snape said. He passed Harry to one of the twins and said goodbye. He smiled as he left.

Madam Pomfrey's visit went by uneventfully. Harry was a perfectly normal fifteen-month-old baby boy.

After lunch, which they managed without getting covered in it, and a nap they went shopping, as they only had the bare necessities for Harry. They started with making a list, of course.

"Okay, Fred, what do we need?" asked George.

"More diapers, we only have four right now. Baby food, you know, that stuff in glasses. Clothes and some toys." Fred answered.

"Got it. What about a pram or buggy?" George wanted to know.

"Good idea. We'll get all that in Diagon alley. There's a store there that specializes in baby things." Fred said.

After making sure that Harry was appropriately dressed they went down to the alley. While they were making their way to the shop Fred had mentioned Harry was looking around with eyes big as saucers. There were so many bright and shiny things everywhere! Long metal tubes in a shop decorated with stars, books of which Harry wondered if there were interesting stories inside. They passed a shop with many metal objects in the windows. Then they came by a shop that smelled really nasty. And finally they reached a shop that fascinated Harry. There were toys in the window! He giggled when they went inside. He started to wriggle in arms of the nice man holding him. He wanted down!

"No Harry, you have to stay with me. Look, there's a seat in the shopping car!" Fred said.

Harry was put in the seat. He didn't really like that, but it was better than being carried. First they went to the boring stuff, like diapers and wipes. Then they got to the food section. They even asked him what he liked! And bought some sweets, too!

The clothes were fun. He got shirts with flying brooms, dragons and snitches!

And finally they got to the section he liked most. There were so many toys! Stuffed plush animals, colourful blocks, animated action figures and many other things.

"Well Harry, I will lift you out of the car now. Then I will take your hand and you can show me what you like. If it's okay for you we might buy it. All right?" George asked.

"Awight!" Harry said.

Harry held George's hand. That was a bit difficult because George was so tall. First, he pulled him to the blocks and pointed.

"You want blocks?" Fred asked. Harry nodded. The twins had no objections to that. Then he pulled them over to the plush animals.

"Stag!" Harry said.

"You want a stag? Well let's see if they have one." George said. When they found one Harry was delighted.

"Do you want another one, Harry?" Fred asked.

Harry looked around. He didn't know many names yet. "Owl." He finally decided. It took them a while to find an owl Harry liked. The one he finally agreed to looked like Pig. Harry got some crayons and paper as well.

After they paid they went to the shop next door. It sold prams and buggies. They chose one in dark blue with shooting stars. It had a built in feather weight charm that would make navigating stairs easier. On the way home Harry fell asleep in his new buggy. When they reached home they prepared dinner, which Harry nearly fell asleep in. After they had washed him they put him to bed. Harry fell asleep immediately.

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Harry had been with Fred and George for three weeks now and they had settled into a routine. They would take turns watching after Harry and minding the shop. At the moment, Fred was sitting on the floor with Harry.

"Can you say block, Harry?" Fred asked.

"Block!" Harry replied.

"Good. It's coloured red. Say red Harry." Fred said.

"Red!"

"Can you show me something red, Harry?"

"Shirt!"

"Yes, your shirt is red. This block is blue."

"Blue!"

"Good, Harry. Show me something blue."

"Touses!"

"Yes, the trousers are blue. This is yellow."

"Yellow."

"Right. What is yellow, Harry?"

"Shoes."

"Exactly, my shoes are yellow. And this is green?"

"Green. Grass green."

"Ah, you know the game. So what colour is this block?"

"Blue!"

Fred continued teaching Harry colours. He picked them up fast. Harry was a bright little boy.

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Professor Snape approached Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes. He was a bit anxious about the meeting that was about to occur. He had rather bad news. He entered the shop.

"Good morning, Professor. Are you here about Harry?" George asked.

"Yes. I need to talk to you and your brother." Snape said.

George locked the door, put a closed sign in the window and motioned for Snape to follow him. Fred and Harry were upstairs in the flat. Snape was greeted with a hug from Harry.

"I studied your formula. I couldn't find a mistake. I tested it every way possible, even on myself, as I assume you did. I turned into a purple chinchilla for five minutes, as was the intended effect." Snape said.

"Yes, we did test on ourselves, and everything went according to plan with us. What do you think happened?" Fred asked.

"It must have been an allergic reaction of some sort. It definitely wasn't a reaction with anything he had eaten. The point is that I can't find a cure. I consulted with Madame Pomfrey, and she agrees that he has to grow up the normal way, as there isn't a way to give him his memories back." Snape said gravely.

"That is bad news." George said.

"Not necessarily. It's a chance for Harry to have a normal life. That was always his greatest wish." Fred mused.

"I hadn't looked at it that way. Professor, would you mind staying with Harry a bit? We need to discuss about what to do now." George asked.

"I have nothing to do today, Mr Weasley. I will take him to the park. He should like that. When should I bring him back?" Snape answered.

"At about five, if that's okay." Fred said.

"That's well." Snape answered.

The twins agreed and packed the stuff Snape would need for the day.

It was a sunny day outside, perfect for a stay in the park. As Snape made his way to



the Leaky Cauldron he earned many stares. The people wondered whose child the irascible Potions Master of Hogwarts was minding. Maybe his own? The rumours would fly today! Snape ignored all of this and went through the pub without a word as he reached it. Then he went to Hyde Park. There were bound to be other children to play with Harry. He found a few mothers with their children near the Peter Pan statue. After letting Harry loose he settled down on a bench and watched him play with the other children. The twins were right. This was exactly the chance Harry had always wanted. Severus himself would give everything to get a chance like this. A woman sitting down next to him pulled him out of his musings.

"Good morning! It's unusual to see a father here." The woman said.

"I'm looking after him for friends today." Snape answered.

"Sorry. My name is Judy Garland. My daughter is that little girl over there next to your boy.

Her name is Mary." Mrs Garland said.

"I am Severus Snape. The boy's name is Harry." Snape answered. Couldn't this woman just go away?

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr Snape." The woman said.

"The pleasure is all mine." Snapes words were dripping with sarcasm as he said this.

Unfortunately the woman didn't take the hint.

"So, how old is he? Mary is almost two." Mrs Garland said.

"Fifteen months." Snape answered flatly. Maybe she would go away if he became monosyllabic. He had no such luck.

"Children are so delightful at that age, don't you agree?" The woman asked.

"No. Harry is the only child I can stand without wanting to throttle it." Perhaps he could scare her away.

"Well, small children can get on your nerves sometimes, I admit. But when they get older it gets better!" Mrs Garland babbled.

"Not in my experience." Snape replied darkly.

"How would you know if you don't have children?" The woman asked.

"I teach at a boarding school. I am surrounded by teenagers twenty-four/seven nine months a year. I know everything about teenagers." Snape growled.

"Why do you teach if you don't like it?" She asked.

"I actually like teaching. Most of the time." Snape said.

"Really? What times do you don't like then?" The woman asked.

"When they destroy my classroom, catch them in pairs after curfew, find them bullying someone..." Snape trailed off.

"Oh. Well, I have to go now. It was nice speaking to you." The woman said.

"Good bye." Snape ground out through clenched teeth.

He fetched Harry for lunch. The boy didn't really like the mashed peas, but ate them anyway. Snape gave him a cookie as reward. Then he put him to sleep. While the boy was sleeping he ate his own lunch and read his favourite book, 'A Canticle for Leibowitz' by Walter M. Miller. His father would have killed him for reading muggle novels. If the Dark Lord hadn't been stopped something like in this book could have happened. He wondered if Voldemort would have survived if someone had nuked him. His body would have been destroyed, but his spirit might have lived on. But what if Harry had dropped the bomb? Would he have died then? It was pointless musing about this, as Riddle was already dead.

Harry began to stir. Perhaps he should take him to the zoo?

"Hello Harry. Did you sleep well?" Snape asked.

"Yes." Harry answered.

"Would you like to go to the zoo?"

"Zoo?"

"That's a place where you can look at animals. Some you can even pet."

"Zoo!"

And off they went. On the tube Snape got many comments about his cute 'son'. He didn't bother to correct the people. Harry liked the zoo, especially the snakes. Not surprising for a parselmouth. When it neared five he took Harry home. He wondered what the twins had decided to do.

A/N:

1. There is a Peter Pan statue in Hyde Park. I don't know I there's a playground.
2. 'A Canticle for Leibowitz' is a real book, one of my favourites. I thought of having Snape read 'The forever war' by Joe Haldeman or 'Starship Troopers' by Heinlein.

## Many Conversations and Deeds

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter.

The delay of this chapter is due to personal problems of my beta. I thank her that she could look over this anyway.

### Many Conversations and Deeds

Fred and George went to the apparition point in Diagon Alley, both deep in thought. They knew what they had to do. They apparated to Hogsmeade and made their way up to the school. When they reached the gargoyle that guarded the Headmaster's office they knocked it on the head.

"We need to speak to the Headmaster. It's urgent." One of them said.

The gargoyle leapt aside and revealed the staircase. They were told to come inside as soon as they reached the top of the stairs.

"Messrs Weasley, I expected to see you today. What can I do for you?" Dumbledore greeted them.

"Well, we were wondering..." Fred began.

"...if we could adopt Harry, sir." George ended.

"Why do you want to do that?" The Headmaster asked.

"One, it's our fault that he was deaged and lost his memories permanently." Fred said.

"Two, we both can't have children of our own." George continued.

"We know this because we considered donating for a sperm bank to get funds for our shop." Fred elaborated.

"They told us that both our sperm was completely useless." George went on.

"Wanting to know more, we went to specialists once we had established the shop with Harry's help." Fred stated.

"It's a new mutation of our Y-Chromosome that our father obviously doesn't share." George elaborated.

"We even discreetly collected blood samples from our brothers and had them checked." Fred continued.

"None of them shares this mutation." George finished.

"Well, I see you want to take responsibility for your actions. What would you do if you could adopt Harry?" Dumbledore asked.

"We would move to a bigger house with a garden, somewhere in a nice Village." George said.

"Then we would hire some shop assistants." Fred continued.

"That way one of us can keep inventing while the other looks after Harry until he is old enough for Kindergarten." George elaborated.

"We would send him there for contact with other children." Fred finished.

"I'm surprised about your level of planning, boys." The Headmaster mused.

"Well, we may seem like irresponsible and thoughtless idiots,..." George started.

"...but we are actually quite sober individuals." Fred continued.

"Being pranksters was our niche, and everyone needed a good laugh in times like these." George finished.

"I never thought about it that way. Do you consider a full magical adoption?" Dumbledore asked.

"Is that even possible?" The twins chorused.

"Indeed it is. You would both add a drop of your blood to the potion. As you have slightly different magical signatures this will be enough to satisfy the need for a complete set of new parents. Your DNA is the same though, so only James will be replaced as his father. Lily will stay his mother. And he won't inherit your genetic defect as the potion is specifically designed for those purposes." Dumbledore said.

"We would both be Harry's father, and Lily Potter would stay his mother?" Fred asked.

"Exactly." The Headmaster said.

"We will do that, then." George decided.

"Splendid! Will you change his name?" Dumbledore asked.

"Well, first name would be Henry. It's better than Harry and he can keep that as a nickname." Fred started.

"Middle name Arthur, of course." George continued.

"And last name Weasley." Fred finished.

"Henry Arthur Weasley. Has a nice ring to it, if I may say so. When will you tell the rest of your family?" The Headmaster asked.

"We will confront them with the fait accompli on Sunday." Fred said.

"Somehow that doesn't surprise me. We will be through with everything by Saturday." Dumbledore laughed.

"Great. We will go then, sir." George said.

"We have a house to find and job offers to place." Fred added.

They bid their farewell and left. Then they made their way back to London and went to a realtor in Diagon Alley.

[c]\*\*\*[/c]

"Good morning, sirs. I am Miss Greensleeves. What can I do for you?" The secretary asked.

"Good morning, miss. We are looking for a house somewhere in a Village." Fred said.

"We have a catalogue of all the properties we are offering. If you have something special in mind I could advise you personally." Miss Greensleeves said.

"Well, we want something with a garden, three bedrooms, and two guestrooms big enough for two." Fred started.

"It should be somewhere quiet, in a place good for children." George finished.

"I think I have just the thing for you. It is near Abington Pigotts in Cambridgeshire, a two-storey house from the Victorian era. Kitchen, living room, a dining room, a bathroom and a library on the ground floor, four bedrooms, two bathrooms and two guestrooms on the first floor. It also has a basement. The house is surrounded by a garden. The price would be one hundred thousand Galleons." The secretary said.

"Could we look at it before we decide?" Fred asked.

"Of course. Follow me, please. We will take a portkey." Miss Greensleeves said.

Fred and George followed her and portkeyd to Abington Pigotts. The house was just what they wanted. After they went back to London they bought it without further ado. Then they went to the Floo Regulations Office and had their new house hooked up. Afterwards, they acquired two young house-elves. After sending them to the house they went home via the Daily Prophet to put in their job offer.

[c]\*\*\*[/c]

Snape brought Harry back at exactly five o'clock.

"Did you sort out what you had to talk about?" He asked.

"Yes. We are going to adopt Harry." Fred said.

"You are?" Snape asked incredulously.

"Yes. We already bought a house and put our job offer in the Prophet." George said.

"It will be a full magical adoption." Fred continued.

"We accidentally found out that we are both sterile because of a genetic defect." George elaborated.

"And we wouldn't wish us on any male or female as a partner anyway." Fred finished.

"You actually thought through all that." Snape stated.

"Yes. The Headmaster is handling the paperwork." Fred said.

"In that case I should better return to Hogwarts, as he will have a potion for me to brew." After bidding his farewell Snape left.

[c]\*\*\*[/c]

In the following days the twins had to struggle through a mountain of paperwork and furnish their house. The guest rooms were simple. Each got a double bed, bedside tables with some drawers, a wardrobe, and two easy chairs. One was done in blue, one in green and one in yellow. Their own bedrooms were easy as well. Fred got a hammock instead of a bed, a sofa, with a low table and some shelves for knick-knacks and books. Everything was done in black and white. George's room was the same, except he chose a futon. The rest of his furniture was Japanese styled as well. He covered his wall with moving anime posters.

Harry's room was the most difficult. After much arguing they charmed the ceiling to look like the night sky and painted the walls sky-blue. The shelves and wardrobes they filled with toys and clothes.

Besides the usual furniture they put a charmed TV set complete with DVD player and sound system in the living room. They moved in on Friday.

On Friday evening they gave Harry the adoption potion. Both twins couldn't sleep that night because they were wondering what Harry would look like in the morning.

"Good morning, dear brother. You look as nervous as I feel." Fred said.

"Ditto, Fred. Do you think he will have red hair and freckles?" George asked.

"We will see in a minute." Fred answered.

Together they went into Harry's room. He woke up as they were looking into his crib. His eyes were still green, but of a slightly lighter shade. His hair was a dark red and he had a few freckles on his cheeks and nose. He was a bit taller as well.

"Good morning, Henry Arthur Weasley. What do you want for breakfast?" George asked.

"Bikkits." Harry slurred tiredly.

"Okay. While I wash and dress you, Papa Fred will prepare breakfast." George said.

"I hope Papa George will manage to wake you up!" Fred laughed.

Fred and George spent a wonderful day with their son. Harry even took to calling them Papa Fred and Papa George and he never confused them.

A/N: Abington Pigotts really exists. I found it like this: Go to Wikipedia, look for the county 42 (Cambridgeshire) and find a small village to which information is available (e.g. the census).

## Comes the Inquisitor

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter. I may be female, but I'm definitely not that old or English.

Many thanks to my Beta.

On with the story.

### Comes the Inquisitor

On Sunday morning Molly Weasley was standing in her kitchen washing up after breakfast. She was surprised to suddenly see one of her twin sons standing in the doorway.

"George dear, you should have brought Fred and Harry with you! And a week sooner at that!" Molly shouted.

"Morning, Mum. We had much to do. I'll tell everything when the others are here." George said.

Being very curious Molly shouted that everyone should come down at once. Bill was there with Fleur, Charlie with Tonks, Percy with Penelope, Ron with Hermione, and Ginny with Dean. Surprisingly Dean looked relatively unharmed. Last to come down was Arthur.

"Well George, spill." Molly all but growled.

"Yes Mum. On Monday morning, Professor Snape came by to tell us about the progress he had with our potion. He had tested it in every possible way and could find no fault. He assumes that Harry had a freak allergic reaction to the potion itself, not one of the ingredients. Therefore the process can't be reversed and Harry has to grow up the normal way. He won't get his memories back either." George said.

"And what are you going to do now?" Arthur asked faintly.

"We left Harry with Snape on Monday and went to see Professor Dumbledore. He helped arrange the adoption." George answered. In the following silence you could have heard a pin drop.

"Come again, George." Bill said.

"We adopted Harry. His name is Henry Arthur Weasley now. We even bought a house. We moved in on Friday." George listed.

"The Headmaster let you two adopt him?" Charlie asked.



"Obviously." George said.

"Where did you get the money for the house?" Molly asked.

"Well, the shop was going really well, so we had a bit more than fifty thousand Galleons cash. The rest was covered by a loan. We will have paid it back in two years." George answered.

"I need a drink." Arthur said.

"Not in the morning!" Molly replied sternly.

"Will Fred and Harry come by today?" Ginny asked.

"Yes, they are waiting outside." George answered.

As soon as Fred stepped inside with Harry, Molly picked Harry out of Fred's arms at once. Harry didn't like that one bit and started crying. George took him back and Harry quieted.

"There now, Harry, no need to cry. Look, this is your Grandma Molly and your Grandpa Arthur. That's your Auntie Ginny with her boyfriend Dean. Later we will tell Dean that we have a shovel and know how to use it. This is your Uncle Ron with his girlfriend Hermione. Next to him is your Uncle Percy with his fiancée Penelope. And that is your Uncle Charlie with his girlfriend Nymphadora. But she doesn't like that name, so you have to call her Tonks. And finally we come to your Uncle Bill and his fiancée Fleur. She's French. Say hello Harry." George said.

"Hello." Harry said.

"Now I'm gonna give you to Grandma. Will you stay with her a bit for me, Harry?" George asked. At Harry's nod he handed him over.

"Hello Harry. I'm sorry I frightened you. Did you have breakfast?" Molly asked. Harry nodded.

"What did you have?" She inquired.

"Ridge." Harry answered.

"That's his word for porridge, Mum." Fred supplied.

"What do you feed him normally?" Molly asked.

"Well, for breakfast he gets cereals, porridge, toast or sometimes eggs and bacon. At around ten he eats some fruit. For lunch he eats what we eat, normal English food. In the afternoon he gets some more fruit and a sweet. And for dinner we eat bread, cheese, ham...you get the idea." George answered.

"Do you feed him vegetables?" Molly asked.

"Well, we eat a vegetarian lunch four times a week and there is always salad and a vegetable side dish when have meat for lunch. Mum, he's been living with us for almost a month. Madam Pomfrey insists on checking him every week and she even put a monitoring spell on us for one week without us knowing to find out what we fed him and she approved. She most likely knows everything about proper nutrition. Satisfied, Mum?" Fred asked.

"With that, yes. When and where does he sleep?" Molly inquired further.

"Since we moved to the house he has his own room. Before his crib stood in either my or Fred's room. We put him to bed at seven o'clock in the evening and he sleeps until seven o'clock in the morning. After lunch he sleeps for an hour." George answered.

Molly blinked. "Good. What do you do with him all day and what do you do?" She asked.

"After breakfast one of us goes to the shop to let in the assistants, we hired two. Then the one at the shop starts working on new products. We eat lunch together at home and switch places, so the one who stayed with Harry is at the shop in the afternoon and comes home after closing the shop in time for dinner." Fred started.

"Usually we play with Harry or go to the park to meet other children. We read to him a lot as well. The new house came with a big garden where we will put a swing set and a sandbox. The house also came with a fairly big library that actually has a section of children's books, so we won't run out of things to read. It contains no dark arts books." George finished.

"Who does the housework?" Molly asked.

"We hired two house-elves. We even managed to get them to accept a pay of one Galleon a month. They refused more." Fred answered.

"You astound me, boys. Where did you learn all this?" Molly asked floored.

"Well, we know how to manage a shop and we remembered what you did. We expanded from there." George answered.

"One question: Isn't Zonko's a huge competition for you?" Bill asked.

"Not really. We already own thirty percent of Zonko's shares and thus are second greatest shareholder. With the bonus of the shares we own we slowly buy the last nineteen percent. We prepare for a hostile takeover in the long run. At the moment we supply Zonko's with some of our products. All this combined with our mail-order catalogue puts some strain on Zonko's." Fred answered.

"It seems that you are more than capable to care for a child and provide everything it

needs." Arthur said.

"I never expected to get the first grandchild from you two. I am very proud of you. I never thought you would be this responsible. I'm so sorry that I assumed that you wouldn't dream of doing anything remotely like this. I thought you would push him over to me if it came to the worst." Molly said with tears in her eyes.

"It's okay, Mum. We know what image we project. Why don't you hand Harry over to Dad and I will make you a cup of tea." Fred suggested. Molly gave Harry to Arthur and finally sat down. Fred busied himself at the stove.

"Hello Harry. Apparently those two named you after me. My full name is Arthur Henry Weasley. Who's this?" He asked and pointed at George.

"Papa George!" Harry said.

"And this?" He asked pointing at Bill.

"Uncle Bill." Harry answered.

"Do you know who I am?" Arthur asked.

"Grampa." Harry said.

"Good boy. Perhaps you will have a few cousins soon." Arthur said looking at Percy and Bill.

"Oy, Dad! Let us marry first!" Bill exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, Dad. Our first children won't be born 'premature'! Right, Bill?" Percy added and Bill nodded. Arthur had the decency to blush at that and Molly murmured that she better started preparing lunch.

While Molly prepared lunch the others sat around the table and talked. Harry was passed from lap to lap. At lunch everyone except Fred and George were amazed that Harry never once made a fuss about what he was supposed to eat. After lunch Fred and George sat under a tree in the Garden with Harry asleep in Fred's arms. Molly came out to them and just watched for a while.

"He looks like you two, you know?" She said softly.

"Yes. He's the cutest baby I have ever seen. But I guess all parents say that." George replied.

"I know you, boys. There is something more than a sense of duty behind all your actions. I think you might have adopted him anyway, but a full magical adoption is a far bigger step than a sense of duty would dictate. Why did you do this?" Molly asked.

"You see, we considered donating for a sperm bank, but they told us that our sperm

was completely useless." Fred said.

"Harry gave us his winnings from the Tournament so we got money for our business anyway." George continued.

"Once we had the money we went to a specialist to see if anything could be done." Fred elaborated.

"We both have a random mutation on the Y-Chromosome that makes us completely sterile." George sighed.

"We managed to get blood samples from our brothers and had them tested. They don't share the mutation." Fred finished.

"So when this chance presented itself you grabbed it and ran." Molly stated.

"Yes, something like that." George said.

"I won't tell any of the others. Especially not your father. Do you blame him?" Molly asked.

"He obviously doesn't share the mutation, so why would we?" Fred replied.

"I'm glad you told me. This is too much of a burden to carry alone. If you ever need me, I will be there. And I expect to see Harry at least once a week!" Molly said.

"Sure, Mum. You can come over any time you like." Fred answered.

Harry looked around. His Papas were talking to Grama and Grampa and had left him with Uncle Ron, Auntie Ginny, Dean and Mione. He wasn't sure if he liked that. They were upstairs in a very orange room that belonged to Uncle Ron. Everywhere were pictures of people in orange robes carrying brooms. Perhaps they were Quidditch players? He decided to ask.

"Kiddif?" He asked pointing at a picture.

"Yes, those are Quidditch players, Harry. Do you like Quidditch?" Uncle Ron said.

"Papa says fun." Harry said.

"Perhaps you can come and watch one day when we play at school." Auntie Ginny said.

"School fun?" Harry asked.

"Most of the time," Mione said.

"Mione up!" Harry demanded.

"Do you want me to pick you up, Harry?" Mione asked. Harry nodded.

After he was settled on Mione's lap Harry leaned back and started sucking his thumb. The others thought that was cute. He watched them talking. Most of the words he didn't understand. But they often repeated the name Snape. They were talking about the man who had taken him to the zoo! He let go of his thumb.

"Sev'rus Snape!" He said.

"Do you know Professor Snape, Harry?" Auntie Ginny asked.

"Went zoo." Harry said.

"Professor Snape took you to the Zoo?" Dean asked surprised.

"Fun!" Harry said. The others just looked.

"Will wonders ever cease?" Mione asked.

After this exciting day Harry nearly fell asleep in his dinner, so Fred and George hurried to get him home and to bed. Bathing was a nerve wrecking affair, as they had to be extra careful with the sleepy child. Harry fell asleep on the way from the bathroom to his bedroom and didn't even wake when he was laid down in the crib. Fred and George watched him sleep for a long time.

A/N: The title is taken from an Babylon 5 episode. It seemed fitting...

# Grandma and Quidditch

Disclaimer: I am not JKR. Therefore I own nothing but the plot.

The delay was caused by the death of my Beta's father.

## Grandma and Quidditch

On Wednesday Molly Weasley decided to visit her grandson. Ron, Ginny, Hermione and Dean would be at Diagon Alley the whole day and her other sons didn't live at home any more. She would take the floo as it was difficult to apparate somewhere one had never been before. One needed a clear picture of the intended destination to avoid splinching. Therefore every apparition platform worldwide had its own unique pattern. Together with geographic coordinates it was possible to apparate somewhere new.

As Molly stepped out of the floo she nearly tripped over a house-elf.

"Good morning, Mistress. Me is Merry. What can Merry do for you?" It asked.

"I am looking for my son and grandson. Do you know where they are?" Molly replied.

"Master Fred and Young Master Harry are in the library. This way, please follow Merry." It answered.

As Molly followed the house-elf down the hall she took in her surroundings. The house was very stylishly decorated. She passed what looked like a dining room. Molly wondered if they ate there every day. When they reached a door at the end of the hall the house-elf left.

Assuming that it was the library she stepped in silently. Mothers are usually very good at that. She took in the sight that greeted her. Fred was sitting on a sofa with Harry in his lap reading a book to him. From the conversation she gathered that it was a picture book. She listened to them for a while.

"What's this, Harry?" Fred asked.

"Cat." Harry answered.

"What does a cat sound like?" Fred asked.

"Meow." Harry said.

"Right, Harry. What do you call a baby cat?" Fred asked.

"Kitten." Harry answered.

"Well done, Harry. And you can come in, Mum. There's no need to stand in the door." Fred said.

"Hello dears. You just looked so cute together. But how did you know I was here?" Molly asked.

"We warded the house pretty heavily. Right now only blood relatives or people with a written and specifically charmed invitation can come in without a nasty surprise." Fred said.

Molly sat down next to him and took Harry.

"The wards alerted you, then. Did you do the warding alone?" Molly asked.

"Yes. The Headmaster checked them, though. Why don't I give you a full tour of the house and the garden?" Fred replied.

Molly liked the house. It was what she had dreamed of for raising her children. The garden was just beautiful.

"Do you have problems with gnomes?" Molly asked.

"Not really. Harry loves watching us degnoming, so we don't mind them that much." Fred answered.

"Well, then you can come and degnome my garden, if he loves it so much!" Molly said.

"Okay, Mum. Ginny and Ron return to school on Sunday, right?" Fred asked.

"Yes. You better come and see them off!" Molly replied sternly.

"We were intending to do so. How long is Charlie staying?" Fred inquired.

"Well, he got a job at Gringotts, handling security dragons. He is looking for a flat in London." Molly answered.

"He could have the flat above our shop. It's empty now." Fred said.

"I will tell him tonight." Molly replied. They went inside again.

George returned home for lunch and wasn't surprised to see his mother there.

"Hi Mum! How do you like the house?" He asked.

"It's nice. This place will be good for Harry." Molly answered.

"That's why we bought it." Fred said.

After lunch Fred went to work and George put Harry to bed for a nap. Molly played with Harry all afternoon before she had to go home to start dinner.

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Harry woke up from a bad dream and called for his Papas. Papa Fred came in.

"Did you have a bad dream, little one?" Papa Fred asked.

"Bad Man hurt Mama." Harry hiccupped.

"The Bad Man is gone. Do you want to come with me for the rest of the night?" Papa Fred asked. Harry nodded and was immediately lifted up by his Papa. Back in Papa's hammock he snuggled close to him and fell asleep again soon.

When Harry woke up again it was morning. And this time Papa Fred had woken him.

"Good morning, sweetums. Did you sleep well?" Papa Fred asked. Harry nodded. "Good. Let's get dressed fast. Today we see Uncle Ron and Auntie Ginny off to school!"

"See Kiddif?" Harry asked.

"They play and see Quidditch there. But they will learn very much as well." Papa Fred said.

"Harry see Kiddif?" Harry asked.

"We will go for a match. We already talked to Professor Dumbledore. He allowed it." Papa Fred said.

"Pofessor Dumbedore?" Harry asked.

"Professor Dumbledore is the Headmaster of Hogwarts. Hogwarts is the school where Ron and Ginny go to." Papa Fred said.

"Professor Dumbledore. Hogwarts. Fun?" Harry asked.

"Hogwarts is very fun Harry. When you are older you will go there, too!" Papa Fred said.

They had reached the kitchen now and Papa Fred put Harry in his highchair and Papa George began to feed him bits of toast and egg. After they had finished breakfast and cleaned up Papa Fred wanted to put shoes on Harry. Harry didn't want shoes.

"Harry don't want shoes!" Harry said.

"We are going to London Harry. You will need your shoes there." Papa George said.



"Go London?" Harry asked.

"Yes, we go to London. There will be a train." Papa Fred said.

"See train?" Harry asked.

"Yes." Both Papas said.

Harry didn't complain about the shoes after that. But they had to floo to London.

"Fly?" Harry asked.

"That's too far, Harry." Papa Fred said.

"Bus?" Harry asked.

"That takes too long. Many people are taking the bus today. Now remember to hold on tight and don't open your eyes until we're there, okay?" Papa George said. Harry nodded and buried his face in Papa George's chest. He really didn't like flooing.

When everything stopped spinning Harry looked around. They were in the Leaky Cauldron but left through the door to muggle London immediately and went to Kings Cross.

The cars fascinated him. They were very shiny, but also very loud and smelly. They reached the station soon and made their way to platform 9 3/4. After passing through the barrier Harry let out a shout of delight. The scarlet steam engine was simply fascinating.

"Train!" Harry shouted.

"Yes, Harry. That's the train your aunt and uncle will take. And when you're older you will too. Do you see Grandma and Grandpa anywhere, Harry?" Papa Fred asked.

"There!" Harry shouted and pointed.

And surely there was a large group of redheads, Ron towering above them.

"Grandma! Grandpa!" Harry shouted and everyone turned to them.

Harry was passed around from family member to family member. He waved good bye to his aunt and uncle and their friends.

"We're going to go to the Burrow, Harry. Grandma will make lunch. Are you hungry?" Uncle Charlie asked.

Harry nodded, smiling.

"Excellent!" Molly exclaimed. "I prepared a special lunch for today."

They left the station by car. It was enchanted; otherwise it wouldn't have fit all. Harry liked the car much better than the floo or the bus.

After lunch Harry slept in the crib all Weasley Children had slept in and his fathers and Charlie settled the matter of the flat above the shop. They didn't want any money but Charlie insisted on paying rent.

In the afternoon they degnomed the garden, much to Harry's amusement and went flying.

Molly was shouting at them the whole time they were in the air. Harry found that very funny.

The Twins left with Harry after dinner.

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Ron felt terrible. Today was the first Quidditch match of the season, and against Slytherin, no less. To make matters worse his whole family would be watching. He didn't mind Harry; he was a baby, after all. But his older brothers, who had all played Quidditch at school, except Percy, would be there as well. They had all been quite good, and Charlie had even been Captain of the team. He was very afraid that he would terribly embarrass himself in front of his family. He could see that Ginny was as nervous as him. She hadn't eaten breakfast either. Hermione had thankfully left him alone at breakfast. He knew that if he had eaten something he would be sick right now. They left for the pitch and he walked beside Ginny.

"Ready for your execution, Ginny?" Ron asked.

"Not really. I wish we wouldn't play against Slytherin today. I think I'll die of shame should I lose the snitch to Malfoy." Ginny answered.

"Yeah, and I hope I don't let too many goals in." Ron said. They went on in silence.

After changing Ron entered the pitch with the rest of the team. He found the group of redheads that were his family without problems. He wished he were somewhere else now, perhaps somewhere over the rainbow.

Harry looked around. They were in the Quidditch stadium of Hogwarts, and he would see a real game today. His aunt and uncle were even playing today. His Papas had given him a red and gold flag with a lion on it to wave. He saw that there were many more people who had similar flags. Some were carrying green and silver flags with snakes on it. He didn't really like those. He saw the players coming onto the pitch, but he didn't recognize his aunt and uncle. A grey haired lady was talking to them and one player in red and one in green shook hands. Then the players took off. Harry liked the game. His uncle was guarding the hoops, and didn't let the red ball pass him. Harry thought that was good. His aunt was flying high above the other players, but suddenly she was diving towards the ground with another player in green following her. Just as

she pulled up with one fist held high in the air she was hit by another ball and fell of her broom. Harry knew that falling down hurt and started crying, because he was afraid for his aunt and felt that his Papas were frightened as well.

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Ginny woke to the sound of a crying baby. What was a baby doing in the infirmary? Then she remembered that her family had been watching today. The baby was Harry, then. Madam Pomfrey came in and swooped down on her as she saw that Ginny was awake.

"Well, Miss Weasley, you were lucky. You have a mild concussion and a sprained wrist, nothing serious. But you gave us all quite a scare, especially your nephew. He has been crying since you fell. I will let them in now. Honestly! A Quidditch match is no place for a baby!" Madam Pomfrey said and left in a huff.

Ginny's family came in, Fred in front with a hiccoughing Harry in his arms.

"Look, Harry. Auntie Ginny is all right now." Fred said.

"Yes Harry, I'm okay. Will you stop crying for me?" Ginny asked. Harry nodded, but kept sniffing.

"I'm really sorry I frightened you, Harry, but I promise that I wasn't hurt badly. And Madam Pomfrey made me better." Ginny said.

"Auntie Ginny okay now?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Harry. I'm okay now." Ginny answered.

Harry finally calmed down when Ginny allowed him to sit on her lap and he could make sure for himself. He even fell asleep on her.

A/N: I modelled the theory of apparating after the theory of jaunting from the novel 'The Stars My Destination' by Alfred Bester.

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter

Thanks to my new beta!

## Family Life

Molly was excited. She would have Harry today for the whole day, because the Twins had to test a new product. It was amazing that he had been with the Twins for more than four months now. She really was looking forward to the family Christmas next week; everyone would be there, and Molly loved a chance to spoil her children and grandchildren. But now she had to fetch Harry. She apparated into the Twins' kitchen and found them in the middle of breakfast.

"Hi, Mum. You're early," Fred said.

"Hello dears. Did you really expect me to be able to wait?" Molly asked.

"Not really, Mum. Say hello to Grandma, Harry," George said.

"Hello Grandma!" Harry cried happily.

"Hello my baby. We're going to make cookies today," Molly answered.

"Cookies good," Harry said.

"Yes, especially Mum's. Mum could make something delicious out of an old newspaper, right

George?" Fred inserted.

"Absolutely. Let's finish with breakfast before she gets impatient," George said with a wink. They were soon done and Molly could finally leave with Harry. Unfortunately they had to use the Floo, which Harry still didn't like, but Molly had had much practice calming down small children.

"Alright, sweetie. Let's get started with the cookies," Molly said and lifted Harry to her left hip. This way he could 'help' her. She let him add ingredients, but as he was doing so very enthusiastically he was soon covered in flour. While the cookies were baking she told Harry a story, the story of the Frog Prince.

"...and then the Princess threw the frog against a wall and he turned into a Prince. They married and lived happily ever after," Molly finished her story.

"Story!" Harry exclaimed.

"I will tell you another after lunch. Now I have to take the cookies out of the oven and make lunch. Play with your blocks for a while, sweetie," Molly said and put Harry down on the floor next to his blocks. She watched him out of the corner of her eyes. Harry built towers and threw them down as soon as they were finished. He looked like the twins when they were his age. It was a pity that they weren't able to have children as they had turned out to be wonderful fathers. She was really sorry to ever have doubted them. She was glad Harry had gotten this chance. For a time she had feared that he would commit suicide. In a way, Harry Potter was actually dead, as his memories had been lost. She would miss him, but now he would have the life he always dreamed of.

After lunch she told Harry another fairytale but he fell asleep halfway through it. In the afternoon she went outside with him to build a snowman. The twins came for dinner and announced that they had a new product, a sweet that would give the eater a flamingo beak for ten minutes. They still had to find a name, but that would come soon. Before they left Molly made them promise that they would stay at the Burrow for the holidays.



The Burrow resembled a can of sardines, so many people were there. Molly had had to bow to reason and had delegated some of the visitors to the Twins house, but still the Burrow was full, as the Grangers, the Delacours, the Tonkses and the Clearwaters were visiting. Molly was determined to fit all twenty-one people into her kitchen for Christmas dinner. And she did. It was truly a miracle.

On Christmas Day everyone came to the Burrow for breakfast and presents. Harry was excited because everything was different than his usual routine. He was a bit afraid of all the people, but his Papas, aunt, uncles, Grandma and Grandpa were there. Grandma had made a great breakfast. He had sat on almost everyone's lap. Currently he was with Uncle Charlie, who was telling him about dragons. Harry wanted to see a dragon. They sounded exciting.

Now everyone was going into the next room, where a tree with many colourful glass balls and stars and candles stood. There was a huge pile of brightly wrapped boxes beneath it. Harry wanted to see what was in there. The others started singing and he was getting impatient. After a long time Grandpa stood up and picked up a present. He gave it to Harry.

"Father Christmas brought this for you, Harry. He asked your Grandma and I what you should get and we suggested this," Grandpa said.

Harry tore through the wrapping paper. Inside were a wool blanket and a jumper with a broom and a lion on it. It was great. Uncle Charlie had told Father Christmas to give Harry a stuffed dragon which could roar. He got some more clothes and stuffed animals from Santa Clause. But his Papas had told Father Christmas that Harry would like a broom when he asked them. And he had got one! It didn't really fly, but he knew

that he would get one that would really fly when he was a big boy. He liked his broom anyway, because he knew that he couldn't fall off this one.

Harry watched as the others talked about the presents they had gotten from Santa Clause. Their talking made him feel safe and warm. He snuggled closer to whoever was holding him at the moment and drifted off to sleep.

‡

Ron was sure that this was the best Christmas ever. He missed his best friend Harry, but his nephew Harry made up for his absence. He had started to think of them as different people some time ago. Harry was sitting on his lap at the moment. Ron felt him fall asleep, and gently covered him with his maroon jumper.

"He's looking good on you, Ron. Do you and Hermione plan to have children?" Tonks whispered next to him. Ron's felt his ears turning red.

"Tonks! We're still in school. Who knows if we even will be together after graduation?!" Ron hissed to her.

"Aw, come on, Ronniekins. Everybody knows that you and Mione will get married. You're already bickering like an old married couple!" Tonks teased.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Ron asked.

"Because making my almost brother in law blush is fun!" Tonks said.

Ron huffed and stood up. On the way to his room he started thinking. Hermione was already seventeen and he would be soon. He knew that Tonks was right. His brothers were talking about marrying all on the same day. Ron came to a decision. He would ask Mione The Question. All he needed was a ring. He lay down next to Harry. Just as he fell asleep he knew what to do about the ring.

‡

Hermione was puzzled. Since Christmas Day Ron had been acting strange. He was blushing whenever she talked to him, stealing glances at her when he thought she wasn't looking and tried to avoid her most of the time. His behaviour was very confusing. She had talked to his brothers and asked if they knew something. Charlie, Bill and Percy hadn't noticed anything strange and the Twins had only said that she would see for herself soon. Her last resort was Ginny.

"Ginny, do you know what's wrong with Ron?" Hermione asked.

"Well, I promised him not to tell you, but you'll find out tonight," Ginny said.

"Can you give me at least a clue?" Hermione asked.

"No! If you haven't caught on already, I know the Twins have, I won't ruin the surprise," Ginny answered.

"Okay, thanks anyway, Ginny," Hermione said and left.

Well, this was totally useless. Hermione tried to occupy herself for the rest of the day with mixed success. What would Ron do? She couldn't think of anything. She sighed and looked up. The object of her thoughts was standing in front of her.

"Hi, Mione. Could I talk to you in private for a moment?" Ron asked.

"Of course. I've been wondering all day what you were up to," Hermione answered. Ron blushed and led the way up to his room.

"Well, you see, Mione. Tonks got me started on an idea on Christmas Day. I...I really liked you for a while now, and Tonks made me realize something. I...love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you. So, will you marry me?" Ron asked and held out a silver ring.

Hermione could only gape at him. Her brain had somehow stopped working.

"Wow, Ron I...I...I love you, too. I will marry you!" Hermione answered. Ron looked relieved.

"Really? You can't imagine how afraid I was," Ron said.

"That I would say no?" Hermione asked.

"Yes, and that you would laugh. I love you, more than anything in the world. Er, the rings not much. Ginny helped me pick it out," Ron answered.

"I like it. What do you think about going downstairs and shocking the others? But first you have to kiss me!" Hermione said.

It took them quite some time to go downstairs.

A/N:

1. The princess never kissed the frog. She threw him against the wall when he asked for one.
2. Hermione saying yes fast: She is practical, but she also knows that Ron is the right one. She didn't want to risk him getting cold feet.