

Harry Potter

**A Potter Family
Christmas Letter**

or

**Why Harry Almost Spent
a Night on the Sofa**

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Why Harry Almost Spent a Night on the Sofa

Fandom: Harry Potter.

Author: hgfan1111.

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Rating: All Ages.

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Summary: A traditional Family Christmas Letter, done Harry Potter style.

December 2008

Dear Loved Ones Hello, everyone!

Happy Christmas!

Friends and Family,

I offered to do the family Christmas letter this year to help ease some of Ginny's burden. The boys have really been running her ragged lately, and with the new baby on the way she was fretting over the idea of finding time to sit down and tell you all about our year; so I volunteered.

Okay, that's a bit of stretching the truth. I believe I simply commented on the fact that it wouldn't take long and, really, how hard could it be. The next thing I knew, a stack of stationary and a quill were being shoved into my stomach.

But I'm happy to help out in any way I can.

The Potter house is always a bit exciting with two rambunctious boys, but the holidays only add to the fun.

Baking cookies (the hob only caught on fire once this year!) making paper chains (anyone know how to get Mr. Tacky's Magical Glue-All out of carpet??) trimming the Christmas tree (no petrified gnomes as angels this year; Ginny doesn't find it as amusing as the boys do) playing out in the snow (I honestly don't know how that five foot tall snow fort mysteriously appeared in the back yard) and simply spending time together make it all so enjoyable.

James is growing like a weed, his Grandma Weasley likes to say. He's a very inquisitive boy and fearless in almost everything he tries. Sometimes I worry that we've spoiled him a bit, but I simply can't help wanting the best for my children. In the end, he's a good, healthy boy and that's the most important thing. He started Reception at the local Primary School here, but it didn't last too long. We quickly decided that a private education was probably for the best. We certainly don't need any more incidents with Fanged Frisbees loose in classrooms. (George, if I were you I'd make sure none of your products accidentally make their way into the children's stockings this year. If you value your remaining ear that is...)

Albus is getting so very big. Ginny and I both think he'll make a brilliant Seeker one day, and we've almost got that accidental magical outburst stuff all worked out. (Honestly, it wasn't *that* bad. It only took the Accidental Magic Reversal Squad an hour to pry James off the ceiling. Had Hermione and Ron not been in Spain on holiday with little Rose, I'm sure Hermione could have had him off in ten minutes.) Ginny says he looks more and more like me every day, but she gets this odd gleam in her eye when she says it and I have to wonder if that's a compliment or not.

Teddy is doing really well in school. It's hard to believe he's already ten. Time flies so quickly. We get to see him at least once a week as he usually spends Saturdays with us. He's a bright boy but has a tendency to overthink things. Ron and I both think that's Hermione's influence on him, but

Andromeda assures us that it's just Remus' nature winning out for the moment. But Tonks' contribution to her son is very evident in his evercycling hair color. Last month when we took the whole troop into London for a day, a woman actually had the nerve to scold me for dying Teddy's hair that 'god-forsaken shade of blue'. We all just laughed and went on our way. We couldn't love Teddy more if he were one of our own.

We're eagerly awaiting the arrival of baby number three any day now. We chose to be surprised by what gender the baby will come out, so choosing nursery colors and clothing has been an adventure. Ginny says she looks as big as a house and that the baby will no doubt arrive on Christmas day, in the middle of a snow storm. She always implies that the children, whom she calls *mine* often, are the most stubborn lot she's ever met, even if they are as cute as can be. When I point out that they're at least half Weasley, her smile always disappears. But that could be the hormones talking.

I still think she's beautiful, no matter how huge she gets. After all, who could argue with a fiery, pregnant,

Weasley redhead? I certainly avoid it at all costs. Or try to, anyways.

She's hoping the baby is a girl, though, because she says living with all these boys is making her crazy. You'd think she'd be used to it by now. Ginny says she desperately needs an ally in her corner and a daughter would do just perfectly. I think a daughter would be brilliant, as long as she's as beautiful as her mother. Well, maybe not as beautiful. I certainly don't want all those boys sniffing around her when she's a teen like they did Ginny. I may have to practice banishing spells more often if the baby is a girl.

Ginny is still writing for the *Daily Prophet* occasionally. She's taking a bit of a break to prepare for the baby,

but has assured the editors that she'll be back in top form in no time at all. She really is brilliant, you know.

I'm still with the Aurors and quite comfortable there. Other than the typical rash of Muggle baiting that occurs occasionally, I'm happy to report that things are mostly quiet. I even get time to sneak away every so often and get a bit of flying in. Ron and I have a semi-regular pick-up match at the Burrow about once a month and it's great fun to see everyone playing again. In a few years we'll start to see the kids playing along, I'm sure,

and I'm excited to get my boys up on their brooms.

Well, that's about it from the Potter Family this year. I'm sure we'll be sending out a birth announcement soon telling everyone the happy news. Hopefully the little sprog will wait until after the holidays to arrive.

All our love,

Regards,

Love, The Potters Harry, Ginny, Teddy, James and Albus P.S. Our little Lily Luna couldn't even wait until I got the letters all duplicated and sent out to arrive. She howled into the world the very day I

wrote the letter, with her fuzzy red hair and a disposition to match her mother's healthy set of lungs. The boys are thrilled to have a little sister, although James still says she's not as cool as the Norwegian Short-Snout he requested from Father Christmas. But I think we'll keep her, temper and all.

Happily yours,

Harry, Ginny, Teddy, James, Albus *and Lily*