

If it was the surprise Sirius had been hinting about for weeks, Harry couldn't *wait*.

Breakfast was a lively affair, and once all the pancakes were gone the four of them moved up to the living room, where there were several wrapped presents on the coffee table. "Go on," Remus urged, nudging Harry forward gently. Harry didn't know where to start. He'd never opened birthday presents in front of people before. At least at Christmas, everyone else had presents, too.

He reached for the first one on the pile, a heavy box wrapped in brown paper; from Remus.

Tearing open the paper carefully, he gasped when it revealed a boxset of four beautiful hardback books. *The Earthsea Quartet*, the box read in shiny foil letters. "She's a muggle author," Remus explained. "I think you'll really like them. I started them when I was your age — the last one only came out a few years ago."

"Thanks, Remus!" Harry murmured, setting the books aside carefully to reach for his next present. The paper on this one was also plain brown, but the handwriting on top betrayed it to be from Snape. He was surprised it wasn't book-shaped.

The paper parted to reveal a small leather roll-up bag, about the width of his calf all around. When he undid the buckle keeping it secure, it revealed a dozen potion vials kept in neat little pouches, each one labelled with the same spidery handwriting. *Pepper-Up Potion*, *Pain Relieving Potion*, *Dreamless Sleep*, the list went on. "Should you ever need to medicate yourself without the supervision of Madam Pomfrey," Snape drawled. "Though please do try never to need them. You're just starting to not be entirely useless, it'd be a waste if you got yourself killed."

Harry grinned widely, and with a burst of impulsiveness, took two steps across the room to wrap his arms around Snape's waist. "Thanks, Professor."

Snape froze, and eventually lowered a hand to pat Harry's shoulder. Harry didn't push his luck, letting go and retreating back to the table. There were three gifts left, all wrapped in the same sparkly silver paper.

"That one's from me, that one's from me *and* Moony, and that one doesn't really count because it should've been yours to begin with," Sirius explained, pointing to each in turn. Harry went first for the one from just Sirius, tearing into the paper with some hesitation, just in case it exploded glitter everywhere. He was safe, for now.

Ripping the paper all the way off, his eyes lit up at the sight of the Zonko's box; of *course* Sirius had got him prank materials. "Figured you could take them to school, keep the old man on his toes," the animagus reasoned, mischief dancing in his eyes. Harry smirked.

The present from both Remus and Sirius combined was large and squishy, and Harry unwrapped it to find a beautifully soft dark grey cloak, with a gold clasp in the shape of a pawprint. "It's got size adjusting charms, for when you grow," Sirius told him as Harry stroked a gentle hand over the wool. "Warming charms and the like. And, well, I thought when the time comes, we could have your family crests embroidered on. Every young wizard needs a good cloak."