

Chapter 99

Chapter Notes

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“The house is full, but we’ve got some tents set up in the garden.” Sirius flashed a grin through the mirror’s surface. “Even had a couple more elves come along, which I think Tinker appreciates.”

“Not Essie?” Harry asked, grinning. Sirius snorted.

“Not hardly. Thinks we’re implying she isn’t up to scratch.”

It was late, and Harry was in bed chatting to Sirius, getting an update on life outside Hogwarts. He was glad the Pottery was helping so many people, even if it was a bit horrifying to imagine just how many families had been displaced by the Death Eaters.

How many hadn’t made it as far as safety.

“And how are the kids at Grimmauld doing? Did you end up moving them over?” Harry knew his godfather was torn on whether to take the five children to the Pottery, too — Grimmauld was more of an emergency hospital than a true safehouse, and the healers there couldn’t be expected to keep looking after the kids as well as their patients. Even though the kids insisted they could look after themselves just fine.

They would be better off at the Pottery, where there were others their own age there.

But Sirius was attached to them, now. He liked having them at Grimmauld.

Harry watched the dog animagus bite his lip. “Yeah, we took them over at the weekend, when Kevin’s aunt showed up,” Sirius sighed. “One of the other boys at the house is one of Frankie’s dorm mates from Hogwarts, so they were pleased to see each other. I don’t— I don’t think Nashira was as happy about being there. I don’t think any of them know how to cope with so many people around, after how long they spent by themselves.” He ran a hand through his long hair. “Poor kids. It’ll be good for them to have proper company, though.”

“But you miss them,” Harry finished knowingly.

“But we miss them,” Sirius agreed. “Merlin, pup. I hope you get to meet these kids soon. You’ll love them. Nash is a little sass-monster, just like you.”

Harry laughed. “I hope so, too.” He cocked his head, curious. “Have we figured out yet what the plan is for any other war orphans?” The ones at the Pottery weren’t the only ones by far. Most were safe at Hogwarts, but that wouldn’t help when summer came around. “It’s not like there’s an orphanage or anything for them.”

“We’ll keep them safe wherever we can, for now. If they can go to friends’ houses, or stay at a safehouse. When the war is over... inheritance tests for the muggleborns, to see if they’ve