

“Enough about that,” Sirius waved off, sensing the dip in the mood, “we’ve got two weeks of freedom ahead of us!” He turned to Harry, grinning. “If it’s alright with you, pup, we thought we’d do proper Yule celebrations this year, rather than the more muggle Christmas?”

Harry beamed at him. “That would be brilliant!” There weren’t many of the Old Ways he could follow while at school — Dumbledore didn’t let anyone celebrate Samhain at the stone circle anymore, let alone anything else — and he’d been hoping they could work Yule celebrations into their family traditions, if Sirius was willing.

He looked around the full dining room; there were far too many of them to keep eating in the kitchen, on nights like this. This was his family — missing a few members, if he counted the other Weasley siblings he cared about, and their partners. Even in his wildest dreams, shut away in his cupboard while the Dursleys spoiled Dudley all Christmas, Harry had never imagined he would ever have this many people who loved him.

The world might be getting darker out, the war escalating, but there was still plenty of joy in Harry’s life. He’d forgotten that, a little bit, cooped up in the castle with Dumbledore and all those people who glared at him and all those damned *black envelopes*.

And now, he had a whole two weeks of that joy to look forward to.