

Harry swung the cloak over his shoulders, feeling the warmth wrap around him like a hug. He grinned. The only wizarding clothes he had were his school robes. This cloak looked like something Draco might wear. He looked down at himself, imagining how it might look with the Potter and Black crests on the front — and Slytherin and Peverell too, he supposed. “It’s brilliant,” he declared. Sirius beamed.

The final present was a huge, brightly coloured tapestry — it was clearly old, and Indian in origin, depicting some sort of abstract scene of the creation of the world, according to Hindu mythology. Harry had to set it on the floor to unroll it fully, his eyes round as he studied the intricate weaving. “This was brought over with the first ever Potters to emigrate to Britain, made by their ancestors,” Sirius explained, his voice thick with emotion. “It’s hung in the home of every first-born Potter since. We can hang it up here somewhere; then, when you’re old enough to have your own place, you can take it with you. James used to know all about it, and I only remember bits and pieces, but I’m pretty sure there’s a book about it in the vault.”

Harry was embarrassed to find himself tearing up a little bit — he had never had *anything* like that. Growing up with the Dursleys, they were determined to act as if Harry’s skin was just particularly tan, and once he got to the wizarding world people all just told him about the great magic in his blood. No one ever acknowledged the history of the Potter family, or told him *anything* about his heritage. “When we can, I’ll take you down to the Potter vault, and we can go through everything, teach you about the family. I learnt a fair bit living with James for so long — I don’t know everything, but I reckon I know enough to get you started,” Sirius said hesitantly. “I’m not James. I’m not trying to replace him. But... he would’ve wanted you to learn about where you come from. He would’ve taught you all that, if he could. I figured I can do my best to—“

He was cut off by Harry barrelling into his chest in a rib-crushing hug, and Sirius quickly returned it, kissing Harry’s messy hair. “You’ve been denied so much, pup. You deserve better.”

Harry kept his face buried in Sirius’ chest until he could be sure he was no longer going to cry, and then he pulled away, still with a bit of a lump in his throat. “Right,” he murmured. “I’m just gonna... take this all upstairs.”

“Don’t forget your surprise at ten,” Remus reminded. “You’ll want to be dressed for that.”

Harry had almost forgotten about that. He carefully rolled up the tapestry and gathered his presents, heading to his room and letting out a deep breath, still shaking a little. In that moment he hated Voldemort, and Dumbledore, for tearing him away from everything he should’ve had growing up. Love. A family. A heritage. Voldemort might have set it in motion by killing his parents, but Dumbledore was the one who kept him isolated from that point onwards. Dumbledore was the one who tried to deny him his family magics.

He turned to his wardrobe, shaking the dark thoughts from his head. It was his birthday, there was no need to get morose.

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