

OneShots

Von Kaos

Kapitel 3: You're family

You're Family

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Beta: Batsutousai

Rating: PG-13

Warning: sap

A/N: My first fanfic with a bigger role for the Weasley family. I don't really like them, I have to say. Bill, Charlie and the Twins are cool, but that's it. But in the books they are, in fact, the only family Harry knows after Sirius' death (for which I still could kill J.K. -.-) and so I've thought about that.

This takes place in Harry's sixth year and I completely ignore HBP. Not that I don't like the book, but it doesn't work with my story.

"Why aren't you packing?" the youngest Weasley boy asked as he looked at his best friend who was laying on his bed. "We'll be leaving soon."

"I'm staying here," the Potter boy answered and frowned. "I've already told you."

"And I don't understand it, Harry. Mum's invited you as well."

"I know. But... Voldemort is out there, Ron. And it's Christmas. Families should be together. I would just put you in danger. You know I'm the main target - and I'm certainly not part of your family, so I don't have the right to interfere."

"But Mum's..."

"I've already told you that I know that. But why am I allowed to come and not your girlfriend? Even Bill's fiancée may not come. So why me?"

"Because YOU ARE FAMILY, Harry!" Ron shouted. "You have been part of the family since Mum laid her eyes on you in our first year."

"I'm not, Ron!" Harry got up. He walked over to the door. "Merry Christmas, Ron. Hope, you and your family have fun. Send my regards." With that he left, shutting the door firmly after him. Ron just stared.

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"He doesn't want to come, Mum," the youngest Weasley boy complained as soon as he stepped into the Burrow. "He said he isn't family. I couldn't talk him out of it."

Molly Weasley sighed. She looked over at her rather large family. Her eldest son, Bill, was seated with his brother, Charlie, playing Exploding Snap. Ginny was helping her make dinner. Fred and George had just entered the room.

"Hey, where's our little bro?" Fred frowned. "Shouldn't you be bringing him home with you, Ronniekins?"

"I tried!" Ron cried out and sat down next to his second eldest brother. "He said something about not being part of our family."

Bill looked up. "But that's silly."

"We know that. He said that since even Fleur and Hermione aren't allowed to come because it's only for the family this time, he would just disturb us."

"He's far too noble," Ginny complained as she put the potatoes into a pot. "Anybody else would have been offended for not being invited."

The twins sat down as well. "We don't want to..."

"...celebrate Christmas without Harry."

"It wouldn't be..."

"...the same."

"You're both right." Molly sighed. "But what can we do about it?"

"Go to Hogwarts on Christmas Day," was all that Charlie said. His family members just looked at him with wide eyes.

"What?" his mother asked. "And why...?"

"You're a genius, Charlie." His elder brother grinned. "When Harry doesn't want to come to the Weasleys, the Weasleys have to go to him. We'll just move our celebration into the Gryffindor common room. I'm sure that Dumbledore will okay it."

Gin beamed. "That's a great idea!" She hopped up and down. "When are we leaving?"

Molly shook her head. "I will tell you after I've talked to your father about it and we've

contacted Professor Dumbledore.”

The children all nodded and the two eldest were joined by their three youngest brothers.

Harry felt lonely. He really felt lonely for the first time since he got to Hogwarts. It was the first time he was alone for Christmas. Ron had always been there with him before and Hermione had been there a few times as well. In fact, he was the only student who was still in Hogwarts this year. All the others had gone home to their families because of Voldemort. He thought that most families wanted to be together for Christmas.

He sighed and got up. It was Christmas day. Why hadn't he taken the offer from the Weasleys? He could have celebrated with them.

He went into the bathroom to take a shower. He didn't want to go down to the Great Hall. Sure, the professors were there and all of them – minus Snape – liked him, but it wasn't the same. He didn't know the feeling of being hugged by a mother. He didn't know the feeling of joking with brothers or sisters.

After finishing the shower, he put on some clothes, then left the dorm. Professor Dumbledore had told him earlier that he would get all of his presents in the Great Hall, so that he wasn't alone while opening them.

At the end of the stairs, he stopped suddenly and his eyes widened. The whole common room was decorated with Christmas trimmings. A tree was set up in the middle of the room and seven piles of presents laid under it. Around the tree sat eight redheads. “What are you doing here?” Harry asked, flustered.

Bill was the first one up. “Harry!” He hurried over to him and ruffled his hair. “Have you slept well?”

“Yeah,” he answered. “And what are you doing here? Why aren't you at the Burrow? I mean, you should celebrate Christmas.”

“That's what we're doing, bro,” Charlie answered, as Bill led Harry over and forced him to sit down between himself and Ron.

“Bro?”

“Of course, Har.” Ron elbowed him gently and smiled. “That's why you should have come home with me.”

“But I'm not part of your family,” the only black-haired boy replied stubbornly.

“Harry James Potter!” Molly Weasley got up and stood over him dangerously. “You're a Weasley in everything but blood. I don't want to hear you say something like that

ever again. Arthur and I love you like a son, our children love you as their little brother. Don't ever believe again that you're not part of this family, love."

Harry smiled as he nodded to the Weasley matriarch. "Yes, Molly." He didn't know if it was okay for him to call her Molly, he just felt like it. But Molly just smiled, ruffled his hair, and sat down next to Arthur again. "But I'm older than Gin, so I hope I'll be her big brother," he joked as he cuddled against Bill.

Bill looked down at the black mop Harry called hair and smiled lovingly. He put his arm around Harry's shoulders as the boy buried his head in his shirt. Soon he felt it getting wet.

"Harry?" he whispered and stroked the boy's hair.

Harry looked up and smiled through his tears. "It's nothing, Bill." He tried to wipe his tears away and sniffed. "It's just..." He looked at the Weasleys. "Thanks so much."

They all smiled. Fred and George looked at each other, then at their little brother. "There is nothing to thank us for," they chorused. "You're family."

The End

A/N: Yeah, my first Weasley story. o.o Never thought I would write something like that.