

# Growing Up

Von Pris

## Introductions and First Steps

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter. If I did, I wouldn't write this.

If those true to the Noble and Ancient House of Black knew what was going on in their ancestral home they would spin in their graves. Sirius Black, on the other hand, was most likely dancing in the afterlife. Assuming there was one. But considering the presence of ghosts one could assume that an afterlife really existed. At the moment, a party was taking place in No 12, Grimmauld Place. The reason was, that He-Whose-Name-Was-A-Stupid-Anagram, better known as Lord Voldemort or You-Know-Who, had been killed by Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived-To-Defeat-He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Apparently witches and wizards were very fond of stupid titles, as above mentioned had in fact been printed in several papers and magazines.

To the complete disappointment of everyone, except those directly involved, Voldemort had not been defeated in a final battle of epic proportions. Moldysorts, sorry, Voldemort had come to No 4, Privet Drive in the disguise of a travelling salesman. He had cleverly masked his presence and Harry had let him inside none the wiser. Because The Dark Lord liked to play with his victims he had started to talk to the teen. Who had offered him some of the peanuts he had been eating. Unbeknownst to everybody, even Voldemort himself, the Dark Lord was allergic to peanuts. And had died, more or less instantly, of an anaphylactic shock. Upon his death the illusions masking his appearance failed, and a very surprised Harry Potter found himself with a dead Dark Lord at his feet.

This was the reason for the party, which doubled as a sixteenth birthday party for Harry. Nothing could dampen the mood of the celebrants. Not even old Mrs Black's portrait, which had been taken out by getting rid of the whole wall it was mounted on. The whole Order of the Phoenix and DA was present. Even Snape was laughing, which had almost shocked some of the others into heart attacks. Two of the loudest guests were the Weasley Twins, which was no surprise at all. They had supplied some of their products to liven up things a bit. Not that it was needed, but it was fun none the less. Right now they were huddled over a bottle of butter beer, adding something to it. On their faces were identical mischievous grins.

"Oy, Harry!" Fred shouted. "I bet you can't drink a butter beer ex!"

"Course I can, Fred. Give that to me!" Harry answered a bit slurred to the challenge, as he was already slightly drunk. Had he been sober he might have remembered that it was never a good idea to eat or drink anything offered by the twins. Harry took the bottle and drank its contents down in one go and collapsed immediately after finishing.

"Didn't know that he was that..." Forge started.

"...drunk already that a butter beer would knock him out!" Gred finished.

Suddenly, the heap that was Harry sneezed.

"Ron, that didn't sound like Harry," Hermione said.

Ron nodded to this and knelt down next to the pile of robes. When he finally found something in there he was surprised to see a little boy with green eyes and a lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead. He was about fifteen months old. Immediately upon seeing Ron he started wailing. Awkwardly he picked his best friend up and wrapped him in his much too large T-Shirt. Hermione was preparing to start yelling.

"What have you two morons done now?! Do you have an antidote or were you stupid enough to give him something untested without preparing a counteragent first?!" Hermione shouted in a good imitation of Molly Weasley.

"Well, you see,..."

"...he was supposed to turn into..."

"...a purple chinchilla."

"Not into..."

"...a baby." Fred and George stammered.

"Do you write down the formula at least?" Hermione asked.

"Yes!" the twins chorused.

"Pray to what ever deity you believe in that it is possible to turn him back. If this is not reversible I will make life living hell for you!" Hermione hissed.

"And I will help. Now we will go to Mum." Ron stated.

The twins looked very nervous about that.

Molly Weasley had been furious with her sons. And told them so, shouting at the top of her voice. Professor Snape had been provided with the formula and would try to find a cure for the boy. As amusing as the situation was, he would try to be fast. He owed the brat a life debt. This was taking him a step closer to repaying.

The twins would be punished properly, as they had to look after Harry until he returned to normal. Right now, it was the morning after the party, they were standing in their apartment above their shop looking at the little boy sleeping in a crib.

"This can't be too hard, Fred."

"Well, I don't know, George. We have to change him, bathe him, feed him, the list is endless."

"I know, but there's only one of him and two of us."

"That doesn't mean anything! Do you remember how tired cousin Emily and her husband were when Tim was little?"

"Good point, brother. We will see how it will turn out."

Little Harry chose that moment to wake up crying. Fred picked him up and tried to calm him.

"He's wet and hungry, I think. I will change him and you will find him something to eat. Mind that it's healthy, or Mum will have our heads, George!" Fred said and left for the bathroom.

"Let's get you dry, little one. I think we should start with getting your shoes and trousers off." Fred said and Harry quieted at the prospect of getting his diaper changed. Fred had no problem with undressing and cleaning Harry. Putting on the new diaper was a bit more difficult, as they weren't using muggle disposable ones. Those couldn't be charmed against odour and diaper rash. It took him a few tries to get it right and Harry was starting to get impatient.

"So, done now. Wanna see what George's got for you?" Fred asked. Harry looked at him doubtful. How could someone, who was exactly the same as the one who had taken so long to change him, get him something decent to eat?

"Come on, Harry. It won't be so bad." Fred responded to the look. Harry's expression didn't change.

In the meantime George had prepared something to eat for Harry. He hoped the boy liked mashed bananas.

Feeding Harry was a very messy affair. About twice the amount of banana they got him to eat was spread over Harry, the twins, and the kitchen.

"Bathing time, Harry!" Fred said and Harry's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. The twins decided to bathe with Harry, as they were as sticky as him.

Bathing with Harry was a lot of fun. The little boy was delighted with the multicoloured bubble bath, the red water, and the animated fish. He had Fred and George build castles out of the foam and tried to catch the fish. He even succeeded once. The twins were glad that they had decided to hop into the tub with Harry, as they would have been sopping wet anyway. Dressing Harry now went rather quick, as they knew how to put on a diaper now.

While they were cleaning the kitchen Harry started to cry again.

"What's wrong, little one?" Fred asked.

"Mama?" Harry hiccupped.

"Your Mama and Papa are in Heaven with the angels Harry." George said.

"Back?" Harry asked.

"They won't come back. But they are watching over you." Fred answered.

It took them a while to calm Harry down.