

Growing Up

Von Pris

Grandma and Quidditch

Disclaimer: I am not JKR. Therefore I own nothing but the plot.

The delay was caused by the death of my Beta's father.

Grandma and Quidditch

On Wednesday Molly Weasley decided to visit her grandson. Ron, Ginny, Hermione and Dean would be at Diagon Alley the whole day and her other sons didn't live at home any more. She would take the floo as it was difficult to apparate somewhere one had never been before. One needed a clear picture of the intended destination to avoid splinching. Therefore every apparition platform worldwide had its own unique pattern. Together with geographic coordinates it was possible to apparate somewhere new.

As Molly stepped out of the floo she nearly tripped over a house-elf.

"Good morning, Mistress. Me is Merry. What can Merry do for you?" It asked.

"I am looking for my son and grandson. Do you know where they are?" Molly replied.

"Master Fred and Young Master Harry are in the library. This way, please follow Merry." It answered.

As Molly followed the house-elf down the hall she took in her surroundings. The house was very stylishly decorated. She passed what looked like a dining room. Molly wondered if they ate there every day. When they reached a door at the end of the hall the house-elf left.

Assuming that it was the library she stepped in silently. Mothers are usually very good at that. She took in the sight that greeted her. Fred was sitting on a sofa with Harry in his lap reading a book to him. From the conversation she gathered that it was a picture book. She listened to them for a while.

"What's this, Harry?" Fred asked.

"Cat." Harry answered.

"What does a cat sound like?" Fred asked.

"Meow." Harry said.

"Right, Harry. What do you call a baby cat?" Fred asked.

"Kitten." Harry answered.

"Well done, Harry. And you can come in, Mum. There's no need to stand in the door." Fred said.

"Hello dears. You just looked so cute together. But how did you know I was here?" Molly asked.

"We warded the house pretty heavily. Right know only blood relatives or people with a written and specifically charmed invitation can come in without a nasty surprise." Fred said.

Molly sat down next to him and took Harry.

"The wards alerted you, then. Did you do the warding alone?" Molly asked.

"Yes. The Headmaster checked them, though. Why don't I give you a full tour of the house and the garden?" Fred replied.

Molly liked the house. It was what she had dreamed of for raising her children. The garden was just beautiful.

"Do you have problems with gnomes?" Molly asked.

"Not really. Harry loves watching us degnoming, so we don't mind them that much." Fred answered.

"Well, then you can come and degnome my garden, if he loves it so much!" Molly said.

"Okay, Mum. Ginny and Ron return to school on Sunday, right?" Fred asked.

"Yes. You better come and see them off!" Molly replied sternly.

"We were intending to do so. How long is Charlie staying?" Fred inquired.

"Well, he got a job at Gringotts, handling security dragons. He is looking for a flat in London." Molly answered.

"He could have the flat above our shop. It's empty now." Fred said.

"I will tell him tonight." Molly replied. They went inside again.

George returned home for lunch and wasn't surprised to see his mother there.

"Hi Mum! How do you like the house?" He asked.

"It's nice. This place will be good for Harry." Molly answered.

"That's why we bought it." Fred said.

After lunch Fred went to work and George put Harry to bed for a nap. Molly played with Harry all afternoon before she had to go home to start dinner.

Harry woke up from a bad dream and called for his Papas. Papa Fred came in.

"Did you have a bad dream, little one?" Papa Fred asked.

"Bad Man hurt Mama." Harry hiccupped.

"The Bad Man is gone. Do you want to come with me for the rest of the night?" Papa Fred asked. Harry nodded and was immediately lifted up by his Papa. Back in Papa's hammock he snuggled close to him and fell asleep again soon.

When Harry woke up again it was morning. And this time Papa Fred had woken him.

"Good morning, sweetums. Did you sleep well?" Papa Fred asked. Harry nodded. "Good. Let's get dressed fast. Today we see Uncle Ron and Auntie Ginny off to school!"

"See Kiddif?" Harry asked.

"They play and see Quidditch there. But they will learn very much as well." Papa Fred said.

"Harry see Kiddif?" Harry asked.

"We will go for a match. We already talked to Professor Dumbledore. He allowed it." Papa Fred said.

"Pofessor Dumbadore?" Harry asked.

"Professor Dumbledore is the Headmaster of Hogwarts. Hogwarts is the school where Ron and Ginny go to." Papa Fred said.

"Professor Dumbledore. Hogwarts. Fun?" Harry asked.

"Hogwarts is very fun Harry. When you are older you will go there, too!" Papa Fred

said.

They had reached the kitchen now and Papa Fred put Harry in his highchair and Papa George began to feed him bits of toast and egg. After they had finished breakfast and cleaned up Papa Fred wanted to put shoes on Harry. Harry didn't want shoes.

"Harry don't want shoes!" Harry said.

"We are going to London Harry. You will need your shoes there." Papa George said.

"Go London?" Harry asked.

"Yes, we go to London. There will be a train." Papa Fred said.

"See train?" Harry asked.

"Yes." Both Papas said.

Harry didn't complain about the shoes after that. But they had to floo to London.

"Fly?" Harry asked.

"That's too far, Harry." Papa Fred said.

"Bus?" Harry asked.

"That takes too long. Many people are taking the bus today. Now remember to hold on tight and don't open your eyes until we're there, okay?" Papa George said. Harry nodded and buried his face in Papa George's chest. He really didn't like flooing.

When everything stopped spinning Harry looked around. They were in the Leaky Cauldron but left through the door to muggle London immediately and went to Kings Cross.

The cars fascinated him. They were very shiny, but also very loud and smelly. They reached the station soon and made their way to platform 9 3/4. After passing through the barrier Harry let out a shout of delight. The scarlet steam engine was simply fascinating.

"Train!" Harry shouted.

"Yes, Harry. That's the train your aunt and uncle will take. And when you're older you will too. Do you see Grandma and Grandpa anywhere, Harry?" Papa Fred asked.

"There!" Harry shouted and pointed.

And surely there was a large group of redheads, Ron towering above them.

"Grandma! Grandpa!" Harry shouted and everyone turned to them.

Harry was passed around from family member to family member. He waved good bye to his aunt and uncle and their friends.

"We're going to go to the Burrow, Harry. Grandma will make lunch. Are you hungry?" Uncle Charlie asked.

Harry nodded, smiling.

"Excellent!" Molly exclaimed. "I prepared a special lunch for today."

They left the station by car. It was enchanted; otherwise it wouldn't have fit all. Harry liked the car much better than the floo or the bus.

After lunch Harry slept in the crib all Weasley Children had slept in and his fathers and Charlie settled the matter of the flat above the shop. They didn't want any money but Charlie insisted on paying rent.

In the afternoon they degnomed the garden, much to Harry's amusement and went flying.

Molly was shouting at them the whole time they were in the air. Harry found that very funny.

The Twins left with Harry after dinner.

Ron felt terrible. Today was the first Quidditch match of the season, and against Slytherin, no less. To make matters worse his whole family would be watching. He didn't mind Harry; he was a baby, after all. But his older brothers, who had all played Quidditch at school, except Percy, would be there as well. They had all been quite good, and Charlie had even been Captain of the team. He was very afraid that he would terribly embarrass himself in front of his family. He could see that Ginny was as nervous as him. She hadn't eaten breakfast either. Hermione had thankfully left him alone at breakfast. He knew that if he had eaten something he would be sick right now. They left for the pitch and he walked beside Ginny.

"Ready for your execution, Ginny?" Ron asked.

"Not really. I wish we wouldn't play against Slytherin today. I think I'll die of shame should I lose the snitch to Malfoy." Ginny answered.

"Yeah, and I hope I don't let too many goals in." Ron said. They went on in silence.

After changing Ron entered the pitch with the rest of the team. He found the group of redheads that were his family without problems. He wished he were somewhere else now, perhaps somewhere over the rainbow.

Harry looked around. They were in the Quidditch stadium of Hogwarts, and he would

see a real game today. His aunt and uncle were even playing today. His Papas had given him a red and gold flag with a lion on it to wave. He saw that there were many more people who had similar flags. Some were carrying green and silver flags with snakes on it. He didn't really like those. He saw the players coming onto the pitch, but he didn't recognize his aunt and uncle. A grey haired lady was talking to them and one player in red and one in green shook hands. Then the players took off. Harry liked the game. His uncle was guarding the hoops, and didn't let the red ball pass him. Harry thought that was good. His aunt was flying high above the other players, but suddenly she was diving towards the ground with another player in green following her. Just as she pulled up with one fist held high in the air she was hit by another ball and fell off her broom. Harry knew that falling down hurt and started crying, because he was afraid for his aunt and felt that his Papas were frightened as well.

Ginny woke to the sound of a crying baby. What was a baby doing in the infirmary? Then she remembered that her family had been watching today. The baby was Harry, then. Madam Pomfrey came in and swooped down on her as she saw that Ginny was awake.

"Well, Miss Weasley, you were lucky. You have a mild concussion and a sprained wrist, nothing serious. But you gave us all quite a scare, especially your nephew. He has been crying since you fell. I will let them in now. Honestly! A Quidditch match is no place for a baby!" Madam Pomfrey said and left in a huff.

Ginny's family came in, Fred in front with a hiccoughing Harry in his arms.

"Look, Harry. Auntie Ginny is all right now." Fred said.

"Yes Harry, I'm okay. Will you stop crying for me?" Ginny asked. Harry nodded, but kept sniffing.

"I'm really sorry I frightened you, Harry, but I promise that I wasn't hurt badly. And Madam Pomfrey made me better." Ginny said.

"Auntie Ginny okay now?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Harry. I'm okay now." Ginny answered.

Harry finally calmed down when Ginny allowed him to sit on her lap and he could make sure for himself. He even fell asleep on her.

A/N: I modelled the theory of apparating after the theory of jaunting from the novel 'The Stars My Destination' by Alfred Bester.