

# Fourth Halloween

*by norwegianeyes*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Watch your step," we cautioned together. Harry jumped down onto each step. James and I each held one of Harry's hands. It was his fourth Halloween, and we were trick-or-treating around Godric's Hollow. Harry was dressed as Dumbledore, wearing boots, a purple cloak and hat, moon-shaped glasses, and a long white beard that almost reached his feet. He looked adorable.

This was the first time I could take Harry trick-or-treating as his legal father. James and Lily had divorced two years ago, and we fought hard for me to be able to adopt him. We changed all of our last names to Potter-Black. It finally happened two months ago. James and I had a simple marriage ceremony with Harry as our ring bearer.

We carefully climbed the steps to the next house. Harry waddled up to the door and knocked on it frantically while James and I exchanged grins. Finally the door opened to reveal an elderly woman. Harry smiled up at her, his pumpkin-shaped pail outstretched. "Trick-or-Treat! Smell my feet! Give me something good to eat!" James and I sniggered as Harry recited the line we had taught him. The elderly lady glared at us, but smiled sweetly to our son and gave him a few Acid Pops. Harry began to turn away but James stopped him. "What do you say?" Harry turned back to the lady; his pail outstretched again "More please!" He shouted with enthusiasm. It was so funny we almost pissed ourselves.