

# Love, Harry

*by norwegianeyes*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Sirius and Hermione live for Harry's postcards.

Sirius found his wife rocking gently back and forth on the porch swing. She was consumed with a postcard. Sirius assumed that it was from his godson, since Harry sent them a postcard once a week. He sat down beside Hermione and put his arms around her shoulders. "Where is he now?"

"Ireland." She showed him the postcard of an arial shot of beautiful green fields. "He says he's coming home soon."

Sirius' posture straightened, his dark eyes full of excitement. "Really? When's he coming?"

Hermione re-read the postcard. "In two weeks. Sirius, where are you going?" She asked when her husband abruptly jumped up and started walking toward the door.

He smiled broadly. "I'm going to get ready for his arrival."

Hermione laughed and went back to reading the postcard as Sirius started tidying the house.