

Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Harry could hear the children laughing as they tore through the house on their new toy brooms. He closed the front door softly behind him and took a deep breath of bitter-cold air before gingerly stepping down the snow-covered steps and out to the gate. He lovingly cradled the bottle of Ogden's Finest in his left arm before letting himself out to the pavement and Apparating.

At the gates of Hogwarts Harry paused before opening the wards and letting himself in to make his yearly visit. He trod through the snow slowly, each crunching step in cadence filled the chill silence with a shuffled melody reminiscent of the strains of Auld Lang Syne at Hogmanay. After minutes that felt like hours remembering years that felt like seconds, his journey ended.

Harry poured three fingers of firewhiskey into the tumbler he had stowed away in his cloak pocket, and raised the glass to the setting sun in a toast. Eyes beginning to tear as the liquid-flame licked down his throat and thawed the icy pit of his belly, he paused for a moment before pouring the rest of the tumbler's contents onto the frozen ground at his feet.

"Happy Christmas, Sir."