

New Year's Eve Festivities

by *Witches of Eve*

Come celebrate with the cast of your favorite Potter characters, written by some of your favorite fan-fic authors. It has been five years since the Final Battle, and you never know what is going to happen at our New Year's Eve Party!

Luna Lovegood by beawesley2

Chapter 1 of 11

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beawesley 2 – Luna Lovegood

I look around the hall at all the festive decorations and smile. They are all gathered in groups, everyone I know, friends, old classmates, the famous, and the survivors as well as many new faces. They are mingling with those whom they know, laughing and smiling in orange and purple robes, yellow, magenta, chartreuse, and in every shade of red, green, and blue imaginable. I really love it when our kind gets together for festive events—the colors we can create, the fabrics, the stitching, the baubles and lace. The room is so different from the last time I stood in this exact spot. Has it already been five years since I helped Madam Pomfrey with the injured and dying in this very hall? Hogwarts, my second home. The Great Hall still looks the same as I remember from my youth—only it's bigger—breathhtakingly majestic, beautiful, and awe inspiring. This year is different though; this year is special. Oh, I know, ever since the war we've all tried to get along better: witches, wizards, and goblins—all magical beings really. Even the house-elves are allowed to wear baubles on tea cozies and uniforms now days. Like little coveralls with monograms and crests on the front pocket.

But this year, Rolf is here with me—somewhere. I turn around, hoping, and see him talking to a boy with blue hair. We've just finished our first book, *Fantastic Creatures and Magical Beasts: Discovering the Magical and Mysterious*. Rolf came up with the title. We've even proven the existence of Plickie-wallies and Humdingers, but the Crumple-Horned Snorkack still remains elusive.

I think I want some punch.

"Happy New Year, Luna," Draco says as I pass him.

I stop and turn to face him. He's gotten taller and much nicer since school, and I like the difference. "And to you, Astoria, and your new baby," I reply. His eyes widen, his mouth drops open, and he shakes his head quickly that I know. Either that or he's dispelling Wrackspurts from his ears? Maybe I shouldn't have said anything, but I gave Astoria my Dirigible Plum necklace earlier to enhance the infant's magical abilities and broaden his mind to accept the extraordinary. "I hope it's a boy with Astoria's eyes and your smile. I'll make you a wreath for over the crib to keep away the Blibbering Humdingers."

"Er... thanks," he says, smiling at me, still looking rather befuddled from the Wrackspurts. He does have such a nice smile. I know he doesn't believe me, but I'll make the wreath really pretty and Astoria will hang it up. I turned and saw the Minister talking with two members of Dumbledore's Order of the Phoenix.

"Happy New Year's Eve, Luna," the Minister of Magic says to me while lifting his glass.

"And to you, too, Kingsley," I reply, nodding politely to the other two men, still in awe that I am on a first name basis with the Minister of Magic. His dark brown eyes reflect his warm smile as I shake his hand. Mr. Weasley approaches him, so I turn away, fiddling with my moonstone pearls, and admire the new windows—so much prettier than when I was a student. A house-elf hands me a lead crystal goblet of elf-made sparkling wine, and I walk over to the table where my friends are.

My friends are all here: Neville, Ginny and Harry, Hermione and Severus, Ron... He's sitting next to Trinity, a Hufflepuff girl from my year who had joined the DA when Severus was Headmaster—the first time. Severus is Deputy Headmaster now. Dean and Seamus are sitting with their girlfriends, Fred, Angelina, and George talking about jokes stuff, I presume. Dean is working with Fred and George in their shop now. I was so sorry that Fred had lost his leg and George had lost his ear—but few of us came through this war unscathed. I have a scar on my arm and shoulder. I used to have five friends, true friends, now I feel exceptionally blessed to be friends with so many exceptional people.

"Hiya, Luna," Dennis says as he moves over so I can sit next to Severus and Hermione.

"I miss your brother," I tell him as I wiggle in. "He took a lovely picture of me and my friends when I was in school. He was a very nice boy."

"Thanks," Dennis replies. He tells me that he is doing photographs now, too, as I look at the people at the table while listening to him.

Professor Bill Weasley, Professor Sprout, and my old Head of House, Professor Flitwick, are sitting across from me talking with Headmistress McGonagall; the Headmistress will retire this year, I think. I hope they promote Severus; he was a good Headmaster.

"I'm surprised you thought so," Severus replies, his voice finally recovered from that awful snake Neville had killed. "Considering what a pest you were that year."

I didn't realize I'd said that aloud. "It wasn't you I was standing up against," I reply, my gaze traveling up the soaring rib-vaults to the magical night sky that hides the roof from view. "I'm glad they removed the mistletoe. Nargles and sparkling wine are not a good combination. Did Hermione say yes when you gave her the ring?"

He raises an eyebrow at me and scowls, a look that used to frighten me until I got to know him better, and I smile dreamily at him hoping she did. They make such a nice couple.

"So, Luna, what is your New Year's resolution this year?" Headmistress McGonagall asks me when Hermione turns her head to gape wide-eyed at Severus and me.

"To all be happy, healthy, and wise. Wit without measure is man's greatest treasure," I say, raising my glass to the sky before I take a sip. I smile against the rim of my goblet as I realize all my friends have toasted with me.

"I couldn't have said it better, love," Rolf says behind me. I smile up at him, conveying love in my eyes. I really love his rugged looks and deep timbre voice.

"And you, Severus, what is your New Year's resolution this year?" I ask him, turning to face the man I both respected and feared all through school and now felt doubly lucky to call a friend.

Note from potterbrat: Check out beaweasley2's other stories at: <http://thepetulantpoetess.com/viewuser.php?uid=6317>

Severus Snape by fizzabella

Chapter 2 of 11

Severus has something to ask his beloved and has chosen to do so during the New Year's Eve Party.



Fizzabella — Severus Snape

I pause on the threshold of the Great Hall at Hogwarts and look around the huge, crowded room. I've already spotted Hermione sitting at a table with some of her friends from school days; she looks happy tonight and so lovely that I have to catch my breath. She's dressed in something very dark green and—dare I say it—slinky. The silver and gold knotwork necklace I gave her for her birthday gleams around her neck, and the emeralds in the matching earrings twinkle in the candlelight.

Almost reflexively, my hand slides into the pocket of my robes where I check to make sure the little velvet box is still there. Minerva owed me in my quarters as I was getting ready for the party in a complete panic about whether we'd ordered enough wine, and as nervous as I am about my plans for later, I got distracted. This is the fourth or fifth time I have checked that pocket for that box, and I wish I could simply calm myself—I'm as nervous as a fourth year trying to work up the courage to ask a girl to the Yule Ball. What I plan to ask Hermione for later is considerably more than her company for four hours of her life on Christmas night. I force that thought to the back of my mind. I used to be quite good at directing my thoughts—the ability to do so is basic to being able to occlude one's thoughts—but I have not had a need to practice Occlumency in five years, so I am a bit rusty, I suppose.

I let my gaze wander over the room as I make my way to Hermione. So many people are here tonight, the fifth New Year's Eve since the defeat of Tom Riddle. Looking around the room, I see so many people who played such key roles in Riddle's defeat. Minerva has gotten over her panic over the wine and is conversing with Horace Slughorn and Kingsley Shacklebolt. Horace is in his element; he has collected the Minister for Magic!

Hermione has been saving a seat for me, and she looks up as I approach. Amazing, that lovely smile is for me alone. Even as I reach the table, I see Minerva, Shacklebolt and Slughorn edging back towards the table. I wish I had thought to cast a repelling charm; I don't particularly want an audience tonight.

"Severus! You look so handsome!" I seat myself on the bench next to her, and she leans close, wrapping her arm around me in a hug that I return.

I murmur into her ear, "You are so beautiful, it takes my breath away," so the words belong only to the two of us, and smile to myself when she shivers. She's made it clear she likes my voice; I find I like making her shiver. I look up from Hermione when I hear Miss Lovegood—Mrs. Scamander now—say that she hopes I will be promoted to Headmaster when Headmistress McGonagall retires. I blink in surprise when she adds she thought I was a good Headmaster before.

I express my surprise at her having thought so and add that she had been rather a pest that last school year before Riddle fell. She, along with Neville Longbottom and Ginevra Weasley, spent much of their sixth year provoking the Carrows, Riddle's pet instructors at Hogwarts, and I feared for their safety. Secretly, I had admired them very much when I wasn't trying to keep the Carrows from killing them. I was shocked out of my thoughts by Mrs. Scamander's next question, though. After an artless comment about Nargles and sparkling wine not being a good combination, she asked, "Did Hermione say 'yes' when you gave her the ring?" The former Miss Lovegood had been rather good at Divination, but how did she know about the ring in its box in my pocket? Minerva looks over at us, and I must have an odd look on my face, because Minerva immediately turns to Mrs. Scamander and asks, "What are your New Year's Resolutions, my dear?"

I immediately focus my attention on Hermione, and if Mrs. Scamander replies to the Headmistress, I don't hear it.

Hermione leans close to whisper in my ear now. "A ring, Severus?"

Well. I had wondered how I would manage this. What do the Muggles say? Go with the flow? I reach into my pocket, draw out the velvet-covered box from the jeweler in Diagon Alley, and take out the ring I commissioned for Hermione. It's platinum, set with an oval diamond in the center, a triangular-cut emerald on one side and a triangular-cut ruby on the other. She looks at the ring, glittering in my hand, and her eyes widen in surprise.

"Hermione," I begin, wondering how to express my love to her, "you are so very precious to me. Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

Note from potterbrat: Check out Fizzabella's work at <http://thepetulantpoetess.com/viewuser.php?uid=10508>

Draco Malfoy by potterbrat

Chapter 3 of 11

Come celebrate with the cast of your favorite Potter characters, written by some of your favorite fan-fic authors. It has been five years since the Final Battle, and you never know what is going to happen at our New Year's Eve Party!

Draco by potterbrat

Thanks so much to southern_witch_69 for the beta work and the quick turn around. You have spoiled us all with your talent, and you are much appreciated!

After my encounter with the peculiar Mrs Scamander, I had to shake my head. I would never admit it to anyone, because I can hardly admit to myself, but I have always liked Luna. Well, I don't know if *like* is the right word. I have always found her interesting, though. Even in our school days, I never felt any animosity toward her. I've never really thought of her except for a passing notice of her eccentricities. Tonight, however, I am gobsmacked by the things that she just said. Could it be true? There's only one way to find out. I have to find my wife.

Ah, there she is, walking my way. She does look like she's glowing somewhat. I haven't really noticed until now. I grab her arm gently as she reaches me.

"Astoria, darling, may I have a word?"

She looks at me, a bit startled, but she acquiesces and we walk to a quiet corner.

"What is this about, Draco?" She furrows her brow in worry. I have to take a moment as I catch my breath. There are many lovely witches here tonight, but my wife is beyond that. She is quite breathtaking to be honest.

"Draco? You have something you wish to speak with me about?"

"I just had the strangest conversation with Luna a moment ago. She mentioned something about a Bumble Plum necklace and a wreath of humbugs."

Astoria actually giggled at me. "Oh, you are so adorable. Darling, she gave me a Dirigible Plum necklace, and the wreath is to keep Blibbering Humdingers away," she said matter-of-factly.

"Be that as it may," I said, gritting my teeth, "is there something you need to tell me?"

She just smiled and winked before walking back into the crowd, giving me a nice view of her derriere. Did she just wiggle her hips? Minx.

I suddenly feel like I'm floating on a cloud. Then my eyes grow wide as something has just occurred to me, and I run to catch up with my wife. Before I reach her, I call out in a bit of a panic, "Astoria, have you had that necklace tested?"

potterbrat has other stories on TPP.

Narcissa by rosedemon

Chapter 4 of 11

Narcissa knows exactly what this New Year's Eve party needs.

Narcissa Malfoy by rosedemon

This whole party is distasteful to me.

There was a time when it was our house in which the New Year's Eve was welcomed. They were glittering affairs that featured long tables full of exotic delicacies and powerful drinks, dancing and games that lasted well into the next day, and the company of our friends and family. People begged to be invited, and it was my duty to make the guest list. What a chore that was. To decide who was the most interesting, the most exciting and certainly the most advantageous politically for us to entertain carried a heavy weight for me.

Of course, that ended many years ago. Most of those whom we knew are dead or in hiding. The only reason why we are allowed to walk freely is due to one act of mine that Harry Potter cannot deny or forget. It is fortunate for us that his memory is so good.

Tonight it will be bland food and weak drinks and insipid conversation. The room will be filled with the mediocre and boring. My husband will drink too much, and I will be left with the company of my insufferable daughter-in-law. What Draco ever saw in the girl is beyond me. I have told myself to endure this gathering. The suggestion of spending a night with a family of self-pity mongers is just as unbearable. At least I can hold myself above the rest and be the model of class and distinction.

Happily, I have a new blue dress to wear. It is low-cut and form fitting, studded with crystals and sequins. I will shimmer and glisten in the candlelight of the evening. I shall glide past the young ones in their tawdry clothes and lackluster ideas searching for someone with wit and charm. There has to be someone there who will appreciate the essence of a true woman.

Perhaps it is time to teach a younger generation how to admire these qualities.

Note from potterbrat (that I nearly forgot): Please check out other writings rosedemon: <http://thepetulantpoetess.com/viewuser.php?uid=10123>

Hermione by iridescent dreamer

Chapter 5 of 11

Hermione gives Severus an answer.

Hermione by iridescent dreamer

A string of interconnected memories run rampant through my mind. Standing here, in this room, four and a half years earlier when Ron had asked me the same question. Being here and watching his heart break as I had whispered that I could not. The next, seeing Severus Snape smile for the first time, a smile completely and totally for me. The first time we had sat together in silence, the sound of the pages turning slowly. Kissing him for the first time, a soft and gentle kiss that lasted only a moment but remains ingrained in my mind as the most wonderful kiss I've ever had.

I know immediately that I want to marry him, want nothing more than to be his wife, to grow old with him and raise a child with him. I can't tell him yes, I will marry you, I will be your wife. I can't say it because it doesn't seem the right answer. I look at him, knowing my eyes are wide and beginning to tear up happily. The half-frightened look in his eyes as he waits for my answer is all the inspiration I need.

"I can't imagine a higher honor than to have you as a husband, Severus. I would be honored to marry you." I don't know how I manage to get the words out. My stomach is full of wonderful and happy butterflies, and my mind is swimming with a dizzying giddiness. He slides the ring onto my finger slowly, and I feel the tears fall from my cheeks onto our hands. He looks up at me again, and I take my hands away from his and pull him into a tight embrace. It is an amazing moment, a perfect one. Being in a room with the people who had become like family and embracing the one who wanted to be my family for the rest of our lives.

I'm reminded of a tradition as we break our embrace. I remember being little and hearing over and over about couples who kiss as the clocks strike midnight on this very night. I've never gotten that chance, but now I know I'll never be without it.

Sibyll by Carley9

Chapter 6 of 11

Sibyll makes an appearance at the party.

Sybill by carley9

I was sitting in the corner, staring at my non-alcoholic drink. The other staff members had held an intervention on my behalf the previous summer. This was the first party I had been to in the past six months. The other staff had allowed me to hide in my tower the previous times, but Minerva had insisted that I come. Would be good for me to start socializing or some other such rot.

I shifted in my chair and quietly repeated my new mantra. "I can have a good time without any sherry." While I repeated it a few times, a small commotion broke out on the

other side of the room. Then a slurred voice said, "Speak up, girl! I didn't quite hear you!"

I couldn't hear the answer over the rising voices, but I didn't need to know the answer. As a majority of the females began twittering, a small voice said to me, 'Snape asked Granger to marry him. Happy times ahead of them.'

I tried to scoot my chair back a little farther into the corner. I knew it was too soon to come to one of these things. The temptation was almost too much; I needed to get away from all the revelry.

'You will be fine,' the voice whispered in my mind again. The voice spoke up once more as I felt myself stand, presumably to leave. 'Everyone in this room will experience extreme happiness in the upcoming year, even you, Sybill.'

I returned to my seat and felt content to just watch the scene. Extreme happiness? What a wonderful thought.

Note from potterbrat: Please check out Carley9's other work by going here: <http://thepetulantpoetess.com/viewuser.php?uid=6818>

Neville by gersknightlady

Chapter 7 of 11

Neville joins the festivities!

Neville by gersknightlady

Professor Longbottom stood at the edge of the doorway, looking into the huge hall. He edged into the room. Maybe if he wandered across the room with a purpose, he might reach the punch bowls without someone noticing.

Madam Granger always seemed to be watching him since he'd slipped those giggle berries into the punch two years ago. The sight of Snape and Granger sitting in a giggling pile on the floor in the corner had made it worth the hell they had given him afterwards. He'd been leery of trying anything last year. "I think that was the beginning of their fondness for each other," he murmured to himself.

He passed the stage and glanced at Albus Dumbledore's portrait, which was on the stage upon an elaborate easel; the old man looked at him with a raised eyebrow. Neville felt the heat rise up his neck, but the old man just winked at him, and he let go of the breath he was holding.

"Professor Longbottom, it's about time you arrived. Let's get this party going." The old wizard grinned.

Neville remembered to breathe and nodded, grinning back. Being the Herbology teacher gave him access to all manner of wonderful plants that produced a myriad of effects on people. After the war, he'd decided that people only live once, so he might as well lighten up and enjoy his life. Ever since he'd killed Nagini, he'd been treated respectfully. Sometime too seriously, so he'd decided to make a different reputation for himself. He'd found he enjoyed practical jokes, especially if they got Snape back for the hell he'd put him through as a student. For some reason, the old bat hadn't hexed him, but only sought ways of revenge with potions. Neville found the competition stimulating.

He sidled up to the bowls of red punch and slipped his hand into his pocket. Glancing around, he caught sight of the Weasleys and Harry Potter in conversation across the room. Old McGonagall was talking to Albus' portrait now, and Hermione was closing in on Snape. He let his hand pass over the bowls of punch, and tiny silver leaves shifted through his fingers and floated to the surface of the red punch. They sizzled and vanished.

Neville grinned and looked around for his wife. He would have to warn her not to drink the punch. Tonight was definitely going to be entertaining.

Note from potterbrat: Please check out more from this author by going here: <http://thepetulantpoetess.com/viewuser.php?uid=14227>

Kingsley by MsTree

Chapter 8 of 11

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Kingsley Shackbolt by MsTree

It's a good party. As I told Harry, we needed to take the time and relax. With he and Ginny expecting their first born sometime in the new year, he really needs to focus on their lives for a change. The work will still be there.

Severus is looking less stressful. Being out from under the thumbs of his Masters has been good for him. Now, if we could just convince him to be a little more social...

Hermione should be most helpful about that now that they're together. A most... complementary... pairing as they are both exceptionally intelligent people.

Dumbledore's portrait has Minerva cornered, discussing something. She's looking positively harassed. I'll have to see what I can do to divert his attention. Perhaps a question concerning American sweets versus English sweets and which he feels are the better tasting.

Poppy just raised her champagne flute to me. I suppose she's thanking me for the rescue. She has a plate of vegetables in her other hand and could probably use a place to put them down. Ah, there we go; a house-elf has appeared with a small table. She smiles at it as she lays the plate down. Probably saying thank you.

I trust we won't have a fight this evening between Hermione and Ms Brown. The way she's looking at Mr Weasley and Ms Brown's dancing together, I don't have to be a Legilimens to know she's seething at their distasteful display. Perhaps I should warn her that the New Year is supposed to offer a chance at new beginnings.

The Malfoys are here. I hope Lucius doesn't want to discuss Ministry business. He's still determined that his money will buy him influence with me. I can't convince him I'm not Cornelius and don't want his money. Well, we'll see how it goes.

note from potterbrat: please check out other stories from this author by going to her bio page <http://thepetulantpoetess.com/viewuser.php?uid=11676>

Poppy Pomfrey by Ms Tree

Chapter 9 of 11

Come celebrate with the cast of your favorite Potter characters, written by some of your favorite fan-fic authors. It has been five years since the Final Battle, and you never know what is going to happen at our New Year's Eve Party!

Poppy Pomfrey by MsTree

Five years! It's been five years since that awful day. The Great Hall looks so festive now with Hagrid's trees still up and green. It smells like a forest in here now. Certainly not like it smelt then.

I thank a house-elf who brings me a glass of champagne and a plate of crudités and ask it for a table for the plate. Too much alcohol will dry a body out without something to counteract it. I suppose I shall have to remind those Weasley boys once again to remember to eat something with their drinks.

There's Severus. My, he's looking so much healthier since he hasn't been looking over his shoulder all the time for someone trying to hex him. Of course, the dear boy doesn't have the depth of voice he once had due to that dreadful snake, but it's still got that certain something. I watch the older students sometimes when he's talking to them, and the girls still get shivers (some of the boys as well).

Ms Granger is looking well, although tonight she seems annoyed about something. Must be young Mr Weasley's lascivious display. He's dancing with that other girl—what is her name? Ah, yes, Ms Brown. I seem to recall a few dust ups during their school days concerning her.

I suppose I should go rescue Minerva. She looks cornered by Dumbledore. Even dead, the man cannot stop meddling. If I were her... but I'm not, so I'll control my temper as best I can. After all, he is just a portrait now and can't do too much harm. I'll have to remind her of that later. Oh, good. Kingsley's going to rescue her. I'll tip him my glass in thanks.

It's so good to see how many people showed up this evening. Of course, I'll probably be busy tomorrow handing out hangover remedies, but everyone needs to relax once in a while. Even busy mediwitches like myself.

Poppy Pomfrey by Ms Tree

Chapter 10 of 11

Poppy Pomfrey makes an appearance.

Poppy Pomfrey by MsTree

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in a while. Even busy mediwitches like myself.

Ron by potterbrat

Chapter 11 of 11

Ron learns an important lesson where Hermione and Severus are concerned.

Thanks again, SunShine. Yes, I will thank you in every chapter because there is never enough thanks. Now, stop blushing and get back to work!

Ron by potterbrat

What in Merlin's name is that? I feel my eyes grow wider as I notice the glittering ring on Hermione's left hand. Un-bloody-believable! She's going to *marry* that slimy git?

Lavender squeezes me tighter, and I realize that I've stopped dancing for a moment. I return my attention to the beautiful blond that I have in my arms, and I grind myself into her. She seems to get me in a way that Hermione never could.

I glance toward Hermione once more, and I see that she's grown even angrier. She doesn't like me dancing with Lavender, does she? I bury myself deeper into the dance, and I can tell that Lavender is enjoying herself as much as I am.

I wink at Hermione, and she rolls her eyes at me. Poor thing is obviously jealous. I grin down at the witch in my arms, and she doesn't look happy. No, not happy at all.

"What?"

She just glares at me. "Ronald, if you really wanted little-miss-know-it-all so badly, why didn't you just fight for her?"

"I don't want her, Lav. Obviously, I want you. Can't you tell that I can't wait to get you alone?" I growl into her ear.

"It looks more like you're trying to show out in front of Hermione. Give it up, Ron. She's with Severus now and she's happy. Why can't you be happy for her? She's supposed to be your best friend."

When she says that, I look over to Hermione's table again, I see her wrapped in the arms of my former torturer, and I see what Lavender sees. I feel like such a dolt.

Taking a deep breath, I smile sheepishly at my witch and nod toward them. "Come on, let's go and congratulate the happy couple. It's a new year and a new start. Perhaps it's time I grow up."