

Ron scowled at Hermione, but let Harry move them to a secluded corner. He put up his privacy ward. “Don’t get mad at me,” he started, reaching into his bag and pulling out the map. “A little bit ago, the twins gave me this.”

He explained the map, not letting on exactly how long he’d had it. Ron beamed at him when he realised what it meant. “You can come to Hogsmeade with us! Brilliant! Mate, you’re gonna love Zonko’s—“

“This is really dangerous, Harry! If you get caught in Hogsmeade — if *Sirius Black* catches you—“

“Lighten up, Hermione!” Ron cut in with a roll of his eyes. “Black’s hardly gonna come after him in the middle of a crowd of students, is he?”

“How can you say that, after what he almost did to you?” Hermione hissed. “You should stay in the castle, Harry.”

“Why, it’s not like it’s any safer,” Harry pointed out. “Black’s already broken in here twice.”

That took a little of the wind out of Hermione’s sails, but she still didn’t look happy. “If you had any sense, you’d give that map to McGonagall.”

“Are you mental? This thing is genius! I can’t believe Fred and George never told me about it.” A dark look briefly crossed Ron’s face, but it faded in favour of telling Harry all about Zonko’s and how great it was. Hermione huffed, gathering her books and stomping back to her previous table, where her half-finished essay awaited. “So you’ll come, then?” Ron asked eagerly.

“Yeah. But I’m taking my invisibility cloak.”

No need to go borrowing trouble.