

nothing to tell tales about. Now, he could do most of his spells non-verbally, and quite a few without a wand as well. It was so much easier when you realised that all the specific pronunciation and wand movements weren't actually necessary, not if you could nudge your magic in the right way. Harry had been wondering all year why more people didn't do it.

Maybe it wasn't quite as easy for everyone else as it was for him.

"Well, you've got a lot to be working with, so I'd recommend you find some productive way of channelling it," Bill said. "You'd be great at warding, that always takes a lot of power. Kinda the inverse of my job. Or maybe spellcrafting. You're not taking Arithmancy, though, are you?"

"I'm doing it independently," Harry told him. "That and Runes. I'll take OWLs in them at the end of the year." He couldn't wait to shock Dumbledore with that one. Bill grinned.

"Good, good. You'll figure something out, then. For now, just make sure you do plenty of magic when you can, or it'll build up and go a bit haywire when you're particularly emotional. It'll all stabilise once you're of age, but a growing wizard's core can be a bit... finnick, especially one your size."

"Why don't they teach anything like that at Hogwarts?" Harry muttered, shaking his head. Bill shrugged.

"It's mostly a pureblood thing, to be honest, so they probably expect peoples' parents to have warned them. Muggleborns have growing cores too, obviously, but they don't have family magics interacting with theirs so it's not as volatile." He clapped Harry on the shoulder, transfiguring the bed back into a chair. "Anyway, the good news is, the rest of your magic is clear and healthy. Doesn't seem to be any negative effects from having a bit of Voldemort in your head. I'll start working on some theories, and see what I can find." His crystal blue eyes locked onto Harry's. "I'll figure this out, kid, you hear me? You're not sacrificing yourself for this war."

"Okay," Harry agreed, though they both knew he would if it came down to it. "Thanks, Bill."

"No problem." Bill grinned, ruffling his hair, and shook Remus' hand. "I've got to get going, but it was good to meet you properly. I'm sure we'll see plenty more of each other in future."

Bill bowed his head to Gorrak and said something in Gobbledegook, then left the office. Gorrak turned to Harry. "May Gringotts be of any further assistance to you, Mr Potter?"

A thought drifted into his head, and he bit his lip. "Actually..." He glanced back at Remus. "While I'm here with a guardian present — could I possibly visit the family vaults? The heirloom ones." All four of his family lines had separate vaults for money and items, and while Harry had the itemised lists of everything in the latter, he wanted to see it for himself. There were some books he wanted to grab, too.

"Of course, Mr Potter," Gorrak agreed. "If Mr Lupin consents to accompany you."

"I suppose we might as well, while we're here," Remus agreed.