

pleased if they realised Sully had spilled the beans. They might give Anthony a different task, or do something far worse.

Luckily, Sully shook his head. “No, I don’t think so. Anthony sent me a letter because he overheard my dad talking to his dad about Death Eater stuff.”

Keep treating Anthony as normal, then. Right. They would have to get the word out discreetly. Harry wondered if Draco still had any of his password-protected ink, or if he’d have to ask the twins for more — Anthony’s idea to lie low and play Death Eater was a noble one, but Harry needed to make sure his friend knew he had other options.

The residents of the Pottery were surprised to see Harry, but Tinker quickly appeared, then went to retrieve Theo. The Slytherin, as Harry’s closest friend amongst the residents, had become the unofficial welcome-wizard for any new arrivals.

“Sullivan,” he said in surprise at the top of the stairs, hurrying the rest of the way down to meet the trio. “What happened?”

Sully gave a quick explanation, and Theo scowled. “He’s going after the peripheral families, then. Means he’s run out of known Dark families to ask.”

Harry doubted there was that much *asking* involved. “That’s not a good sign.” How many other kids at Hogwarts would find their families turning to Voldemort, would find themselves caught up in it all?

“I’ll send Susan a letter. She’ll know what to do,” Theo said resolutely. Sully perked up.

“We can still write to people from here?” he asked hopefully. To Harry’s surprise, it was Tonks who answered.

“As long as you trust them,” he confirmed, then winked. “You can still write to me, don’t worry.”

Since when did Sully and Tonks write to each other? Sure, Harry might have seen the pair of them chatting for a while at his birthday party, but... he shook his head — that was beside the point, and none of his business.

“I need to get back before people start to worry,” Harry said, checking his watch; Sirius and Remus would probably be home by now. And if he didn’t get back soon, Draco might come after him himself, apparition license or not. “Theo, are you good to show Sully around?”

“Yeah, no problem.” Theo clapped the Ravenclaw on the shoulder, offering a small smile. “Come on; you look like you could do with something to eat.”

Some of the tension began to seep from Sullivan’s shoulders, and he offered Harry a grin that was only a little bit strained. “Thanks for all this, Harry. I... I don’t think I could do what Anthony’s doing.”

“Happy to help,” Harry said with a shrug, “and we’ll figure out what to do about Anthony later. See what Susan says.” Harry was happy to defer such decisions to her; she was the