

Diagon that he had zero interest in — offices and specialty stores and places selling furniture — but every now and then he came across something interesting. The toy shop caught his attention, though he only looked through the window; he was too old for toys, even if part of him did wonder what it would have been like to grow up with the magical ones. There was a tattoo parlour as well, which he was *definitely* too young for, but looking at the artwork was fun. Maybe when he was older, he'd get a tattoo. The wizarding ones *moved*.

The further he went, the more the shops seemed to cater for a different clientele; they were more off the beaten path, not the kind of things families shopping for Hogwarts supplies would need. He stopped outside of a blue-painted shop with the words '*Silverling's Wizarding Fashion*' above the door. The window held mannequins wearing both regular robes and the more muggle-style clothing that younger wizards and witches wore on a day-to-day basis.

Harry looked down at himself. His jeans were only held up by his belt, rolled up several times at the ankle so he didn't trip over them, and his t-shirt hung halfway down his thighs. All his clothes were the same; at one point in time, they had all belonged to Dudley. Harry at thirteen could fit into clothing that Dudley hadn't worn since he was seven.

He could change that, now.

When he stepped inside the shop, his palms were sweaty and his nerves racing even more than they had been in the back room of Gringotts. He pushed the anxiety away, striding resolutely towards the menswear side of the shop. He had no reason to wear Dudley's cast-offs now. He was a respectable young wizard with plenty of money, and he could buy himself clothes that *fit*.

It looked like the kind of place that the cool pureblood and half-blood kids at Hogwarts would shop. Perhaps Parvati and Lavender had been in there. The clothes were definitely wizarding wear, but it wasn't anything like his school uniform. Many of them had in-built charms according to the labels; dirt repelling, or self-mending, or size-adjusting. It was all a bit overwhelming for Harry, who had barely been shopping in the muggle world, let alone the wizarding one.

At that, he had a thought that *almost* made him wonder if the spell making him impulsive hadn't been removed after all. A slow grin spread across his face; it was about time, really.

He only bought a couple of things at Silverling's — a pair of jeans that promised to be self-mending, a pair of comfortable black dragon-hide boots, and a jacket with in-built warming and cooling charms depending on the weather. When he left the shop, he turned back in the direction of the Leaky Cauldron, already pulling together a plan in his head.

When he made it to Gringotts, he stepped inside, his stride far more confident than it has been the last time. To his delight, he saw Farlig behind the same desk as before, and approached. "Good morning, Farlig! I hope your gold is flowing rapidly," he greeted, remembering what he'd read in his book about goblins. Farlig blinked for a moment, surprised, then gave a smile that showed all his teeth.

"Good morning, Mr Potter. My gold flows well, and I guard yours faithfully," he returned the greeting. "How can I help?"