

*France is disgustingly hot. My poor fair skin is not made for these sorts of temperatures! Even with sun blocking charms, I'm having to spend most of my time indoors. Mother seems to think that's a perfect excuse to take me touring around old museums and such rot.*

*I refuse to believe you made a successful Wronski Feint. You'll have to show me when we get back to school, because I'm fairly sure you're lying to me. And if you're not lying, how dare you. Gryffindor can't win the cup two years in a row. That's just rude.*

*Have you been writing to Blaise Zabini? I was over at his house in Italy the other week and I could've sworn I saw this owl. If I'm not the only snake in your life, I'll be heartbroken, Potter. I thought we had something special.*

*Father visited yesterday. It was awful. There's something bothering him, and I don't know what it is, but it must spell trouble. I don't want to go back to England, not if it means putting up with his foul temper for the rest of the summer. Do you think I might burn to a crisp if I just stayed in France until September 1st?*

*I learnt a new card game from some French witches, too. They're daughters of my mother's friends. They go to Beauxbatons — that's another magic school out here on the continent, if you didn't know. The game is called Coup Le Chat, which is a ridiculous name that translates to 'blow the cat'. When I asked why, they just laughed. It's a fun game, I'll have to teach it to you. Though it's better with three players. Maybe we can invite Blaise to play with us, since you seem to have such fun talking to him.*

*Write to you soon, if I don't melt.*

*Draco*

Harry was smiling by the end of the letter, even if there was an odd, twisting sensation in the pit of his stomach when Draco mentioned spending time with French witches. Dudley always said that European girls were prettier than any English girls. Was that the same for witches?

Not that it mattered, if Draco was hanging out with pretty girls. Harry didn't care.

He set the letter aside on his desk to reply to later, shrugging on his new green dressing gown and heading down to breakfast. "Good morning, Potter," Snape greeted cordially, in his usual spot at the table with tea and a potions journal. No one else was up yet; except for Ceri, of course. She had Harry's orange juice headed towards his place before he could even ask for it, and he gave her a grin in thanks.

"Good morning, Professor. Remus not up yet?" The full moon was two nights ago, and he was still suffering a little from it.

"Not yet, but I don't think it will be long. He's feeling much better than he was yesterday."

"That's good. Is there a plan for the day?" With the moon, Harry wasn't sure if they were going to go anywhere like they did last Saturday. Sirius couldn't take him by himself, and he didn't want Remus to push himself.