

“Brilliant.” Having Remus’ input on his teaching was invaluable. Sirius was right — the kind of training Harry had gone through in the summers was not exactly appropriate for the average Hogwarts student.

“Happy to help, kiddo.”

In some ways, Harry was glad Umbridge was such an incompetent teacher. He’d never have gained such a perfect way to prepare his peers for what was to come if she’d been decent.

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Umbridge was still considering the necessity of the Gryffindor quidditch team by the weekend, so Harry was grounded — though, with the weather the way it was, he couldn’t be too devastated about that.

And he had the perfect idea for a rainy day activity.

Making an excuse to Neville about needing to do some stuff by himself — which still felt novel, being able to tell his best friend he was just ‘doing things’ and not needing to give every little detail — Harry snuck down to Snape’s private quarters, wearing some of Dudley’s better fitting cast-offs beneath his invisibility cloak.

“Hi. Are you busy today?” he chirped, once he was safely warded inside the living room. Snape eyed him warily.

“That very much depends,” was the drawled response.

“Well, I was just wondering. Basilisk parts are quite useful in potions, aren’t they? And quite rare?”

The sudden interest lighting Snape’s gaze almost made Harry laugh. “Explain.”

Harry told the Slytherin about his little late-night jaunt down to the chamber; leaving out the whole part about Salazar’s secret office.

“I wanted somewhere to work on magic without the school wards catching it. But the massive dead snake is a bit... off-putting. *So*, if you’re free, I thought you might like to come help me figure out what to do with it. Since Remus keeps telling me I need adult supervision for dangerous things.”

Dark eyes narrowed. “If you cared about adult supervision, you would have fetched me *before* you went down there alone,” Snape pointed out, sighing at Harry’s unrepentant grin. “Give me ten minutes.”

Harry sat on the sofa, waiting for Snape to change and gather the equipment for harvesting the remains. Ten minutes later, the tall man was ready to go, a bulging satchel slung over his shoulder.

Having already done some exploring, Harry led the professor to a small snake carving on the wall not too far from his quarters. With a hiss, they were safely ensconced in the passageway.