

“Sirius had an idea about that. He said you should write to the twins and Ginny, telling them the Dursleys have forbid you from getting letters all summer. It’ll tie in nicely with the story that you’re locked in your room. Then we can give it a week or so, and if owls stop coming, we’ll pick up the stone and deactivate it, then you can get mail here instead. It just means you can’t owl any of your other friends until you’re clear.”

“I didn’t know for sure if I’d be able to owl them at all,” Harry pointed out. He picked up the stone, running his fingers over it. “This is brilliant! I knew they’d figure something out.” He pocketed the stone. “I’ll write to them after dinner. Although,” he faltered, “if I tell them not to write to me, does that mean I won’t be able to write to them all summer? Surely they’re not allowed to send owls off to whoever, living at Order headquarters.”

“Severus and I can play delivery owl for any letters you want to send them.” Snape cleared his throat pointedly. “Oh, alright, *I’ll* play delivery owl,” Remus corrected exasperatedly.

After dinner, Harry followed Remus’ instructions to push his magic into the stone until it glowed faintly, then they sent it off with Ceri to put in his room at Privet Drive. “How will we know if it works?” Harry asked.

“Ceri can keep an eye out for any approaching owls, and just pop you back there when you need to open the window. That’ll help convince your watchers you’re still there, too. Your aunt and uncle never have to know,” Remus said. “And if owls show up here, well, we know it hasn’t worked, and we’ll think of something else.”

Harry had faith in the twins. The stone would work.

He grabbed his writing supplies and brought them down to the living room, biting his lip as he thought about what to write. It was a letter that the Order would definitely read; he had to make it believable.

*Dear Fred, George and Ginny,*

*I hope you’re having a good start to your summer! Mine has been... not great. The Dursleys are off with me again, so I’m stuck in my room for the foreseeable future. It’s not so bad — it’s too hot to go outside much anyway.*

*Speaking of the Dursleys, they’re not happy about the idea of me having owls coming and going — they said some of the neighbours noticed last summer, and they got too many questions. The only reason they’re letting me let Hedwig out now is that I promised to send her to you asking you not to write to me this summer. It won’t be forever; hopefully I’ll get to come stay at the Burrow soon. We just might have to celebrate my birthday a bit late.*

*If you’re with anyone else who might want to write to me, could you pass on the message? I don’t want a repeat of the summer before second year.*

*Hopefully see you all soon!*

*Harry*