

how many students were staring at her, and yelled at them all to get on with their mornings.

For the whole day, the story of the Flight of Fred and George swept the school, the students who had witnessed it all regaling those who jealously wished they had. Much like with the fireworks, there was some kind of Anti-Vanishing spell on the paint, and Umbridge was forced to teach while looking like Slimer from Ghostbusters right up until lunchtime, when she could finally disappear for a shower.

The only dim moment of it all was the sight of Angelina and Lee, curled up on the twins' usual sofa in the common room late that evening, their faces tired from holding smiles even though their best friends were now gone. Harry approached them tentatively. "Did you know it was coming?"

"Yeah," Lee confirmed. "We said our goodbyes. And we'll see them in a few months." Still, his voice was sad.

"Listen," Harry leaned in closer, "I've got ways of getting letters in and out of the castle. And I know where the twins will be. If you want to write to them, let me know; I'll make it happen."

That made both of them brighten up, even as Angelina eyed him in consideration. "You're full of surprises, Potter," she remarked. "Fred and George always said you had more mischief in you than you let on, but I never really believed it until this year."

Harry grinned lopsidedly. "Been a bit busy, most other years," he pointed out wryly. "Besides, the twins always had mischief covered."

"You're not wrong, there," she agreed, shaking her head with fond exasperation. "Thanks for the offer, Harry. I'll probably have a letter for you in a week or so. Let them know what madness they've spawned in their wake."

"Sounds good." Harry bid them goodnight, heading up to his room, ensconcing himself in his bed curtains with the mirror and calling Sirius' name. "Hey, Padfoot. You get the package today?"

Sirius snorted. "If by package you mean those red-headed demons of yours, then yes, they showed up safe and sound just after lunchtime. Hell of a story with them, too."

"I'll pensieve the memory this summer," Harry promised. "I saw everything, it was brilliant."

The animagus grinned. "Good, good. Were you just calling to check they made it safely, or have you got time for a chat?"

"I've got time," Harry assured, getting more comfortable. "I actually wanted your advice on something."

"Boyfriend or exams?"