

Chapter 8

“...And Jones whacks a banger of a bludger right at Mayweather, nearly takes his head off! Mayweather drops the quaffle— and Greengrass has it, Harpies are back in possession...”

Harry’s lips curled in a faint smile, his attention half on the quiet commentating of the quidditch match drifting from his Wizarding Wireless. He was up in the dorm, the curtains around his bed drawn and warded, his password-protected notebook in his lap while *Never Unarmed: The Theory of Wandless Magic* lay open on his left.

Hermione was off in the library, as always; Ron was either with her, helping with Buckbeak’s case, or had given up and sought out Dean and Seamus. Harry had been with them for a while, but when their bickering became too much he made the excuse of needing to talk to Lupin about his Patronus lessons. The pair may have banded together in the face of the Ministry’s stupid creature laws, but that didn’t quite make them friends again.

Either way, it meant that he had at least an hour of free time, and it was perfect timing for the Holyhead Harpies match against the Ballycastle Bats. It was also perfect timing for Harry to go over some of the notes he’d been making the last few months.

It was a good thing his notebook was charmed to add pages as it became necessary; it was full to bursting with scrawled notes and diagrams and half-hearted attempts at family trees as Harry tried to figure out the complicated world of British pureblood families. If he were more like Hermione, he’d have some sort of organisation system to separate his spell-related research from his history-related notes — but he wasn’t, and chaos seemed to suit him perfectly fine, so he continued to write on whichever page he pleased.

Currently, he was comparing notes he’d made from reading *Reaching Your Core: A Guide to Understanding Your Magic* to the text within *Never Unarmed*, quill tapping thoughtfully against his lower lip. Since he’d entered the wizarding world, wandless magic had been spoken of as the absolute pinnacle of magical power and talent — only extraordinary people could manage it, like Albus Dumbledore.

But why then did children have so many bursts of wandless magic?

Many of the books he read talked about how the immature core was more volatile, and training it with the focus of a wand helped to direct it, with the downside of making it harder to access without a focus. They explained that for all but the most powerful, the trade-off for control over your own magic was the need for a wand to use it. Sure, in times of great stress or need, a person could perform wandless magic, but it was rarely intentional.

That made little sense to Harry, when all the books on inheritance magic suggested that many talents inherent to certain families were innate and wandless; metamorphmagi powers and soothsaying, an affinity to mind magics or animagi magics. Some were bloodline-only, but many were available to any wixen willing to work for it, and family magics just made it easier.