

Gathering up all the miscellaneous things that had sprawled all over his room in his three week stay, Harry forgot about the book he'd been reading before bed until Fred picked it up off the bedside table. "'*Wizarding Traditions and Pureblood Rites*,' hmm?" he read the cover, brows furrowed as he flicked it open. Harry's heart stopped. "Not your usual bedtime reading."

"I, uh," Harry started, frantically fumbling for some kind of excuse. George smirked, plucking the book from his twin's grasp.

"Is little Harrikins learning about his place in the world? Noble and Most Ancient Heir of Potter," he added teasingly, making Harry flinch.

"How do you know about that?"

"Not like there are any other Potters about, is there?" George replied. "We just didn't think you knew."

"The, uh— the goblins told me. When I went to Gringotts," Harry said eventually, praying the twins didn't dig any deeper than that. Surely that was a normal thing, right? The goblins informing someone about their inheritance.

Neither redhead seemed perturbed by it, nodding as if it made total sense. "They're probably keen to have the Potter vaults open again," Fred mused. "Don't worry, Harry," he added, clearly sensing the fear rolling off the younger boy. "We won't tell Ron. Our little brother's a mite sensitive about these things."

"We can write to Bill and Charlie, if you like," George suggested. "They're the ones doing all the lordship stuff in our family. Although Weasley and Prewett might be Sacred 28, but we've let a lot of the traditions die, so I don't know how helpful they'd be."

"Sacred 28?" Harry had seen references to that in his books, but never had it actually explained to him.

"The 28 wizarding families who were *true* purebloods back in the 30s," Fred explained with a roll of his eyes that showed exactly what he thought of that. "As decided by some ponce who wrote a book about it. There's others, of course — the Potters are as pure as it gets, but they're not on the list because the author had it out for them. Said they don't count because they're not technically English pureblood. As if they're any less English than the Shafiqs or the Shackelbolts. But it's basically a bunch of old-blood wizarding families. You can probably find a book about it if you like. A better book than the original; there's bound to be one that tells you all of the old-blood families. All the Wizengamot seats. You can owl-order it to school."

Harry, who had been trying to find a book exactly like that, looked up hopefully. "I've never owl-ordered anything before."

"Oh, it's easy," George assured. "You just get the reference number off the catalogue, owl off with the money and they'll send it back to you. Angelina's got a Flourish and Blotts catalogue, I'm sure she'd let you borrow it at school."