

And Dumbledore.”

“I suppose that’s all I can ask.” Sirius reached into the pocket of his robe, pulling out a small round mirror in a black frame. “I want you to have this. It’s a two-way mirror; your dad and I used to use them all the time. I’ve got the other one — just say my name into the mirror, and mine will vibrate, and then we can talk to each other.”

“Or you can call me if you’re lonely and need someone to talk to when Remus is with Snape,” Harry realised. He took the mirror, running his fingers over the surface. It was only the size of his hand, but he’d easily be able to keep it with him in his school robes. “This is brilliant!”

“If you ever need to talk, about *anything* — the headmaster, your classes, romantic advice,” he wiggled his eyebrows and Harry made a face, “I’m always here for you. Okay?”

“I’ll call. At least once a week,” Harry promised. It would be much easier than sending an owl.

“And if you need someone in person, go to Snape. He’s still a greasy git, but I guess he’s family now.” Sirius grumbled, but Harry knew better; his godfather was delighted Remus was happy and in love. Even if it was Snape.

Sirius shifted around until he was sitting cross-legged facing Harry. “Remember where your allies are, Pup. From the sounds of things, you’ve got a fair few. Keep making friends with all the other heirs, and the kids in other houses. I know I’m hardly one to talk, but all these inter-house rivalries have been going on far too long; it’s fine when it’s friendly, but the divide has gotten far too deep. If anyone can help reconcile that, it’s your generation. Even if you have to do so in secret, keep them close. Especially Cissa’s boy — he’s a Black at heart, and once you’ve got a Black’s loyalty you’ve got it for life.”

“It feels like this is all so much bigger than us, Sirius,” Harry murmured. “We’re all just kids. None of us are even old enough to take our Wizengamot seats yet; how are we supposed to change the minds of half the wizarding world?” There were so many broken parts of wizarding society; things that had been allowed to fester since Voldemort’s first rise to power, if not longer. The more Harry learnt, the more he realised how screwed up things had become. But half of the people in charge didn’t seem to care; not when the system benefited them. They didn’t want to fix it, they’d just figured out how to exploit it.

“One thing at a time, kiddo,” Sirius said. “You’re a determined little bugger, and I have every faith you’ll succeed. We’ll be right behind you every step of the way.” He offered a grin, patting Harry’s knee. “Remember, you don’t have to change everything all at once. Just focus on getting through the school year in one piece for now, yeah? You’ll have plenty of time for politics when you’re older. Try and enjoy being a normal teenager for a bit longer.”

He knew what Sirius was implying. He wasn’t stupid; the adults had been shifty all summer, and the tattoo on Snape’s arm — his Dark Mark — was more visible now than it had been before. Voldemort was gaining strength, and war would soon be upon them once more. Still, it was an absurd concept to Harry, with his previous Hogwarts track record. “When have I ever been a normal teenager?” he pointed out wryly. Sirius barked an unexpected laugh.