

“I’m serious. Take it.” Harry forced the bag into George’s hands. “I don’t need it, I don’t want it, and after Bagman screwed you guys over you could do with it. Consider it an investment in Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes. We’ll need laughter now more than ever.”

He glared at them both until they looked like they were no longer going to argue, and George stashed the bag away in his trunk. Harry grinned triumphantly. “Good. Just don’t tell your parents where you got it, alright?” He was bundled in a crushing group hug.

“This won’t go to waste, Harry,” Fred promised, ruffling his hair.

Despite their lacklustre OWL marks, the Weasley twins were two of the smartest people Harry knew, and he had no doubt that they’d take the wizarding world by storm in the next decade or so. He was glad to know the Triwizard money would be going towards something worthwhile.

They caught up with the others on the platform, and Harry walked with the Weasleys through the barrier, unsurprised to find the Dursleys waiting on the other side. He said his goodbyes and strolled towards his scowling aunt and uncle.

“Come on, boy,” Vernon hissed, grabbing him by the collar and shoving him towards the car park. “The sooner we get you home, the sooner we can get rid of you.”

“We didn’t want to come at all, but that *awful boy* insisted we keep up the charade. More trouble than you’re worth, you are,” Petunia told him. Harry refrained from pointing out that that *awful boy* was now a man in his thirties, smiling down at the empty owl cage sat on top of his trunk. He’d sent Hedwig ahead to Seren Du, not wanting to anger his relatives even more by making them transport a live owl.

Sirius’ promise rang in his ears as he was forced into Vernon’s car. He would be gone soon. He wouldn’t be left with the Dursleys.

He could go home soon.