

somewhat proficient in brewing by the end of the summer. Potions are an important part of wizarding life, and you need to be capable of at least basic healing potions. There may come a time when there is no one you trust available to brew them for you.”

Harry sighed — he hated to admit it, but the man had a point. Maybe he would be better at Potions without Slytherins throwing things in his cauldron, or Snape taking points every five minutes. Unless... “You can’t take house points during the summer, right?” he checked suspiciously. Snape’s lips twitched.

“That is correct, Mr Potter.”

“Okay then. I’ll study Potions.” He didn’t miss the way Remus lifted his glass of pumpkin juice to hide a smile. “So we start tomorrow, then? With schoolwork?”

“If you’d like. I figured you could get your homework out of the way, and then after that we can use that slot to go over anything from previous years that has given you trouble, or get a head start on next year’s work,” Remus suggested.

“Works for me.” Harry leaned back in his chair, wondering what to do with his afternoon. He *really* wanted to try out that quidditch pitch. “I think I’m going to go flying, if that’s alright?” He raised an enquiring eyebrow at Remus — who seemed to be the most responsible one of the trio — who nodded. “But first, I’m going to write some letters. Am I alright to borrow your owl, Professor?”

“I have no need of her for now,” Snape acquiesced. Harry smiled in thanks, then excused himself from the table, hurrying up to his room.

The first letter he wrote was to Draco.

*Draco,*

*First off, this is Artemis. She belongs to a friend. I thought Hedwig might give the game away a bit.*

*How are you? Are you in Italy yet, or France? I hope your summer is off to a good start. Mine got unexpectedly better than I ever thought. I can’t tell you why. Let’s just say I have some unanticipated company.*

*Are you going to the Quidditch World Cup this summer? Ron’s going to see if his dad can get tickets. I think it’d be brilliant to go, but even if I can’t, I think I’m in for a great summer.*

*Hope you’re well,*

*Harry*

That was alright, wasn’t it? Not too much information, and not too overly forward? His friendship with Draco was still so new and unsteady, he never knew how to act around the blond. Next he wrote to Neville.

*Hi Neville,*