

“Boys! Honestly, what have I told you about magic at the table?” She pulled her wand and tapped Ron’s forehead, attempting to end the spell.

There was a beat, and then the eyebrows shuddered — before blooming into glittery pink flowers. Ginny screeched with laughter, and even Remus’ neutral expression cracked. Ron’s panic grew.

“What happened? What did they do?” He had both hands up now to cover his eyebrows, while Hermione tried to pull them away so she could get a closer look.

“Fred! George!” Mrs Weasley barked menacingly. The twins held their hands up.

“It’ll go away on its own!” George promised.

“I think they’re rather fetching,” Fred agreed, yelping when the wooden spoon was brought out. “Ow, Mum! It’s just a bit of fun!”

“You’d think being old enough to use magic outside of school would make you a bit more responsible with it!” Mrs Weasley scolded. Personally, Harry didn’t see what the problem was; it wasn’t hurting Ron, and the twins wouldn’t use any magic they couldn’t counter. It wasn’t like they’d burned his eyebrows off or anything!

“Leave them be, Molly. It’s a great bit of magic,” Sirius complimented, giving the twins a thumbs up. That just seemed to increase Mrs Weasley’s wrath.

“Don’t you go encouraging them, Sirius Black — they’ll get themselves in trouble if they carry on the way they’re going. You of all people should know better!”

“I of all people?” Sirius repeated indignantly. “What exactly is that supposed to mean?”

Mrs Weasley’s lips thinned, but she didn’t say anything.

“Let’s all just calm down,” Remus soothed, resting a hand on Sirius’ shoulder. “Ronald, I’m sure your eyebrows will be back to normal in no time. If not, I’m sure the twins would be happy to correct it. Molly, the boys are just having a bit of harmless fun; with all the serious discussions going on lately, I can’t really blame them.”

“Hermione, leave it,” Ron grumbled, batting her hands away from his face. “You can’t do anything anyway.”

“Speaking of serious discussions,” Harry cut in loudly, figuring now was as good a time as any. “When’s the next Order meeting? It sounds like I’ve got a lot of information to catch up on.” He was done with being kept in the dark to ‘allow time to grieve’. The Order didn’t know how much he was aware of, but he refused to let them continue pushing him aside until it was time for him to face Voldemort again.

“See!” Sirius barked triumphantly. “I told you he’d want to be involved.”

“Harry, dear, don’t be silly; you’re far too young to be in the Order,” Mrs Weasley dismissed, ignoring Sirius entirely. “You don’t need to be involved in all that.”