

Naturally, that day also heralded one of the worst storms they'd seen all term.

"Oh, Harry!" George called across the Gryffindor common room, he and Fred grabbing Harry by the shoulders. He had just come back from dinner, planning on taking a little time to work on his animagus form before practice.

"Darling, favouritest little brother of ours," Fred continued sweetly. Harry tugged free of their grasp, eyeing them suspiciously.

"What do you want?"

The pair grinned innocently. "Well, my brother and I are in a bit of a predicament," Fred drawled.

"A predicament that is going to make tonight's quidditch practice exceedingly uncomfortable."

Harry looked out the window, where the sky was practically black with clouds, rain pouring down in sheets. "More uncomfortable than it's already going to be?" he asked doubtfully. Both redheads nodded.

"We've been working on a new Snackbox, see," Fred started.

"Fever Fudge," George said. "It's working great, gets your temperature right up and everything, except..."

"Except it keeps giving us these huge, pus-filled boils, and we can't figure out how to, ah, fix that." Fred shifted uncomfortably. Harry frowned — he didn't see any boils.

"Boils that will make it quite difficult to sit on our brooms for two hours."

It took a moment for Harry to figure it out, but when it clicked he grimaced in horror. "Oh, fuck."

"Quite," Fred agreed. "Angelina is already quite *unimpressed* with that situation, I don't think she'll be any more forgiving if we bail on our first practice in ages because of it."

"We've tried every counter-spell and healing charm we can think of," George huffed.

"Ointments, potions, the lot. If we can't get them to go down, we'll have to go to Pomfrey." Both redheads looked horrified at the idea of taking that particular predicament to the school mediwitch. Harry didn't blame them.

"Seeing as you're fast becoming the new brain-box of Gryffindor," Fred complimented, "and we know how much Moony worries about your continued health and safety—"

"We were hoping you might have some ideas?" George's brown eyes were hopeful. Harry stared at them.

"You want me to look at your arses?"