

Harry jumped to his feet, shouting and hugging Neville — he didn't mind this part of being in the crowd, getting to celebrate in the huddle of red and gold, watching the team fly a breathless victory lap. It hurt, not being with them, but there was always next year for him.

Angelina and Alicia took an extra lap, just the two of them, bidding goodbye to the pitch they had loved for the last seven years. More than just Gryffindors cheered for them, and Harry whistled loudly, whooping. They were joined by Roger Davies, who would also be graduating in a few weeks, and the three of them flew together before heading back down, tumbling to the grass in a tight embrace. Roger had a few words with Angelina, then shook her hand and went back to his team, who patted him on the back all the same.

It took a while to file out of the stands, and Harry and Neville headed up to the castle with Parvati and Lavender, all four of them beaming.

“Did you see Umbridge's face?” Lavender crowed in delight. The headmistress had looked outraged that even banning three players couldn't stop the Gryffindor team from winning. Harry thought he'd seen Colin take a picture of the expression, and he made a mental note to hunt the fourth year down and see about getting a copy to send to Fred and George.

Speaking of Fred and George... “You guys head up,” Harry urged once they hit the Entrance Hall. “I've got to go sort something first.”

Neville eyed him shrewdly, but let it lie, walking with the girls towards the stairs. Harry turned in the direction of the corridor to the kitchens.

The twins were usually responsible for the epic feasts present at Gryffindor victory parties, and Harry had to step up in their absence. Luckily, Dobby was more than happy to help.

“We is taking care of it!” the elf promised with an enthusiastic salute. Several other elves grinned up at Harry, hurrying to fill a picnic basket with enough food to feed an army.

“Brilliant, thank you all so much. Can you just go ahead and send it up to the Tower?” Harry had another stop to make.

Hugging Dobby goodbye, Harry continued on his way, sneaking through the one-eyed witch and down to Hogsmeade. Madame Rosmerta only look half surprised to see him, raising one amused eyebrow. “Gryffindor won, then?” she presumed, and Harry nodded.

“I'll take as much as you're willing to give me,” he declared, setting a stack of galleons down on the table. The barmaid laughed.

“It was getting far too quiet without those Weasley boys around,” she declared, levitating a crate of butterbeer with her wand. “Glad you're picking up their legacy, Mr Potter.”

Harry shrunk the crate and put it carefully in his pocket, then disappeared again, racing through Honeydukes' cellar and back to the castle.

By the time he reached the Tower, the party was well underway, though the quidditch team hadn't arrived. Someone had hung one of the ‘Go Go Gryffindor’ banners up on the wall, and