

“Can I make a withdrawal? But, in muggle money, this time?” he requested. Surely Gringotts had to do some sort of currency exchange?

Farlig nodded. “Of course, Mr Potter. If you would consent to a scan?” Harry nodded, letting Farlig check his identity through his magic. “Excellent. And how much will you be withdrawing today?”

“Um. Let’s say... five hundred pounds.” He’d never even seen that much muggle money in his life, except for when Dudley opened his birthday and Christmas cards. But he knew the rough exchange rate, and he hoped it would be enough for what he had in mind. Besides, after the portfolio the goblins had sent him detailing all his assets, he wasn’t exactly worried about his future spending rate.

Farlig didn’t bat an eyelash at the amount. “As you wish, Mr Potter. One moment please.” He typed something into his old-fashioned typewriter, then pulled a lever. Crisp muggle bank notes began stacking on the desk in front of him. “Here you are, Mr Potter. Five hundred pound sterling.” He passed the substantial stack to Harry, who shoved it securely in his pocket. “If I may make a suggestion, Mr Potter?”

“Absolutely,” Harry replied. The goblin hadn’t steered him wrong yet.

“Twilfitt and Tattings makes a bottomless bag, which can carry far beyond its usual capacity, yet never weighs more than its empty state. I believe it’s popular among young people these days.” Farlig gave a shark-like grin, his words casual but his gaze knowing. Harry grinned back.

“Thank you for the recommendation, Farlig. May your vaults ever be full.”

“And yours, Mr Potter,” Farlig replied, bowing his head in acknowledgement.

Harry took a detour to Twilfitt and Tattings, purchasing a bottomless bag in the style of a black leather messenger bag, fairly unremarkable but stylish in its simplicity. Twilfitt assured him it would hold up to thirty times its natural capacity in size, and up to a hundred kilos in weight. Harry couldn’t ever imagine needing to carry a hundred kilos worth of *anything*, but it was good to know for the future.

His plan in place, Harry returned to the Leaky Cauldron, waving a cheerful hello to Tom behind the bar on his way up to his room. There he deposited his purchases and changed into his new clothes.

“Oh, that’s much better, dear,” the mirror in his room complimented, making him beam despite himself. The only clothes he’d ever had that fit him before were his school robes, and the few items of Dudley’s clothing that Hermione had once experimented with Shrinking charms on. He’d never had brand new jeans before in his life. He actually looked his age for once, rather than a ten year-old playing dress-up.

His smile couldn’t be dislodged as he grabbed his new bag, the wad of muggle cash, and his invisibility cloak. Briefly, he remembered the warnings about not venturing into the muggle world, and a pang of guilt surfaced. But he pushed it away.