

The twins were summoned by the commotion, and looked equally as disgusted as Ginny when they realised what had happened. Their jokes couldn't quite hide the flash of pain that crossed both their faces when Mrs Weasley declared that was '*everyone in the family*'.

"Congrats, Ron," Harry said once she'd left with the promise of buying Ron a new broom. Ron's smug look returned, and Harry smiled evenly. "Good to see Dumbledore has faith in your ability to handle the workload of a prefect on top of your OWL revision. Personally, I'm glad I only have to deal with studying and quidditch."

The redhead's expression faltered — clearly he hadn't thought about the actual effort involved in being a prefect.

"You've got your priorities right, Harry," George agreed, grinning. "None of that *responsibility* nonsense."

"There's no need to be jealous, Harry," Hermione said primly. "I'm sure Professor Dumbledore had his reasons for picking Ron over you."

"Oh, completely," Harry agreed, throwing her off her stride. "I get into way too much trouble, he'd look bad to reward me for it. Nah, seriously, best of luck to both of you. Though I'm sorry it's probably fucked up those revision schedules you worked so hard on, Hermione."

Beside him, he noticed Ginny's cheek twitch with the effort of holding a straight face. Hermione frowned. "Oh, no, you're right — I should re-write those now!" She turned as if to leave, then paused. "Harry, is it alright if I borrow Hedwig, to tell Mum and Dad? You don't need her, do you?"

Harry was tempted to say no just to be difficult, but Hedwig hadn't really left Grimmauld since Harry had arrived; he hadn't wanted to risk writing to anyone, not sure what Dumbledore might consider unacceptable. "Yeah, go for it; she could do with the chance to stretch her wings. I think she's in the upstairs parlour, the one with the big window. I'm gonna go finish packing."

And so he went upstairs, leaving Hermione eagerly chattering to Ron about the adjustments she would make to their revision schedules — oblivious to the dawning horror on Ron's face.

Harry smirked to himself; oh, that was far too easy.

If Dumbledore was expecting Harry to be upset about not making prefect, he truly had lost his grasp on things.

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Despite what he'd said, Harry didn't really have that much packing to do. He'd only brought from Seren Du what he would need for the school year, and a few quick spells had everything stacking neatly into his trunk. But with his usual shadows aflutter with the news of prefect-hood, Harry took the opportunity to dig out his two-way mirror. "Draco Malfoy."