

into their room after lunch, Remus claiming to need a nap before their evening plans, so Harry pestered Sirius into helping him practice fourth year Transfiguration spells. Even if he couldn't show it in his classwork without making Dumbledore suspicious, he wanted to prepare himself as much as he could. Even Hermione would be impressed at how much of a bookworm he was becoming; the manor library was one of his favourite places, and the bookshelves in his room were rapidly filling up. He had an entire section for fiction novels now, both wizarding and muggle — Remus insisted there was more to books than just learning, and wanted to make sure Harry started out with the classics. Reading muggle versions of magic in books was wildly entertaining.

Ceri called them down for an early dinner, and Harry was practically vibrating with excitement through the meal, wondering what his godfather had in store for him. He wolfed down his food, looking up at the clock. They still had another twenty minutes. "Do I need to go change?" he asked, looking down at the plain jeans and t-shirt he was wearing, then looking at the adults. "Where are we going, magic or muggle?"

"Muggle. Grab your jacket, we'll be outside," was all Sirius would tell him. Harry nodded, racing up to his bedroom and throwing his wardrobe open, looking at his choices. Sirius had been in jeans and a t-shirt, but he made everything he wore look cool. Snape was wearing black jeans and a dark green button-up, while Remus had on grey trousers, a button-up and a cardigan. Not helpful.

Eventually, Harry decided on a nice pair of dark jeans, a blue long-sleeve shirt with a geometric design on it, and his Silverling's jacket and boots. He made an attempt at taming his wild hair, but gave up within a couple minutes, shrugging helplessly at his reflection.

Making sure his wand was in its invisible holster, Harry grabbed his muggle wallet off his desk and hurried back downstairs, where the three adults were waiting in the entrance hall. "You ready, pup?" Sirius asked, excitement lighting up his grey eyes. Harry grinned, nodding, and followed them out into the driveway.

You couldn't apparate or disapparate from inside the house, so they always had to walk about twenty feet away to get past the wards. Before they left, Snape turned to Sirius, casting a few spells to mask his true identity; his hair became short and mid-brown, his jaw narrower, his skin several shades darker. It wasn't entirely necessary — after several weeks of good meals, a shave and a haircut, Sirius was a far cry from the man on the wanted posters, and his face hadn't been on the muggle news in months. But, better safe than sorry.

Harry took Sirius' arm, waiting for the now-familiar feeling of being squeezed through a tube. They appeared in an empty alley somewhere, Remus and Snape right behind them. Harry fell into step beside his godfather, bouncing on his toes as they left the alley and emerged on a street right next to what looked like a huge park. It was full of people, blocked in by barriers, and rising over the crowd Harry could see some sort of stage structure. There was loud music coming from the crowd; a kind of gentle, folksy rock music.

Sirius put an arm around his shoulder, keeping him close as they joined a line of people at some sort of entrance gate. "Have you ever been to a concert before, cub?" Remus asked from behind him, his eyes bright. Harry shook his head. "Well, this is a good one for your first time. Just stay close to us, okay?"