

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Hey pals! So I have finally finished editing this absolute monstrosity all the way to the end, which naturally means that I am now impatient for y'all to get to the good bits. Because of this, I'm changing my update schedule; as of next week I'll be posting chapters every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. It's time for this fic to pick up some steam!

When Harry awoke the next morning, there was a large part of his brain that was certain the whole thing had been a dream. But he'd never been in a bed that comfortable; not at the Dursleys', and not at Hogwarts. He cracked one eye open, lips spreading in a grin. Even without his glasses he could see he wasn't at Privet Drive.

His new room really was incredible. He'd been too tired to take much of it in the night before, but he sat up and put his glasses on now, hardly daring to believe the room was all his.

The alarm clock on the bedside table said it was only six fifteen, and Harry doubted anyone else in the house would rise at that hour. He briefly contemplated going back to sleep, but it was no use. Now he was up, he was restless. He looked at his trunk, sitting at the foot of his new bed. His wand, still in its holster on the bedside table. He grinned to himself.

Sirius *had* said he could do as much magic as he wanted.

The Unpacking spell was one from *A Hundred Spells Every Wizard Should Know*, and Harry hadn't had much chance to practice it, but he'd been okay at it the last time he'd tried. He opened his trunk and his wardrobe, as well as the top drawers. Wand in hand, he murmured the spell. It was all about visualisation; he had to think clearly about how he wanted his things organised, otherwise they'd just shove themselves willy-nilly in his wardrobe.

His neatly folded clothes began to float out of the trunk, carefully arranging themselves the way they did in Harry's mind. They put themselves on hangers, or folded themselves into the drawers, and Harry laughed triumphantly when all his clothes were successfully where he wanted them to be. Next was books.

A flick of his wand, and his books were arranging themselves alphabetically on his empty shelves. There was still so much empty space, and Harry was eager to fill it.

The rest of his things, he placed by hand. Hedwig's cage went on top of the dresser, his Firebolt was propped up next to the window. The few photos he had to display went on his shelves, along with the Sneakoscope from Ron. His quills and parchment sat carefully on his