

sheepishly. “I was a bit enthusiastic with the Sticking charm when I was young. Wanted to piss off Mum. I’ll figure out how to get them down, don’t worry.”

Harry snorted. “S’alright. Not like they do anything for me.” At least they were muggle posters, and wouldn’t wave and wink at him like the girls he’d seen in some of his dormmates’ dirty mags. “This was your room, huh?”

“My childhood prison,” Sirius agreed wryly. “Until I abandoned ship and moved to the Potters’. Feel free to snoop — Merlin only knows what’s in here, I haven’t been through it since I left.”

The three Weasleys hung awkwardly in the doorway, and Harry beckoned them in. “I don’t mind,” he assured. “I wanted to talk to you guys anyway.”

“I’d better get down to the meeting,” Sirius said, rolling his eyes. He set the sandwiches down on the bed, then reached into his jacket pocket. “Moony gave me this, by the way.” It was Harry’s trunk, which he resized and set at the end of the bed. “I think Tonks still has Hedwig’s cage.”

“Brilliant, thanks.” Harry gave Sirius one last hug, then let him leave. As soon as the door shut behind him, George raised his wand, putting up a privacy ward.

“Just in case Ronniekins comes snooping when he realises you’re here,” he declared. He perched on the edge of the bed, raising an eyebrow at one of the muggle women in the posters before leaning back against the wall. “So. How you doing, kid?”

Harry couldn’t help the snort that escaped him. Kicking off his shoes, he made himself comfortable on the bed, leaving plenty of room for Ginny and Fred too. He reached for a sandwich, his stomach rumbling. “I was doing great until a dementor killed my cousin,” he said flatly. All three redheads winced.

“I’m so sorry, Harry. It’s awful, what happened. Even if your cousin was an arse.” Ginny squeezed his hand sympathetically. “But you’ve been okay besides all that?”

“Yeah, mostly. I still... I still have the odd nightmare, about the graveyard,” he admitted. “But Remus has been really great helping me work through stuff. And I kept busy. I’m not the interesting one, though; what’s been going on here?”

Even though he’d been exchanging letters with the twins and Ginny through Remus all summer, there was still tons they hadn’t talked about. Harry knew the basics, of course; the Order had meetings here, and in the mean time the kids cleaned the house. But he knew the twins had figured out a way to eavesdrop, and he wanted to know how much they knew.

He was impressed by the explanation of the Extendable Ears, though hid his smile when Ginny complained Snape was onto them and had started warding the door.

“We don’t know much about what they’re doing,” George admitted. “But You-Know-Who has been quiet all summer. No raids, no mysterious deaths, nothing. We think he’s making the