

really touched it before, certainly not with such tenderness. “This has never happened before? Dreams like this? Your scar hurting?” Harry shook his head, and Remus’ frown deepened.

“What does it mean?”

“I’ll be honest, Harry; I have no idea.” Remus didn’t look happy about it. “I’ll do some research. You should write to Gorrak, at Gringotts — you said he noticed some dark magic around your scar when he scanned you? Perhaps the goblins will know more. For now... make sure to clear your mind and check your shields before you go to sleep at night. And if it happens again, tell us immediately, alright?”

“If what happens again?” It was Snape, striding into the kitchen, his hair still damp from the shower. Remus kept an arm around Harry as he informed the Slytherin what had happened, and Snape’s lips pursed.

“I’ve never heard of this happening before. Then again, no one has survived the killing curse before. I’ll look into it, Potter, and let you know if I find anything.”

“Thank you,” Harry said, reluctantly pulling away from Remus and heading to his usual seat. “Can we just let it go for now? There’s nothing we can do about it, and I feel okay now. I just... I don’t want to dwell on it when I have to leave this afternoon.”

“Alright,” Remus agreed. “But I’m telling Sirius tonight.” Harry nodded; that was fine. He’d want Sirius to know anyway.

Snape would be taking him back to the Dursleys at half past three, ready for the Weasleys to arrive at five. Harry didn’t want anything negative hanging over his last few hours with his family.

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Returning to the Dursleys after spending so long at Seren Du was like waking up from an excellent dream to find yourself in a nightmare. Aunt Petunia’s face went the colour of spoiled milk when she opened the door to them, and she glared. “I suppose this is about that letter?” she hissed, beckoning them into the house. Harry was confused for a minute, before he remembered what Ron had said in his letter; the Weasleys had sent something through the muggle post. He felt dread gathering in his gut, and couldn’t stop the laugh that burst out at the sight of the envelope covered in stamps. The letter inside was a fairly polite request for Harry’s company, but the way Petunia stared at it you’d have thought it was full of nothing but insults and curse words.

“They’ll be coming to pick me up at five o’clock,” Harry confirmed. “So I won’t be here long.”

“Perhaps you may want to persuade your husband to take you and your son out for dinner tonight, Petunia,” Snape drawled pointedly. Petunia puffed up instinctually at being told what to do by a wizard, then seemed to realise the sense in his suggestion.