

*Hope you and your gran are doing well. Any fun summer plans so far? My summer is looking to be pretty good, for once.*

*I'm going to write to a few mutual friends this summer, if I can. If you know of anyone who would like to write to me, tell them I'm all clear to receive owls.*

*Talk to you soon,*

*Harry*

After that, he wrote a couple of short letters to Hannah Abbott and Susan Bones, explaining that he was okay to have mail through the summer and he'd be happy to keep in touch if they wanted to. Once Artemis had taken those, he'd try a few more maybe.

There were others he wanted to write to — he wanted to write to the twins, and he should probably write to Ron and Hermione soon to stop them getting suspicious — but he didn't want to overload the owls with too many letters at once.

He'd already been to the Owlery once that day, and when he went back up he was glad to see Hedwig perched on one of the overhead beams, looking content. There were three other owls beside her; Remus' owl, a barn owl named Horatio; Snape's owl, a dark screech owl called Asphodel; and Artemis. She was a fairly unremarkable tawny owl, and she cooed softly at Harry when he called her down. "You too, Hedwig," he requested. He secured the letter to Neville on her first; no one would blink twice at Hedwig visiting the Longbottom household.

Once she had set off, Harry gently secured his three notes to Artemis' leg. "Take that one last, and wait for a response, okay?" he said, pointing at the letter for Draco. Artemis hooted, bobbed her head, and took off through the open window. Harry watched the two owls fly away for a minute, then grinned. It was time for him to do some flying of his own.

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Once Harry had thoroughly exhausted himself on his Firebolt, he took another quick shower and went to find some sort of company. He came across Sirius in the main living room, sprawled out on the thick rug in front of the fire. At first Harry thought he was asleep, until he picked his head up and blinked at Harry. "Hey, pup. Have a good fly?"

"It was great!" Harry enthused, taking a seat in the nearest armchair. He didn't often get time to just *be* on his broom, enjoy the wind rushing through his hair and the blood pumping in his veins as he dove and flipped through the air. "I never said thank you for the Firebolt, by the way, but I really love it. It's amazing."

Sirius rolled onto his back, a contented grin tugging at his lips. "Glad it makes you happy, pup. You'll have to let me take it for a spin sometime; I haven't been flying in years."

"Did you play quidditch?"

"I was a beater in my fifth and sixth years, but I wasn't as in love with it as the rest of the team, and by seventh I decided to let my place go to a talented little third year. I always liked