

Maybe, just maybe, he actually quite liked Draco Malfoy. When he wasn't being a prat.

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Everyone in third year was practically falling over themselves with excitement at the announcement of the first Hogsmeade weekend. Except, of course, Harry Potter.

"It's fine, really. You go have fun," he insisted for the hundredth time, shooing Ron and Hermione towards the portrait hole. "Tell me all about it when you get back."

"We can always go next time, Harry, really," Hermione started, but Ron tugged on her arm.

"Look, the man said leave, so we'll leave," he said. "We'll bring you back loads of sweets, Harry."

"See you at the feast tonight!" It was Halloween. Harry's *favourite* day of the year just kept getting better and better.

"You sure you don't want company, Harry?" That was Neville, his scarf already wrapped around his neck. Harry smiled, though it didn't reach his eyes.

"Really, Nev, I'm alright. Probably just gonna hang out in the library." He was getting worse than Hermione on that front. Though she didn't seem to be up to her usual standards this year — probably because her schedule had her in about six places at once.

"If you're sure. Happy Samhain, Harry." Neville had been teaching Harry all about the traditional wizarding holidays; Samhain; Yule; Beltane. Through him, Harry knew that some of the students would be lighting a bonfire that evening in the stone circle. He wished he could join them without giving up his secrets to Dumbledore. Maybe next year.

The path to the library was a familiar one, and Harry headed for a little-used back corner of the enormous room. From an offhand comment Hermione had made, Harry learned that the Hogwarts library kept yearbooks of all the previous classes. From the dust layering the shelves, it clearly didn't get much foot traffic. There were rows and rows of black leather-bound books, each with a decade of dates on the spine. Harry found the one for graduating classes 1970-1980, easing it from the shelf and carrying it to the nearest table.

The section for 1978 was easily found, and Harry gasped at the first page he opened. There, near the bottom of the second page, was a picture of a redheaded teenage witch with luminous green eyes and a bright smile. There was a small amount of text beneath her picture.

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