

Chapter 19

The next morning Harry woke up early, so he left the dorm quietly and headed down to breakfast alone. There was only a handful of students in the Great Hall already, and as Harry walked towards the Gryffindor table, someone slammed into his shoulder. “Watch where you’re going, Potter.” It was Draco, glaring harshly at him, and Harry returned the look even as he brightened up internally, shoving a hand in his robe pocket and wrapping his fingers around a scrap of parchment that hadn’t been there a second ago. He waited until he was sat down before unfolding it under the table. *Tonight, after curfew, fourth floor Charms room?*

He glanced up at the Slytherin table, giving Draco the barest of nods, trying not to outwardly smile.

“Morning, Harry!” The cheerful greeting came from Susan Bones, sat on the Hufflepuff bench nearby, absently braiding her wavy copper hair over her shoulder.

“Hi, Susan. Good summer?”

“Wasn’t bad until the Cup happened. Aunt Amelia’s barely been home since, it’s all madness.” Harry remembered that her aunt was the head of the DMLE, and grimaced; no doubt she’d been even busier than Mr Weasley was. “Did you end up listening to that lecture I told you about, by the way?” In one of Susan’s last letters, she’d told him about a lecture that was being broadcast on the Wizing Wireless, all about how the lack of information for muggleborns entering the wizing world was leading to a slow muggle-fication of their society, and it was going to lead to them being discovered eventually. It was an incredibly controversial topic.

“Yeah, it was really interesting!” Harry enthused, straddling the bench so he could eat his porridge while keeping up the conversation. “He had a lot of good points, but I did think it was a bit extreme. The wizing world can be dragged into the future without getting over-run with muggles. I mean, wouldn’t it be so much easier to use pens and notebooks in class instead of quills and a million rolls of parchment? Or hell, computers! They’re getting more popular with the muggles. If someone could figure out how to make muggle technology work with magic, it’d be a total game-changer.”

“That would just increase the likelihood of the wizing world being discovered, though,” Hannah Abbott pointed out, jumping into the conversation. Her dad was muggleborn, having taken her mother’s pureblood surname when they married, so she was fairly familiar with muggle technology. “Imagine, even if someone managed to figure it out and we had a whole separate internet for the wizing world. All it would take is one particularly tech-savvy muggle to crack it and we’d be out in the open for everyone to see.”

She made a fair point, and Harry hummed thoughtfully. “Okay, maybe not *that* much of a cultural exchange, then. But you can’t argue against pens.”

“Oh, Merlin, no! Dad’s been saying the wizing world should switch for years. One of these days I swear I’m gonna do my homework in biro just to see what the teachers say,”