

He picked up the Potter book first. The other three were bound to be fascinating — especially the Slytherin book! — But Potter was the name he'd known for so long, the name he associated with family.

Like with the Peverell book, the first page was the family tree. Harry pored over the names; his grandparents, great-grandparents, people going all the way back to long, long before the colonisation of India. It faded out into a series of question marks around the 10th century, but Harry was still gobsmacked to be able to trace his lineage back that far.

The book opened with several hand-written chapters of family history, detailing their roles in early wizarding culture, and how they had originally come to Britain with a Mongol raid in the early 11th century, members of the family zigzagging all over Europe and India, marrying into all sorts of families before settling mostly in India when it was colonised. They eventually returned to Britain when the Ministry was formed, to take a place on the Wizengamot and have a say in the foundation of Wizarding Britain, but the Indian magic remained strong in the line.

After the history came the Recorded Family Traits — Harry's eyebrows rose when he saw that parselmagic was a trait recorded in at least thirty prior members of the Potter family, though fewer and fewer as time passed. The last one had been back in 1883. Maybe he hadn't got that from the Slytherin side, after all!

There were all sorts of things that popped up in the line, though several of them had notes where they may have appeared from a conflicting family magic or creature inheritance. Harry was amused to see how often his family crossed over with the Blacks over the years.

The rest of the book was all about the traditions and etiquette specific to the house. A few paragraphs in, and it became pretty clear to Harry that he was going to need Sirius' help with all of it. There was *no way* half of that stuff could still be applicable. For one, nobody carried a sword anymore!

He smiled to himself all the same, returning to the family tree, unrolling the seemingly endless scroll of parchment to reach his own name.

The Potters had a long and varied magical history, with a lot of great names and deeds throughout. Harry only hoped to hold up to that legacy.

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Much to Harry's surprise, he was still perfectly happy spending time with just Snape even after Remus had been gone for five days. There had been a few arguments — they hadn't magically had personality transplants, after all — but he was pretty sure they'd reached something maybe close to friendship.

Harry was on the floor of the living room surrounded by parchment and books, as he so often was these days. Snape actually had to step over him to reach the sofa. "Must you?" he sighed, and Harry snickered.