

“I’m not speaking to him until he stops being a dick,” Harry retorted hotly. “If you want to sit with him, that’s fine, but I’ll be elsewhere.” It was a miracle he wasn’t wearing his invisibility cloak; the only reason he wasn’t was because Hermione didn’t know Neville knew about it. He really didn’t want to deal with crowds today — he’d much rather be in the library researching dragons — but the pair of them had insisted (separately) that Harry needed to get out and have fun.

He didn’t get as mobbed as he’d expected, once they reached the village. The rest of the school seemed to be following Cedric’s lead on things, and since he was ignoring the *Prophet* article like the garbage it was, most of them were doing the same. They were all just eager for the tournament to start, now.

Neville dragged them both into Gladrags, insisting he needed to buy his gran a new hat for her upcoming birthday. Harry wandered the clothing racks absent-mindedly, occasionally picking out something. Since Ron had stopped talking to him, and since Neville had pointed out how much Harry was adjusting his own behaviour to avoid offending the redhead, Harry had started wearing more and more of his new clothes. And, to his surprise, he’d actually grown a couple of inches since last summer. He’d bought the clothes a little big, so most of them were still fine, but... he felt like spoiling himself.

Picking out a couple of shirts and a new jumper, Harry eyed the casual robes curiously. Was it time he bought something a little more wizardly for everyday wear? The only wizarding clothes he had were his school robes and the cloak from Sirius and Remus. He examined a pair of slate blue robes, and Neville appeared at his side. “If you’re going for robes, don’t get Gladrags; the size-adjusting charms wear out way too quickly. Go for Malkin’s or Twilfitt’s, and get them tailored,” he suggested. “Also, I think you’d look good in burgundy,” he added, gesturing to the rack of soft wool jumpers Harry had just come from. Harry grinned.

“Thanks, Nev.” He doubled back and picked up a burgundy jumper in his size.

“Is all that really necessary, Harry?” Hermione asked doubtfully, eyeing the bundle of clothing slung over his arm. Harry shrugged.

“I like them, so I’m gonna buy them.”

“But you shouldn’t be spending all your money so early in the term!” Hermione protested.

“Why not?” Harry raised an eyebrow at her. “I’ve got plenty more. Not like anyone else is using it for anything,” he added sharply, still a little bitter about Dumbledore taking from his vaults.

“You’ve never been one to care about fashion, Harry.”

He didn’t understand why she was making such a big deal about him buying a couple of jumpers. “I’ve been going around in my cousin’s hand-me-downs my whole life. I don’t have to anymore. I don’t want to.”

Hermione didn’t have anything to say to that, but the frown on her face made it clear she thought his spending was frivolous. Harry threw in an extra pair of trousers just to spite her,