

mind to ask Professor Snape to keep a stern eye on you, make sure you aren't getting up to trouble."

"I have better things to do than keep a pair of Gryffindors from getting themselves expelled," Snape said coolly. His ire didn't seem to bother Mrs Weasley, who continued to stare down her twin sons.

"You've got a lot to live up to, you know — all three of your older brothers got excellent NEWT results."

Harry hid a scowl behind a forkful of roast lamb — how dare she compare them with their brothers like that? They were different people! Besides, it wasn't like there was anything to truly worry about; Fred and George had excellent grades, when it actually mattered. They might only have three OWLs each, but they were all Os — it took a lot of brains to come up with the prank products and spells they created, after all.

The only thing more laughable than the twins failing their NEWTs was the idea of either of them getting a job at the Ministry.

"Leave the boys be, Molly," Sirius called languidly. "I'm sure they'll do fine in their exams. If even James and I could get our heads on straight long enough to pass our NEWTs, your two will manage alright."

"A fine example, Black — considering you and Potter got more detentions in your seventh year than any other," Snape pointed out acidly. Sirius just grinned at him.

"Aw, it's sweet that you kept count for us, Snivelyly."

Snape scowled. "Only to see if a certain number would *finally* result in expulsion."

"What number did you get to, Sirius?" George asked.

"We'll see if we can beat it." Fred was smirking, right up until a wooden spoon whacked him on the shoulder.

"Absolutely not! Sirius, don't you dare encourage them," Mrs Weasley snapped. "Honestly, think of the kind of example you're setting for Harry, if nothing else."

Sirius glanced over at his godson, and winked. "I'd say Harry's doing grand, all things considered."

"If you mean he's following in his arrogant father's footsteps, mutt, you would be correct." Snape let his eyes land on Harry, challenge clear. A thrill shot down Harry's spine — oh, it was on.

"Don't talk about my dad like that," he retorted hotly, glaring at the professor. "He wasn't arrogant."

"Watch your manners, Potter," Snape scolded. "I dread to think what kind of fanciful lies the mutt and the wolf have been filling your head with this summer, applauding your rule-