

“I can’t tell if you’re picking up Severus’ habits, or they’re habits you both got from Lily,” he remarked in amusement, eyes darting between his partner and his godson. Harry stared at Snape. Snape stared back.

If Harry was picking up habits from the Potions Master, the world really had gone mad.

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Having seen Severus off to a meeting with Dumbledore — the lesser evil of the two masters he pretended to serve — Remus went back into the house in search of Harry. He found him in the living room, sprawled out on the floor surrounded by parchment, a quill in hand. Remus eyed the scene curiously. Harry seemed to be writing about five different things at once, occasionally humming thoughtfully. “What are you up to, cub?”

Harry startled, glancing over his shoulder at Remus. “Writing letters,” he explained, turning back to his parchment. “I want to start reconnecting with people as soon as we can turn the twins’ redirect stone off. I’ve got a letter for Draco, obviously, but I need to write to Neville and Susan and the other heirs, see who I can get away with writing to — I’ve got a feeling Cassius’ uncle might be checking his mail. I really hope he’s okay. And I promised Cho I’d write to her. And Fleur and Viktor, though those two can probably wait; Hedwig will be gone for a while with those journeys.”

Remus’ eyebrows climbed higher with every name. “Well, you’ll certainly be keeping the owls busy. Let me know if you need to borrow Horatio, he doesn’t get much work these days.” He was getting on a bit, but still in fine condition to deliver within Britain.

“Really? Thanks.” Harry smiled. “I probably won’t keep up with everyone all summer, but I missed my chance to talk to everyone in the last week what with... everything that happened. I need to catch up on some stuff. We need to make plans for next year.”

There was one piece of parchment that looked more like a list than a letter, and Remus gestured to it. “What’s that?”

“Oh, that’s a list of current Wizengamot seats,” Harry said. “I’m working out which are currently held by Death Eaters, and more importantly, which of those have kids that I know don’t want to follow Voldemort. I’m also trying to figure out who holds the neutral seats, and see where they’re likely to fall on matters. I’ve been reading through the voting records for the last five years or so, and there’s a few that really shouldn’t be allowed to keep their seats once the war’s over. But half of them haven’t publicly revealed their heir, so there’s not much I can do about it.” Harry swung himself into a sitting position. “I thought if I could get the list to Susan, she could start asking around; she’s way more connected with this sort of stuff than I am.”

“Wow,” Remus said, for lack of any other words. “That’s a lot of research, I’m impressed.” Here Harry was, a few weeks shy of fifteen, and planning a political revolution while he wrote letters to his friends.

Harry shrugged self-consciously. “It’s all public information. I’m just compiling it. Susan will know what to do with it all.”