

“You’re lucky Aunt Amelia’s already met Theo, Harry,” she grumbled, and he laughed.

“He mentioned you’d told her about him, don’t worry. I’m not that mean.”

“I don’t need a matchmaker, Harry,” Vicky informed him, still bright red. “Colin and I are just friends. He’s really good at Transfiguration.”

Harry hadn’t known that, but he could also tell Vicky was not being entirely truthful. “Well, if that changes,” he drawled lightly, “Colin and Ginny are good friends. So when Ginny’s back on the quidditch team next year you’ll have an in.”

“But you’ll be back as seeker?”

“Ginny’s going to try out for chaser,” Harry explained. “Katie’d be mad not to pick her.”

Vicky, keen for the change of subject, happily turned the conversation onto the Gryffindor quidditch team’s chances.

“That reminds me, Harry,” Amelia cut in, “you’ll be pleased to hear that all of Umbridge’s Educational Decrees have been rescinded — including your lifetime quidditch ban. There will be no trouble with you returning to the Gryffindor team.”

Harry beamed at her. “Brilliant.”

“I almost wish Umbridge wasn’t in Azkaban, just so she could see the exam results from the last year and know exactly how much better a teacher than her Harry was,” Susan mused. “I bet the look on her face would be *brilliant*.”

“Surely not all the students who weren’t in the HA did poorly?” Harry asked. “I mean, sure, we were a bit more organised, but wasn’t everyone practicing spells in secret?”

The two girls shared a bemused look. “Not that we saw,” Susan replied. “Everyone else was too scared of getting caught.”

“Sometimes Harry forgets that not everyone has the same disregard for the rules as him,” Sirius said dryly, clapping his godson on the shoulder. “It runs in the family. In all ways, quite frankly.”

“Auntie Zelda said she could pick the HA kids out just by their practical exams, and not just in Defence,” Vicky chirped, and her father sent her a scolding look.

“Vicky, you shouldn’t talk about other students’ exam performance. Especially when you haven’t even taken your own yet.”

“I didn’t name names!” Vicky protested. “Just said the difference was obvious.”

“Excuse me, but — Auntie Zelda?” Susan asked, perplexed. Vicky grinned.

“Griselda Marchbanks,” she said with a shrug. “It’s more my great-great-something auntie, but who’s got time to say all that.”