

snorted. “Well, that backfired on him, didn’t it?” He looked down at the book, flicking through the heavily-edited pages. Some of the recipes were so heavily altered Harry could hardly read them.

He held the book out to Snape. “I suppose you want it back, then?” He knew how much Snape valued the few things he had left from his teenage years; most of them had previously belonged to his mother.

“Keep it, for now,” Snape insisted with a shake of his head. Then he smirked. “You could use all the advantages you can get, since I am no longer able to teach you. Besides — this is a sure way to get you right to the top of Horace’s favourites list. My talent, and your fame? He won’t be able to resist.”

“He— he said I’d inherited my mother’s talent for Potions,” Harry said tentatively, watching Snape’s face soften.

“Lily and I often adjusted recipes together. While the notes in that book may be my writing, some of them were her work.” His smirk returned, much fonder this time. “She could never quite beat me where it mattered, however.”

“Remus once told me she nearly did.”

Snape snorted. “And had she, he never would have let me hear the end of it,” he agreed. “Keep the book, Harry. But look after it. You do not want to know what I will do to you should that text become damaged.”

Harry gulped, nodding seriously.

“There are more than just Potions notes in there, too,” Snape added. “Some spells I created, you may recognise. If you do not recognise it, do not attempt them without asking me first. I was a ruthless little shite when I was your age — many of those spells are not safe for use.”

“Yes, sir.” Already, Harry was keen to give it a proper read through — even more so now he knew his mother had a hand in it, too.

.-.-.

For the rest of the week, Harry continued to be Slughorn’s new favourite student; much to Hermione’s outrage. One evening where he wasn’t drowning in homework, Harry carefully copied out every one of Snape’s notes into his own, newer copy of *Advanced Potion Making* — all the notes that were to do with Potions, at least. He wrote the spells in his own private notebook, sure that Snape’s warning had not been an exaggeration.

It was easier to decipher, in his own handwriting, but it also meant he could give the original copy back to Snape in his detention on Saturday. “I didn’t want to risk a cauldron exploding onto it or anything,” he explained as he handed the battered book over. “Also your handwriting was even worse then than it is now.”