

“Not to worry, Mrs Weasley, I’ll owl-order them tonight before I go to bed.” Hedwig had already returned from Hermione’s parents, bearing a congratulatory letter and some sugar-free sweets. “They’re probably just tightening security because of Voldemort being back. Worried about people under Imperius and the like.” He said this with a lackadaisical shrug and a half smile, and the Weasley matriarch sighed.

“Something like that, I’d imagine. Really, I don’t know what Albus was thinking, leaving the school lists so late in the term. All those poor first years in Diagon today, hardly knew which way was up!” She bustled off, heading to greet Kingsley as he flooded in, still in his auror uniform.

Harry ended up stood with Charlie and Tonks, butterbeer in hand. The metamorphmagus had joined the Weasley clan this evening, with waist-length red hair and freckles across her cheeks.

“Sprout would’ve rather dug up the greenhouses than made me prefect,” Tonks declared, grinning. “This one, on the other hand, was Minerva McGonagall’s pride and joy.” She elbowed Charlie in the side, and he went pink.

“Only when I wasn’t in detention for trying to sneak creatures into the dorm,” he protested. “Or in detention *with you* for some kind of trouble or another.”

“Andromeda Black’s daughter? *Trouble?*” Sirius cut in with a mock-gasp, hand going to his chest theatrically. “Well, I never!”

Harry had known Charlie and Tonks were in the same year at Hogwarts, but it was only now he was realising how inseparable they had been in their school days. “You’d almost think trouble runs in the family or something,” he piped up cheekily. Sirius barked a laugh.

“Or something,” he agreed. “Don’t worry, cousin dear; us Blacks never made prefects. Only Cousin Cissa ever got a badge from our generation of the family.”

“You mean you weren’t a prefect?” Harry feigned shock, earning another laugh.

“Me? You know damn well I was in too many detentions with James to ever get that badge. No, that was dear old Remus’ *honour*. He was the good boy.”

They looked over, where Remus was seemingly trapped in a conversation with Hermione — a rather one-sided conversation, by the looks of things.

“I can see that,” Charlie mused. “He’s got that sort of trustworthy vibe to him.”

“It’s all bullshit,” Sirius assured. “He was responsible for just as many pranks as me and Jamie — he was just better at not getting caught. Damn werewolf nose, little cheater,” he grumbled fondly. He squeezed between Charlie and Harry, slinging an arm over his godson’s shoulders. “Nah, a prefect badge is more trouble than it’s worth. Now, the *quidditch captain badge*, that’s the one you want, pup. All the perks, none of the responsibility. The prefect’s bathroom is a hell of a thing.”