

any family connections that may take them in. And looking in the muggle world, of course — aunts, uncles, grandparents. We'd have to make sure it's safe to let them in on the secret, but that usually turns out alright. Same for the other kids; we'll look for family to take them in, or godparents."

"And if they have none?" Harry asked, well aware that a lot of children of Death Eaters had entire extended families in Voldemort's service.

"Then we find people willing to take care of them. The older kids will be easy enough to foster; they're at Hogwarts most of the year. But we're hoping to find enough people willing to adopt. Depends how many we end up with, when the dust settles. Amelia's suggested we contact squibs, or families of other muggleborns who know about magic. With stringent checks, of course," Sirius added, seeing the panic flicker across Harry's face. "We won't leave any of them alone, pup. We won't let what happened to you happen to another kid." His grey eyes turned soft. "Trust me, yeah? They'll be alright. Hell, I'd adopt every one of them myself before I let another Dursley situation happen."

Harry managed a smile. "From the sounds of things, you're already well on your way to doing that." He laughed when that drew a blush up Sirius' olive cheeks.

"Don't be a brat."

He laughed harder, the tension draining from him.

Privately, Harry cursed the timing of it all — he and Draco wanted a whole quidditch team full of kids, and couldn't count on finding women willing to surrogate for that many. But they weren't even seventeen yet; all these war orphans needed homes now, and there was no way two boys who hadn't even graduated school could provide that for them.

It was a shame. But he believed Sirius when he said they'd find places for all the kids.

Maybe having a whole bunch of new siblings would be a nice warm-up for when he and Draco decided to get started on that quidditch team.

"I've got to go, pup. Charlie's just got home," Sirius said, gaze looking at something beyond the mirror, out of Harry's view. "Looks like the baby dragons got the better of him a bit."

"Rude!" Harry heard faintly through the glass, and chuckled.

"I'll leave you to it, then. G'night, Pads."

"Night, kiddo."

The mirror turned to plain glass once more, and Harry tucked it in his nightstand with the Marauder's Map. It still made his chest ache, seeing those items without his invisibility cloak tucked in with them.

What was Dumbledore up to, with all three Hallows? Had he discovered whatever power they held once combined?