

Gorrak stepped out of the office, and Harry was surprised to see Farlig had been stood outside the whole time. “Mr Potter wishes to visit his heirloom vaults,” he told the younger goblin. Farlig nodded.

“Excellent. Follow me, sirs.”

Gorrak did not come with them, so Harry bid him farewell and followed Farlig back to one of the mine carts that would take them down to the vaults.

The vault Harry had been to the last couple of times — first with Hagrid and then with Mrs Weasley — was, he had discovered, his personal trust fund vault. The section of the Potter family money he was allowed to access until he turned seventeen. Harry could look at the other vaults full of gold, but he couldn’t actually take anything from them until he was of age. That was fine; there was more in the trust fund vault than he could possibly spend in the next two years anyway.

The family heirloom vaults, on the other hand, were much deeper in the Gringotts catacombs. Harry couldn’t have said how long they were in the cart, passing rows and rows of vaults that got progressively older and more solid-looking. He was pretty sure he saw a flash of fire, but they were going so fast he couldn’t quite tell. “Do you have a preference on which to visit first, Mr Potter?” Farlig asked, slowing the cart down a little.

“Let’s go Peverell first.” He knew the least about that line, after all.

The Peverell family heirloom vault wasn’t particularly large, and didn’t hold a huge amount inside it. A chest full of silverware stamped with the family crest; a wardrobe full of old robes; a few wands from long-deceased family members. Remus stuck close to Harry as he perused the vault’s contents, just in case anything was cursed.

Behind the wardrobe there was a bookshelf, and Harry’s eyebrows rose at the astonishing number of copies of the same book, all in various editions and reprints. “*The Tales of Beedle the Bard*, Remus, what’s this?”

“It’s a book of children’s stories,” Remus explained, looking equally confused. “Merlin only knows why there’s so many. Perhaps someone in the family was a collector.”

Harry flicked through some of the books, careful with the ones that looked like the bindings might crumble to dust at a strong wind. He was pretty sure he’d seen the title in the library at Seren Du, but he hadn’t thought much of it. He might have to go back and look.

On closer inspection, he found what he was looking for — *The Peverell Family Magics and Traditions*. A leather-bound book in surprisingly good condition, with a sprawling family tree on the first double page. Harry found his own name, tracing it back up through his father’s line. The tree had quite a few offshoots into other pureblood lines that it didn’t elaborate on after the initial marriage, only following the heir’s progression down the line. Right at the top were the earliest recorded Peverells; three brothers by the name of Antioch, Cadmus and Ignotus. To Harry’s surprise, he was descended from the youngest brother — Antioch had no children at all, and Cadmus’ line sprawled as long as Ignotus’, to the point where Harry lost track of it on the complicated chart.