

Harry said as much, and George mock-swatted him on the arm. “Don’t be so insulting! It might hear you. Explain, Fred.”

The pair of them told Harry the story of the parchment’s discovery, finishing with Fred whipping his wand out and touching it to the parchment. “*I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.*”

All at once, the parchment exploded with life. Harry watched in awe as the lines of the map unfurled, revealing Hogwarts in its entirety.

“The Marauders’ Map,” he breathed, reading from the greeting at the top of the page. Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs... why did that sound so familiar? “Who are they?”

“No idea,” Fred told him.

“Previous pranksters—“

“Masters of mischief long gone from these halls—“

“Absolute geniuses, mind—“

“The map shows every inch of the castle—“

“Every passage, every secret, every person—“

“Everything,” they finished in unison. “Look, there we are.” They pointed at the map, showing Harry three little dots labelled ‘*Fred Weasley*’, ‘*George Weasley*’, and ‘*Harry Potter*’.

“We’ve learned everything we know about the school from this map,” Fred said, voice filled with reverence.

“And now, we’re giving it to you,” George told him. “It’s time to pass on to the next generation.”

“Your need is greater than ours,” Fred agreed. “Not only can you use it to keep out of trouble on your little late night wanders—“

“It shows you all the secret passages into Hogsmeade!”

The twins gave him a run-down of all the options, and Harry grinned up at them incredulously.

“This is amazing,” he declared, watching their grins widen.

“We know,” they agreed.

“All you have to do to clear it is tap it and say *Mischief Managed*,” Fred instructed, doing just that. The parchment cleared quickly, becoming blank once more. George pushed it into Harry’s grasp.