

notice that, much less where he'd bought it from. Still, it made him wince; if Ron noticed, would he start thinking Harry was trying to rub his money in his face? He was always so sensitive about that sort of thing.

"Draco!" The call could only come from his mother, Narcissa Malfoy, and Malfoy jerked his head to see her at the end of the street. "Draco, dear, we have an appointment."

"See you at school, Potter," Malfoy spat.

"Malfoy!" Harry called, and the blond turned around with a raised eyebrow. "Thanks. For the information. I'll see you at school." He smiled and Malfoy seemed baffled by it as he went to catch up to his mother. Harry turned away, feet leading him back towards the Leaky Cauldron.

He had some spells to practice. He wouldn't worry about Sirius Black, for now — like he'd said, the man was hardly going to pop up in the middle of Diagon Alley to grab Harry. If no one else seemed to be worried enough to have someone watch Harry, then he wasn't going to worry about it.

He *was*, however, going to worry about what Malfoy meant by the year being interesting. He was weirdly happy about having had an entire conversation with the other boy without either of them threatening to hex the other, but the blond's words about Ron settled heavy in his chest. The last thing he wanted was to make his friend feel uncomfortable, but he wouldn't do that at the expense of his own happiness.

Harry shook his head, trudging back up to his room and trying to keep his mind on the spells, and which to practice first. He'd deal with Ron when he got there. As for Malfoy — maybe he'd misjudged him.

Time would tell, he supposed.