

*Being a curse-breaker involves lots of different things — yes, I work on tombs a lot. But I also crack wards on old houses where the owner has died or become unable to give people access, or sometimes where the wards have gone wrong and turned on their owner. And yes, I've worked on cursed people in the past. It's a difficult thing, though; curses interact strangely with a person's magical core, especially if they've been on someone for a long time. Not something you want to go messing around with unless you know what you're doing.*

*I'm trying to get time off work to come see at least one of the tasks. I know Charlie will be at the first one, if you need to talk to him. He'll pass on a message to me if you need him to, as well.*

*Look after yourself, Harry,*

*Bill*

Harry let out a long breath, reading the letter over a second time, and then a third. Bill had seen Gorrak — and mentioned him. Had Gorrak let him know about Harry's situation? The redhead certainly seemed to have gathered that something was up; and that Harry didn't want to talk about it in letters. He opened the next one, wondering if it would enlighten him.

*Harry,*

*I can't believe they're making you compete! It's ridiculously unfair. When I got your letter, I thought you were calling in that favour I owe you from our seeker's match in the summer, but then I realised the champions hadn't been announced when you wrote it.*

*The Ministry in Romania is a little different, as there are fewer old pureblood lines — despite being a big country, it's a fairly small population, compared to Britain. There's sort of a Ministry alliance between a lot of the Eastern European countries — Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Serbia, and the like — that all work together to keep things running smoothly. Their equivalent of the Wizengamot is very much the same, however.*

*I'm glad to hear you've been looking into that sort of stuff. It's only proper. If you have any questions, Bill or I are always happy to help.*

*See you soon, kid.*

*Charlie*

*PS - I heard Ron's being a twat about the champion thing. Ignore him. You're still family, whether he likes it or not.*

The end of the letter made Harry grin, assuaging a worry he didn't even know he really had. He held up both letters, relieved to see that neither of them seemed suspicious about Harry's questions. With any luck, they were oblivious to their mother's dealings with Dumbledore, and could be brought around to Harry's side.

Then his gaze caught on a couple of sentences, and things began to click. *Charlie will be at the first one. I thought you were calling in that favour. See you soon, kid.* He remembered