

As Trelawney began to talk about dream interpretation, Harry was surprised to see his table-mates writing neat little notes in vivid purple ink, frowns of concentration on their faces.

“You two really care about this subject, don’t you?” he remarked softly, once the three of them were bent over the copy of *The Dream Oracle*.

“A lot of people think it’s a load of waffle, but it’s actually really interesting. Even if you don’t have the Sight,” Lavender insisted.

“It’s not for everyone,” Parvati acknowledged with a smile, “but we like it.”

“Do either of you have the Sight?”

“Lavender has a little bit,” Parvati said, a touch of envy in her tone. “I don’t, but my grandmother does so I grew up with a lot of respect for the subject. Not all Seers are as ...*odd* as Lovegood.”

She spoke with such confidence, and *of course*, it made perfect sense that Luna was a Seer, like Ginny had always wondered. All those odd creatures she spoke of and the way they affected people, the way she seemed to just *know* things.

Not many other people seemed to have figured it out, though, judging by the way Luna was treated by her peers.

“Don’t worry, Harry.” Parvati pat him on the arm, grinning. “Stick with us, we’ll make sure you get *at least* an E in this class.” Her expression turned conspiratorial. “Word is you’re aiming to upset Granger from her top spot this year.”

The Hogwarts rumour mill would never fail to amaze Harry. “We’ve had *two* classes!” How could people already be talking about his dedication to his studies??

The two girls shared a look, then giggled, and demanded he recount a dream for them to interpret.

“I— can we do one of yours, instead?” he pleaded, grimacing. “My dreams... aren’t great. After the third task...” He trailed off, and Lavender gasped, wide eyes filling with sadness.

“Oh, of course,” she breathed, horrified. “Oh, you poor thing. Have you asked Madam Pomfrey for a sleeping potion?”

“Can’t take it every night, what’s the point?” he confessed grimly. The pair shared sympathetic expressions, and huddled in a little closer, while Lavender happily relayed her dream about looking for her childhood pet hamster in the Herbology greenhouses.

The bell went before they could move on to Parvati’s dream, and it caught Harry by surprise — the class went much faster when he wasn’t hating every second of it and mocking the whole subject with Ron. As he stepped down from the ladder, a shoulder shoved roughly against him. “You three looked pretty *cosy* up there,” Ron remarked bitingly. “Thought you were queer, mate?” His face was full of accusation, and Harry just rolled his eyes.