

to know it was there. “I... how can I tell if the spells have been replaced? Or something new put on me?”

“Wizard magic is different to goblin magic. Most wizarding detection spells wouldn’t pick up on something like that,” Gorrak informed him. “However, I believe there are books explaining how to learn to recognise your own magic, and see any signs of alteration. In future, should you ever have concerns, any Gringotts goblin would be happy to perform a scan of your magic. Congratulations, Mr Potter; your family magics are strong and healthy, despite their tampering.”

Harry closed his eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath. He might have been imagining things, but if he concentrated he felt... lighter. Like he’d been wearing weights, and suddenly they were gone, his magic buzzing faintly under his skin. “If I were you,” Gorrak continued, “I would be very careful when doing magic for the next few months, while your body adjusts to having access to its full magic reserve. You may find new spells come easier to you, and old spells a little more... forceful, for a while.”

“Right,” Harry murmured, nodding. He’d have to test that once he got back to Hogwarts. It wouldn’t do to suddenly be exploding things all over the place, especially if Dumbledore was keeping an eye on him.

“While you are here, Mr Potter, might you be interested in taking a Line Test?” Farlig spoke up from his place at the door. “As we explained earlier, some family lines have since died out, and heirs are turning up in all sorts of unexpected places. Most purebloods take the test before they begin schooling — you’ll want to know the breadth of your inheritance long before you come of age.”

He hadn’t realised that inheritance and family lines were such a big deal in the wizarding world, but then he thought about how Malfoy and some of the other Slytherins talked about their families, and even how people spoke about the Weasleys. A family name seemed to hold a lot of information about a person, to purebloods. Perhaps there was more to it than just tradition and prejudice.

“What do I have to do?” he asked warily. Farlig strode across to the desk and rifled through a drawer, coming out with a square of pale purple parchment.

“Just three drops of blood on this, Mr Potter,” he explained. “The results are entirely confidential.”

Well, that didn’t sound so bad. Harry approached the desk, accepting the small knife from Farlig’s hand and pricking his finger, dripping blood onto the parchment. It began to glow. With a snap of his fingers, Farlig healed the small cut, offering Harry a toothy smile.

At the top of the parchment, black ink began to form words.

*Harry James Potter. Parents: James Charlus Potter, Lily Juliette Evans-Potter*

Harry hadn’t known either of his parents’ middle names, and his heart clenched. After all the shocks of the day, he felt a small measure of relief knowing that at least this part of his life