Yule Ball will make me memorable." She spoke as if it was obvious, and Harry merely nodded, mildly terrified of the determination in her tone. "What colour are your dress robes?"

"Green, with gold detail," Harry answered. Susan smiled.

"Good, I look great in gold."

"Sooz, we've got to get to Defence," Ernie nudged, gesturing at his watch. Harry realised he was probably going to be late for Potions. Oh well, Snape hadn't had the chance to take points off him in a while. Maybe he could even wing his way into a detention; Remus was coming to visit in a couple of days.

"Let me know if you don't find anyone to teach you to dance, Harry," Susan said. "I'll ask around."

"Will do, but I think I have someone in mind," he assured her. Draco would definitely know how to dance. He was probably great at it, too, the prat. "Thanks, Susan. I'll try not to let you down."

She patted him on the cheek gently, smiling in a way that was vaguely condescending, but somehow nice at the same time. "Just be a pretty bit of arm candy for me, you'll do fine." That had Ernie laughing. Harry was wondering if he should regret his choices. Maybe Parvati would have been safer.

"Who are you going with, Ernie?" he asked curiously.

"Hannah," the Hufflepuff boy replied, looking incredibly pleased about it. "Not all of us want to break house boundaries for this one, y'know."

"He's fancied her since last year," Susan whispered theatrically, making Ernie blush. "See you later, Harry!"

Harry turned away just as the hall began to fill with students heading to classes, immeasurably glad he'd managed to ask Susan before he had an audience. He went to find Neville, grinning to himself.

One problem down, just one more to go.

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Harry was wondering if he should try making friends with people other than Neville — publicly, that was. With Ron still pissed at him and Hermione mostly-pissed at him, he found himself at a bit of a loose end when Neville was off doing things in the greenhouses. With little else to do, he went to the library, planning on getting a head start on the Featherlight charm for the next class.

It was a Friday evening, so the library was fairly busy — as far as the school library went. People wanting to get their homework done before the weekend, or finish stuff they'd been given an extension on and had to hand in before Saturday morning. He glanced around for a