

“And if you ever want to order something without putting your name on it,” Fred said.

“In case it’s not something little Harry Potter should be looking at,” George supplied knowingly.

“We’ll be happy to put our names down for you,” Fred finished, grinning. He glanced at his twin. “People have given up questioning what we buy.”

Before Harry could answer, the door swung open again. Quick as a flash, George had the book shoved behind his back. “There you are, boys,” Mrs Weasley greeted, sounding harassed. “Have you seen Percy’s badge?”

“Not since he was flashing it around earlier, Mum,” Fred said earnestly. Mrs Weasley eyed her sons with suspicion.

“I haven’t seen it, Mrs Weasley,” Harry piped up. “But I can help you look, if you like?” He went for wide-eyed innocence, and Mrs Weasley softened her smile.

“Oh, that’s alright, Harry dear. You finish packing and go to bed, you’ve got a long day tomorrow! Fred, George, you as well. The Ministry is sending cars, so we can’t be late!”

“Be out in a minute, Mum,” George promised, and the Weasley matriarch left them be. George smirked. “Nice one, Harry.”

“Seriously though, mate, if you ever need anything, just ask,” Fred insisted, squeezing Harry’s shoulder. “We’re good at keeping quiet. When we need to,” he added, no doubt thinking of the many explosions they regularly made.

“Thanks, guys. You too. Always happy to be an alibi.” Harry winked, making the twins grin widely as they stood.

“Knew we could count on you, little brother!”

The twins bid their goodnights and left Harry by himself, a warmth brewing in his chest. It was nice to know he had at least two people on his side.

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Harry was surprised the next morning when Mr Weasley pulled him aside in all the chaos at the platform to tell him about Sirius Black. He pretended it was new information, appropriately wide-eyed and fearful at the confirmation that oh, by the way, the mass-murderer that broke out of the most secure prison in the wizarding world? Wants you dead. He promised not to do anything rash — only half-meaning it — and then they were on their way. Harry wondered what he would have done if he hadn’t bumped into Malfoy the week before. Why did Dumbledore think it was okay to keep something like that from him for so long? From what Mr Weasley said, the headmaster didn’t even want him to know to begin with!

Ginny and the twins quickly ditched them to find their own friends, and when they were secure in the compartment with the sleeping new professor, Harry told his two best friends