

Curfew snuck up on them, the clock on the wall letting out a loud ringing noise, and Harry jumped. “Bloody hell. Guess we got a little carried away.” He stood, looking sheepish. “This was really brilliant, I’m so glad we did this. Before you all go, I’ve got something for you.”

He hurried over to his satchel, pulling out a black cloth bag. Up-ending it onto the table, a bunch of inkwells spilled out. “Everyone, take one of these,” he urged. “It’s an easier way to spread the word on when we’ll next meet.” Between three house teams worth of quidditch, and prefect duties for various members, it was hard for Harry to set a date too far in advance. “They’ve all got a Protean charm on them — look.” He picked one up and showed the bottom, which was a flat plate of silver metal. “I’ll mark on mine the date and time of the next meeting, and it’ll show up on yours. The ink will change colour, too, when I’ve updated it — to remind you to check it.”

“That’s a fancy bit of spellwork,” Cho teased, reaching for an inkwell.

Bashful, Harry shrugged. “A friend suggested it.” It had been Remus’ idea, and Sirius had taught him the Protean and Colour-Change charms through the mirror.

“Just don’t throw it away when the ink runs out,” George joked, picking up two and tossing one to his twin. “Cheers, Harry.”

Soon, the table was empty and the students were headed off to their common rooms, hurrying to make it within the generally accepted ten minute grace period post-curfew.

It was nice, Harry thought as he tidied the room up a bit, not to be the only one teaching *all* the time. Maybe he would encourage the others to share their knowledge more often.