

of books about purebloods, so he threw in a few more that looked interesting — a book of defensive charms and wards, one titled ‘*A Hundred Spells Every Wizard Should Know*’, a small book called ‘*A Muggleborn’s Guide to the Wizarding World*’, and one on goblin culture. It looked like he’d found some valuable allies, after all, and he wanted to learn more about them. Satisfied, he took his heavy basket up to the register, handing over the gold with a smile and adding the large bag of books to his other purchases.

There was a spring in his step as he left the bookshop, and he hid in a small side-alley until the disguise charm wore off. For the first time, he was desperate to get back to his room and actually read some books.

First, however, he made a quick detour to Wiseacre’s, emerging a few minutes later with a brand new black leather wand holster strapped to his wrist. He hadn’t *entirely* forgotten what had started the whole thing, after all.

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Harry spent all of that day and most of the next holed up in his room in the Leaky Cauldron, reading his new purchases. He felt like he was discovering the wizarding world all over again. He wished the *Muggleborn’s Guide* had been part of his first year book list; it would have answered so many questions, and saved him a lot of trouble.

It amazed him that no one taught muggleborns all this stuff when they were introduced to the wizarding world — or perhaps they did, and everyone just forgot he was muggle-raised. But then surely Hermione would have said something? He made a mental note to buy a copy for her upcoming birthday, and see what she thought of it. From some of the things she’d said and done over the years, he didn’t think she’d had any real introduction to wizarding culture either.

All the things that Ron and the others took for granted about being raised in the wizarding world. The history, the background knowledge, things like household spells and Ministry forms and inheritance magic — all of it was brand new to Harry, and he couldn’t get enough.

That aside, the books on pureblood culture were an eye-opener of an entirely different kind. After all he’d heard about the purebloods being backwards and traditional and fearful of anything muggle, reading about the history he couldn’t really blame them. Of course, he’d studied witch burnings in History of Magic — even had some summer homework on it that Florean Fortescue had been surprisingly helpful with — but those textbooks never went into the detail of how difficult it was to be magical in a time when the muggles were suspicious of everything. The origin of the Statute of Secrecy, and how the wizarding world changed after it, made Harry realise just how much history was in his family. Especially when he saw both the names Potter and Black popping up as notable figures in several of them.

He still hadn’t figured out how he was named heir to the Black family, but he wasn’t really bothered by that just now. He was too busy trying to wrap his head around what it meant to be an heir to not one but four prominent families in the wizarding community.

One of the few times Harry left his room, he bought himself a blank notebook with a password charm, so that he could take notes on everything and keep it secure. He now had