

Magical Menagerie, talking to the snakes and telling himself he couldn't take them all home with him. He bought a new pair of glasses at a small stall next Madam Primpernelle's — indestructible, self-adjusting prescription, with weather-repellent charms. Harry's prescription hadn't been adjusted since he'd first got his glasses aged seven, and he'd forgotten what it was like to actually see clearly.

After a while, wandering the alley made his heart ache. All these new and wondrous things were items he probably would have grown up with, had he been raised in a wizarding family. No wonder Ron didn't care about the alley; it was all old hat to him. He wondered if Hermione had ever come here without them, and done the same thing he was doing now. He doubted it — she would've talked his ear off about it if she had. But how could she not be curious? There were so many incredible things; things he would buy, if he had anywhere to put them. He imagined the look on Aunt Petunia's face if he were to start filling his room with magical posters and enchanted clocks and a statue of a dragon that really breathed fire.

If he ever went back to Aunt Petunia. Minister Fudge might've said they were alright with taking him back at the end of the school year, but Harry doubted they were happy about it. Then again, he didn't really have any other options.

As he browsed the shelves of Wiseacre's Wizarding Equipment, Harry absently daydreamed about what his bedroom might look like in a wizarding house — his parents' house. Would it look more like Ron's? He snorted to himself; hopefully far less orange than Ron's.

But would he have a favourite quidditch team, with posters on the wall? A shelf full of spellbooks, with little moving figurines on the ledges? A fancy perch for Hedwig, with a self-filling water bowl? Bedsheets that changed colour when they needed washing? (You really could get *everything* in Diagon Alley).

He pushed the thought away, biting his lip against the unexpected swell of emotion. Desperate for a distraction, he turned his gaze to the display in front of him.

*Wand Holsters, for the canny witch or wizard — never worry about losing your wand again!*

They were thin leather tubes, with straps to secure them at each end. They came in several different lengths and colours; at first Harry thought it was to adjust for the length of the wand, but upon reading the description realised they were either for the forearm or calf, depending on your preference. Apparently they would accept wands of any length, even if they were longer than the holster itself.

He glanced down at his wand, sticking out of the pocket of his jeans. His mind flashed back to all the times he'd dropped it, or had it fall out of his pocket, or not had a comfortable pocket to stick it in. Perhaps buying one of these holster things wouldn't be a bad idea.

Harry kept reading the description. Each holster had in-built invisibility charms, and an anti-summoning ward once it had bonded with its owner. It claimed to keep the wand safe and accessible at all times — apparently, they were what aurors used on the job. Harry grinned to himself. That sounded pretty cool, if he was honest.