

## CHAPTER 5

### THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX RECONVENES

The morning seemed to arrive within minutes of Hannah and Harry closing their eyes. The night's vicious storm had ended, revealing a crystal-clear-blue cloudless sky outside. A radiant light from the warm and comforting sun shone in beams through the thick draperies that surrounded the window, embracing the room with a temperate calm.

Harry awoke to a delicate rustling sound coming from beside him and a light hovering fragrance of lavender and vanilla, which gave him the most incredibly contented feeling. His eyes slowly cracked open to find Hannah leaning over him, gently nudging him awake.

"Harry, Harry, wake up; Lupin's here!" she whispered urgently.

Harry bolted upright, leapt to his feet, and with a significantly stifled yawn, he inquired, "W-w-where? W-where is he?"

"Downstairs," answered Hannah swiftly, pointing him in the direction of the Grimmauld living space. "And he's asking for you. He's very worried!"

Not much could have kept Harry from remaining there by Hannah's side. However, at that moment, nothing pleased him more than seeing an adult who cared for him, worried about him, and knew him well. Since Sirius had died, Lupin was as close to a father as Harry had these days. Consequently, he hurried down the main staircase of Grimmauld Place to greet Lupin, leaving Hannah trailing swiftly behind him.

"Remus!" called Harry, as he caught sight of the dear man.

"How are you, Harry?" Remus replied merrily, hugging him. "I see this lovely young lady has seen to it that you are safe." — He signaled Hannah with a thankful nod — "I forwarded your owl to the rest of the Order an hour ago, Hannah. Thank you. That was incredibly brave of you to rescue Harry in the manner in which you did."

"Oh, go on," replied Hannah humbly, waving him off.

"No, no, really. You followed your instincts and you were correct. Mad-Eye has just been to the Dursleys. It doesn't look so good. The place was completely ransacked and —" said Lupin hesitantly, treading the floor, and surveying the room before continuing on, "The Dark Mark was found floating over the house, Harry. We were terrified for you. Your Aunt, Uncle, and Cousin Dudley have all gone missing. We thought you had been captured, as well, until I received the urgent owl from Hannah at five o'clock this

morning. She reached you just in time. Harry, I apologize. Our temporary Fidelius Charm should have done the trick to conceal you until the Advanced Guard arrived. However, it appears as though the Death Eaters somehow discovered the Secret Keeper's word. We should have known to get you out of there before midnight. We didn't believe they would find you so quickly. If it hadn't been for Hannah —"

"It's alright. I really am fine, Remus, honestly," Harry choked, though very obviously shaken.

Remus reached over to Harry, patted his shoulder, and said, "Harry, I hope you don't mind if Hannah stays here at Grimmauld with you and me. She's been drifting from inn to inn ever since she left the orphanage, and she doesn't feel safe living on her own, nor do I believe it to be in her best interest to do so. Therefore, I've granted her permission to stay, unless you say otherwise."

"It's fine. After all, she saved my life," said Harry.

"Excellent. Thank you, Harry. By the way, I think it is best that the two of you remain hidden in the secret room during the night, as an added precaution. I hope that suits you," finished Lupin hesitantly.

"Yeah, Hannah had suggested the same thing, actually," Harry replied, trying desperately to sound casual, rooting his feet firmly in the ground to keep from jumping with joy.

"And Hannah's mentioned the Circle of Faith to you?"

"Yes... last night," said Harry.

"Very well, then," said Remus, motioning toward the large swinging wooden door standing tall behind him, "We should head into the kitchen. Mrs. Weasley is on her way. She says she has quite a breakfast planned for us all. She reckons you'll need fattening up after a few weeks of living with the Dursleys. Oh, you might want to tidy up a bit first. I expect the other members of the Order will be along at any moment. Ron and Hermione will be along as well."

Harry's heart just about leapt out of his chest, and a huge hopeful grin washed across his face. He couldn't wait to see his two best friends again. Spinning on his heels and rushing up the staircase to the location of the secret room, he tapped his wand impatiently against the wall, uttering the incantations to make the enchanted entryway appear. Then, bursting through it, he pushed over to the wardrobe, practically turning his trunk upside down in search of a clean set of clothing. After settling on a pair of worn carpenter blue jeans, black and white checked boxer shorts, and a black t-shirt, he dashed off into the bathroom. He was undressed down to his boxers when he heard a sudden *POP* coming from behind him. He swung around to meet the culprit of the sound; there stood Hannah.

"Argh! What the — !" he said with a start.

“Shhh,” said Hannah sharply, pressing her forefinger to her lips, and looking dead serious, until she visually consumed the degree of his near nakedness. With an interested and ever broadening smile spreading across her face, she said further, “Sorry, I didn’t think you’d be so — I mean — almost naked.” As though she had instantly found her senses, she turned her back to him and began to speak importantly, “Please, Harry. I needed to see you, to tell you about last night.” She appeared entirely flustered now, wringing her hands at her sides in a clear and vain effort to help her words along. “You mustn’t let anyone know how it was I knew to come and get you. It could create serious problems for me. You see, I lied in the owl I wrote to the Order. I told them I overheard Death Eaters discussing your fate whilst I was on undercover duty last night in Knockturn Alley. No one knows that I have been receiving inside information. I promised my source that I would not reveal them under any circumstances, nor would I even admit that I have been receiving any information at all. It could mean his life, and mine, if anyone discovered the truth. Harry, I know you love your friends and that you trust them completely, but you must understand; I’ve risked everything to find you and to keep you safe. You must promise me you won’t breathe a word of this to anyone!”

Harry instantly noticed the blatant and budding alarm in her delivery. “Alright,” he agreed with a hint of uneasiness in his tone when he noted that she had swung back around to face him and was ogling over his scantily clad appearance again. “I won’t say a thing. Um, could you just —” He motioned impatiently for her to leave.

“Oh. Right. Sorry,” said Hannah, taking extra care to sweep her eyes over him once more, chasing her stare with a cunning flash of her brow and a watery grin before finally Disapparating.

Minutes later, Harry emerged from the bathroom and re-entered the secret room to find his two best friends perched on the edge of the four-poster bed, anxiously awaiting his company.

The instant Harry rounded the corner, Ron leapt to his feet, bopped excitedly over to him, and shouted out, “Blimey Harry! This room — and that girl!”

“*Hannah*,” Hermione corrected Ron sharply, her hands planted squarely and irritably on her hips.

“Who? Oh! Oh, yeah, yeah, whatever. I mean, this room is bloody brilliant! And that Hannah, well, she’s spectacular, isn’t she? I mean, they don’t make ‘em like that at Hogwarts, now, do they!” Ron bantered on immaturely, sucker punching Harry in the arm as though he was expecting to receive some sort of life-altering response from him.

Hermione crossed her arms angrily in front of her and scoffed out, “Oh, honestly, Ronald! You’re pathetic! For your information, Hannah is nearly nineteen years old; she’s not a schoolgirl; she’s a woman! Moreover, she’s much more than just a pretty face! She happens to be one of the most accomplished Legilimens and Occlumens

witches of our time! She's studied secretly with Dumbledore and Professor Snape for years!"

Ron snapped his mouth shut, having felt a bit defeated and a little guilty when he noted the blatant upset in Hermione's voice as she spoke. He was quick to plop himself down on the bed, resorting to gazing awkwardly about the secret room, and simmering in his newfound, but temporary silence.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him, and then turning to Harry, she began to ramble on excitedly, "Harry, this place is surrounded by the most impressive magic! Hannah had to guide us in here and everything! We couldn't even locate the enchanted entryway to this room until she stood beside us. I even attempted some tricky and quite advanced incantations and spells, trying to crack the charms she has used. None of them worked, of course, which ought to make you feel a bit more...secure."

Harry was now thoroughly distracted, standing before Hermione half-listening to everything she had said. Finally, he managed to spurt out, "W-Wait a minute! Hannah studied with SNAPE?"

Hermione lent him a look of bewilderment, plopping herself profoundly on the bed next to Ron, offering a soft-spoken and hesitant response to his inquiry: "Well, of course; didn't she tell you? Dumbledore thought it would be good for her morale to be sorted properly, even though she was to be taught separately from the rest of the students. She was sorted into Slytherin; so, naturally, since Snape was head of the Slytherin House, he was chosen to oversee her studies."

"W-when—" stuttered Harry, shaking his head and sounding agitated. "Hannah didn't mention anything to me about her working with Snape, *or* being in Slytherin. When did she tell you that?"

"She didn't," answered Hermione simply, falling silent for a stint before readily confessing, "Harry, I met Hannah our third year at Hogwarts by pure accident. I had gone off to appeal to Professor McGonagall about taking some extra classes, which she consented to, but I still had to go to Dumbledore to get the final approval, the permission to use the Time-Turner, you see."

Harry nodded vacantly in understanding.

"Anyway," continued Hermione awkwardly, "I was so anxious to acquire it that I sort of slipped into Dumbledore's office a bit early before our scheduled appointment, to see if I could, you know, just try it out a bit."

"*YOU* broke into Dumbledore's office?" Harry interrupted in astonishment; Yet, at the same time, he was rather impressed; He had rarely known Hermione to break school rules in such a bold and precarious way before.

“I don’t believe it; not *you!*” exclaimed Ron, equally as shocked.

“Yes, well, anyway, that’s not the point,” said Hermione impatiently. “It just so happened that at that precise moment, Dumbledore and Snape were escorting Hannah to the fireplace for her travel home by virtue of the Floo Network. Dumbledore casually introduced her to me, then she and Snape disappeared into the flames. When they had gone, Dumbledore told me how she was one of the most extraordinarily talented Legilimens and Occlumens practitioners he’d ever met. He said that he and Professor Snape had been instructing her privately for years. She’d been taught some of the most advanced and extraordinary magic within the whole of the wizarding world. He told me he was secretly hoping that she would be ready to take watch over you if anything should happen to him. She could be something of a Ghost Warrior, if you will. He seemed quite adamant about it, although I’m not sure why.”

Hermione took a moment to ponder the thought, tapping her forefinger on her chin, and then she continued on, “In any case, he asked me not to reveal her to anyone until the time was right. He said if I was certain not to, he could guarantee that I would not be expelled for breaking into his office. Then, I’d be granted his full permission for unlimited use of the Time-Turner, to be able to adjust time to my liking in order to fit my extra classes into my daily schedule.” Hermione frowned as she concluded in a much smaller voice, “Naturally, I opted to take Dumbledore up on his offer to *NOT* get expelled. It was one of my least admirable moments that I’ve tried very hard to forget.”

Ron stood before her absolutely floored, blurting out, “So *that’s* how you did it! I knew something was going on there!” He turned to Harry and said, “I told you something was going on there. The way she kept popping in and out of classes, disappearing and reappearing out of *nowhere!* And you said I was imagining it! I can’t believe you lot kept that from me!”

“Not now, *Ron!*” Hermione hollered, and then turning to meet Harry, she inquired anxiously, “So tell us Harry, what happened last night? Remus told us that the Dark Mark was seen floating over your Aunt and Uncle’s house this morning and that everyone inside has gone missing! He said that Hannah had gotten to you just in time. How exactly was it she knew to get you?”

“Um, lucky guess, I suppose,” responded Harry rashly. “How about we head downstairs then, eh? I’m starved. I heard Mrs. Weasley’s making a fantastic breakfast.” With that, he turned and briskly exited the room, leaving Ron and Hermione looking quite befuddled.

By the time he found his way into the kitchen, most of the Order had already arrived. Mrs. Weasley was buzzing frantically about, cooking up breakfast, and waving merrily to him as he stepped through the entryway.

“Oh, Harry! It’s so wonderful to see you, dear! I’ve been worried *sick!* How are you?” she said, whisking over to him and granting him her usual motherly squeezes while she fussed relentlessly with his hair in her attempt to get it to lay flat.

“Fine, Mrs. Weasley, thank you,” answered Harry contentedly. He completely adored her and her propensity to tend to him as if he was one of her own. From there, he moved his focus around the room, taking in the faces of all the familiar witches and wizards gathered about the space. Some sat congregated about the breakfast table, while others were standing around; yet, all of them were waving and greeting him with similar relieved and contented requisites.

“Wotcher, Harry!” called Tonks from near the center table.

“Hey there, Harry!” shouted Fred and George in unison, strolling by him and slapping him on the shoulder.

“Oh ‘Arry, it’s so good to see you again! ‘Iz wonderful to know that you are safe!” called Fleur Delacour, gliding forward and planting a delectable kiss on each of his cheeks.

“Thanks. Good to see you too, Fleur. How is married life?” inquired Harry breathlessly, blushing slightly as he spoke.

“Oh, ‘iz wonderful! Bill and I went to Pariz for our ‘oneymoon. We ‘ad ze best time. Didn’t we, Bill?”

“Sure did!” Bill replied with the adding of a suggestive wink.

“That’s — great,” fumbled Harry, having been thoroughly distracted by the ongoing salutations coming from the others in the room.

“Harry m’boy!” called Mr. Weasley, stepping up to Harry with the offering of a firm shake of the hand and a swift pat on the back.

The remaining members of the Order waved and called out to him simultaneously, to which Harry responded with a succession of nods, having been fully pleased by the oceans of warm welcomes he felt he had been so fortunate to receive.

His glance next was drawn to the far corner of the room, where smiling and waving to him timidly was the petite form of his ex-girlfriend, Ginny Weasley. The instant his eyes addressed her sweet freckle-misted face, her sumptuous brown eyes, and flaming-red flowing locks, his stomach broke into a sort of a flip-flop dance. He still housed considerably strong feelings for her, and it was quite apparent to him that she felt the same way. He hadn’t spoken to or seen her since Fleur and Bill’s wedding four weeks earlier at the Burrow. Of course, he and Ginny had had the opportunity to spend plenty of time alone together, but he continued to insist to her that they remain friends. (This was

part of his continued valiant effort to protect her from becoming a potential target and innocent victim in Voldemort's ongoing mission to capture and destroy him.)

After a brief hesitation, Harry returned Ginny's greeting and started toward her. Out of nowhere, Hannah darted in front of him, saluting him with a sharp, flirty blow to his upper arm, and proclaiming in a loud, teasing manner, "Hey, stranger! You clean up quite nicely, eh? Sorry about the whole bathroom scene. Nice boxer shorts by the way." With a zesty wink and certified giggle, she tugged significantly on his shirtsleeve.

Harry froze in place, aghast, his eyes drawing wide as she proceed to speak at an even more discomforting and *quite* strident level.

"Hey, you're a cover hog; do you know that? You snore, too! You kept me up half the night with that racket! I had to place a Quietus Spell on you just to get a bit of peace and quiet!" She giggled again and nudged his arm playfully, leaving him feeling as though he'd just been numbed by the pricks of a thousand sewing needles. With a poised pitch of her head, Hannah tossed her wavy locks about and sauntered over to the breakfast table. There, she planted herself firmly between Fred and George, both of whom looked positively delighted about it.

The others in the room fell silent, all exchanging looks of perplexion after having bared witness to Hannah's unexpected proclamation. Ginny frowned and snorted in disgust, scooting away from Harry and plopping herself callously at the far end of the table, fixing her gaze to the floor. Fred and George, on the other hand, grinned widely at Harry in admiration, saluting him with encouraging thumbs ups, while Ron and Hermione sat fully gaping in astonishment.

Harry, now a deep shade of puce, had officially declared himself mortified by Hannah's moving vocal tribute to his underpants and his confidential bed-time rituals. This was a condition only worsened further by Fred and George, who were most intent on taking great delight in the revelation of his indecent exposure by clapping and whooping at various intervals. Thankfully for Harry, Mrs. Weasley was quick to wave the twins off and shut them up with her signature stark warning glare, long enough for him to manage a seat between Ron and Hermione at the center of the breakfast table. There, Harry immediately took to helping himself to cauldron cakes, sausages, and pumpkin juice, not daring to speak, or chance a look at anyone.

After several more of their sporadic outbursts, chased swiftly by Mrs. Weasley's harsh reprimands, Fred and George threw in the towel and turned eagerly to Hannah, flirting rather relentlessly with her throughout the remainder of the meal. Ginny and Hermione both groaned and rolled their eyes at them in condemnation, while Ron maintained a look befitting of just having had the last seventeen years knocked out of him.

He promptly leaned into Harry and in an exclaiming whisper, he said, "Blimey, Harry! You didn't tell me that you two, you know, were bedmates!"

Harry nearly choked on his nosh. When he finally gathered the courage to remove his focus from his breakfast plate, he caught wind of Hannah glancing in their direction with what he thought appeared to be a wounded scowl on her face.

Promptly, he returned his center of attention to his plate, both embarrassed and annoyed, and hissed quietly, “Geez, Ron! Would you keep it down please? Nothing happened. We just stayed in the same room together, that’s all — for safety purposes, you know.” He proceeded to shovel in his food, praying in the name of Merlin that Ron would get the hint and drop the subject; but much to his dismay, Ron did not....

“Yeah, *right*; whatever, mate,” scoffed Ron. “Listen; no bloke in his right mind could share a bed with a girl like that without fancying a move. Come on, Harry. I’m your best friend. You can tell *me*!”

All of a sudden, Ron found himself being blown clear out of his chair, coming to a smashing halt against the hardwood floor, courtesy of having been on the receiving end of one of Hermione’s angry blows to the center of his gut. He groaned in agony, clutching at his abdomen and responding to her brusque action with an expression of absolute antipathy. Hermione returned him a nasty threatening glare and swiftly reclaimed her position in the conversation she was engaged in with Tonks and Ginny. Fred and George roared with laughter, while the rest of the group looked on in astonishment, toiling to figure out what had just happened.

Ron, now very clearly swimming in utter humiliation, his face fully flushed beneath his scarlet flaming cheeks, scrambled back into his chair and helped himself to breakfast, not daring to utter a single word to anyone throughout the rest of the meal. Harry felt his own heart flood with eternal gratitude toward Hermione. He swore that he could not possibly love her more than he did at that very moment.

Once everyone had finished stuffing themselves to their full content, Ginny, Hermione, Hannah, and Fleur split off to help Mrs. Weasley tidy up the dishes and sweep the floors, while the others casually mingled about. After the cleanliness of the kitchen had been fully established, the Order of the Phoenix reconvened, courtesy of Mr. Weasley and his chatty repartee.

“Welcome all! I’d like to thank Mrs. Weasley for another excellent breakfast, as I’m certain you will all agree. Ok, let’s get started then, shall we?”

“As you well know, we at the Ministry of Magic have been extremely busy lately. As an astounding number of talented witches and wizards have gone missing over the past few weeks and innocent Muggles have been disappearing at alarming rates. Voldemort and his Death Eaters are out in full force searching to destroy anyone who possesses a threat to them, and that includes each one of us! Mass breakouts have been reported all throughout Azkaban, which has only added to the Ministry’s dilemma. It appears as though all of *You Know Who*’s followers have escaped from prison and are running rampant throughout Great Britain.

“Therefore, I must warn you that our best strategy to combat abductions within our group is to remain properly disguised at all times when roaming about the Wizarding and the Muggle worlds. Preferably, we should look to stick together in large groups whenever possible and remain indoors after nightfall when we are not pulling duty for the Order of the Phoenix Guard, as that is when most of the abductions tend to take place. We must be certain to inform fellow members of the Order where we intend to be at all times, and when we expect to return.

“That having been said, I should like to get the first category of business on the table. We have a few new members who have just joined the Order of the Phoenix this year. I’d like to welcome Hannah Morley, Harry Potter, Hermione Granger and, of course, my son, Ron. There are several senior members of our assembly who were unable to attend our meeting this morning, as they are on top-secret duty in key locations throughout Great Britain.

“We have been assigning three separate guard shifts daily, in which five to ten of us are placed in secret key locations at all times. As I mentioned earlier, those called to guard duty will be required to wear disguises. It is important for us to remain vigilant whilst we continue in our endeavors to acquire the top-secret information necessary to protect the Wizarding world. We’re all in this together, and we will surely need to entrust in one another if we intend to keep alive whilst we come up with a strategy to destroy You-Know-Who and his followers...for good.”

Harry squirmed as Mr. Weasley said this while directing his attention straight at him.

“And on that note,” continued Mr. Weasley briskly. “I should like to take a moment to recognize one of our newest members for a job very well done. Of course, the young witch to whom I’m referring is Ms. Hannah Morley. As many of you are well aware, she did a bold and noble thing earlier this morning when she rescued young Harry after inadvertently stumbling across some top-secret information whilst pulling duty at Knockturn Alley, late yesterday. She had heard that he had been located and that You Know Who was sending Death Eaters to secure his capture. Sure enough, sometime shortly after two o’clock this morning, a group of Death Eaters arrived on the property and kidnapped his Aunt, Uncle, and Cousin, then set the Dark Mark over their house. In addition, I’ve just received confirmation from the Ministry, only a few short moments ago, that, sadly, the Dursleys’ bodies have been discovered outside of Muggle London, lying face down in a small stream. According to ministry reports, it appears as though the Dursleys had fallen victim to the Killing Curse. No word yet on how much information Voldemort was able to retrieve from them, if any, but we’ll cross that bridge if and when we come to it.

“My point being that this is why we have guard duty! Your job whilst you are working is to LISTEN to and WATCH everything and everyone around you, follow your instincts, but most importantly, STAY safe.”

Harry's hair practically stood on end upon the receipt of Mr. Weasley's words; he was entirely shaken. Even though Harry had never gotten on well with the Dursleys, he still felt dreadful that they had met such an awful fate because of him. He felt a lump rise in his guilt-ridden throat as he imagined how terrifying their last moments must have been.

At that moment, a strong and comforting hand reached out to him, gently squeezing the top of his left shoulder. He turned to see Ginny standing beside him, nodding to him with a bold show of sympathetic understanding. He reached his hand up to meet her hers, feeling a world of relief knowing that she obviously hadn't held him responsible for Hannah's earlier discomfiting decree.

"So," Arthur continued, "four guards from the Order will be required to be stationed at Grimmauld place, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, until Harry returns to Hogwarts on the 31<sup>st</sup> of August. We shall divide the shifts into eight hours; the first beginning at six a.m., the second at two p.m., and the third shift will arrive at ten p.m. and work through the night. It might also be essential to note that Mrs. Weasley and I will be popping in and out of Grimmauld Place for meals and such during Harry's stay here, should anyone need to reach us.

"On a final note, as everyone has agreed, we will be scheduling sporadic meetings here at Grimmauld any time important information arises. Lupin and I will send out urgent owls no more than thirty minutes prior to each meeting, so as not to allow the Dark Side the opportunity to head us off. It is vital that we strive to do our best to make ourselves available at any hour.

"So, If no one has anything further they would like to add, Ron, Hermione, Lupin, and Tonks, you shall initiate the first task of duty at two o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Weasley and I shall stay on until then. That having been said, this meeting is adjourned!"

The group scuttled to their feet, bidding their goodbyes to one another. Then, one by one, they disappeared from sight. Ron, Hermione, and Ginny decided to stay on and spend the morning with Harry, leaving the shabby confines of the cluttered kitchen to gather around the dismal but oddly comforting arms of the main living space. There, Ron slung himself lazily over one of the black worn leather recliners, where he took to staring blankly up at the tainted ceiling, while Hermione seated herself on the crooked coordinating leather ottoman next to the fireside, primping the flames of the fire. Ginny and Harry plopped down together in the center of a long tattered leather sofa and started thumbing through the latest edition of the *Daily Prophet*, looking for any meaningful gossip.

Within seconds, Hannah came promenading confidently into the room with Fred and George strolling contentedly at her side. She was quick to spot and direct her attention to Harry, who seemed rather apprehensive at the prospect of having yet another disastrous encounter with her, particularly in the presence of his nearest and dearest friends.

Hannah had apparently sensed his anxiety and was quick to relax her sensual demeanor, rattling off nonchalantly, “Hey...Harry, I’m heading off to Diagon Alley with Fred and George to check out their joke shop, and then they’re to take me to lunch. I have some shopping I’d like to do afterward, so I probably won’t return until suppertime. Oh, it might interest you to know that we’ve all arranged for a very special birthday surprise for you for seven o’clock tonight. You might want to catch a few winks this afternoon to freshen up in preparation for it.”

“Surprise? What kind of surprise?” inquired Harry eagerly, looking to his friends, who were all beaming excitedly.

“You’ll just have to wait and see!” sang Hermione.

“Yeah, it’s gonna be *brilliant*, mate!” exclaimed Ron.

“You’ll just *love it*, Harry!” squealed Ginny with delight while nodding her head in animated agreement.

“Alright then,” said Hannah, looking entirely pleased with herself. “Enjoy your day all and I’ll see you lot at supper. Come on, Fred, George; we can use my secret passageway to reach Diagon Alley.” She motioned for them to follow her as she trotted, perfectly poised, up the staircase.

“Cheers!” said Fred to Ron and his friends, anxiously bounding up the stairs behind Hannah.

“Yeah, enjoy!” echoed George cheerfully, taunting Ron with a wink and a rude pointed gesture as he bumbled along behind Fred and Hannah.

Ron stared resentfully after his brothers, secretly thinking he’d be willing to sacrifice his right arm to have the chance to tag along with them. Instead, he settled for giving them the one-finger salute just before they clipped the upper landing. Hermione clicked her tongue aloud in disapproval at Ron. Harry, however, was wise enough to ignore the lot of them, striking up immediate conversation with Ginny the instant Hannah had left the room.