

An Immortal in History Class

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An Immortal in History Class

by [melimarron](#)

Summary

After becoming mortal, Sprite discovers they're not actually 100% a normal human: they have magic.

Or, Sprite's adventures and redemption arc at Hogwarts, from Harry Potter's point of view.

Notes

All you need to know for this story is that Sprite has a slightly younger body than they did in canon and this takes place in the Harry Potter universe. The Eternals movie proceeded as it did in MCU canon, except for the very ending when Arisheim shows up because uhhh fuck that. Also the timeline does Not line up but if you care about that, why are you here? Just pretend Harry Potter takes place thirty years later than it did in canon.

Also I only vaguely remember the order of events in Harry Potter, so things might be slightly out of order lol.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Harry Potter was horribly, desperately unsure of what to do next.

He'd gotten to King's Cross okay, but now he was trapped in the Muggle world. How, *exactly*, did one get to Platform Nine-and-Three-Quarters?

He paused between platforms nine and ten, bouncing on his feet nervously, and looked around. No one looked particularly wizard-like.

A kid about his age, with fiery orange hair, passed him, dragging luggage behind them and arguing with the man next to them.

"It's no big deal," the kid was saying, and Harry was startled to realize they had an American accent. "I'm there to learn. That's it. *Maybe* have some fun along the way."

"Listen to me. No, seriously, listen," the man said, coming to a stop between Platforms Nine and Ten. "You have to actually *build a life now*. That means no telling people about being- you know. You can't just run away after a couple years and stay away 'till they forget you. You have to actually keep a secret."

"Yeah, I get it."

"That means not scaring the others by telling them *things!*"

"Yeah, *I get it*, Kingo, but you can't lecture me on this! Aren't you supposed to be identical to your grandfather?"

"Hey, I am part of an *acting dynasty*, which is not important right now!"

"I mean, it's pretty important, considering I'm apparently the only member of your family who's not-"

"Come *on*, Sprite. Promise me? That you'll keep it a secret? You don't know what it's like, to try to build a life and keep it."

The kid's expression turned surly. "That's what I'm here to learn. I promise."

"Good, because that's your punishment for what you did with Ikaris," the man said. "Live a normal life until you've hit the age of majority. And don't kill the other students."

The kid- their name couldn't actually be *Sprite*, could it?- rolled their eyes and made a rude gesture in the man's direction. "I will be nice to the small children."

"*You're* a small child!"

"Yeah, it's great! I think I grew another inch over the summer."

"You did *not*."

"No, really!" the kid said. "When we see each other again, I'll be taller than you!"

“I seriously doubt that,” the man said in a sing-song voice.

Harry turned away from their conversation and refocused on the problem in front of him. Maybe the policeman at Platform Eleven was an undercover wizard...?

“So,” the kid said. “How do you think we’re supposed to get to the platform? Do you think there’s a trick to it? Or magic, hiding it?”

“You’d be the expert on that sort of thing,” the man said.

Harry’s head snapped around again, and he headed towards them, heart thumping. “Excuse me,” he said. “Do either of you know how to get onto the platform? I’m... I’m going to Hogwarts?”

The man and kid turned, and they gave him a once-over in unison, eyes skimming over his old clothes and new trunk and Hedwig in her shiny new cage. They looked nothing like each other, but based on the way their heads and eyes moved as one, cataloging everything about Harry, Harry was willing to bet everything he owned that they were family. But it was still a little creepy how in sync they were.

Apparently he cleared the once-over, and the kid shrugged. “We’re not sure how to get onto the platform, either. I’m going into my first year. Are you a first year student, too?”

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“How old are you?” the man said.

“Eleven,” Harry said, taken aback. “Aren’t all first-years eleven?” He felt a sudden horror growing in his chest. He was already worried he’d be behind because he’d grown up with the Dursleys instead of around magic, but what if all the other first-years were younger than him?

“I’m twelve,” the kid said. “I have special circumstances that led to me having to go to school a year late.”

The man slapped the kid on their back. “So proud of you,” he said. “You’re good at this.”

The kid rolled their eyes. “I’ve been doing this my whole life, you moron,” they said. The two of them seemed to have forgotten Harry was there at all. “You wouldn’t know how to introduce yourself properly if you had a guidebook in front of you.”

The man sniffed. “Well, I’m famous,” he said. “I get an exemption.”

Harry was saved from any further conversation by a voice talking about Muggles, and thanks to the large, friendly family of redheads the voice belonged to, Harry managed to make it onto the platform, and he noticed the kid who hadn’t known how to get onto the platform slipping through the wall after them. That was good; he wouldn’t want them to be stranded.

He’d found a quiet, empty compartment on the train, and to his surprise and tentative pleasure, the youngest redheaded boy and the kid from the platform joined him after a few minutes. Maybe they’d be friends.

“Hi, I’m Ron Weasley,” the redheaded boy said, poking his head in. “Can we come in?”

“I’m Sprite,” the kid added tersely from behind Ron. So their name really *was* Sprite.

“I’m Harry,” Harry said. “Come on in.”

“Oh, like Harry Potter?” Ron said. He and Sprite shuffled in. Ron had a rat cradled in his hands and a backpack on. Sprite was empty handed.

“Exactly like Harry Potter,” Harry said, and lifted his bangs.

“Oh!” Ron said. He sat down, but leaned towards Harry to get a closer look as he did. “That’s so wicked. Do you remember?”

“Wait, who’s Harry Potter?” Sprite asked.

“Me,” Harry said. “I’m supposedly really famous, I killed a Dark Wizard or something as a baby. I don’t remember it, though, so don’t ask for details. I only found out a month ago.”

“Huh,” Sprite said. “Well, nice to meet you.”

“Which House do you think you’ll be in?” Ron asked eagerly, apparently willing to let Harry’s fame go for the moment. “I want Gryffindor. My family all went there, they’d make my life hell if I didn’t go, too. Well, my brothers would, *especially* Fred and George. My parents wouldn’t mind so much.”

“What do you mean, House?” Sprite said.

“Oh,” Ron said, “it’s- Gryffindor, if you’re brave, Slytherin, if you’re ambitious, Hufflepuff, if you’re, um, hardworking, and Ravenclaw, if you’re smart. They’ve all got house Quidditch teams-”

“Wait, what’s Quidditch?” Sprite asked. They looked completely lost, like they’d recently woken up in a brand new culture they had never known about or bothered to learn about only a month ago. Harry knew the feeling.

“Oh, it’s brilliant,” Ron said, apparently happy to be thrust into the role of cultural ambassador for the train ride. “You’ll love it, both of you-”

As the ride passed, Harry felt himself growing more and more comfortable with Ron. Sprite was quieter, and when they spoke up, it was usually to ask another question or to make a comment about the scenery or their classes, like “Hey, that rock looks sort of like an ear,” or “Wait, Ron, there’s a *History of Magic* class? This’ll be fun, I’m going to single-handedly drive that professor to retirement.”

Ron was halfway through a lively explanation of what an Animagus was when a new voice interrupted their conversation.

“Excuse me,” the voice said, “but has anyone seen a toad? Neville’s lost his.” The voice turned out to be attached to one Hermione Granger, frizzy-haired and apparently just as eager

to see magic done as Harry was. Ron's improvised spell to turn Scabbers yellow failed, and when Hermione left, she reminded them all to keep an eye out for a toad.

Sprite rolled their eyes. "The toad will turn up eventually. Calm down. Worst that happens is that Neville kid has to get a new toad."

Hermione glared at Sprite. "I was just *asking*," she said.

"I'm just trying to be realistic," Sprite said.

"Well, you're being mean about it," Hermione said. "You just had to say you hadn't seen it--"

"I haven't seen it," Sprite interrupted. "Neither have Harry and Ron. Okay?"

"Wait, *Harry*?" Hermione said. "Like Harry Potter?"

"Oh, this'll get old fast," Sprite muttered.

"Just like Harry Potter," Harry said. He brushed aside his bangs again.

"Oh, *wow*," Hermione said. "You're in books!"

"Am I?" Harry said.

"Yes," Hermione said eagerly, "you're in--"

Sprite stood up abruptly. "I'm leaving," they said. "I'm going to go look for that damn *toad*. Hermione, what does Neville look like?"

"Um," Hermione said, distracted from Harry for a moment. "Short, black hair, a little pudgy, I guess? He's already dressed in his Hogwarts robes."

"Great," Sprite said, and left.

The rest of the ride passed quickly. Sprite returned after an hour, having helped Hermione and Neville locate the toad.

Before Harry knew it, he was dressed in his robes and stepping off the train, and following Hagrid to boats on the lake. He and the other first-years crossed the lake and filed into a hall, then into the Great Hall. The Sorting Hat sang its song, and the Sorting began with Abbott, Hannah.

"Barrie, Sprite!"

Next to Ron, Sprite gave a start, then muttered, "I'm going to *kill* Kingo." They walked down the aisle to the hat, and plonked it on their head.

There was silence for several long minutes, during which Sprite made several entertaining facial expressions as they, presumably, spoke with the Hat.

"Is it supposed to take this long?" Harry whispered to Ron, who just shrugged.

“Doubt it,” he whispered back. “Abbott only took a few seconds, and the hat has to get through all of us before dinner...”

Finally, the Hat opened its mouth and said, “SLYTHERIN!”

“Thank *God* they’re over,” Ron said. “Hope none of the others take that long.”

Thankfully, none of the others were as long as Sprite’s Sorting had been, and the night ended with Harry and Ron happily in the Gryffindor dorms, nodding off to sleep.

(In the Slytherin dorms, Sprite looked at their Slytherin-green tie and laughed: even in a magical world, even mortal, they couldn’t escape the anger and ambition and loneliness that the Hat had seen so clearly in them, that had defined their Eternal life, that would no doubt define their mortal life.

Even now that they were mortal, they’d never be able to integrate into a truly mortal, truly unpowered society, not at a school like this, where hats decided your fate and owls could be relied on to mail letters.

Perhaps this was Sersi’s revenge for their betrayal.

Perhaps they were never meant to grow beyond the spiteful, jealous Eternal that had nearly ended the world.)

In the weeks that followed, Harry did not see much of Sprite outside of classes, but that was in part due to their differing Houses and in part due to Sprite’s many detentions.

Sprite seemed to think that learning in general was beneath them, and often needed to be dragged out of abandoned classrooms to get to class on time or, once in class, was told to stop messing around and pay attention roughly six times more than any other student. Harry and the other Gryffindors were perfectly fine with this arrangement. Sprite was a walking headache for the teachers, meaning they were also a walking House points sink for Slytherin. Even Snape gave Sprite detention and took off thirty House points when he caught them trying to brew Draught of Living Death only a week after classes had begun.

But on Halloween, Harry thought they might have bonded a little, depending on Sprite’s definition of *bonding*.

Sprite had been in the hallway just outside the bathroom when the troll attacked. They had followed the troll in and immediately ordered Harry, Ron, and Hermione to drop something heavy on its head while Sprite unsheathed a knife from within their robes, climbed up the troll’s shirt, and, just as Ron dropped the troll’s club on its head, Sprite had stabbed the troll in the eye, drenching them all in a mixture of troll sweat, blood, and snot just in time for the professors to arrive.

Sprite had proceeded to avoid all three of them for the next week until Sprite and Hermione were paired up for a History of Magic project, and the two of them had gotten into a heated

argument over what exactly had caused the sixteenth century witch trials. *Hermione* insisted, as did their textbook, that it was a careless wizard who had forgotten to Obliviate a curious Muggle. *Sprite* insisted that it was just Muggle hysteria, ignorance, and fear of the unknown. A perfectly plausible explanation, even if it was a little duller than Harry expected from a world where magic was real.

Then Sprite ended their argument with “Also, I was there, so I’d know better than *you*,” setting Hermione off again, and Harry was convinced the two of them would have argued over it all week if it wasn’t for the fact that Sprite was a Slytherin and therefore they had to stop arguing eventually and make their way back to their respective dorms.

The very next day, Hermione physically dragged Sprite over to the Gryffindor table, sat down, pulled out a book, and said, dangerously, “The library agrees with me.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Ron whispered to Harry.

Sprite looked Hermione dead in the eyes and said “The *library* is *wrong*.”

“I have *sources*,” Hermione said.

“So do I,” Sprite said, and took a loud, obnoxious sip of pumpkin juice. “Won’t show ‘em to you, though. I promised.”

Harry’s prediction had been wrong. They didn’t argue about it for a week. They argued about it for *years*. Any time they were in History of Magic, Sprite would leave class systematically going through everything Professor Binns said that was, apparently, “stupidly, dangerously incorrect, what are they *teaching* kids these days?” Sprite outright refused to write essays for History of Magic, and any time Hermione tried to show Sprite a book to prove that she was right, Sprite would take the book, correct it in red ink, and hand it back.

A week into Sprite and Hermione’s History Class Friendly Debate/Serious Rivalry That Would Probably End In Bloodshed, Harry and Ron went to Professor Binns about the issue, but he was useless as ever. Binns was convinced that Hermione’s name was Hilda Gorgon and that Sprite was an immortal child sent to Earth from space, and insisted that if they had any questions about the material, they should pay better attention in class.

Eventually, Sprite stopped going to the Slytherin table for meals, and started just sitting down at the Gryffindor table so as to argue with Hermione more efficiently.

Harry noticed a strange glint in Sprite’s eyes sometimes when they argued with Hermione over history, but he always brushed it off. Sprite was spending more time with them, and had started to work with the three of them in class, and studied with the three of them outside of class, and when snow started to fall, Sprite had gotten a bucket from somewhere in the castle, filled it with snow, and rigged it to fall on Malfoy’s head after he’d called Harry and Ron “Scarhead and Scarhead’s idiot lackey” once too many times.

They were friends, and that was good enough for Harry.

(But there was a reason for that strange glint in Sprite's eyes, and it starts with a question:

What had humans ever done for Sprite, other than unintentionally exclude them, banish them from being treated like the adult they were?

What had humans ever done for them, other than treat them like a disobedient child that needed to be rounded up and put into school?

Humans were the reason Sprite had had to be partnered with another Eternal for *every single day* of the past several thousands of years, ever since humans decided children- especially rich looking, healthy looking children like Sprite's true form- needed to be coddled.

Humans were the reason Sprite could never be their real self.

Why should they *bother* learning anything about humanity? They could never integrate themselves in human life once they defeated the Deviants. The others had been able to manage it. Even Makkari, Gil, and Thena, all outcasts from society by choice or for everyone's safety, had still been fascinated by humanity, or were at least willing to die to protect them. Ajak, Sersi, Kingo, and Phastos had all thrown themselves into human lives with gusto. Druig was a special case. It was Ikaris and Sprite who had been the unlucky ones who could not or would not integrate themselves into humanity.

And now it was just Sprite.

But they *were* human now, and they measured their growth every day, and they still remembered the day they'd realized they needed to cut their fingernails with a wild sort of glee. Immortal robots didn't need to cut their nails. They'd cried tears of genuine, unabashed joy, hidden away in their room so that none of the other Eternals would realize that they were having a breakdown over *fingernails*.

So maybe it was okay for them to finally give in, to follow Ajak's lead and embrace humanity with all the love Ajak and Sersi and Kingo and Phastos had shown to them, and they had to live like a human anyway while they were in school, with no mentions of their Eternal past, as part of their penance for nearly destroying the world.

If they had to live in this world, if there was no longer anything for them to be jealous of, maybe it was okay to start to love it.)

Sprite had not attended the Quidditch game where Harry had been cursed by Snape; they had been swamped with detentions for missing several classes and had been physically dragged to Finch's office to serve them, and so had not been able to go.

But Sprite was quickly brought up to speed on everything that had happened the next morning before classes were to begin, including Hagrid's slip that all this had something to do with a man named Nicolas Flamel.

"I just can't figure anything out about Nicolas Flamel," Hermione had said that morning as she, Harry, and Ron headed down to breakfast together. "There's just one reference to him in

the library, and it's from hundreds of years ago!"

"You've already searched the library?" Harry asked.

"Just a cursory search, I haven't done much more than skimming," she said.

"Uh, well," Ron said, "if the library doesn't have what we need, we *do* know a history expert." They were planning on meeting Sprite in the Great Hall to tell them about Flamel, but Sprite had a tendency to show up anywhere they pleased. Harry wasn't sure if they slept in the Slytherin dorms half the time.

Hermione narrowed her eyes at Ron while they waited for a staircase to move over to them. "Sprite is *not* a history expert."

"They still might know something," Ron said.

"Did I hear my name?"

The three of them turned to see Sprite, a curious, sharp glint in their eyes.

"Do you-" Ron began, only to yelp when Hermione stepped on his foot. "Hey!"

Harry, who was out of Hermione's reach, spoke instead. "D'you know who Nicolas Flamel is?" The four of them boarded the staircase and started heading down.

"Harry!" Hermione hissed.

"Well, we don't have any other options!" Harry said.

"Nicolas Flamel?" Sprite said. "Yeah, he's a family friend. Why?"

"Really?" Hermione said. "*You* know Nicolas Flamel?"

"Sure I do," Sprite said. "Why do you ask?"

"Hagrid mentioned him," Harry said smoothly. "We were curious- Hagrid seemed really shifty."

"He's just a regular guy," Sprite said. "Wizard, alchemist, a little kooky. Uh... don't really know why Hagrid would be shifty about him. *Oh*- I'll have to check to be sure, but I think he has the Philosopher's Stone right now."

"The Philosopher's Stone- you mean, the one that can give immortality and change things to gold?" Hermione said. Harry could see the sparks of rivalry flaring up in Hermione's eyes, and he died a little on the inside. He and Ron would be stuck there for ages trying to keep Sprite and Hermione from killing each other over obscure historical facts.

"Is there any other?" Sprite said. "My- *aunt* made it, on a dare. Seriously, why do you ask?"

“Oh,” Hermione said, disappointed. “So you know one that’s just been made recently, then. Never mind. Thanks.”

A flurry of emotions crossed Sprite’s face. “Not exactly,” they said. “Why are you asking about the Philosopher’s Stone?”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at each other. “Reasons,” Ron said.

“C’mon,” Sprite said. “You were asking about Nicolas Flamel, now you’re asking about the Stone... Are you trying to make one? Because no offense, but that’s a little beyond the skills of a gang of first-years.”

“We think one might be in the castle,” Harry said. “D’you know anything about *that*?”

“Nope!” Sprite said cheerfully. “Is that what’s on the third floor? Guarded by that dog thing?”

“You know about Fluffy?” Harry asked.

“Is that its name?” Sprite asked. “Because I just panicked when I saw it. Thought it was a mutant alien who’d come to devour my soul. Did you know that pocket knives do very little against gigantic three headed dogs? Because I do.”

“Oh,” Harry said, wincing. “That was Hagrid’s pet, actually, so it’s a good thing you didn’t kill it.”

“Hm,” Sprite said. “I was on the verge of calling in an extermination squad or something. How was the game, Harry?”

“Someone tried to kill me,” Harry said, falsely cheerful. “How was the detention?”

“*What?*” Sprite demanded. “What?! Harry! Why didn’t you tell me this *earlier?*”

“I’m telling you now,” Harry said as they reached the Great Hall. “Besides, it’s been school gossip for *hours* now. You really hadn’t heard?”

“I don’t pay much attention to gossip,” Sprite sniffed, but they were not to be diverted for long. “How do you know someone was trying to kill you? Do you know who it was?”

“It was Snape,” Harry said confidently, and though Hermione tried to protest that no professor would try to kill Harry, he told Sprite everything they needed to know about the Quidditch match.

“Huh,” Sprite said when he was finished. “Interesting. Don’t worry about it, Harry, I’ll get to the bottom of this, mark my words.”

Harry had heard a lot of ominous sentences in his life, but that one was, perhaps, one of the most ominous sentences he had ever heard.

Harry did not figure out what Sprite meant by *I'll get to the bottom of this, mark my words*, until three weeks later, when Sprite actually deigned to show up to class for once, dragged along by Filch, who looked like he loathed absolutely everything about the world, but especially Sprite Barrie.

"So glad you could join us for once, Mx Barrie," Professor McGonagall said as Filch left, leaving Sprite scowling in the doorway. "You're thirty minutes late and have yet to actually show up on time. Another twenty points from Slytherin and another detention for you."

"Aw," Sprite said, slipping through the rows of desks and plopping into a seat next to Hermione. "I would've thought actually showing up for once would earn me points."

"Keep dreaming, Mx Barrie," Professor McGonagall said, and turned back to the rest of the class to continue the lesson.

"Any news on Snape?" Harry whispered at Sprite as Professor McGonagall lectured.

"Nothing," Sprite whispered back. "I've been following him all week and he hasn't done anything creepy or nefarious at *all*."

"Wait, *that's* why you haven't been going to classes?" Harry said.

"Yeah. Did I not tell you? I'm really good at following people."

"Not *that* good," Harry said, and told them about what he had seen in the forest after a Quidditch match, when Snape had threatened Quirrell.

"Wait. He threatened *Quirrell*?" Sprite said. "But Quirrell's great!"

"Clearly you've been getting more out of that class than anyone else," Ron said. "He looks like he's about to die of fright every time someone so much as *mentions* a werewolf or ghoul."

"Okay, he's not the greatest Defense teacher," Sprite said, "but I've been visiting him after class. I'm trying to help him with his stutter."

"You can do that?" Hermione said. "I mean, you, personally, are trained to do that?"

"I've led an interesting life," Sprite said. "Haven't made much progress yet, it's like he's determined to keep stuttering forever. We've mostly just been talking in Latin. He's a lot more understandable when he's not speaking English."

"You can speak Latin?" Hermione said.

"Yep," Sprite said. "And a lot of other languages too. My Spanish isn't *that* good, but I'll figure out the proper pronunciations eventually."

"Mx Barrie, Miss Granger, please continue your discussion at a *later time*," Professor McGonagall said, visibly annoyed. "Mx Barrie- have you managed to turn your toothbrush into a comb yet?"

“I just got here,” Sprite said. “So no.”

“Well!” Professor McGonagall said with false surprise. “Sounds like a good thing to be doing with your time, then, don’t you think, Mx Barrie?”

Sprite shrugged a little. “Sure,” they said, and pulled out their wand and poked it at the toothbrush on their desk.

By the time class ended, Hermione had a comb, Ron had a comb with bristles that were as silky as his hair, Harry had a toothbrush with bristles that were unusually long and stiff, and Sprite had a toothbrush.

Life went on. Sprite started going to classes more consistently, though the only class they went to with any regularity was History of Magic, and that was simply because they seemed to take a perverse joy in loudly remarking on any perceived “errors” Binns made in the course, despite the mountains of literature Hermione would dig up to prove Sprite wrong.

Despite their renewed attendance in classes (and perhaps it was *because* they were in classes that they acted out more), Sprite’s weekends were still completely stuffed with detentions, so they were again not in attendance when Harry, Ron, and Hermione discovered that Hagrid had a dragon.

However, they *were* rather gleefully in attendance the night Harry and Hermione snuck out of Gryffindor Tower to get Norbert out of the castle. Sprite claimed they were there to distract Malfoy and any patrolling teachers or prefects, and to their credit, it worked.

Harry and Hermione managed to slip back into the Tower without once being caught by McGonagall, though very unfortunately Neville, Sprite, and Malfoy were caught out.

According to Neville, during their midnight detention, Sprite had somehow tripped and gotten a face full of unicorn blood and a handful of a rotted unicorn corpse. Sprite had been so horrified that they’d apparently had a terrible panic attack, and Madam Pomfrey had needed to call in Sprite’s aunt, who lived locally, to get them to calm down.

By Monday, Sprite was back to their usual self, and rebuffed any questions about their reaction to the dead unicorn with rude hand gestures and occasionally by threatening to stab people.

All was (somewhat) well.

Time continued to pass, and before Harry knew it, it was the end of the semester and he was absolutely certain he knew when Snape was going to go after the Stone.

But McGonagall refused to listen to them, and it wasn’t like they could turn to *Sprite’s* Head of House when it was Sprite’s Head of House that they were trying to stop.

So he, Ron, Hermione, and Sprite convened in an abandoned classroom to lay out their plans to stop Snape, preferably by getting to the Stone before he could.

“We need to get the Stone,” Harry said to his table of friends. “Tonight.”

Sprite nodded solemnly. “Can I borrow your Cloak, then? I’ll use it to hide outside Gryffindor Tower until you come out, and then we can all hide under it.”

“Sure,” Harry said, and plans were laid.

They met outside Gryffindor Tower, and shuffled along under Harry’s Cloak, evading Mrs Norris along the way.

But then they met Peeves, and Harry, in a stroke of brilliance (if he did say so himself), prepared to imitate the Bloody Baron, but before he could, Sprite ducked out from under the Cloak and said, “Peeves, you moron, I’m doing something important.”

Peeves flew straight up to the ceiling, then swept down again to look Sprite dead in the eyes, his face only inches from their own. “*You*,” he said, sounding more coherent than Harry had ever known him to be. “You think I’ll obey *you*, tricky invisible child?”

Sprite’s lips thinned. “Yes,” they said. “I do. I’ll give you something for it.”

“What could a tricky invisible little *child* have for Peevsey, I wonder?” Peeves said. He blew a raspberry at Sprite. “And why shouldn’t I call for Mrs Norris, that dratted awful kitty cat?”

Sprite’s expression didn’t change- they were solemn and stone-faced, though there was a glimmer of amusement in their eyes, like they couldn’t quite believe they were bargaining with a ghost. “I’ll give you access to my illusions. At any time for the next school year, consider me at your disposal for a diversion or an alibi.”

“Hm,” Peeves said, scrutinizing Sprite closely. “You haven’t been very smart this year, eternal child,” he said. “Haven’t been talking to us ghosties.”

Sprite blinked. “Why would I talk to you? I never met the ghosts here before.”

Peeves shrieked with laughter. “Careful words! Careful words!” he said. “But we know the truth. We all know the truth, all us ghosties know the truth, Sprite *Barrie*. Us ghosties have long memories, you know, we remember playing with a Muggle child who told the most *spectacular* stories. I’ll take your illusions but you remember that all the illusions in the world can’t hide you from *memory*.”

Sprite’s eyes went dead and flat. “You keep your mouth shut about memory,” they said, “and if you know what’s good for you you’ll tell the other ghosts the same.”

“You got nothing to fear from ghosts, nothing at all, nothing at all,” Peeves said. For once, there was a glimmer of seriousness in his eyes. “We’ll keep secrets even beyond the grave. It’s the living you should fear.”

With that piece of wisdom, Peeves was off again, shrieking like a banshee, and Sprite was scowling after them. “That’s annoying,” they said curtly.

“What was *that* about?” Harry asked.

“A complication,” Sprite said. “I didn’t know about ghosts... I’ll have to contact Sersi, see if this affects my sentence at all. But we have a Stone to save right now; let’s focus on that.”

Reluctantly, Harry let it go, and they continued on.

“You could go back to your dorm, you know,” Ron said to Sprite as they reached the third floor. “We wouldn’t blame you.”

“I’m not used to being able to die,” Sprite said, and that sentence made so little sense that Harry nearly missed what came next. “But I’m coming. The Philosopher’s Stone does not belong in Voldemort’s hands.”

“You sure?” Ron asked. “About coming along?”

“I might be a Slytherin, but I don’t run from danger, and once I’ve picked a side, I stick to it,” Sprite said, and laughed a little. “Ask anyone in my family.”

“We’re here,” Hermione said, voice hushed.

They slipped into the forbidden corridor, bunched up in a huddle under Harry’s cloak. They entered the chamber, and Harry started playing almost immediately.

Harry thought his music wasn’t that bad, and apparently neither did Fluffy, because Fluffy started dozing nearly immediately after Harry started playing.

“Oh my god,” Sprite said softly. “Fluffy’s been Pavloved. Makes sense.”

Harry made a face at them that he hoped conveyed that he had no idea what they were talking about, and unless Pavlov had something to do with the Stone, he’d thank them to get on with what they were there for.

Sprite rolled their eyes at him, and together, the four of them crept over to the trapdoor.

“I’ll go first,” Ron whispered, just barely audible over Harry’s music.

“No arguments here,” Sprite whispered back.

Ron rolled his eyes, then turned to the trapdoor and jumped. “Soft landing!” he called. “C’m on!”

One by one, they jumped down into the foreboding dark.

Unfortunately, the darkness under the forbidden corridor did not remain foreboding for long.

“Someone just *stabbed me!*” Ron yelled, thrashing around in the terrifying tentacle plants that were slowly strangling Harry and his friends. “Why would you *do that?!*”

“Sorry!” Sprite said. “I was trying to stab the plant!”

“Stop stabbing! You’re making the plant angry!” Harry said. “Why did you bring your *knife*?”

“I’m sorry! I thought it would be nice to have a reliable weapon!” Sprite said. In the weak light, Harry could see them still brandishing their knife at the plant, though with more caution than before. “What is this thing?”

“Devil’s Snare- it’s Devil’s Snare! We need light!” Hermione said. “But there’s no wood-”

“I got this,” Sprite said confidently. They sheathed the knife and moved their hands in a complicated pattern. Nothing happened. Sprite’s face fell. “Oh, right,” they said. “Can’t do that.”

“Use your *wands*!” Ron said. “You idiots!”

“Oh, yeah!” Sprite said, and Hermione conjured her bluebell flames.

The four of them landed heavily on the floor, one by one, and as they picked themselves up, groaning, Sprite said, “Oh, we’re off to a great start, everyone. We’ve already been defeated by *plants*.”

“Don’t sell yourself short,” Ron said, patting them on the back comfortingly. “You also stabbed me.”

“And we got them off us eventually,” Harry said.

“A win for us,” Sprite said. “I’m sorry I stabbed you, though, Ron, are you okay?”

“M’fine,” Ron said, waving them off. “Never gonna let you live this down, though.”

“Wait, Sprite,” Hermione said. “What was that hand thing you did in the plants?”

Sprite scowled. “Nothing I can talk about,” they said. “Let’s go.”

They got through the room with the keys, and crossed the chessboard with Ron as the only casualty, and when they got to the potions, Hermione managed to deduce the correct potions.

“There’s only enough for two people,” Hermione said. “One to go ahead, and one to go back.”

“But there’s three of us,” Harry said, and immediately wanted to smack himself for pointing out the obvious. “One of us will have to stay behind.”

“But what if You-Know-Who’s there? Or Snape? One of us would have to fight them alone,” Hermione said.

“I’ll stay here,” Sprite volunteered. “Or I’ll fight. I shouldn’t go to the teachers.”

Both Harry and Hermione turned to stare at them.

Sprite shrugged. "One of us needs to go confront Snape, one of us has to get the teachers, and one of us will be stuck here until help gets here. You two are more trustworthy than I am, especially Hermione. I've been a menace to the teachers all year. They'll listen to you better. So either I go fight Snape or I stay here. But you're both better at magic than I am, I've barely been to classes all year, so it makes sense for me to stay here."

"You just want to be out of the way of danger," Hermione said. She crossed her arms. "You're willing to come all the way down here just to hide in a room at the end instead of going back for help or going on to fight."

"Either of you are welcome to stay here instead," Sprite said. "I could put up a good fight, but the teachers *won't* listen to me as quickly as they'll listen to you two. *That* part is definitely true. But either way, we need to hurry."

"I'll go," Harry said. He passed one potion to Hermione, and picked up the other. "Hermione, go get Flitwick or Sprout, we know McGonagall won't believe us. I'll go confront Snape."

A few minutes later, Harry had the Stone in his pocket, his wand in his hand, and a terrifying Voldemort/Quirrell monster staring him down.

"Look at me, Potter," the horrifying Voldemort caricature said. *"Do you see what I have become?"*

Harry didn't respond. He was finding it very hard to breathe, all of a sudden.

And then, behind Harry, there was a very loud screech-yelp combination, followed by an "Oh, hell!" in a familiar voice.

Harry jerked his head around.

Sprite stood behind him, wearing a turquoise bodysuit with golden highlights. They held their knife and their wand in one hand, while the other hand was occupied with frantically slapping out a small fire on top of their head. "Ow! Ow! Okay!" They dropped the knife into their free hand and assumed a fighting stance, head still smoldering a little. "Hi. Oh my god you have two faces."

"Kill the child," Voldemort said.

Sprite ran towards the Mirror of Erised and Voldemort, yelling wordlessly the entire time. Quirrell had turned around and was shooting spells at them. Strangely, none of the spells seemed to hit, and Harry wondered, distantly, if Sprite's suit was some sort of magic-repelling body armor.

"Wait," Voldemort said.

"Yes, Master?" Quirrell ducked Sprite's Body-Binder and shot back a bright red spell.

"Don't kill the child. Subdue them. There's something strange about them. A memory... But get rid of the boy."

“Yes, Master!” Quirrell flung a bolt of red light at Harry.

“No!” Sprite yelled.

But it was too late: Harry was thrown across the room, and when he landed, he heard a loud crack, and everything faded away.

When Harry came to, Sprite and Quirrell were still duelling. Sprite’s outfit seemed to be magic-repellant, somehow, and it seemed that the suit, their wild slashes with their knife, and Quirrell’s reluctance to actually kill a twelve year old were the only reasons Sprite had survived as long as they had in their duel. The several dozen illusions of Sprite flitting around the cavern might have had something to do with it, too.

The several Sprites were swearing wildly in terrifying unison, or at least Harry assumed they were swearing. Either there were some swear words in the world even Uncle Vernon didn’t know, or Sprite was switching with word to word from language to language with no thought of what the words meant or if anyone else could understand them.

A bolt of light shot from one end of Sprite’s wand. Quirrell froze, the illusions vanished, and Sprite pounced. There was a spray of blood, and then Sprite was stumbling away from Quirrell. Their knife hand was empty, and Harry could see their hands were dripping with something slick and red.

“Ohhhh, I hate this I hate this I hate this,” Sprite said. They were covered in blood. “Harry, are you awake? We’re going to have to walk over Quirrell to get to the exit, and I need to get my knife, but he’s not a threat anymore, promise. Oh, you’re awake, good. Are you okay?”

Harry managed a weak nod. “I,” he managed. “I have the Stone. Pocket.”

“Good,” Sprite said. Their eyes were fierce, terrifyingly fierce, and their face was splattered with blood. “Give it to me.”

Harry blinked up at them. Very slowly, he shook his head. “No.”

“What do you mean, no?” Sprite grabbed him and hauled him to his feet. They were facing away from Quirrell now, but they’d have to turn to him eventually to leave.

“You killed him.”

“*What?*” Sprite turned away from him to look at Quirrell, lying prone on the floor. “No, Quirrell’s not dead, just Body Bound. I stabbed his hands to stop him from holding his wand. I’m not supposed to kill people.”

Relief crashed over Harry. “Oh,” he said, and shoved his wand into his pocket and pulled out the Stone in one motion. “Here you go, then.”

“Thanks,” Sprite said, and slipped it into their pocket. “C’mon, let’s go, a professor should be here soon and I don’t know how to get you through the fire. I only got through because my suit’s indestructible...”

“Okay,” Harry said muzzily. His head felt strange. There was pressure on it- oh. Pain. He was in pain. That would make sense. “You do that.” The world faded to black again.

When Harry woke up again, he was in the Hospital Wing, and he could hear people talking nearby. One of the voices was familiar: it was Sprite, sounding tired but otherwise fine. The other voice was male. It was strange and rough. Harry had never heard it before.

“Sprite, really. What do you want the Stone for?” the man was asking.

“Sersi wants it back,” Sprite said. “She and Phastos want to give Dane and Ben the option... and me, once I’m an adult.”

“I see,” the man said.

“Do you want it?” Sprite said. “You know I have it. Sersi and Phastos can share it with you.”

There was a rustling of cloth. “No,” the unfamiliar voice said. “It was more trouble than it was worth, I think. Give it back to Sersi, with my thanks.”

“You’re turning down immortality?”

The unfamiliar voice gave a breathy laugh. “You can’t talk, Sprite.”

“Point. But you are still the strangest person I’ve ever met, Flamel,” Sprite said, and Harry’s eyes flew open out of sheer surprise before quickly shutting them again. Sprite knew Flamel? The man in the room was *Nicolas Flamel*? “You’re completely insane.”

“You’ve changed. I think that’s the kindest thing you’ve ever said to me,” the man- *Nicolas Flamel*- said.

“You take that back right now. I’m never kind,” Sprite said. “For example: you are no longer immortal thanks to me.”

“Yes, well, six hundred years is more than good enough for me,” Flamel said. “You understand, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Sprite said curtly. “You learned faster than I did.”

“You had a purpose for most of your life,” Flamel said. “Once you didn’t have a purpose anymore, you had to hide. You were... untethered, after the Deviants were gone.”

“My *purpose* even before that was just telling stories.”

Harry heard another rustling of cloth. “And protecting people.”

Sprite barked a little laugh. “Has Sersi caught you up yet on our latest escapade? Has she caught you up on what *I* did, in particular?”

“She has. I don’t care. You stopped the Emergence.”

“I didn’t.”

“You did when it mattered.”

“If that’s what you want to believe, young man,” Sprite said. Harry could hear the sneer in their voice. “If you’ll excuse me, I have essays to write and people to update on Harry’s wellbeing. It’s Hermione’s shift next.”

Footsteps crossed the room, only to pause when Flamel said, “Sprite.”

“What?” Sprite said.

“I’ll miss you.”

Sprite laughed again- a harsh, bitter, cold laugh. “I was here before you, and I’ll be here after you. You won’t miss me.”

“You won’t be here much longer after me.”

“I know,” Sprite said.

“Why did you... Why did you choose this?”

Sprite didn’t answer. It was quiet for a long time.

“I’m sorry,” Flamel said eventually. “It’s none of my business. I’m tired of life after six hundred years. I can’t imagine what *your* life must have been like. Stuck looking like a-”

“I know what I look like,” Sprite interrupted. “Nicolas- look. You went *hunting* for immortality. You only gave it up when you were forced. You’ll never understand what this life means to me.”

“What *does* it mean to you?”

“You wouldn’t understand even if I told you.”

“Try me.”

Silence fell again. Seconds ticked by. And Sprite said, “Well,” and stopped. “Well,” they said again, “think of it like this. Life, the way I was living it, wasn’t really living, it’s just existing, never able to be a real part of society. It was horrible.” They paused again, heaved an agonized sigh, and said, “Never tell Kingo I said this, but living? And dying? Sounds like an awfully big adventure to me.”

More footsteps sounded, and the doors of the Hospital Wing swung open, and shut.

After a few minutes of silence, Harry heard Flamel get to his feet and follow Sprite out.

When Harry had been officially released from the Hospital Wing, laden with get-well-soon cards, gifts, and candy, he was immediately ambushed by Ron, Hermione, and Sprite, who had apparently been hovering outside the door all day.

“How are you feeling?” Hermione demanded.

“Better,” Harry said. “Dumbledore said the whole school knows about us and Quirrell now.”

“He wasn’t lying,” Ron said. “I’ve been getting offers to play chess from everyone who’s ever even *looked* at a board before.” He sounded very pleased about that.

“He also said that Voldemort left after I passed out,” Harry said. “And that Quirrell’s getting... kissed? I don’t know what that meant.”

“Wait, Voldemort’s gone?” Sprite fixed him with a strange gaze, with eyes that were twelve years old and a thousand years old, human and inhuman, all at once. “Are you sure?”

“Dumbledore said so,” Harry said.

Sprite’s lips tightened. “Good.” They shook their head a bit, and said, “Hey, you know that weird mirror that we fought Quirrell next to?”

“Sure,” Harry said.

“What *was* it?” Sprite said. “Do you know? I saw... *things*.”

“Dumbledore said it showed you what you want,” Harry said. “It shows you what you think you want to be happy. Like- I looked in it over winter break, and I saw my family. All of them, alive. I have the same knees as my grandfather.”

“I saw myself really successful,” Ron said. “I was Prefect and Head Boy and Quidditch Captain. I was... Well, I was better than all my brothers, for *once*. What’d you see, Sprite?”

Sprite’s face had gone pale. They hesitated, then said, “I saw my family, too. We had some deaths in the family recently, and I saw them all alive. And one of my aunts is a little, um, she has these bad flashbacks, she has PTSD. But in the mirror, she looked really happy and relaxed. Like she didn’t have Mahd Wy’ry, or she found a way to manage it that didn’t mean she had to live away from society. And, um. I’ve had some body image issues in the past. So I saw myself as an adult, like, you know- I’ve finally made it to adulthood.” They shrugged sullenly. “It probably doesn’t mean much. We’re late to the Feast, we should go.”

When they arrived at the Feast, the Great Hall was adorned in yellow and black. Hufflepuff had won the House Cup. Nearly everyone was happy about that- Slytherin had finally been toppled from their throne, and were in second place and Gryffindor third. Many Slytherins loudly attributed this to Sprite, who had somehow managed not to earn a single point for Slytherin all year. In turn, Sprite loudly considered it a small miracle that Slytherin had managed to beat *anyone* in points at all, considering they had more than done their part in preventing Slytherin from winning again.

But Dumbledore, it seemed, had decided to push Slytherin further down, awarding Harry, Ron, and Hermione fifty points each for their actions to save the Stone, putting Gryffindor in first and Hufflepuff in second.

He'd given Sprite points, too, for "walking through fire to save a friend," which Sprite had reacted to with a dismayed shout of, "Professor, you're going to undo all of my hard work!"

"Shut *up!*" a tall Slytherin said, cuffing Sprite on the back of their head.

"Child abuse!" Sprite said, gleeful. "This is child abuse!"

"Dig in!" Dumbledore said quickly.

Before Harry knew it, the Feast was over, and it was time to get back on the train, back to his normal life.

He was not looking forward to it. At all.

But he had no choice, and he walked toward the train station, pushed along by his classmates and friends with a dark feeling in his chest. And there was a question tickling at his brain, too, distracting him: what exactly had Sprite been talking about with Flamel? Who were Phatsos and Sersi, and why did they want the Stone? Why had *Sprite* wanted the Stone?

Just before reaching the platform, Harry stopped, and grabbed Sprite by the arm. "Go on without us," he said to Ron and Hermione. "I've got to ask Sprite a few questions."

"Should I be worried?" Sprite asked as Hermione and Ron walked away, towards the train.

"No," Harry said, releasing them. "What was Peeves talking about, about memories?"

Sprite rolled their eyes. "I'm descended from some powerful people," they said. "They had some special powers. My direct ancestor was really, *really* good at illusions, and so am I. My family likes to hide our talents because of archaic nonsense, but some of my ancestors were careless and because we didn't know about ghosts, we thought it would all blow over in a generation or two, but *now* I have to deal with people who know my lineage."

Harry absorbed that. Then he said, "So it's like the ghosts know a family secret?"

"Yeah, and it's one of the biggest ones we have," Sprite said grumpily. "The others won't be happy to find out ghosts remember what our ancestors did."

"Oh," Harry said, and then, "Who're Phastos and Sersi?"

"I call them my uncle and aunt, but really I have no idea how to explain how exactly we're related," Sprite said. "Why do you ask?"

"I heard you talking to Flamel. In the Hospital Wing. About- Deviants, and telling stories, and protecting humanity. What were you talking about?"

Sprite blinked, then grinned. “Haven’t you heard?” they said. “I’m secretly seven thousand years old and I’ve been sent to Earth to save humanity. Nicolas is a *child* compared to me.”

“Come *on*, Sprite.”

“It’s just an inside joke,” they said. “I knew him before Hogwarts. I used to tell him wild stories about helping save or destroy the world. Nicolas always said I had an old soul, like I’ve been on Earth for years and years already.”

“What’s an Emergence?”

“Nothing you need to worry about.” Sprite brushed by him. “We’re gonna miss the train if you keep dawdling.”

“Wait,” Harry said. “I also heard that you have the Stone. Why do *you* have it? Why wasn’t it destroyed or given back to the Flamels?”

Sprite turned and gave an uncomfortable shrug. “My family knows people. It’ll be kept safe once I get it back to them.”

“You said Phastos and Sersi wanted to *use* it.”

“Yeah,” Sprite said. “They’re fascinated by that stuff. Phastos is an inventor and Sersi’s a Transfiguration prodigy. Dumbledore said they could have it. I don’t know. We’re going to miss the train. You can interrogate me later.”

They marched away, and Harry had no choice but to follow.

The train ride back was a lot more eventful than the one going to Hogwarts, in Harry’s opinion. Random Gryffindors kept knocking on their door to thank them for helping win the House Cup, and random Slytherins kept knocking on their door to let Sprite know that the “deliberately losing points nonsense will not be tolerated in second year, do you hear me Barrie, you won’t get end-of-term heroics to pull us into second place next year.”

In their compartment, the conversation eventually turned to their supposed heroics in stopping Quirrell and the Flamels’ decision to give up the Stone, and Sprite declared that it was a good thing the Flamels had decided to give up the Stone, because it was weird and creepy and *boring* to live forever without ever growing old.

This prompted Harry to point out Sprite had the Stone in their backpack with the intent of bringing it to their aunt and uncle, and Sprite went off on a tirade consisting mainly of stuttering sentences and loud denials that they would use the Stone like Voldemort had wanted to, as well as several comments that they only had it because their aunt had created it, that they were returning it to its rightful owner, and swore several times over that there was no way their aunt and uncle would ever use the Stone to extend their lives.

Once the tirade had died down, Harry considered asking Sprite why they had been so insistent about their aunt creating *the* Stone in their backpack, rather than *a* Stone, but

decided against it. There was no point in trying to see how angry he could make Sprite before they'd all have to separate for the summer.

The conversation moved to Quirrell, and Hermione sat up, leaned forward, and said to Sprite, "What changed? When you ran into the fire?"

Sprite went tense, and turned to look at Hermione. "I..." They seemed like they were at a loss for words, and then they rallied, took a deep breath, and said, "I don't know. Hanging back and letting other people fight never bothered me before, I wasn't really suited to fighting before, but I can fight now. I realized it was cowardly to stand aside when I could help. I didn't have the resources to help like that before, but I do now, so I had to use them."

"Well, thanks," Harry said.

"Anytime. Really," Sprite said, and Harry thought he could see a genuine, serious promise in their eyes.

They continued to talk, and Harry's heart slowly grew heavier at the thought of returning to the Dursleys, and before he knew it, they were back at King's Cross.

"Oh *no*," Sprite blurted out as the train pulled into the station, staring out the window at the platform.

"What?" Ron asked, leaning over Sprite to look out the window. "What's happening?"

Sprite pushed Ron away. "My uncle came to pick me up. God, it's like he thinks I'm *helpless*." They opened the window and thrust their hand out, middle finger raised. "Go away, Kingo!" they shouted.

"Is that any way to greet your favorite uncle?" one of the men standing on the platform yelled back, a wide grin on his face.

"I hate you!" Sprite yelled, but Harry could see them fighting off a grin. "What are you *doing* here?"

The train came to a stop, and Sprite shut the window and with a final glare at their uncle, started collecting their luggage. Meanwhile, Harry could feel a pit in his stomach at the thought of returning to Privet Drive. In a desperate bid to stay on the train, just for a bit longer, Harry said, "What are you doing over the summer? I'm probably just going to stay in Surrey the whole time."

"My parents are planning a trip," Hermione said. "I'll send a postcard!"

"I'll be at the Burrow all summer, trying to stay out of Fred and George's way. I'll try to convince my sister to act like a normal human being if any of you want to visit over the summer," Ron said.

"I'll visit," Sprite said. "I'll be staying in England over the summer."

"Doesn't your uncle live in India?" Hermione asked.

“*He* does,” Sprite said. They did not elaborate on that, just grinned, waved, and turned away, pulling their luggage along behind them until they got out of the train and reached their uncle. From inside the train, Harry heard them say, “Kingo! What are you doing here?”

“Sprite!” Kingo said. “How are you? Did the humans teach you anything? Math? Science? Spanish? You have an *atrocious* accent for a multilingual, don’t lie-”

“First, they’re *wizards*, you moron, they don’t *do* stuff like that,” Sprite said. “Second, go *away*, Kingo, I am capable of carrying my stuff by myself.”

“Oh!” Kingo said. “Betrayed. This is *just* like last year.”

Harry couldn’t see their face, but he got the impression Sprite was rolling their eyes. “Sure,” they said. “Why don’t you leave me alone, then? To *really* make this like last year.”

Kingo laughed. “Did you at least make friends at school?”

“Oh, yeah, they’re human and everything,” Sprite said. “Let’s *go*. ”

They started to walk away, but Kingo stayed right where he was. “C’mon, I wanna know what happened! Hey, wait-” Kingo grabbed Sprite and pulled them to a stop. “You got taller!”

“I *did*? ”

“Yeah! Wow, that is... so weird.” Kingo released Sprite and looked them up and down. “Yeah, you’re taller. That’s just wrong.”

“That’s just what happens when you haven’t seen me for a year, I guess,” Sprite said, sounding strangely pleased.

“Like you weren’t measuring yourself every day over the summer! I think all our homes have your height notches in them. Are you aware that humans tend to grow over long periods of time and there isn’t a noticeable difference from day to day?”

“I figured I’d get taller eventually,” Sprite said.

“Most people are taller than they were at age twelve, yeah,” Kingo said, and Harry finally turned away from their conversation, pulling his luggage down and heading for the door.

He couldn’t wait to get back to Hogwarts.

End Notes

What did you think? Should I continue this? Because I've written more, but it's mostly just me setting off Chekov's gun jokes while plot happens in the background. I'll probably continue to write this because I enjoy writing, but I'd like to know if anyone would be interested in reading it.

Also I wrote 90% of this while half asleep so this is a really half-baked fic, but I'm writing this for fun so I figured I can let a few weak transition sentences go.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!