

Harry thought she was probably right, but he wasn't going to tell her that.

"Let's go."

It wasn't going to be that simple. They hadn't gone more than a dozen paces when a doorknob rattled and something came shooting out of a classroom in front of them.

It was Peeves. He caught sight of them and gave a squeal of delight.

"Shut up, Peeves — please — you'll get us thrown out."

Peeves cackled.

"Wandering around at midnight, Ickle Firsties? Tut, tut, tut. Naughty, naughty, you'll get caughty."

"Not if you don't give us away, Peeves, please."

"Should tell Filch, I should," said Peeves in a sanity voice, but his eyes glittered wickedly. "It's for your own good, you know."

"Get out of the way," snapped Ron, taking a swipe at Peeves — this was a big mistake.

"STUDENTS OUT OF BED!" Peeves bellowed, "STU-DENTS OUT OF BED DOWN THE CHARMS CORRI-DOR!"

Ducking under Peeves, they ran for their lives, right to the end of the corridor where they slammed into a door — and it was locked.

"This is it!" Ron moaned, as they pushed helplessly at the door, "Were done for! This is the end!"

They could hear footsteps, Filch running as fast as he could toward Peeves's shouts.

"Oh, move over," Hermione snarled. She grabbed Harry's wand, tapped the lock, and whispered, "*Alohomora!*"

The lock clicked and the door swung open — they piled through it, shut it quickly, and pressed their ears against it, listening.