

against her, but it looks like Fudge pulled an awful lot of strings to get her where she is.”

Harry didn’t doubt that; especially if Fudge had condoned the Blood Quill. Suddenly, he remembered his run-in with Filch, and frowned. “Be careful what you put in writing,” he warned. “Filch tried to read my mail this morning — said he’d been told I was ordering a load of dungbombs. I’d already sent it off, but... if Umbridge was the one who sent him, it might not just be my letters she’s after.” She could be after Sirius — or she could just be looking for more information to use to slander Harry. He didn’t want to take the chance that she might go after someone else, too.

They all looked horrified by the idea, promising to be careful.

“So we just wait until she makes her move, and then the chaos begins?” Cassius asked. “Normal students until our freedom is threatened?”

Harry mulled the idea over in his head, grinning slowly. Millicent was right.

Hogwarts was a big castle, and Umbridge would soon learn that she couldn’t possible control all of it.

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Harry was practically skipping by the time he made it down to the quidditch pitch, Firebolt slung over his shoulder. His whole body vibrated with the need to get up in the air — the month at Grimmauld was the longest he’d gone without flying since the summer before his third year.

He arrived before the rest of the team, and amused himself by flying laps, getting progressively faster and turning tighter until he was practically doing a backflip to change direction. A sharp whistle caught his attention, and he looked down to see Angelina and the others stood in the middle of the pitch. He landed, a breathless grin on his face.

“All warmed up?” Alicia teased, tossing the quaffle his way. “Captain says we’re passing. Spread out.”

Harry offered a jaunty salute, speeding off to the other end of the pitch. He ended up between Fred and their new keeper, who had a determined set to her jaw. The quaffle started making its rounds, and Harry was pleased to see Frobisher seemed to be able to handle it fairly well.

“I wanted to try out last year,” she said, raising her voice so Harry could hear despite the distance. He tossed the quaffle her way, impressed when she leaned far back on her broom to catch it. “But there was that whole tournament thing. At least it’s given me an extra year to practice.”

‘*That whole tournament thing*’, as if she wasn’t describing the most horrifying series of events in Harry’s young life.

“Angelina said you’re in a load of other clubs,” he commented. He hadn’t had much interaction with any third years before now. Half the time he sort-of forgot the younger