

injuries with his werewolf senses. “I’m fine,” Snape insisted softly, his voice gentle in the way it only ever was with Remus, and only sometimes; when he thought they were alone, or when Remus seemed particularly vulnerable.

“He’s happy,” Harry commented, grimacing against the pain in his forehead. “What happened?”

“He’s discovered that the full prophecy about you was recorded and put in the Department of Mysteries,” Snape answered, eyes dull. “He’s going to start going after it.”

“The Department of Mysteries? Isn’t that, like, impossible to get in?”

“Not to get into, but to navigate, yes. Unless you’re an Unspeakable, you’ll be hard pressed to find your way around,” Snape confirmed. Harry was glad to see the man’s hands weren’t trembling around his discarded mask; he hadn’t been Crucio’ed tonight, then. “I’ll go see Dumbledore in the morning, but this doesn’t bode well.” His eyes were fixed on Harry as he said that, and Harry raised an eyebrow. “Only those who are the subject of a prophecy can touch a recorded version of it.”

And the prophecy Voldemort wanted... “Shit,” Harry said. Snape nodded. “Well, at least I have a warning, now. Stay away from the Ministry.” If Harry didn’t go there to take it, then Voldemort himself would have to go into the Ministry to get it, and that was unlikely to happen.

He could see Snape begin to lean heavier on Remus, and cleared his throat. “I’m going to bed. I’ll see you both in the morning.” He knew they had some sort of routine for nights like this, just like they had routines for before and after the full moon. Harry didn’t want to intrude on any of their private stuff. He hurried back up the stairs, briefly ducking into the living room to retrieve his abandoned hot chocolate before heading to his room.

So Voldemort finally had a plan. Harry wondered if Dumbledore would tell him the prophecy now that they knew Voldemort wanted it. Or, indeed, if he would tell Harry anything at all about what Voldemort was up to. As far as they were all concerned, Harry was stuck in Privet Drive with zero information and zero contact with the wizarding world.

Knowledge was power, and Harry had more knowledge than Dumbledore would ever be able to guess.

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Harry’s fifteenth birthday crept up on him. It was the first time he’d almost forgotten to stay up until midnight; he’d been so busy training, and then he’d managed to turn his hair red while working on his animagus transformation, and he’d just lost track of the day. It was only when he was getting ready for bed that he saw the date on his alarm clock and remembered.

Nevertheless, he woke up early and surrounded by owls, all jostling for space as they offered their burdens to him. Harry laughed, setting about releasing the packages one by one. Sweets and books and a new passworded journal, a Tutshill Tornadoes pennant from Cho — forever trying to lure him away from the Harpies — and even Fleur and Viktor had sent him presents!