

“Positive. Kids, hurry — grab your jackets and get outside, now. I’m going to get the girls.” Mr Weasley left again, and Harry ran to grab a jacket and his boots, double checking his wand was safe in its holster. He, Ron and the twins ran outside the tent, skidding to a halt when they saw the chaos outside. People were fleeing from a group of people in robes and masks, spells flashing and drunken jeering echoing behind the screams. Above the masked group was... *oh God*. The muggle who ran the campground, and his family. The masked wizards were levitating them high in the air, flipping the woman over and laughing when her nightdress rode up.

Hermione and Ginny emerged from their tents, horror immediately setting in on their faces. A second later, the three eldest Weasley boys stepped out, fully dressed and wands out, their sleeves rolled up. “We’re going to help the Ministry,” Mr Weasley shouted over the noise. “You lot get into the woods, and *stick together*! I’ll come fetch you when it’s safe. Fred, George, look after your sister,” he added, getting two grave nods before he was off following his eldest sons towards the chaos.

Fred grabbed Ginny by the hand, tugging her towards the woods. Together they all sprinted for safety, falling in with the crowds of fleeing people.

The rest of the night was a blur.

They lost track of Ginny and the twins within minutes, but Harry knew the twins would keep the youngest Weasley safe. He and Hermione went to light the way, at which point Ron realised he’d lost his wand. “I have to go back and look for it!” he insisted. “Mum and Dad’ll kill me if they have to get me another one.” He started walking against the flow of traffic, and Hermione looked at Harry with a mix of fear and exasperation.

“Ronald!” she called, hurrying after him. Harry made to follow, but a flash of blond caught his eye.

“Malfoy,” he called, aware he was in public. Draco, who was leaning against a tree and watching things through a gap in the woods, turned with raised eyebrows.

“Potter. Don’t tell me you’re out alone in this?” There was a hint of concern in his voice. Harry edged closer, keeping an eye out for his friends.

“Ron and Hermione are back there. Ron lost his wand.”

“Idiot,” Draco muttered, shaking his head.

“Are you alright?” Harry met his gaze, looking past his unaffected facade to the worry deep in his grey eyes. “Where’s your mother?”

Draco’s lip quivered. “Father insisted she stay by his side.” His words were stiff, and comprehension dawned on Harry. He stared at him in horror.

“She’s not— they’re not—” Draco nodded. His parents were out there in masks, hurting the muggles and causing chaos. Hailing Voldemort.