

Neville's house. His gran could help Harry learn about the Wizengamot, and what to do about Dumbledore.

"I wonder what our Defence teacher will be like next year," Neville mused, digging his fingers into the sand. "It's a shame about Professor Lupin. I mean, if he made it this far without eating anyone, clearly he can't be that bad."

"What?" Harry stared at him in alarm. Neville cocked his head.

"You haven't heard? Professor Lupin is a werewolf, Harry. Apparently Snape told all the Slytherins this morning. Everyone in the school knows by now. He's resigned, I heard. Packing up his stuff today."

Harry froze. No, Snape wouldn't... he couldn't. Lupin was *leaving*?

He scrambled to his feet. "I have to go." Neville called out after him, but Harry was already sprinting back towards the castle. He couldn't let Lupin leave, not yet.

Lupin's office door was open when Harry ran towards it, and he flung himself into the room, gasping. Most of the man's things were already gone, and a steady stream of books were floating off the shelf and packing themselves neatly in a trunk, guided by Lupin's wand. The man looked up when Harry entered, his eyes sad. "Hello, cub," he greeted. "Heard the news?"

"You can't leave," Harry blurted.

"I'm afraid I have to, Harry. This time tomorrow, the owls will start pouring in. Attitudes are better, but there are plenty of parents who won't want a dangerous, bloodthirsty beast living in the castle with their children." His tone was wry, resigned. Harry glared at him.

"You're not dangerous," he insisted. "You're the best Defence teacher we've ever had."

That made Lupin smile. "Thank you, Harry. But I'm afraid not everyone is as open-minded as you."

"I can't believe Snape," Harry growled. "I was just starting to think he might be alright. How dare he tell everyone!"

"Severus didn't say a word," Lupin told him firmly. "I can assure you of that. No, my secret was spilled by... another source. Severus was part of the conversation, but he didn't realise one of his Slytherins was eavesdropping until after Dumbledore left."

Harry looked at his professor, comprehension dawning, and his face grew dark when Lupin nodded. *Dumbledore*. Of course. "He did it on purpose." He had no proof, but he didn't need it. Remus nodded in agreement.

"Most likely. I got too close to you, Harry. He doesn't like that." Lupin reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a familiar piece of old parchment. "However, now I'm no longer your teacher, I feel no remorse about giving you this back. This, too; Severus retrieved it from the