

“I wasn’t *hiding*, I was at home,” Harry retorted waspishly. “Where were you all summer, then? Out fighting Death Eaters?”

Ron’s ears reddened. “I’m not the one they’re after!” he countered. “How many people died because You-Know-Who was looking for you, hmm?”

“What do you want me to do, walk up to Voldemort and hand myself over?”

Ron flinched at the name. “You could at least listen to Dumbledore, rather than just abandoning the war! He spent all summer trying to talk to you, Mum said, and you never left your bloody house!”

*“I am doing more for this war effort than Albus Bloody Dumbledore,”* Harry roared, temper snapping. “I’m not *abandoning* anything — I’m sixteen, Ron; I’m letting the adults handle things because I’m not even fucking old enough to use magic outside school! And I know exactly what Dumbledore wants to say to me, and quite frankly I don’t want to hear it.”

To Harry’s surprise, Ron’s gaze lifted up, just for a few moments, fixing intently on Harry’s scar. “Maybe he’s right about you, after all,” the redhead spat, “maybe you have got You-Know-Who inside your head.”

“If I did, we’d all be screwed,” Harry retorted hollowly. Then he pushed past Ron, sidestepped an indignant-looking Hermione, and stalked up the stairs to the dormitory, ignoring the eyes that followed.

He couldn’t shake the way Ron had looked at his scar — it wasn’t fearful, not like it was when he thought Harry was possessed after the incident with his dad and the snake.

It was *knowing*. Disgusted.

Exactly what had Dumbledore told Ron and Hermione, over the summer?