

Snape looked faintly amused. “They will all hate me even more than they did in Potions,” he said knowingly, making Harry laugh.

“Maybe.” Snape would be just as harsh a taskmaster as he was with everything else, and even more prejudiced towards Slytherins besides. “But they’ll learn a darn sight faster than they would have with another bloody Umbridge involved.” If only through abject fear of what Snape might do to them should they fail.

A thought hit Harry, and his smirk widened. “Dumbledore’s going to expect me to be *livid*,” he realised delightedly.

“And I’m sure I will have ample opportunity to put you in detention,” Snape agreed, catching on as quickly as always. Harry laughed.

“Wonder if he’ll ever realise he just did me a massive favour.”

Dumbledore had declared war, and Harry was more than ready to meet him there.

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Order meetings in the last few weeks had become an utter embarrassment, Sirius decided; it was a good thing they were a secret vigilante organisation, because if they behaved like this in a public forum, no one would take them seriously.

He glanced across the table at Remus, who looked equally fed-up by the incessant squabbling. Sirius had lost track of what this one was even about — it had started with a fairly reasonable discussion about whether the auror department could be considered trustworthy, but then derailed quite quickly when Tonks had mentioned Harry’s visions being the only decent way to get ahead of Death Eaters these days. Now it seemed there were about four arguments happening at once, all stemming from the reliability of using a teenage boy’s insight into a Dark Lord’s mind as a warning signal. It seemed Dumbledore’s pointed remarks in the *Prophet* had got to them — though the headmaster himself was being remarkably quiet on the matter.

Sirius expected nothing less; Dumbledore wouldn’t let himself be seen or heard *actively* disparaging Harry, not when he clearly still had plans to bring Harry back to heel. Every time Sirius saw him these days, the man had increasingly firm requests to see Harry prior to school returning. Every time, Sirius told him where to shove it.

He was starting to wonder if he shouldn’t just kick the whole damned Order out of his house and be done with it.

As tempting as that sounded, he knew Harry wouldn’t approve — they needed to know what Dumbledore was up to, and that meant at least some of them staying on his good side.

But as much as Sirius knew his godson meant well in wanting him to remain on semi-decent terms with the headmaster, Sirius was entirely ready to just punch the old bastard in the face.