

Lupin sent the last of his things into his trunk with a wave of his wand, then levitated it out of the room, following behind Dumbledore with Harry at his side.

“Why so glum, Harry?” Dumbledore asked, turning back to him as they walked. “You should be very proud of what you accomplished last night. You saved an innocent man from a terrible fate.”

A memory flashed behind Harry’s eyes. Trelawney rigid in her chair. *Greater and more terrible than ever before*. How could he have forgotten? “Professor,” he asked, looking up at the headmaster. “Has Professor Trelawney ever made a genuine prediction?”

Dumbledore froze, his eyes going wide and panicked for the briefest of seconds. Harry almost missed it. A blink later, and he was back to his genial self. “Professor Trelawney? Why, I believe she must have made some correct ones, in her time. Why do you ask?”

“I think she made one after my Divination exam yesterday. She said Voldemort’s servant would set out to return to him before midnight, and he’d help him rise to power.” Harry didn’t want to tell Dumbledore the exact wording of the prophecy, just in case he knew more than Harry did. All the same, the man looked a little *too* happy to get news like that. Again, he hid it quickly, but Harry was watching closely enough to see the satisfied smirk whip across the headmaster’s face. Beside Harry, Lupin looked grim.

“One thing you’ll learn about prophecies, Harry, is that they are inevitable. Nothing you could have done last night would have changed the outcome — if that is what is to come to pass, then that is what will be. You cannot blame yourself for the whims of fate.”

“But we have to be ready, if Voldemort is really coming back!” Harry wanted to know if Dumbledore was truly going to keep him docile, tugging him along like a lamb to slaughter. Would he let Harry prepare himself?

“I think that’s best left to the adults, don’t you, Harry?” Dumbledore replied lightly. “You merely need to worry yourself about enjoying your summer freedom.”

When the headmaster wasn’t looking, Harry shared a look with Remus. Just what was the old man planning, and why did it involve keeping Harry in the dark with his powers bound in the face of something so dangerous?

At Dumbledore’s prompting, Harry said goodbye to Lupin at the Entrance Hall, making no move to suggest their relationship was anything more than student and favoured professor. He watched the pair walk down the drive, the cogs turning in his brain. There were so many secrets, so many things he didn’t know. Harry didn’t like it.

He wanted to know what Dumbledore was up to, before the man’s plans got him killed.

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A few days before the end of term, Harry got a letter from Sirius, carried by an owl that looked like a fluffy grey tennis ball.