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The tension in the school was reaching dangerous levels, between Umbridge and the rest of the school. The Inquisitorial Squad had grown bored of their point-docking privileges once all hourglasses but Slytherin's were empty, so many of them began prowling about, looking for a fight they knew they wouldn't be punished for. With so many students beginning to crack under the pressure of impending exams, the whole castle was a powder keg waiting to blow.

And blow, it did.

It started when Ginny was given a detention for '*too short a skirt*' — a detention she returned from at two in the morning, dangerously pale and with blood dripping from her hand. Harry saw the hard look that passed between her twin brothers, and he knew deep down what was coming.

By breakfast, the school was chaos. Harry barely made it down to the Entrance Hall, having to use all his knowledge of the school's secret passageways to avoid getting stuck in some prank or another. One corridor had everyone who stepped in it turning upside down and walking on the ceiling. Another seemed to have turned to ice, sending people sliding around in all directions. There were large brightly coloured soap bubbles floating through the air that belched when you popped them and covered the victim in vibrant paint. And, rumour had it, there was a literal *swamp* somewhere in the east wing.

In the Entrance Hall he saw Umbridge, drenched head to toe in lurid green paint, hands on her hips as she glared at the Weasley twins. "You think this is *funny*, do you?" she accused, and the twins shared a look.

"Pretty funny, yeah," George replied nonchalantly.

Filch, covered in yellow paint, came skidding around the corner, brandishing some parchment that was now slightly soggy. "I've got the forms, Headmistress!" he crowed in delight, and a dangerous smile slipped onto Umbridge's face.

"Excellent. You two," she stepped closer threateningly, "are about to learn what happens to delinquents like you in *my* school."

The twins were unmoved. "Nah," Fred said, shrugging.

"Don't think we are," George agreed.

Harry watched with his heart in his mouth as the pair of them sassed Umbridge, then summoned their brooms and took off into the air above the gathered crowd. The front doors were wide open, and Harry couldn't help but laugh as George swooped low, blowing a dramatic kiss to Blaise with his little group of Slytherins. Blaise rolled his eyes, but he was smiling.

And then they were off, out of school in a blaze of glory, exactly as they deserved. Umbridge looked like she may have a heart attack on the spot, staring after them — until she realised