

he wants, but... that's all the important facts."

"I doubt Daddy will need to edit anything. You've always been a very compelling writer." Luna tucked the envelope safely in her cardigan pocket.

"Thanks, Luna. I hope everyone who reads it thinks the same." There was still a very stubborn, very real part of Harry that was convinced everyone who read it would think he was a lying, attention seeking little brat.

That part of him usually spoke in Dolores Umbridge's voice.

"Your voice is going to change the way that thousands of people view the world," Luna told him, a confident Otherness to her voice. "Not just in this article, but in many things."

Something uneasy squirmed in Harry's stomach. He leant back on his hands, the wet dirt cold under his palms. "I just want to kill a Dark Lord and play quidditch," he sighed forlornly. "I don't want to change the world. That's for people like Susan. All I want is to have a world I'm happy to live in."

"And that's why you're the best person to help change it," Luna insisted with a secretive curl of a smile. "You're not like him, Harry. You're not like either of them." Her eyes fairly glowed in the evening light. "Don't let his poison stop you from doing the right thing. Trust your instincts."

It was like a hand reached in between his ribs, gripping his heart tight. Harry coughed out a startled laugh. "Can never get anything past you, can I, Lu?" There was no use hiding from a Seer. "You're sure, this isn't too much?" The last thing in the world he wanted was to get into the habit of using his influence as the Boy-Who-Lived to sway public opinion around to his way of thinking. He didn't want to become like Dumbledore. Or worse, like Tom Riddle.

"Presenting people with the truth and allowing them to make up their own minds is never too much," Luna assured. "It's not your fault the truth leads to only one sensible way of thinking." She smiled, covering Harry's hand with her own. "If you can't trust yourself, trust that none of us who love you will let you turn into the thing you'd hate."

Her words echoed through Harry's mind, quashing the cruel, Umbridge-like voice into silence. The tension in his shoulders eased, a long breath escaping him.

She was right. He had plenty of people to keep him grounded. He would be alright.

He was only sixteen, after all. Even if most days he felt three times that age. He still had plenty of growing to do.