

Silently assuring the pair he would be fine, Harry followed Filch down the corridor, dread trickling down his spine as the caretaker muttered about the new Decree coming that would allow him to reintroduce corporal punishment. Was Umbridge bored of her quill, finally? Of only punishing one student at a time? Or was she just trying to get Filch on her side; his knowledge of the castle was far better than her own, after all. She probably thought she could use him to try and smoke out the HA. The idea made Harry smile to himself — did she really think him that naive?

Filch led him all the way to Umbridge's office — Dumbledore's had sealed itself since shortly after the man's departure, and wouldn't open no matter how many curses Umbridge flung at the gargoyle. When he knocked, the door opened immediately, and Harry was half-shoved into the familiar room. Filch gave him one last oily smile, then left them to it.

"You wanted to see me, Professor?" Harry asked politely. Umbridge smiled, her eyes like daggers.

"Sit down, Mr Potter. Have some tea."

At the doily-covered desk where he usually wrote lines, there was a single cup of tea. Harry began to draw his own conclusions, watching the way Umbridge stared keenly at his hands around the cup.

"I just thought I'd call you in for a little *chat*," she said, giggling girlishly. "Drink up!"

Harry lifted the teacup to his mouth, and pretended to take a long drink. As he did, he Vanished half the contents of the cup. When it hit the table, Umbridge's gaze lit up.

"Excellent. Now, tell me — where is Albus Dumbledore?"

That was her angle, really?? "I don't know, Professor."

Her jaw clenched. "Drink your tea, Mr Potter."

Amused, Harry pretended to drink again, Vanishing the rest and setting his empty cup down. He even let his stare go a little vacant.

"Where is Albus Dumbledore?"

"I don't know," he said again. A tiny noise of frustration escaped Umbridge.

"Has he written to you? Contacted you in any way?"

"No, Professor." She didn't like that answer any more than the last. She made a face like sucking on a lemon, and leaned forward in her chair.

"Who is in your little defence club?"

"I don't have a defence club," Harry told her.

"Impossible!" she screeched, glaring. "I know you've been hiding it from me! Where are you meeting your little friends?"