

in place since the first whispers of Voldemort's return, not wanting to be put in a difficult position. But not everyone had that capability, and soon there were eight new family groups in residence at the Pottery, plus Theo. Harry was glad to be saving even that many, though he knew as time went on it was likely to be more. Voldemort would go looking further afield for both victims and soldiers, once his first attempts were through.

Once everyone had arrived safely, Harry went back in the house, smiling at the sounds of life coming from within. Most people were up settling into their new rooms, but some of the earlier arrivals were out exploring. Harry wandered through to the dining room, where the table was laden with food — and Remus was waiting, nibbling on a chocolate biscuit. "All good on this end?" Harry checked, raising an eyebrow. Just because these people were here for sanctuary didn't mean they were all excellent people, and part of him was worried about how they might treat the elves. But Essie and Tinker knew to stand up for themselves, and Harry trusted Theo to help keep the peace.

"So far," Remus replied. "I think they're all just glad to be out of the firing line, for now. Trouble will come once they're comfortable." He grimaced slightly, and Harry mirrored the expression.

"We'll deal with that when it comes to it. Essie, Tinker," he called, and both elves appeared, "would you please ask our guests to come down here? Thanks."

It took a few minutes for everyone to arrive, and Harry noticed several of the adults eyeing each other suspiciously. "Okay, then. Welcome to the Pottery," Harry said loudly, grabbing their attention. "I'm glad you all made it here safely, and I hope everything is to your liking. I'm sure Remus and Theo went over things, but just to make sure everyone's on the same page, I wanted to go over the rules." He made sure to look everyone in the eye for at least a second, to check they were paying attention. They were, even the young children — they knew how serious their situation was. "First off, no fighting. I don't care what grievances you may have had with each other in the past. Everyone is here for the same reason, and that's what matters. Secondly, please respect both my property and my elves. This is my ancestral home, and I'm sure you can understand what that means to me, considering my family history." Several people winced. "The elves are here to assist you, but they are not your slaves. They know what they are and aren't expected to do, and if they refuse a request it's because they know I won't allow it, so take it up with me, not them. Three meals a day will be provided, and I'm sure snacks will be available if you ask nicely. As far as the rest of your time, it is your own — I'm not going to force you to stay within the property, it's up to each of you what you feel safe doing. You may write letters, which the elves will take to the owl-post office, but I don't need to warn you to be careful what you put in those letters." Serious-eyed nods from many of the adults, and even more from the students. Of course, they'd just survived a year with Umbridge; they knew all about mail interception. "You obviously can't bring anyone else onto the property. If you know someone who is in danger and in need of sanctuary, tell one of the elves and they'll come to me or someone I trust."

Harry glanced to Remus, shrugging slightly. "I think that's about everything." The werewolf nodded, so Harry looked back to the crowd. "Just... we're all trying to keep each other safe, here, guys. Help me out with that."