

Harry's heart was pounding, and he reached out to grip Neville's forearm. "McGonagall," he insisted. He had to tell someone, he had to get help, *fast*, before it was too late.

"She's coming. Dean's gone to get her," Neville assured. "Harry, what do you mean, *attack*?"

He was saved having to answer by the sound of two sets of footsteps, and suddenly a tall figure in a tartan dressing gown was striding across the dorm. Neville pressed Harry's glasses onto his face, and when Harry looked up the Gryffindor housemistress' face was pinched, her eyes full of concern. "What's going on up here?" she asked, studying Harry's wrecked form. "What's the matter, Potter?"

"Mr Weasley was attacked," Harry blurted, seeing Ron freeze out of the corner of his eye. "Voldemort's snake. She got him. I— I need to see the headmaster. He has to help him." He never thought he'd be *volunteering* to go see Dumbledore, but needs must when the devil drives, and the devil had *definitely* been driving Harry right into that snake's body.

McGonagall's lips pursed. For a moment Harry worried she wouldn't believe him, would insist he was only dreaming. He hated himself for being so *foolish*, for not telling anyone but his guardians about the dreams — surely no one would take him seriously now!

But perhaps she knew something he didn't, because after a moment she gave one single, sharp nod.

"Yes, I believe you do. Come on, Potter, up you get."

A wave of her wand had the vomit on the floor vanishing, and Harry scrambled to shove his feet into his slippers.

"I'm coming too," Ron declared stubbornly, stepping forward. "It's my dad he's talking about."

There wasn't time to argue, and McGonagall seemed to know it, so she merely huffed and started walking. Harry squeezed Neville's hand in assurance, then followed the stern woman out of the dorm, hurrying down the stairs with Ron hot on his heels.

For an older woman, McGonagall could move quickly when she wanted to; they were at Dumbledore's office within minutes, the gargoyle moving aside. Harry's heart raced as he stood on the moving staircase, trying frantically to pull together enough brain cells to figure out what to say to the headmaster. He had to make him see how important this was, how much Mr Weasley was in danger, but he couldn't give away what he knew about his connection to Voldemort.

For the first time since the Triwizard Tournament, Harry stepped into Dumbledore's office.

It was past midnight, but Dumbledore had clearly been up for a while; wearing a truly lurid dressing gown, he sat at his desk while the portraits of previous heads of school chattered at him. They all fell silent at the intrusion.