

expected of them, and so was he.

If he took joy out of Draco getting into such an argument with Ron that he hexed the redhead, well, no one needed to know that.

Half of the Slytherins didn't seem to know what to do with the other two-thirds of the 'Golden Trio'. They seemed torn between their desire to belittle Gryffindors, and their animosity — real or otherwise — towards Harry. Seeing Harry equally pissed off with his two housemates seemed to take some of the fun out of the taunting, for them; they were slowly turning their sneers on Neville instead. At least, the ones who were brave enough to risk insulting the Longbottom Heir did.

The ones who were so confident in Voldemort's victory that they didn't think the Longbottom name would be worth anything, in a year or two.

He didn't have much time for dinner before he was due at his detention, and as he wolfed down some food while trying not to make himself sick, Angelina dropped onto the bench beside him. "What's this I hear about you having detention at five on Friday?" she asked flatly, anger underlying her tone.

"All week," he confirmed. "Umbridge."

Angelina scowled darkly. "Harry, I *told* you I wanted the whole team at keeper tryouts."

Harry cursed; he'd completely forgotten about those. "Shit, I'm sorry, Angie. If I thought she'd let me reschedule, I'd ask." Umbridge would likely be delighted to hear she was making Harry miss out on quidditch.

"I'm of half a mind to make you ask anyway," the chaser muttered, glaring at the table. Then the fight seemed to leave her, her shoulders slumping. "I know some things are bigger than quidditch, Harry. I've talked to Fred about stuff." Harry wondered exactly what the redhead had told her. "But — please, for me, try not to get any more detentions? Quidditch this year is *really* important. It's my last chance, *our* last chance. We can't win the cup with our star seeker stuck in detention every bloody night!"

"I'll try my best," he promised, though really it was out of his hands. "And I promise I'll get along nicely with whoever you pick as keeper." Luckily, as the seeker it was less important for him to mesh with the rest of the team, but he could understand Angelina wanting a good bond between them all. It would be hard to replace Oliver.

"Good. Now get moving — it's almost five, and if you're late she might give you even more detentions."

Harry looked at his watch, then swore, jumping to his feet with a bread roll still in his hand and sprinting for the doors. Thanks to a couple of Marauder shortcuts, Harry made it to Umbridge's office just in the nick of time.

When the door opened, he blinked, his eyes taking a moment to adjust to the... pink-ness of it all. The walls were covered in dainty porcelain plates decorated with various cats wearing