

“...Having breakfast?” Harry replied, confused. Her smile tightened.

“This is the Hufflepuff table. You are a Gryffindor.”

*Oh.* It was like Dumbledore all over again — the entire hall was filled with students at the wrong house table, and yet Harry was clearly the problem.

“Susan and I were discussing the latest *Prophet* articles. The Ministry does *approve* of students taking an interest in current events, I hope?”

Beside him, Susan was still as a statue, watching as Umbridge’s eyes narrowed.

“Ten points from Gryffindor, Mr Potter,” she declared sweetly. “Back to your table, please.”

Susan placed a discreet hand on his arm before he could argue, shooting him a warning look with the tiniest shake of her head. Harry held back a sigh. “Yes, Professor.” He gave Susan her paper back, and got to his feet, heading to sit with Neville at Gryffindor. He was scowling by the time he sat down. “I hate that bitch,” he muttered. Neville hummed in agreement.

“Brace yourself. She’ll only get worse from here,” he warned sadly. Harry’s jaw clenched — if she wanted to play games, he could play.

He had half the students of Hogwarts on his side, after all.

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Another Hell Monday began, thankfully without Umbridge’s interference in History of Magic. In that class, Harry sat in the back with Susan, mostly watching her silently get angrier and angrier about the whole situation. When he wrote her a note asking if she had a plan, she just scowled at him.

It was all too tempting to use Potions as an opportunity to let out his anger, but Harry didn’t want to push Snape too far; if anyone noticed he was being even slightly more lenient with Harry than usual, there would be questions. As it was, there was a spiky red ‘D’ on his Moonstone essay, even though Harry knew it was of *at least* A quality, if not E.

He grumbled about it for show, and made a few remarks that got points docked by the stern professor, but Harry wasn’t worried about it. He was doing well in his other classes, he could make those points back easy.

He had hoped Divination might be a bit of a reprieve from his bad mood, since Parvati and Lavender had promised to help him out with his dream diary — that hope deflated very quickly, when the trapdoor opened just as Trelawney was handing out copies of *The Dream Oracle*, and a familiar squat figure appeared through it. “Good afternoon, Professor Trelawney,” Umbridge greeted cheerfully.

Beside Harry, Lavender’s grip on her quill tightened so much the stem snapped, dripping ink onto the tablecloth. Parvati was trembling with rage.