

It felt wrong to be trusting Moody to apparate him, even though he knew this was the real deal. Remus gave him an encouraging look over Moody's head, and Harry squared his shoulders, before gripping Moody's forearm tightly.

When Remus had said 'a few different jumps', Harry hadn't imagined the stomach-churning, disorienting hell that followed. A crack, and they were stood in a dingy alley somewhere. Before he could even breathe, Moody had let go of him, and another hand grabbed his arm. "Hold tight!"

Another crack, and he was in a field. His head was spinning. The hand on his arm let go, and a vaguely familiar arm wrapped around his waist, pulling him against a firm chest. "I've got you, cub."

Another crack — this time he was on a rocky cliff. His stomach lurched. Remus let go of him. He was gripped by the wrist tightly.

Another crack, Harry's vision blacked out for a second; when the world returned to focus, he was stood in the middle of an ordinary muggle street, Moody holding onto his wrist, practically keeping him upright. A half-beat later and Remus and Tonks appeared, Remus stood close behind Harry, discreetly steadying him. "Sorry about that, cub. It's a little much when you're not used to it, but it's the safest way."

Harry had thought he was getting used to apparition by now, but he didn't think he'd ever get used to *that*. "I might be sick," he declared, hearing Tonks giggle.

"Pick a point and stare at it 'til the world stops spinning, there's a lad," Moody instructed, no sympathy in his tone whatsoever. "Can you read?"

"Generally? Yes. Right now? Debatable."

Tonks giggled again. Even Moody snorted, lips twisting in amusement. "Read this."

It took a few seconds for Harry's vision to steady enough to make out the words on the scrap of parchment Moody thrust his way. It was in Dumbledore's unmistakeable handwriting.

*The Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix is located at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place*

Harry read it again, committing it to memory. When he looked up, there was a whole new building squeezed in between numbers eleven and thirteen. The parchment in his hand burst into flames, scattering ash on his shoes.

Finally, he would get to meet the Order.