

Somehow, between homework and lessons with Snape and the HA, Harry squeezed in enough time to write an article for the *Quibbler*. It was a lot harder than his last one; he was no journalist, to be sure, and this time he had to make sure he sounded as credible and sane as possible. It wasn't just about writing from the heart — he was writing to convince people to accept danger was coming.

When he had a solid draft, he took it to Luna, the pair of them holed up in an unused classroom to read it over. Luna was surprisingly good at editing; she helped her father with the articles when she was at home, apparently.

“This is very good, Harry,” she said, smiling. “And your timing is perfect, too; if I get it to Daddy soon, he'll be able to get it out before he hears back from the entrants to his writing competition. He's asked people to send in their experience with Heliopaths, so he's bound to be very busy with that.”

“That's... good,” Harry said, unsure how else to respond. Hopefully Luna's father would not put his article in the same space as a story about some ridiculous conspiracy theory that might make him look like even more of a madman than the *Prophet* implied. “I'm really grateful you and your dad are willing to do this, Luna.”

“People need to know,” she replied sagely. “And as journalists, we have a duty to report the truth.”

Harry wished the people at the *Prophet* could have even a scrap of the same journalistic integrity. “Well that's it, as best as I could manage it.” He gestured to the parchment of his article. He had tried his best to report everything he thought might help; both the story of what happened to Cedric, and the dementor attack on Dudley. If the general public wasn't alarmed by the prospect of a seventeen year-old boy being kidnapped from school and murdered, perhaps they might be by the idea of a dementor roaming a perfectly ordinary muggle street. Harry had leaned a little heavy on the idea of the Statute of Secrecy being broken by the Ministry's careless response to Voldemort's return, and how catastrophic that could be for everyone.

“We'll try and have it out in the next issue. That's a week after Valentine's Day,” Luna promised brightly.

“Perfect.” Harry glanced at the blonde girl, eyebrows raised. “Any big plans for that Hogsmeade weekend?” For days already, the school had been aflutter with people discussing their plans for the auspicious day. Harry was torn between being glad he didn't have to get involved, and wishing he could take Draco to Hogsmeade like all the other lovestruck young couples.

“Oh, I'm going with Daphne,” Luna replied, fiddling with her butterbeer cork necklace. Harry stared.

“...Daphne Greengrass?” Slytherin, no-emotions-unless-they're-contempt, Daphne Greengrass? Luna nodded, her smile growing wider.