

night, since she was too busy to monitor them. Everyone knows about the blood quill.”

That was good. Now that Fudge was in disgrace, she might actually face consequences.

Harry could see that everyone had questions, and he didn’t blame them; the *Prophet* certainly didn’t cover everything.

But Harry was so fucking tired.

“The others should be getting out of the Hospital Wing soon,” he said, piecing together a sausage sandwich and grabbing a hard boiled egg. “I’m going to go up and see how they’re doing, take Nev and Ginny back to Gryffindor.” And then probably spend the rest of the day there.

“Okay. We’re going to help the teachers clean up the school,” Padma declared, gesturing to her fellow prefects. “Any help would be appreciated, if the rest of you aren’t busy.”

Harry left them sorting that out, eating his sandwich as he walked, glaring at anyone who looked like they might try and ask him anything about the night before. He felt one set of eyes burning into him more than any other, and stopped in the doorway to look back at Albus Dumbledore.

The headmaster did *not* look impressed. Harry grinned at him, offering a little wave, and carried on his way. So what if Dumbledore thought he was Voldemort incarnate? Harry was the darling of the Wizarding World again, thanks to Amelia Bones. And now the fight had begun, Harry could work on ruining Dumbledore’s reputation so no one would listen to the old man anyway.

As Harry walked up to the Hospital Wing, he could see teachers and students alike trying to set the school to rights; repairing suits of armour, cleaning stains off of walls, vanishing the remnants of strange and bizarre magic. Most of the students were members of the HA, and it made Harry glow with pride to see them assisting — and to see the teachers clearly impressed with their magic use. Several of them waved at him as he passed, and he waved back, but didn’t stop to chat.

The Hospital Wing was quiet, with one bed curtained off far away from the students; Umbridge, most likely. To Harry’s surprise, despite the chaos of the school the night before, there only seemed to be a handful of students in beds, other than his own friends. Those five were all sat around one bed, dressed in clean clothes and looking none the worse for wear after their excursion. “Harry!” Neville greeted cheerfully. “We were just wondering if you’d show up. Madam Pomfrey says we’re all good to go.”

“Glad to hear it,” Harry replied. He looked at them all, amazement plain on his face. “Listen, guys; last night— that was far more than I should have asked of you, and I’m sorry. But you all did brilliantly. You were fantastic.”

“Those Death Eaters didn’t know what hit them,” Ginny said vindictively, eyes flashing.