

Umbridge after he mentioned in class that sending dementors out to search for the missing prisoners was not going to work when the dementors had let them escape to begin with.

He forgot, sometimes, that despite his growing friendships with people outside his own house, he didn't have everyone on his side. Padma and Mandy were the only Ravenclaw girls in his year that he spoke to, and there were still a fair few Hufflepuffs who gave him dirty looks whenever he was nearby. Hell, even within Gryffindor he was not entirely supported — Seamus and Dean had become Ron's new friends, and even though Ron was fully aware that Voldemort had returned and Sirius was an innocent man, he was happy to make jokes about how Harry had finally gone 'round the twist.

It was disheartening, to say the least. He was trying *so hard* to prepare people for the dark times to come, and they would much rather stick their heads in the sand and keep going with business as usual.

"If it's this bad inside the school when I'm *right here* telling the truth, I dread to think what the rest of the country thinks," Harry muttered, turning back to his lunch. He had Ginny on one side and Neville on the other, and the Weasley girl patted his shoulder sympathetically.

"With the *Prophet* against you, there's not much you can do."

Harry still scowled, absently wondering if Susan had any plans in her arsenal for laws about unbiased media reporting. He was on the verge of calling Mrs Frobisher back up, but he doubted there was much she could legally do about it; they were insinuating a lot, to be sure, but they weren't outright calling Harry a liar or a lunatic. He couldn't sue them just because they were saying not to worry about Voldemort.

"It's like last year all over again," he muttered, "only worse, because it's about other peoples' safety rather than just me being a glory-hound."

Suddenly, Ginny froze, and then a slow smile stretched across her face. "If it's like last year," she drawled, "why not take the same approach?"

Harry blinked at her, and then it clicked. "Write another article?" She grinned wider, nodding.

"People listened to the last one. Mostly," she added, remembering her own mother's firm denial on the subject. "But anyone with a brain can tell that the Ministry's story doesn't add up — if you tell the world the truth, it'll be harder for them to deny it. Not everyone will believe you, but you'll get plenty to think about it at the very least."

"Half the magical folks in the country only have the *Prophet* for news," Neville agreed. "They've no reason not to trust it. And they might not know anyone at the school to know that your story is a whole lot more plausible."

Harry thought it over, dipping the crust of his bread into his soup. It could backfire on him spectacularly; the *Quibbler*, as much as he loved Luna dearly, was hardly a recognised source of truthful, legitimate news.