

interception.

A copy of the *Daily Prophet* fell to the table in front of Sirius, and Harry groaned loudly at the front page.

*‘Boy-Who-Lived becomes Man-Who-Defeated. You-Know-Who dead, Ministry reclaimed.’*

“They couldn’t come up with a better nickname?” Harry complained, glaring at the paper.

“*‘Man-Who-Defeated’*, Merlin, that’s even more of a mouthful than the last.”

“At least you’re a man now,” Charlie pointed out amusedly. “Won’t have to live with being called a boy forever.”

That was hardly a glowing endorsement, and Harry continued to scowl, eyeing the picture of him stood bloodied and dishevelled in the midst of all the destruction, his wand at his side. When the hell had someone even gotten that picture? Who brought a camera to a battle?

Sirius spread the paper out over the table so everyone could read it — inside, there was a long article recounting the battle from someone who had apparently been *‘in the centre of the action’*, though Harry didn’t recognise the name in the byline. To their credit, it was a fairly accurate account of things. A lot of it was information that was brand new to Harry; he’d been a bit single-minded at the time, and hadn’t noticed a lot of what was going on around him. He hadn’t known about the troll that made it all the way to the castle walls only to be slaughtered by the animated suits of armour, or the house elf that had bludgeoned Amycus Carrow to death with a cast-iron pan. From the description of the elf, it was very likely Dobby. Harry hadn’t realised his small friend was so bloodthirsty.

For eight pages the article went on about the battle, and then it led into a much shorter description of the reclaiming of the Ministry — no one involved had wanted to share details, it seemed. At the end, a full page was taken up with a request for all those employed by the Ministry prior to the Dark Lord’s insurrection to come into the office at their earliest convenience, to reclaim their jobs and begin dealing with the mess. It also stated, to Harry’s delight, that Amelia Bones had been made interim Minister, and there would be a formal election as soon as such things could be arranged.

That delight quickly faded, however, when he turned to the final pages of the paper, and found the obituaries.

It was nothing detailed. A list of names, split into two sections; those who died fighting for the Light, and those who died wearing the garb of Death Eaters. The latter section was much larger, but it still made Harry’s heart ache to see a whole twenty-nine names in the former section. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the neat printed letters; *Colin Creevey, Hogwarts Student, 16.*

Far, far too young.

Harry was startled out of his reverie by a commotion up at the staff table — a red-faced and crying man was being held back by two of his fellows as he tried to lunge at Professor Snape, who had just left the table. Rage flaring within him, Harry was up like a shot, hurrying over.