

“You can count your lucky *stars* I’m not having you expelled for this little stunt,” she snapped. “But don’t you think you’ve gotten away with it. Two weeks detention, both of you. And no more quidditch!”

That made the twins sit up a little straighter. “What?”

“That’s right!” Umbridge was almost delirious in her fury. “You’re clearly cut from the same cloth as Potter, so you’ll suffer the same punishments! And be *very* careful how you conduct yourself over the next few weeks, boys,” she warned, before stalking off to her seat, waving her wand angrily at a bright orange firework whizzing through the air above the Hufflepuff table.

The twins looked at each other in dismay. A few seats over, Angelina got abruptly to her feet, hands clenched in rage, and stormed from the hall.

A few horrified seconds later, the entire Gryffindor quidditch team was up and following her — and Harry, too, even though he wasn’t technically part of the team any longer.

They caught up to Angelina in the Gryffindor common room, where she was repeatedly punching a cushion. In the corner, a sparkler was writing rude words in the air.

“Angie, we’re sorry,” Fred started, and Angelina whirled around, expression furious.

“*Don’t*,” she growled. “I’m not mad at you. The fireworks were fucking brilliant. I’m mad at that *bitch*.” There were tear-tracks on her cheeks, and as Fred edged closer, her shoulders slumped. “This was supposed to be *our year*,” she despaired. “You two, me, Alicia; one last year to win the cup, to play *together* before we graduate and life takes over. It was bad enough when she kicked Harry off, but this...” She sniffed noisily, “One more match. We only had one more match together before it would all be over, and she’s fucking *ruined everything*!”

She punched the cushion one more time, so hard it split open and spewed feathers everywhere. Fred hurried forward, wrapping his arms around her.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” he murmured, kissing the tears off her cheeks. “Angie, it’s okay. We’ll play together again. Maybe not like this — not as students, not as Gryffindor. But we’ll be a team again. You’re not getting rid of me or George any time soon.” He grinned, and she laughed wetly.

“I just really wanted this last year to be perfect,” she sobbed, “and it’s all gone to shit!”

Harry stood back awkwardly as the twins and Alicia crowded around their yearmate, hugging her tightly. There was nothing he could say, really; Umbridge might have ruined the whole year, but at least he had two more. Sure, his school years rarely went to plan, but he was an oddity there. He could understand Angelina’s desire to have a perfect final year of school; especially with how grim the outside world was looking.

“It’s only Ravenclaw, Angie,” Alicia comforted, attempting a smile. “The boys aren’t missing much.”