

Dumbledore's end-of-year speech had been as vague and useless as always, reminding people to trust in the power of love and always find the light in the darkness and other such platitudes. The house cup had been awarded to Ravenclaw for their grand total of sixty-seven points, which was still an impressive amount to have been gained in the week since *The Umbridge Incident* as it was now being referred to. Cornelius Fudge had officially been sacked, and the hunt was on for an interim Minister — it seemed no one wanted to risk a proper vote with the country so fraught. Harry quietly hoped Amelia Bones got the job.

But at last the students had packed, the seventh years had cried, and Harry was finally heading down to the train station at the end of another year at Hogwarts.

"Harry, my boy." The call sent a burst of annoyance through him. He'd managed to avoid Dumbledore successfully for the last week, needing more and more blatant methods of escape. He'd thought he was free.

Evidently not.

"Headmaster, I really must get to the station," Harry said, still walking through the Entrance Hall. Dumbledore moved closer towards him, frowning faintly.

"I only need a moment of your time," he insisted. Harry snorted — he doubted that.

"Sir, I don't want to miss the train. Can't it wait until next year?" By which point, the stage would be set and likely Dumbledore wouldn't want to talk to Harry at all.

"I suppose I can come and see you at your godfather's house," the headmaster remarked, and Harry forced a smile on his face to cover his laughing eyes. If Dumbledore thought he could find Harry at Grimmauld, he had another thing coming. "Very well, then. I shall see you soon, Harry."

"Goodbye, sir."

Harry jogged to catch up with Neville, who eyed him warily. "What did he want?" the blond asked, and Harry shrugged.

"The usual. He says he'll stop by Sirius' place for a chat in the summer." He rolled his eyes, and Neville snorted.

"Good luck to him on that."

They joined the crowd of students heading for the station, and soon the pair of them were tucked away in a compartment with Ginny, Luna, Daphne and Blaise. The two Slytherins had been adopted quite neatly into the group, thanks to their partners, even though Blaise's was no longer at school. Harry had been ferrying letters between them with Remus and Ceri since the twins had left, and their relationship seemed to be going strong.

"You should come visit this summer," Ginny said to the two Slytherins. "Luna only lives over the fields from me. And I'm sure George would come home if you were around," she added to Blaise, who smirked.