

ask that you do nothing to jeopardise anyone else living there. You treat your fellows with respect, regardless of what you think of them. Remember, everyone else is there for the same reason you are. If you or your family cannot hold to these rules, this isn't the place for you."

One of the older Slytherins put his hand up. "What will we owe you for use of this building?" he asked expectantly. Harry resisted the urge to roll his eyes; bloody Slytherins!

"Nothing but the things I've already said. You keep the others in the sanctuary safe, and you behave while you're there. If anyone wants to get more involved in the war, that's something we can discuss later, but it's not in any way expected." Harry ran a hand through his hair. "All I'm asking is that you keep my secrets, the same way I'm keeping yours."

Several of the kids sent Blaise a look as if to say '*is this guy for real?*', and Blaise smirked. "Harry isn't the type to collect debts," he assured. "*Gryffindors*," he then added wryly, which seemed to placate the skeptics among them.

"So how do we get our families there before He can come for us?" the youngest, a timid-looking second year girl, asked tentatively. Harry grinned.

"I'm glad you asked."

It was a somewhat convoluted plan, but Harry was confident it would work.