

Whatever it was, Harry hoped it was sorted out this year. He'd finally rid himself of the Ongoing Saga of Ron and Hermione; he didn't need to be party to another romantic disaster.

Changing into his pyjamas up in the dorm, Harry wished he could talk to Sirius. He'd have to get the second mirror to Snape as soon as possible, so it could be passed on to his godfather.

Dean and Seamus entered just as Harry was pulling on his shirt, going abruptly silent when they saw him. Harry offered the pair a strained smile.

"Alright, Harry," Dean greeted, somewhat awkward. "How was your summer?"

"Oh, y'know," Harry replied evasively, shrugging — that was a can of worms he absolutely did *not* want to get into. "Yours?"

Dean looked at him, then glanced at his best friend. "...Better than Seamus'," he settled on. Harry sent the Irish boy a curious glance.

"Me mam didn't want me to come back," Seamus said eventually, focusing most of his attention on the quidditch poster he was putting up.

"Why not?" Neville asked curiously.

Seamus went quiet, his gaze flicking to Harry, and Harry put the pieces together with a heavy heart.

"She reads the *Prophet*, doesn't she?" he said knowingly. "What, didn't want you sharing a room with a lunatic?" There was more bite to his voice than he probably should've let out, but he was *tired*, and of all the places to deal with this shit he hadn't expected his own dormitory to be one of them.

Seamus scowled at him. "Don't you dare say anything about my mother," he snapped back. "The hell are we supposed to think, what with you showing up with Cedric Diggory's bloody *corpse* last year?"

Harry flinched.

"Oi," Neville said sharply, surprising everyone, including himself. "Don't, Seamus. We all know what happened there."

"But we don't, do we?" Seamus retorted. "We just know what *he* said." He waved a dismissive hand at Harry. "Him and Dumbledore, dropping cryptic shit about You-Know-Who being back and then bugging off for the summer."

"I can't control what Dumbledore does," Harry said hotly. "And I can't control what the *Prophet* writes. But after seeing my friend *murdered* in front of me and then being used in a ritual to resurrect a Dark Lord, I think I deserved a bit of bloody peace and quiet!" He tossed his school shirt at his bed, roughly grabbing his toiletries bag from his trunk.

"And we're just supposed to believe that, are we? No proof but your word?"