

Harry wordlessly vanished the mess, before either of the teachers could notice. “Easy,” he warned the girls under his breath, watching Umbridge take up a position at the front of the class, clipboard in hand.

Professor Trelawney was not one of Harry’s favourite teachers — indeed, considering she was the Seer who made the prophecy that resulted in the death of his parents, Harry would be perfectly happy to never see her again in his life — but even he had sympathy for her, being inspected by Umbridge. It was clear the woman thought that Divination was a load of rubbish; and, indeed, that Trelawney was a fraud.

If looks could kill, Umbridge would be dead twice over from the glares Parvati and Lavender were sending her way. The two had almost entirely given up on their dream interpretation, shamelessly listening in as Umbridge harassed Trelawney about giving her a prediction. “That’s not how the Sight works, you *hag*,” Lavender whispered venomously.

Hands trembling and eyes even wider than usual behind her glasses, Trelawney stuttered out her usual go-to prediction; grave danger. Which, honestly, seeing as Umbridge was a DADA teacher at Hogwarts, probably wasn’t too far off the mark. Especially if she carried on the way she was going — Lavender Brown would murder the woman herself.

Harry was only half surprised when Trelawney came his way, snatching up his dream diary to begin interpreting them; naturally, each one heralded a gruesome and painful death. After every *prediction*, Trelawney’s eyes flickered hopefully to Umbridge — as if predicting the death of the student she was known to hate the most would score the Seer some brownie points.

Harry couldn’t really fault her for trying.

Sadly, it did not seem to impress the toad-like woman, and as the bell rang Umbridge stared Trelawney down, promising to be in touch with the results of her inspection soon, then daintily clambered down the ladder.

Somehow, she still managed to beat all of them back to her own classroom for their next lesson. Harry studied her carefully, smirking when he saw the telltale distortion of glamour magic around her cheeks, the slight heaving of her chest — had she run all the way there, just so she could be waiting at her desk in an attempt to look imposing?

He hoped someone had seen her.

The two Gryffindor girls were still fuming from Divination, so Harry left them to it, taking his usual seat beside Neville. It wasn’t a surprise when Umbridge set them to read chapter two — nor was it much of one when Hermione threw her hand in the air, and announced that she had read the entire book, and she had Opinions.

She might be an annoying little spy for Dumbledore, but her dedication to learning in this particular instance was proving deeply entertaining for Harry, even as his anger at Umbridge grew with every word out of the foul woman’s mouth.