

just waiting for Harry, but surely the Order would have heard if such bloodshed had happened.

“You’re fifteen,” Sirius started, but Harry cut him off.

“You’ve been training me for things exactly like this. And I can take back-up of my own.” If any of his friends were willing to go with him, willing to risk their lives like that. “I can feel it, Sirius. He’s so... determined.” The emotions bleeding through Harry’s scar were far too intense to *just* be about the prophecy. “If we don’t go and stop them tonight, they’ll have taken the Ministry by morning.” Fudge was weaker than ever these days, and the auror department wasn’t much better. It was nearly five in the afternoon, the Ministry would soon be empty for the evening, and then the Death Eaters would come.

“Leave it to the Order!”

“The Order is busy, you said it yourself,” Harry protested.

“You better not be doing this just because you want to hear that bloody Prophecy for yourself,” Sirius growled, and Harry glared at him.

“It’s not that. I don’t need the Prophecy, I’m stuck in this mess regardless.” Unless it gave detailed instructions on how to find and destroy all of Voldemort’s horcruxes, Harry didn’t care, and if it did Dumbledore would have gone and done it already himself. “Please, Sirius. We can’t let them take the Ministry. It’ll be all over if they do.” Even if the rest of magical Britain were against the Dark, only a small fraction of them would actually be brave enough to *do* anything, and if Voldemort had the whole legal system behind him he could silence any protesters easily. He had already proven he was happy to Imperius as many people as it took to get the job done.

Harry could see by the look on his godfather’s face that Sirius knew he was right.

“I’ll try and raise the alarm with the Order,” he said eventually. “We’ve got time. Any luck, they’ll be back before you can get to London.”

If the raid was meant to keep the Order distracted and out of the way, Harry wasn’t too sure of that. “Take your mirror with you,” Sirius continued. “I’ll call when backup is on the way. I — are you sure about this, pup?”

“He’s planning something big,” Harry insisted. He could feel it, deep in his chest; Voldemort was far too happy to have just the Prophecy on his mind.

“Right. Fuck.” Sirius’ grey eyes were pained. “Be careful, alright? You know he can’t die yet.”

Harry nodded. “Not looking to kill him. Just to stop him getting the upper hand, and take out as many of his people as possible.”

“Don’t go alone.”

“I won’t.” Harry didn’t know who he would take, but he would try.