

Chapter 69

It was fun, taunting Umbridge.

Since the fireworks, Harry had gotten bolder, and so had the rest of the students. They seemed to be realising that she couldn't put everyone in detention at once, and by the end of the Easter holidays she had mostly stopped trying. Education Decrees were popping up out of nowhere, trying to ban anything that might give the students — especially Harry — any kind of joy. There had been a revolt from the entirety of Ravenclaw house when Umbridge had tried to limit library hours to between ten AM and eight PM, noticing how many students were spending time in there; particularly the HA members, not that she knew why. The Decree had been rescinded within three days, when Umbridge had taken so many points from Ravenclaw house there was nothing left in the hourglass, and the students were still refusing to leave the library.

She should have know better than to try and curb their study habits so close to exams.

But now they were back for the summer term, exams so close Harry could practically taste it, and once again students were falling mysteriously ill in Umbridge's classes, or just not bothering to show up altogether. The headmistress had vastly underestimated how much work it was to run a school — at least, when every other person in the school was determined to make it as difficult as possible.

Like all fifth years, Harry had a careers meeting with his head of house set up during the first week of the new term. He really shouldn't have been surprised by the sight of Umbridge perched in the back corner, holding her clipboard. Seriously, did the woman not ever teach classes outside of Harry's?

McGonagall looked distinctly unimpressed at the intrusion, her nostrils flaring. "Well, Potter, this meeting is to talk over any career ideas you might have had, and help you decide which subjects to continue on through your sixth and seventh years," she said, once Harry was sat down.

Harry looked at his housemistress, then glanced back at Umbridge. When he turned back to McGonagall, a tiny smirk was playing at his lips. "Well, Professor," he began, "I'd thought I might become an auror."

McGonagall blinked. She knew full well he had plans to go into professional quidditch — and to avoid the Ministry as much as possible. Then she took in the look on his face, and her mouth twitched, ever so slightly.

"Indeed?" She reached for a leaflet out of the stack on her desk. "Well, it's no easy path — they ask a minimum of five NEWTS, all E or higher. Then there's a series of character and aptitude tests that are very rigorous; the auror department take only the best. I don't think we've had a successful applicant in the last three years."