

“I think I’m already involved,” Harry pointed out. “If someone’s sending dementors after me, I want to know what else to expect!”

“You’re safe here — this place is unplottable, and under Fidelius. No one will get to you here,” Mrs Weasley assured him. “You just relax and enjoy the rest of your summer, dear.”

“Yeah, okay, I’ll relax here while someone might be sending another dementor after my aunt and uncle, or worse,” Harry snapped back, unable to help himself. “And what about when I get to school? I won’t be safe there!”

“That’s ridiculous; Hogwarts is the safest place in the world.”

“Cedric Diggory died last year!” Harry was up on his feet, hands slamming against the table. You could’ve heard a pin drop in the wake of his explosion. “Both of us were kidnapped by a Death Eater who had been *teaching us the entire year* without anyone noticing. The year before that, there were dementors crawling all over the castle. Before that, a massive basilisk! And before that, *literal Voldemort possessing a teacher*. Hogwarts has never been safe, and I want to know what’s going on. I’ve gone all summer without a scrap of information — not so much as a bloody quidditch score!”

“You had your Wireless,” Ron pointed out. Harry glared at him.

“You know damn well the Dursleys lock my trunk under the stairs the day they get me home from the station. I barely managed to smuggle my homework out — if they’d heard a radio in my room, I’d have been dead.” Once again, everyone winced at the reminder of his life with his muggle relatives. Harry couldn’t bring himself to feel remotely bad about bringing it up again.

“You don’t need to go looking for trouble,” Mrs Weasley tried to soothe. “You’ve got exams to focus on.”

“Surely it’s easier not to go looking for trouble if I know where the trouble is to begin with?” Harry pointed out. She didn’t seem to have an answer for that one, face reddening as she stuttered objections.

“The Order is for adults, Harry,” she said eventually, folding her arms over her chest.

“I think Harry’s close enough, after everything he’s been through,” Sirius retorted. “Why shouldn’t he be allowed to sit in? He deserves to know what Voldemort’s up to, especially when it involves him!”

“He’s just a boy!” Mrs Weasley argued, turning on Sirius now. “You’re supposed to have his best interests at heart, not be sending him off to war before he’s even taken his OWLs!”

“I’m not saying we start sending him out on missions, for Merlin’s sake!” Sirius exclaimed. “I just think he deserves to hear what’s going on!”

“If Harry gets to go to meetings, I want to go as well,” Ron demanded. Mrs Weasley whirled around to glare at him.