

“Come on, Nev,” he murmured, gently urging the boy into a standing position. He grabbed a banana off the table, slipping it into his pocket; Neville hadn’t been able to eat anything, but he would get too hungry to ignore it eventually.

Ginny looked like she was considering ditching her own classes to stick with Neville, but after a pointed look from Harry she gave the blond boy’s hand one last squeeze, then hurried to catch up with Colin.

It was somewhat novel for Harry, to hear the school full of whispers that weren’t necessarily about him. If it weren’t such an awful situation, he might have enjoyed it. As it was, there was nothing to enjoy about this. Voldemort had ten of his most loyal supporters back in his ranks.

Harry’s time was running out.