

From the look on Snape's face, he would still find murder more satisfying.

"I suppose with all these detentions you haven't had time to work on your studies from the summer?"

Harry scoffed. "I've barely had time to do my bloody homework. This first week back really has been ridiculous." Snape's lips twitched in amusement. Bastard. "I'm going to spend some time on my animagus form on Sunday, if I can. Wandless magic is getting a bit harder to practice in my dorm, now I'm up to the bigger spells. And, well, I can hardly work on my duelling by myself." Or the darker spells Snape had taught him for battle purposes.

"The Dark Lord is being remarkably... restrained, for now," Snape said. "With luck, this will allow you to take a little more time with your training. Get your classwork under control. Should things... escalate, we will adjust as needed."

Harry nodded, though part of him itched at having yet another part of his life he could do nothing but *wait* through. With the Triwizard Tournament the year before, it had felt like everything was moving so quickly. On the contrary, he could already tell fifth year was going to *drag*.

Snape didn't keep him long, healing up his hand and then watching as Harry cast a suitable glamour to mimic a scar. Afterwards, Harry made his way up to Gryffindor Tower, keen to see the results of the quidditch tryouts. The team was gathered by the fire, and Angelina approached him with a dark-haired third year girl Harry vaguely recognised. "Harry, meet our new keeper," she introduced proudly. "This is Vicky Frobisher."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said, shaking her hand. "Welcome to the team." He wondered which of the hopefuls she'd been, whether he'd seen her fly from Umbridge's office.

Her return smile was a little shy. "Thanks, I'm really excited to play with all of you!" She glanced at Angelina, then hurried off to a small cluster of other third years, who had goblets of butterbeer from Merlin only knew where.

It was then that Harry saw the storm cloud in the form of Ron Weasley, scowling at them from across the room. When he looked back at Angelina, her gaze was knowing. "He tried out," she said quietly. "He wasn't *bad* — I almost thought about giving him the position. Vicky's in a million different clubs and societies, I wasn't sure if she'd have enough time for the team too. But his attitude *really* isn't what this team needs, and Vicky flew better as well. I figured if I can deal with you in detention half the time, I can deal with her occasionally missing practice for Charms club," she added wryly.

"I appreciate the assumption that I'll get more detentions," Harry said, making her laugh.

"Prove me wrong, then," she challenged, sticking her tongue out. "I *am* sorry if it makes Ron even more pissed at you, though. He seems to think you and the twins *poisoned me against him* or some shit. As if I'd listen to any of your opinions," she joked.

The news wasn't surprising, but it still made Harry sigh. "He's pissed at me anyway, can't make it much worse." He was getting pretty good at avoiding Ron Weasley. "And I really am