

“Firenze, I think Dumbledore said.”

“He’s *gorgeous*,” Parvati piped up with a wet giggle, her sadness temporarily forgotten.

Harry remembered Firenze. The centaur had saved his life, back in his first year. The rest of his herd had not appreciated him doing so.

Did they appreciate him doing this? Agreeing to work for *humans*?

“Well, then. S’pose we’ll have to see how long before Umbridge finds a reason to kick him out, too,” he said, shrugging. “At least it sounds like Trelawney isn’t going anywhere, so you can still talk to her.” Though now she didn’t have to stay sober enough to teach, Harry wasn’t sure the Seer would be the best conversation partner. Still, it seemed to cheer up the girls.

Harry went up to the dorm to shower, unease brewing within him. Trelawney’s sacking wasn’t unexpected, but with her gone, that meant only one thing.

Hagrid would be next.