

Chapter 49

Once he was finally alone in the corridor, far from the Defence classroom, Harry allowed himself a quiet chuckle. The detention was frustrating, but he'd had worse, and he privately thought he'd handled that quite well. Sitting and accepting her Ministry propaganda hadn't even been an option, as far as he was concerned; but he hadn't said anything about fighting Voldemort, or made any outlandish claims — he'd just pointed out the facts, and the inconsistencies in her own logic.

Remus would be proud.

Ignoring Peeves juggling inkwells and singing about his sanity — or lack thereof — Harry strolled calmly up to the Transfiguration professor's office, knocking on the door. After a few moments, McGonagall opened it, and stared down at him in bewilderment. "Potter? Shouldn't you be in class?"

"I've been sent to see you," he informed her. Her eyebrows rose.

"*Sent?*"

Harry held up the pink roll of parchment by way of explanation. The Gryffindor housemistress' lips thinned. "Come in, then."

Taking the scroll, she unsealed it with a tap of her wand, absently gesturing Harry into the chair opposite her desk while she read. Eventually, she looked up at him, expression unreadable. "Is this true?"

"I wouldn't know, Professor; I don't know what it says."

"Is it true that you shouted at Professor Umbridge?"

"Well, I wouldn't say *shouted*," Harry said. "Raised my voice, perhaps." McGonagall didn't look impressed.

"You disrespected her, and the Minister?"

"I suppose."

"You called her a liar?"

"Not in so many words."

"You insisted that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named killed Mr Diggory last year?"

"I pointed out that if he *didn't*, the Triwizard Tournament — which Minister Fudge was responsible for — was at fault, and she was welcome to choose who to blame."