

Luna nodded. “Yes, sir. Professor Hagrid taught us about them. They’re very fast, aren’t they?” Her pale blue eyes blinked owlishly. Dumbledore’s lips pursed, but the rest of them were straight-faced and nodding in agreement, so he could not press further.

“Indeed. Well, then. It is fortunate they carried you safely.”

Madam Pomfrey healed a cut on Harry’s cheek, and tutted. “Nothing but scrapes and bruises, Potter. All six of you are lucky as sin, going up against full grown wizards like that.”

Harry grinned to himself, sharing a look with his friends; luck had nothing to do with it. Those full grown wizards were not nearly as capable as they had made out to be.

“Excellent.” Dumbledore clasped his hands together. “Then, if you please, Harry; come to my office, and we can discuss the events of tonight.”

Harry wasn’t going anywhere with him. “We can do that here, sir. I trust my friends. Shouldn’t they know what they risked their lives for?” He had to play this carefully, and he wished he had one of his guardians there to help him because his brain felt like scrambled egg. “Voldemort wanted me to get a Prophecy, but it smashed in the fight.”

Dumbledore’s eyes darted quickly to the other students, but none of them reacted. Then, he sighed. “It smashed? You are certain?”

Harry nodded. “He was really angry when he found out. I suppose it was important. But it’s gone, now.” He put the appropriate amount of regret in his voice, wondering what the headmaster would say next. Wondering if he would admit that he knew the full words of the Prophecy.

He did not. “Indeed, it is,” Dumbledore sighed. “A shame. But do not fear, Harry; prophecies usually have a way of being fulfilled even when no one has heard them.”

Anger bubbled within Harry — yes, prophecies did get fulfilled, especially when meddling old goats were pulling strings without anyone noticing, cursing babies to use them as weapons when they grew.

“Tell me, my boy. What urged you to go to the Ministry tonight? You knew your godfather was in no danger.”

“Voldemort was going to take the Ministry,” Harry retorted. “The Order was busy. I wasn’t going to sit aside and let that happen. Which turned out to be the correct choice, considering how long we were there before the Order joined. Before *you* showed up.” Late as always, but just in time to take the most glorious part of the fight, and control the narrative of the outcome.

“I apologise that you felt there was no other option,” Dumbledore sighed. “I knew things would get difficult once I was no longer in the school. But throwing yourself into danger is never the answer, Harry.”