

*What is the nature of this connection Mr Potter seems to possess? Could it be dangerous? This reporter is unqualified to make such speculations, and the Unspeakables were unavailable for comment on the matter.'*

By the time he finished reading, the dishes were rattling on the table.

“Control it, Potter,” Snape droned, sounding almost bored. Harry took a deep breath, pushing his magic back down.

“Surely there’s something in there we can sue him for,” Harry growled, glaring down at the paper.

“If there is, I’m sure Mrs Frobisher will find it,” Remus assured. “But Albus has been playing this game for longer than any of us have been alive, cub; he knows how to say just enough to get people to fill in the blanks, while keeping it vague enough to avoid legal problems. And it’s not like you can hide the visions you’ve had, not after having one in the middle of an exam.”

“I’m sure half the auror department have put the pieces together, considering Amelia and Kingsley always have the earliest warnings on raids and you’re known to be friendly with them both,” Sirius added.

Harry’s scowl deepened — he couldn’t even go on record with the truth about the connection, not without giving up the secret of horcruxes. Dumbledore knew *exactly* what the connection was, but instead of declining to comment he was dropping infuriating little hints — giving support to these vague ‘*witness claims*’ of him having visions.

“Does he really think I’m being possessed, or is he just trying to make my life difficult?” His question was directed at Snape, who frowned.

“He knows you’re not possessed, in the traditional use of the word. However, I do think he truly believes you have been... changed, by the presence of the Dark Lord’s soul in your body, especially now the Dark Lord himself is active once more. He does not think you could have shed the compulsions and magical blocks so fully by yourself — and he thinks you too foolish to have discovered them and had them removed elsewhere. His reasoning is that the Dark Lord’s soul is influencing you to become more powerful and lean towards the Dark — and away from the headmaster and his *influence*.” The Slytherin snorted derisively. “He is too arrogant to consider you might have developed a mind of your own at some point in the last three years. So, naturally, the only explanation is the mind of another leading you astray.”

A sound of disgust worked its way out of Harry’s throat. “I hate him,” he muttered, and several people hummed in agreement.

“We’ll get him, pup,” Sirius assured. “Write back to your lawyer, tell her Tuesday’s perfect.”

Harry hoped they could get enough evidence to *destroy* Albus Dumbledore.

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