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Harry had thought it over, and talked with Salazar, and he was fairly sure he had a plan. Or at the very least, the beginnings of one. And his plan involved one Severus Snape.

He was unsurprised when the castle directed him down to the dungeons in search of the man — Snape was brewing, and Harry hesitated at the threshold.

“What is it, Potter? Do cease your hovering.” The harsh tone made Harry hide a smile.

“May I come in, sir?”

“If you must.” The pair of them looked disgruntled at being in each others’ presence, right up until the door was locked and warded. “What’s the matter?”

“I know how to get Voldemort here when we need him,” Harry blurted. Snape froze over his cauldron. “I— I need your help, though.”

The man’s lips thinned, and he Vanished the contents of his cauldron. Harry hoped it wasn’t anything important. “Talk.”

Harry perched on the edge of the empty workbench, meeting Snape’s gaze. “Everyone knows by now that Dumbledore did *something* to my family magics, right?” he began. “The rumours got a bit warped, but it’s common knowledge that he fiddled around with it.”

Snape blanched briefly. “Please don’t ever use the word ‘fiddled’ when discussing the headmaster’s actions, especially towards you,” he requested evenly, and Harry made a face.

“Ew, gross. *Anyway*, no one really knows the specifics. And we know now that Voldemort is pissed the Hogwarts wards held him out. So I thought, if you go to him and tell him that I’m trying to postpone the war until after I’m seventeen — tell him that whatever Dumbledore did to my magic means it’s going to make my maturation difficult. Make me weaker. Tell him I’ve been keeping it secret til now but I finally let it slip, and I need everything to hold off until I can regain my strength.” Harry smirked, eyes flashing at the look of intrigue slowly crossing Snape’s features. “I’d bet my Firebolt he’ll show up at the gates bang on time, thinking I’m ripe for the killing.”

The Slytherin frowned, brows furrowed in thought. “It’s risky,” he said slowly. “He may show up early. And, for all we know, Albus’ rituals *will* make your maturation difficult.”

“The goblins said I’m fine,” Harry dismissed easily, waving a hand. “And if he shows up early, we hold him off until it’s time.”

“Can Miss Abbott handle that?” Snape asked.

“She says she can.” Harry had talked to Hannah before coming to Snape. She was able to sit up, now, but still couldn’t leave her hospital bed. “If an elf moves her bed to the Wardstone, she can do it. There’s nothing wrong with her magic.” Just her spine, dissolving itself over and over again as the dark magic embedded itself in her body, fighting against their attempts to remove it.