

“This is awful!” Angelina moaned, head in her hands.

“We’ll be fine, Angie. She won’t find our practice room,” Harry assured, surprised she was so wound up about the defence club. She looked up, gaze furious.

“I don’t care about that! *Quidditch*, Harry! The notice said all *teams* needed permission.”

Harry’s jaw dropped. “What? But— that’s ridiculous! She can’t ban us from quidditch!”

“She can, and she will, so don’t you *dare* do anything else to upset her, alright? No more detentions.” The look in her eye was every bit as ferocious as Oliver Wood had been in his captaincy, and Harry nodded quickly.

“Yes, captain,” he said obediently.

“Good boy.” Then she was off, no doubt hunting down Fred and George to warn them of the same; they’d pulled a few pranks on Umbridge, and Harry knew they’d earned a detention each for it — he’d taught them the spells to heal their hands.

First the house tables, now the clubs; Harry wasn’t beginning to wonder if Dumbledore and the Ministry had more in common than any of them thought.

.-.-.

History of Magic went by Umbridge-free, which Harry was actually quite disappointed by. It would have been amusing, watching Umbridge try and interrogate the ghost professor, while Binns blithely continued lecturing, entirely unaware what year it was or that he was even deceased. Truthfully, if there was one professor he’d support Umbridge getting rid of, it was that one.

Things got interesting in Potions, though. When the Gryffindor contingent arrived at the classroom, Draco was outside, bragging about how easily the Slytherin team was given permission to continue playing. Several loud remarks about whether the Gryffindors would be so lucky made it easy for Harry to bare his teeth and snarl, continuing their public vendetta.

It was good that there were so many other things going on this year, or someone might have noticed that Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy really weren’t trying as hard to fight each other as they usually did.

Snape interrupted their posturing, docking Gryffindor points and urging them all into the classroom. He looked extra surly, and Harry realised why as soon as he sat at his bench.

Umbridge was in the corner, perched on a stool, ever-present clipboard balanced on her knees.

“Oh, blimey,” Neville yelped under his breath.

“Why is she always in our classes? Doesn’t she have her own to teach?” Harry remarked in a whisper. He’d only heard of two other occasions Umbridge had inspected a class that was not