

“Yeah. I’ve seen you fly at the Burrow when you think everyone else is in bed. You’re really good.” Harry’s insomnia in the summers often had him sat at the window in Ron’s room, watching the youngest Weasley sneak her brothers’ brooms from the shed.

Ginny blushed, but Angelina was on her like a shot. “Would you? Can you come try out after dinner tonight? We already know you fit with the rest of the team — usually the problem we have is people not being able to handle your brothers.” The Weasley twins looked mildly offended, and Ginny laughed.

“I— I don’t have a broom.” She deflated, and so did Angelina. School brooms were okay, but Ravenclaw’s chasers had the latest model Cleansweep.

“You can borrow mine.” The slightly stilted call came from further up the table, and more than one person turned to gape incredulously at Ron Weasley. The boy flushed, ears going pink. “I’ve not really been using it and all. It’s only for the rest of the year.” Then, his face hardened. “Gryffindor shouldn’t have to lose just because *he* keeps pissing off Umbridge.”

He didn’t look Harry in the eye, but the message went unspoken; he might hate Harry right now, but even he couldn’t argue that Voldemort was back, and Harry had done the right thing in sharing that.

“Really?” Ginny looked hopeful, and when Ron nodded again, she dashed down the table to give him a tight hug. “Thank you. I’m sorry I called you a prick.”

Ron blinked. “Wait, when did you call me a prick?”

Ginny grimaced briefly. “Don’t worry about it.” She quickly turned back to Angelina. “Tonight, then? Let’s say six thirty?”

Angelina nodded, and Harry’s shoulders slumped in relief. That was one crisis averted, at least.

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By the end of first period, there were huge signs all over the school declaring that by order of the High Inquisitor, the *Quibbler* was banned from Hogwarts.

Naturally, that meant that *everyone* had read it by dinnertime. Harry couldn’t help but grin to himself as he listened to people quote the article all through the hall, and watched Umbridge’s eyes get so bugged with fury he thought they might pop right out of her skull.

A couple of chairs down, Dumbledore was watching the whole scene, and Harry noticed the man’s twinkling eyes were conspicuously dimmed. The headmaster didn’t seem to know whether to be pleased that the Ministry had been thwarted, or pissed at Harry for making such a bold move, revealing exactly what happened in the graveyard so Dumbledore couldn’t warp or sanitise the story for his own gains.

He wondered sometimes if he was perhaps baiting the headmaster a little too much, but then he decided he didn’t really care — all the better, even, if the slow build of annoyance resulted