

It seemed to be a unanimous agreement that Umbridge's classes were going to be awful. Harry grimaced — at least with double Potions he'd have a chance to relax.

He paused, running that thought back through his head.

Oh, how things had changed.

"Fred! George!" The screech made Harry wince, and the twins whipped around to see a furious Hermione storming over, a poster in hand. Harry recognised it as one of the advertisements for product testers the twins had shown him before leaving Grimmauld, planning on putting up in all the common rooms. "I should put you both in detention for this! You can't advertise for testers in the common room!"

"Please, O' Wise Prefect, point us to the exact section of the school rules that says we can't," Fred asked, grinning. Hermione's eyes narrowed.

"You shouldn't need to *see* the rules, it should be common sense!"

"There's a warning about the risks," Ginny pointed out mildly from the opposite side of the table. "As long as everyone consents, they're fine."

The twins shared a smirk as Hermione's anger grew, her nostrils flaring. "That can't be within the rules," she hissed. "Back me up, Ron!"

"Leave me out of this!" Ron yelled, already sat at the table further up and piling his plate high with breakfast foods. Hermione glared at him, then turned back to Fred and George.

"If I catch you two giving *anyone* one of your untested *disasters*, you'll regret it," she warned them, then stalked off to go and sit with Ron. Harry looked over at the two sixth year prefects, who were sat with a bunch of first years and helping them figure out their schedules.

"She does realise that there are *other* prefects in Gryffindor, right? And that one of them is your roommate?" he asked, frowning in confusion. "It's not all down to her."

"Kenny doesn't care what we do as long as we don't test it on him," George agreed cheerfully. "Don't worry, Little Miss Rulebook will learn eventually. She won't be able to keep an eye on everyone and still revise for her OWLs — especially not the way she studies."

"And with Ron as her prefect partner," Fred added, rolling his eyes.

"Well, on that *shining* note, we're gonna see if we can sell a few things before Herbology," George said, patting his satchel with a conspiratorial wink. "Good luck with your Hell Monday, chaps." He used a spell to ruffle Ginny's hair with a grin, and then the two of them were off. Neville snickered as Ginny tried to re-do her hair, then looked down at his schedule in dismay.

"It really is awful," he sighed. Harry shrugged.

"Could be worse," he mused, though he wasn't sure exactly how.