

Just past the jar was a shelf entirely full of tiny hourglasses. *Timeturners*, Harry realised, recognising the devices from his third year. Some were bigger than others, but all of them would fit neatly in the palm of Harry's hand. Or on a necklace chain.

What sort of time-based magic was within this room? What did Unspeakables even *do* down here? The questions were endless, but there was no time to answer them.

"We need to keep going," Harry said softly. It felt like the kind of room you had to whisper in.

His words startled his friends out of their reverie watching the hummingbird, and while they looked reluctant, they followed Harry to the door.

It was definitely the right room. Shelves towered far above their heads, all full of identical dusty glass orbs, with more blue-flame candles lighting the way. Stepping into the room made a shiver crawl down his spine after the light and warmth of the time room, and they all huddled closer together.

"Where to now, Harry?" Ginny asked. Harry peered at the silver numbers on the end of the nearest row.

"Row ninety-seven." They all pulled their wands out and started walking, grouped tightly together.

This was where the plan would begin. This was the part Harry had worried about.

They reached row ninety-seven, and paused, peering into the darkness. "He's down the end," Harry said, pitching his voice a little louder than before. "He's here, I know it."

He led the way down the row, finding it entirely empty, as expected. "He's got to be here somewhere!"

"No one's here, Harry," Ginny said gently, placing a hand on his arm. Harry tore his gaze away — looking instead at the shelves of orbs, reading the names on the little labels. Most of them were dim and dull inside, but a few still glowed with a faint light. He scanned the labels, looking further down the aisle. It had to be easy to find, or Voldemort wouldn't have sent him down here.

"Harry, come here," Daphne said urgently. Harry whipped around; she was pointing at an orb on an eye-level shelf, and when he met her gaze she gave a short nod. "This one's got your name on it."

"What?" he feigned bewilderment, heading to take a look. Sure enough, the little label read;

*S. P. T. to A. P. W. B. D*

*Dark Lord*

*and (?)Harry Potter*