

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Few hours later than usual, but it's still Friday! I have been having A Week so I hope you all enjoy this~

When Harry walked into the Defence classroom to see Snape stood at the front, he knew it was going to be a bad day.

When Snape had them open their books to the page on dementors, he realised just *how* bad it was going to be.

Almost everyone in the classroom turned to look at him when Snape introduced the topic. He could hear several of the Slytherins sniggering in the back, including Malfoy. Pointedly ignoring them, he looked down at his textbook, reading the introduction.

Dementors feed off positive emotion, sucking away any happy thoughts or feelings and leaving a person with only their worst memories remaining. Many are driven mad by prolonged exposure to a dementor. Some people can have particularly adverse reactions to a dementor — those with strong negative memories are more sensitive to a dementor's aura.

Harry thought about the sound of a woman screaming, his stomach churning. *Strong negative memories.* That definitely counted.

Much to his surprise, Snape's lesson was actually somewhat informative. When he wasn't busy insulting them, or making thinly veiled comments about Harry's fainting spell.

After dinner, Harry went up to Professor Lupin's office, hoping to catch the man for a talk if he was feeling any better. The office was empty, and Harry sighed. Another time, then.

On his way back down to the dungeon, he walked past a pair of Slytherins in his own year. Ducking his head, he planned to just head straight past them, not in the mood for a fight. His plan was ruined when one of them stepped in front of him. He eyed Blaise Zabini warily, keeping his hand ready to flick his wand from its holster.

Zabini faced him, palms open, and slowly bowed his head. "Well met, Heir Potter."

Harry couldn't believe it. The other Slytherin, Daphne Greengrass, was doing the same thing. He blinked at them in astonishment, but returned the greeting to each in turn. When Greengrass straightened up, there was a coy smile on her face. "Maybe you're not so bad, Potter. For a Gryffindor."