

Instead, he leaned against the back of the sofa, folding his arms and waiting for Snape to choose his three books.

He got the feeling the next visit was going to be a very, very long one.

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The Gryffindor versus Hufflepuff quidditch match was a surprisingly difficult match for the Gryffindor team, but thanks to Vicky Frobisher's keen defence of the goal, and Harry's speedy capture of the snitch, they managed to pull out another victory. The day ended in another celebration in Gryffindor Tower, and Harry went to sleep with a smile on his face.

The next morning started out great, too. But it didn't stay that way for long.

He was in good spirits at breakfast, until the post owls came in and a veritable storm of feathers swooped in Harry's direction. Some just dropped their letters on his head — or in his eggs — and went about their morning, but others landed on the table, hooting demandingly at him until he relieved them of their burden.

"What's this all about?" Ginny asked, bewildered, as a particularly round owl made itself at home on her plate, pecking at her bacon. "Oi, get off!"

"No idea," Harry replied — and then one owl caught his eye. It held a brown paper wrapped package, approximately the size and shape of a magazine.

He looked up at the Ravenclaw table, and Luna smiled serenely back at him. "Never mind. Figured it out." Harry reached for the package, tearing off the brown paper to reveal the front cover of the *Quibbler*. '*Harry Potter Speaks Out At Last*', it declared, right above a picture of his own face.

"It came out yesterday," Luna told him, having made her way over. "I asked Daddy to send you a copy. I'd imagine these are letters from readers."

His excessive postal delivery had gained the attention of half the Gryffindor table, and a few more people besides. "Well, then," he said, rolling up his sleeves. "Everyone grab an owl. Let's see what we're looking at."

It was something of a free-for-all after that, all of Harry's friends reaching out to pluck owls from the chaos, relieving them of their letters and ripping open envelopes. Remembering Hermione's incident with bubotuber pus the year before, Harry watched them all warily.

"This bloke thinks you've cracked," George volunteered, waving the letter in his left hand. "But this one says he believes you," he said of the letter in his right.

"You've got this woman convinced, Harry," Neville added happily, passing Harry the letter he'd grabbed.

"This one, too!"