

The students were mixed again at the house tables, and Harry saw a small cluster of HA members at the end of the Hufflepuff table, so he joined them. His gaze flicked to the Slytherin table as he passed; Draco was there, looking exactly as stoic as Harry anticipated, with Theo and Pansy and Millie there to keep the busybodies away.

“Susan’s in the Hospital Wing, but she’s fine,” he said by way of greeting as he sat, directing his words to Hannah and Ernie. “She said to tell you to come visit as soon as you can. She should be getting released soon.”

The Hufflepuffs beamed in relief. “Brilliant. Thank you,” Hannah breathed. “I— you’d best take a look at this.” She handed over a copy of the morning’s *Prophet*, and trepidation rose like bile in Harry’s throat.

The headline was as expected; *You-Know-Who alive, attacks Ministry*. Some brave soul had managed to get a picture of Voldemort himself right as he grabbed Bellatrix to flee, and that took up most of the front page. Harry could see himself in the corner of the picture, battle-worn and scowling.

He skimmed the article, lips pursing. It wasn’t as bad as anticipated. Dumbledore had clearly gotten hold of the story, explaining how he had gotten wind of the attack and brought some ‘concerned fellow citizens’ to help, but somehow Harry and his friends had managed to sneak in and take on the Death Eaters themselves. He made it sound like the students had been struggling until the Order showed up, and Harry glared at that particular section of the article.

Further down, Amelia Bones was quoted, crediting Harry for raising the alarm at the Ministry through use of his Patronus message to her. What followed was a long, wheedling section that was ultimately a lot of arse-kissing from the *Prophet*, who were tripping over themselves to go back on everything they’d said about Harry being a liar and a lunatic.

At the end of the article there was mention that ‘a handful’ of Death Eaters had been captured but names would not be released until they had been questioned and processed. And there, practically a footnote; *Lord Lucius Malfoy is known to have perished in the attack*.

As if he had just stumbled across the Death Eaters and been hit by a stray spell.

Harry swallowed back a wave of disgust; of *course*, even now, there were so many people who had been paid off by Lucius Malfoy that they were not willing to so plainly accuse him. But word would get out, regardless.

By the sounds of the whispers in the hall, it already had.

“Monday’s classes have been cancelled,” Anthony informed him. “While the teachers put the school to rights over the weekend.”

“What happened to Umbridge?” Harry asked curiously. The group around him shared smug grins.

“She’s in the Hospital Wing,” Parvati supplied. “But I think the aurors will be coming for her, soon. There’s already been about thirty howlers from parents of kids who sent letters out last