

cover had a drawing of some sort of bizarre horned creature, but in bold letters it also had the words *‘Exclusive article from Harry Potter, Page 7’*

Harry flicked to page 7, forgetting to breathe as he scanned the article.

‘Harry Potter: The Heart of the Matter

Since I was a baby, I’ve been in the public eye. Most of that attention has come from an event I barely even remember. But it has brought me fame, and unfortunately there’s nothing I can do about that now. The older I get, the more people want to know about my life — and the more people decide to make up their own facts when I refuse to give them what they want.

Being a teenager is difficult enough without reporters watching your every move. You were all teenagers once, I assume; you remember how it is. It’s hard to figure yourself out, and even harder when you feel like you can’t even breathe without making the front page. But as I grow older, something has become inordinately clear to me, and it feels disingenuous to keep that a secret when so many people seem to care about my love life. I don’t know why; I promise you, it’s not that interesting.

I’m gay.

I’m not dating Hermione Granger, or Ginny Weasley, or any other girl the rumour mill has seen fit to link me with. I’m not dating any girls, and I won’t be, ever. I understand that it’s the default to assume that boys will date girls, but let’s be honest; I’ve never gone with the default option.

I know a lot of people will think I’m confused, or I’m doing it for attention, but they couldn’t be further from the truth. I’m doing this so that people will leave me alone. So they’ll realise that I’m just another fourteen year-old boy, who happens to like other boys, and get on with their lives. I won’t have this information used against me or anyone I care about, and one day, when I’m ready to tell the world that I care very deeply about someone, I don’t want it to be a surprise when that someone is male.

It shouldn’t be a big deal. Love is the strongest magic in the world, and it shouldn’t matter who it’s between.

I would love for there to be no articles about me in the paper, or magazines, but that doesn’t seem to be possible. So I thought I’d give this one straight from the source, so that at least somewhere is printing the truth. Whether you like it or not is none of my concern.’

Harry couldn’t help but grin as he finished reading; it was exactly how he’d written it. Ginny beamed at him, reading over George’s shoulder. “It’s perfect, Harry,” she assured quietly. Neville hummed in agreement on Harry’s other side.

“I’m proud of you, kid,” George murmured, dropping a kiss to Harry’s temple.

Not many people in the school had subscriptions to the *Quibbler*, but that didn’t matter; it only took a few copies to float around before word began to spread. Harry’s copy made it halfway up the Gryffindor table before it was nicked by Susan, who gave him a thumbs up