

Chapter 51

Despite his wish for a restful weekend, Harry naturally woke at the usual time on Saturday morning. While it was tempting to roll over and go back to sleep, he didn't want to risk oversleeping and being groggy the rest of the day.

He promised himself an afternoon nap, and dressed quietly so as not to disturb his still-sleeping dorm-mates. Grabbing his writing supplies, he headed down to the common room. It was nice, being around while everything was still quiet and calm. The first week back had been so hectic, he'd almost forgotten what a peaceful Hogwarts felt like.

He settled himself in his favourite armchair by the fire, set out his parchment and ink, and began to write.

Dear Bill and Charlie,

Hope you don't mind me writing to both of you together. Just thought I'd check in, see how things are going back where you are. Hope all is well at Gringotts/the dragon reserve!

OWL year has started off with a ridiculous amount of homework, and I hate you both for insisting it wouldn't be that bad. Of course, it would have been more manageable if the new DADA professor (Umbridge, if you haven't heard already) didn't put me in detention til midnight every night this week. It's a new record for me, getting so many detentions this early in the term! All I did was question the logic in the Ministry refusing to let us use spells in DADA class, when we'll need them to pass exams. I'm innocent, I tell you!

Anyway, I'm all done with that, so hopefully it'll be a while before she finds a reason to give me more. She will find one eventually, though — as I'm sure you're aware, the Ministry isn't thrilled that I'm warning everyone about Voldemort, because it means people might actually expect them to do something about it, instead of just pretending it's all fine.

If either of you have any tips for surviving the homework situation, I'm all ears. All the rest of my extra-curriculars are going fine — we have a new keeper, so quidditch practice starts back up today — but I'm still busier than I expected to be. It's going to be a long year!

Give everyone my love,

Harry

That was vague enough that it wouldn't look suspicious, should someone like Mrs Weasley accidentally come across it. Not that he didn't trust the older Weasley boys, but he knew how nosy certain people in the Order could be.

His next letter took a little longer to compose, though it was shorter.

Dear Fleur,