

There wasn't anyone else outside of the castle that he could think to write to — he'd speak to Sirius when Snape got the mirror back to him, and possibly Remus, too. Although Tonks had made him promise to write...

Quickly, he scrawled out a short note to her, asking how things were going and only complaining a little bit about Umbridge. He wasn't sure what else to say; there was a lot she didn't know, and a lot he wasn't sure he could trust her with. But she was family, of a sort, and Harry was happy to work on getting to know her.

With four letters sealed and ready to send, Harry left the common room and set off towards the Owlery. Hedwig was waiting for him, and he stroked her head softly, affixing the letters for the Weasley brothers and Tonks — they were likely to be delivered at the same place. She took off, and Harry quickly used a couple of school owls for the letters to Fleur and Viktor, choosing a stout-looking eagle owl for the trip all the way to Bulgaria.

Just as he carried it to the window, the Owlery door opened. It was Cho, who halted in surprise. "Oh. I didn't think anyone else would be up here this early."

"I wanted to get it out of the way," Harry said with a shrug. Cho had a parcel in her hands, and Harry helped her secure it to the leg of a large brown owl.

"It's my mum's birthday," she said by way of explanation, then blushed. "I should've sent it yesterday, actually, but I forgot until about five minutes ago. It's been a bit of a week." Harry hummed in sympathy. "Ooh, yeah, not as bad as yours, though," she agreed ruefully. "Are you all done with detentions now?"

"For now," Harry confirmed. Cho's lips twisted in a scowl.

"She's foul," she muttered. "The way she talks about... about what happened. The things she says about you, and Cedric, and Dumbledore. I hate her."

"Try not to let her get to you."

Cho snorted. "Bit rich, coming from you." Harry ran a hand through his hair, not denying it.

"Rather me than anyone else."

For some reason, that made Cho's dark eyes soften sadly. Before she could say anything, the door slammed open abruptly.

"Aha!" Filch crowed in delight, pointing one gnarled finger at Harry. "There you are. I've had a tip-off that you're planning to place a massive order for dungbombs."

Harry shared a bewildered look with Cho. "Says who?"

"I have my sources," Filch scowled. "Whatever you're sending, hand it over."

"Can't. I sent it already."