

“What! You can’t take my broom!” Harry protested. “This isn’t fair — that’s punishing the whole team!”

“You should have thought of that before you decided to spread this *filth*, Mr Potter.” She looked very pleased with herself, indeed. “You have such little care for yourself, perhaps seeing that others are affected by your bad behaviour will make you change your mind. And I’ll be keeping this,” she added, tucking the *Quibbler* under her arm. She stalked up to the head table, uncaring of the outrage she left in her wake.

Harry looked at McGonagall, who was white-faced, lips pressed tightly together, utterly outraged.

“Professor, surely she can’t do that!” Angelina said, aghast. McGonagall turned to her, and nodded sharply.

“I’m afraid she can, Miss Johnson,” she admitted reluctantly. “Mr Potter, I would like to remind you of the discussion we had at the beginning of the year.”

“We’ll be ruined,” Angelina murmured, collapsing on the bench, Fred’s hand on her shoulder. “No seeker, against Ravenclaw! With the points so tight!”

Harry tore his guilty gaze away from her, and met his housemistress’ eyes. “I’m sorry it came to this, Professor.” He wouldn’t apologise for writing the article. From the look on her face, she didn’t want him to.

She knew that some things mattered more than quidditch. As much as this would be a blow to the team.

Harry turned back to Angelina, grimacing. “I’m sorry,” he said. “If I’d known, I—” He trailed off. It wouldn’t have stopped him, but he might not have been quite so smug about it.

Angelina bit her lip, taking a deep breath. “You can make it up to me by helping me find a new seeker in time for the match against Ravenclaw. We could do try-outs, of course, but it would take time, and who’s going to want to play for just one match?”

“She said I’m banned for life,” Harry pointed out, absently wondering if that would cause any issues with his future professional career. Surely she couldn’t ban him from the league?

“You’re banned as long as she’s here,” Angelina dismissed instantly. “Fuck, I knew we should’ve trained a reserve team this year.”

It was a testament to how much the Transfiguration professor cared about quidditch that she didn’t reprimand Angelina’s language.

Harry looked down the table, at the piles of letters all addressed to him, the people gathered to help go through them. His eyes landed on a head of long, fiery hair.

“How about Ginny?” he suggested, making the girl startle and look up at him.

“Me?”