Dumbledore's plans, and Voldemort's, and how much they knew about Harry. From the sounds of things, both were quietly trying to gather their armies in preparation for what was to come — to both of them, Harry was practically an afterthought, just a pawn to shift into the right place when the time came.

As long as they both believed that, Harry could do some army-gathering of his own.

He looked appropriately downtrodden as he made his way to his dormitory, cementing the idea for any onlookers that he'd just had a private Potions lesson with Snape and hated every second of it. He had another on Wednesday — as if there weren't enough things filling his evenings, these days.

But they were all necessary, and he wouldn't turn down the opportunity to learn from Snape right under the headmaster's nose. So with that in mind, Harry readied himself for bed, already thinking about when the next HA meeting could be squeezed in.

Just as he was about to pull back his duvet, Harry was hit by a wave of pain in his scar — followed by an overwhelming feeling of pure *happiness*. Triumph filled his chest, a maniacal laugh ringing in his ears. Something truly excellent had happened!

"HARRY!" He heard the call through the fuzz of pain and joy, felt a sharp prod of magic like an electric shock running through him. The laughter cut off abruptly, making him realise it was coming from his own throat. He pushed past the fire in his scar to open his eyes, seeing Neville watching him in concern. Luckily, none of the other boys in the dormitory were present. His friend's eyes were intent, and as Harry sucked in a sharp breath, a cold fear flooded his veins.

"He's happy," he rasped, watching the horror dawn on Neville's features. "He's *so* happy."

"What happened?" Neville pressed, but Harry shook his head.

"No idea." His scar was still prickling, and he ran a hand through his hair, grimacing. Something had happened, something Voldemort was very pleased about. That was an incredibly worrying prospect. "I need to talk to Sirius."

"Won't a letter take too long?" Of course, Neville didn't know about the two-way mirror. Well, that was one secret he was happy to share with his friend.

"Don't need to write." Harry scrambled for his bedside drawer, pulling out the hand mirror. When he sat on his bed, he wasn't surprised when Neville immediately joined him. Worried about the other boys intruding, Harry drew his drapes with a flick of his wand and raised a silencing ward. "Sirius Black."

The mirror went fuzzy for a second, and then Sirius' face materialised in the glass. He looked grim. "Pup. Now's not the best time."

"Something has happened," Harry said urgently. "I just got this massive hit of… happiness. Something has happened that Voldemort is really pleased about. You need to be careful—" He stopped abruptly when Sirius' frown became more pronounced.