

“I love you, too. Don’t do anything stupid.” Draco’s sharp glare cut off any cheeky retort he might have given. “And... if my father is there... hex him for me, will you?”

Harry snorted. “Will do.” One last kiss, and he was ready. He looked back at his friends, and they were ready, too.

“Be safe, all of you,” Blaise said, dark eyes pausing on Daphne.

“You, too.” Harry wasn’t so naive to think the castle wouldn’t be a dangerous place, once Umbridge got wind of what was happening. “Right, then. Let’s go.”

The six of them — Harry, Neville, Ginny, Luna, Daphne and Susan — hurried out of the Room and down the corridor.

“How are we getting to London?” Susan asked, and Harry grimaced.

“Hadn’t exactly figured that one out, yet.” He ducked into a side passage, waiting until everyone was in with him, then; “Dobby.” The elf appeared instantly, green eyes as wide as always.

“How can Dobby help Harry Potter sir?”

“Dobby, I don’t suppose you can take me and my friends to London, can you?” he asked hopefully. Dobby tugged at his ears, face falling.

“Elves is not able to remove students from within school wards. Dobby is sorry.” He looked truly devastated, and Harry put out a placating hand before the elf could punish himself.

“No, no, it’s okay! It was a long shot. I suppose even Ceri couldn’t either? It’s not limited to just school elves?” Again, Dobby shook his head. “Damn.” Then he paused. “What if we were already outside the school wards? Say, in Hogsmeade? Could you travel with us then?”

Dobby frowned thoughtfully. “Dobby supposes... it is not in the school rules. And there is no magic to stop it.”

Harry grinned, looking up at his friends. “Sounds like that’s the way to do it, then.” Even if Dobby couldn’t through his bonds as a Hogwarts house elf, Ceri absolutely could if Harry called her from outside the school wards.

“But how are we going to get to Hogsmeade? Umbridge has people crawling all over the school, we’ll never get past the gates.” Daphne looked skeptical, and Harry’s grin widened.

“Oh, that’s not as difficult as you’d expect.” He looked at his watch; it was now an hour and a half since he’d had the vision in the exam. Voldemort would likely be expecting him to travel by broom or something equally reckless; he’d said they had *hours* before anyone came to find Sirius. “Before we go anywhere, though, we need a plan.”

He might be sneaking out of school with his friends to go fight Death Eaters at the Ministry of Magic, but he wasn’t going to be quite so reckless as to do so without even a vague idea of what to do when they got there.