

That seemed to shock a number of people. “Snap someone else’s wand?” Parvati asked, horrified. Harry nodded.

“Not necessarily every time. But if they’re shooting Unforgivables, you don’t want to risk them getting their wand back and continuing the fight. Wands can be replaced, lives can’t.” His expression was grim, but he saw several hard-eyed nods of understanding at his words. He would bet at least half the people in the room had lost a family member in the first war against Voldemort.

If his training could save even *one* life, Harry would consider himself successful.

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That evening, still riding high on the exhilaration of a successful first lesson, Harry got comfortable in his bed and called Sirius on the mirror.

“There’s my little freedom fighter,” his godfather greeted, grinning. “How’d it go?”

Harry gushed about the meeting, proudly declaring that by the end of the first session, every single one of them was able to disarm their opponent competently. “If they practice, they’ll all be great,” he enthused. “I’m going to do Shield charms next week, so they can take turns disarming and blocking. Might add in a Stinging hex to mix it up a bit.” He was well aware that most people had signed up to the club to learn spells for their exams, not to fight a war. He wanted to keep a good mix between real-life necessities and curriculum spells.

“Sounds great, pup. And how did they take the rest of it?” Sirius’ brow furrowed in concern, and Harry’s smile faltered.

Telling the huge group of people about the events of the graveyard had been... hard. “I think they believed me.” It was hard to tell, when most of them had just seemed too shocked and horrified to really respond. “I gave them something to think about, at any rate. And I gave them closure for Cedric. I hope.”

“You did the right thing, kiddo,” Sirius assured. Harry leaned back against his headboard, sighing.

“I hope so.” He didn’t want to seem like he was sensationalising Cedric’s death for credibility points. He just wanted people to know the truth. “Anyway, tell me about what you’ve been up to. How are things with the Order?”

Sirius scowled briefly. “Useless as always. Dumbledore’s got everyone taking shifts guarding the Department of Mysteries. And of course, whenever he’s here he takes great care to remind me that the best thing I can do is *stay in the house*.”

“Has he seemed suspicious to you? Of anything?” Harry was still worried about how little attention Dumbledore seemed to be paying to him these days. Was the headmaster truly just focused so much on Voldemort, or was there something bigger at play?