

excuse the heirlooms. That didn't excuse the withdrawals during the school year, when the Dursleys didn't even have Harry.

He'd expected this, but he felt sick. Dumbledore had been stealing from him since he was a baby, when he was supposed to be the man responsible for Harry's safety and welfare. And Mrs Weasley...

He refused to believe it was how it looked on paper. There had to be some other explanation. His school supplies maybe cost more than he expected, or something. Surely she wouldn't steal from Harry. Surely she knew that if she needed it, Harry would happily share whatever he owned with her family?

Harry wrote a quick reply, asking Gorrak to keep the transaction list in the same place he was keeping the magical signature, but otherwise do nothing; if he started reclaiming things from Dumbledore now, it would give the game away. He was furious at the thought of his family's belongings in the claws of that manipulative old man, but there was nothing he could do about it now. The new security measures would stop Dumbledore from taking any more, at least.

As for the other issue, Harry couldn't bring himself to do anything about it yet. Thinking about Mrs Weasley being on Dumbledore's side made him feel anxious and itchy. If she was working for him, how many of her children were? Was Mr Weasley? Could he trust *any* of them?

He could trust the twins, he told himself. They'd known about him looking into his heritage for a whole year and hadn't said anything to anyone. As for the rest... he'd find that out in time.

He would block access to his vaults, and see if anything came of it. There was little else he could do, yet.

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Harry had revised his opinion of Professor Moody. The man wasn't a dick. He was *insane*. Everyone else seemed to be in awe of his approach to teaching, but as Harry left the classroom with green light burned into his eyelids, seeing Neville chalk-white and shaking, he couldn't possibly condone the man's methods. At least Moody had confirmed they'd only have to put up with him for the one year. Everyone around them was talking about it like it was some sort of fantastic show the man had put on — even Ron couldn't stop going on about how the spider had died 'just like that!'

Harry pushed past him and hurried after Neville, slinging an arm around the taller boy's shoulders. "You alright?" he asked quietly. Neville's eyes were glazed over, like he wasn't really present.

"I think I might be sick," he admitted in a whisper. Harry urged him over to a nearby alcove, nudging him into a sitting position.