

Chapter 3

Daphne's mother was an absolutely stunning witch. Her pure white robe wrapped tightly around her body, accentuating her sinful curves. Her demeanor was surprisingly warm and friendly, considering the impression he got from Daphne earlier.

"Good evening, Minister," she smiled, holding out her hand. "I'm Evangeline Greengrass."

"Just Harry is fine," Harry said, shaking her small, soft hand gently.

"Very well, Harry," Evangeline said, smiling widely.

Harry showed her over to the side of the office, where there were two comfortable leather chairs and a low table near the fireplace. As they took their seats, she pulled out a notepad and a quill. He was happy to note that the quill was a standard, black Dicta-Quill and the Quick Quotes Quill Rita was so fond of.

"Now, let's get started," Evangeline smiled.

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An hour later, Harry walked Evangeline out of his temporary office with a smile still on his face.

"I have to say, that went a lot better than the last interview I gave," Harry said.

"It was a pleasure working with you," Evangeline said. "I hope you remember to call me first the next time you have need of the press."

"I definitely will," Harry said.

Smiling, she glanced over at Daphne before looking back at him.

“Would you mind if my daughter walked me down to the Atrium? I’d like to have a quick word with her,” she asked.

“Not at all,” Harry said.

Nodding in thanks, Daphne stood up and followed her mother to the elevator.

“I take it that went well?” Penny asked, coming to stand beside him.

“I think so,” Harry said, his smile dropping.

“Is something wrong?” Penny asked.

“I thought it went great. Evangeline seemed nice enough,” Harry shrugged. “I just – after what Daphne told us about her parents at lunch, it’s not what I was expecting. I’m wondering if she only acted that way so I would keep working with her.”

“Well, I guess we’ll find out tomorrow when the article comes out,” Penny said.

“Tonight,” Harry corrected her. “Evangeline seemed pretty certain the Prophet would want to run a special edition for this.”

“I guess it *is* pretty big news,” Penny grinned. “I wonder what the heading will be? ‘Harry Potter takes over Ministry.’”

“Merlin, I hope not,” Harry said, shaking his head with a smile.

“Boy-Who-Lived becomes Man-Who-Leads,” Penny said, waving her arm dramatically.

“Oh, please, no,” Harry groaned.

Penny giggled at the pleading look on his face. A couple of minutes later, Daphne returned alone.

“Mother said the interview went well?” she asked.

“I think it did,” Harry said. “She was a lot nicer than I was expecting.”

“That really didn’t come out the way I wanted it to earlier,” Daphne sighed. “My father is a staunch traditionalist, and my mother just goes along with it, but neither of them are Pureblood fanatics like the Malfoys. They just want to keep our worlds separate.”

“I think I get it,” Penny said.

Daphne nodded before her pale cheek turned a light pink.

“I should warn you now, Potter. My mother – recommended – that I try and get close to you,” Daphne said. “Don’t get any ideas, though. You’re not my type, and I’m not marrying for political reasons like my parents did.”

“I – You – What?” Harry stammered.

Penny burst out in laughter, breaking the tension.

“Minister?”

Harry turned around and smiled at Hestia.

“Yes?” he asked.

“We’re finished searching the offices,” Hestia told him, holding out a scroll. “Here’s a list of everything we’re taking as evidence.”

As Harry took the scroll, the other Aurors left the two offices, each levitating a stack of boxes behind them. He blinked as the elevator enlarged itself to accommodate everyone.

“Is there anything left?” Harry asked.

“We left most of the furniture,” Hestia joked.

Smiling and giving him a jaunty salute, she joined the other Aurors in the elevator.

“Come on, I’ll help you move into your office,” Penny said.

With Penny and Daphne helping, it only took Harry a few minutes to gather the few things he had in his temporary office. The Minister’s office was huge in comparison and decorated with ornate, gold gilded furniture. Even the molding on the walls was gilded, making Harry feel like he was sitting in a palace instead of an office.

Once everything was settled, he sat down at the desk and started making a list of everything he wanted to accomplish in his thirty days as Minister. It was a long list, and he didn’t know if he could do all of it, but he would certainly try.

Harry spent a couple of hours working out what he needed to focus on first before Mr. Weasley came to tell him it was time to head home. To avoid running into the crowd that was likely still

waiting for him in the Atrium, they used the Floo in his office to go to the Leaky Cauldron. From there, Mr. Weasley Apparated them to the park just outside Grimmauld Place.

There was a mix of reactions when he stepped into the kitchen. Sirius, the twins, Tonks, Ron, and Ginny, thought kicking Fudge out of office and taking his job was the greatest prank ever devised. Mrs. Weasley and some of the older members of the Order thought he should've left them to handle things. Hermione alternated between scolding him and praising him in the same breath, leaving him with a bemused smile.

"I can't believe you're the youngest Minister in history," Hermione said, practically bouncing in her chair. "Oh, I hope this doesn't cause problems for Professor Dumbledore."

"Well, I got him his job back as Chief Warlock," Harry said.

"Really?" Hermione asked, surprised. "Well, maybe you can let him take over as Minister for you."

"I can't," Harry said, shaking his head. "I'm stuck with the job for twenty-nine more days."

"What happens if you can't prove Fudge was behind the Dementor attack?" Tonks asked.

"Fudge gets everything I own, and I'll be banished from the Wizarding World," Harry said.

Sitting back in her chair, Tonks whistled.

"Don't worry," Harry said at the concerned looks directed at him. "Amelia already has evidence that he knew about it, and she's looking through a lot more."

"It's true," Hestia said. "We took about two dozen boxes of documents from Fudge's old office today. I didn't see everything, but what I did see makes me wish someone had done this years ago."

"Let's change the conversation, shall we?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

At that moment, half a dozen owls swooped in through the enchanted window and dropped copies of the Evening Prophet on the table. Looking over at Hermione's copy, Harry saw a big picture of himself standing in the Atrium from earlier in the day on the front page under the title 'Potter Takes A Stand.'

Mrs. Weasley huffed and walked back over to the stove, stirring the pot vigorously.

Hermione held her paper slightly to the side so both of them could read it together. Harry was immensely relieved to see that Evangeline hadn't twisted any of his words. She detailed everything that happened in the courtroom and immediately afterwards, expressing concern over how Fudge had tried to railroad an innocent young wizard from a prominent family. Somehow, she even managed to get a picture of the parchment ordering Dementors to Little Whinging.

While Evangeline took a wait and see attitude towards Harry's ability as Minister, she was optimistic. All in all, Harry was happy with the article. The chatter around the table picked up as people finished reading and began discussing it. Harry noticed that a few of the disapproving looks he'd been getting were gone now, replaced with sympathy and grudging acceptance.

After dinner, Hermione dragged Harry off to the library so they could read up on exactly what powers the Minister for Magic had.

"This is so fascinating," Hermione said, gathering an armful of books. "Imagine all the good you could do."

"I'm focused on staying in the Wizarding World and fighting Voldemort right now," Harry reminded her. "I'm only Minister for thirty days."

"I know," Hermione said, biting her lip. "But, if you have time, maybe you can change a few laws. Did you know Half-bloods and Muggleborns pay almost twice as much in taxes as Purebloods? It gets worse with businesses. It's almost a third more in taxes to run a shop compared to Purebloods."

"I'll see what I can do," Harry nodded.

"I could do it," Hermione offered. "You'd still have to present it to the Wizengamot, but I could write it up for you."

"You know, I could get you a job in the Minister's office for the Summer if you want," Harry told her, smiling.

"Really?" Hermione asked excitedly.

"Sure," Harry shrugged. "Daphne is working there for the Summer."

"Daphne Greengrass works in your office?" she asked.

"Yeah, Penny hired her today," Harry said.

"I get along with her pretty well in Arithmancy and Runes, and Penny was always nice to me," Hermione said thoughtfully. "What would my job be?"

Harry shrugged, "You can be my research assistant."

“So, just like at school,” Hermione teased.

They both chuckled before Harry straightened up and smoothed out his clothes.

“So, will you take the job, Ms. Granger?” Harry asked.

Smiling brightly, Hermione threw herself forward and hugged him tightly.

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The next day, Harry and Hermione Flooed directly from the Leaky Cauldron to the Minister’s office. Stepping into the outer office, Penny and a couple of other secretaries had arrived early. Already, there was a three foot tall pile of mail sitting on one of the desks.

“Morning, Penny,” Harry said.

“Morning,” Penny smiled. “Hi, Hermione. I’m guessing you’re here to help?”

“If that’s alright,” Hermione said, looking around nervously.

“Of course,” Penny said. “Right now, we can use all the help we can get.”

She pointed to the pile of mail with a grimace as two more letters flew in and landed on top.

“What is that?” Hermione asked.

“Mail for Harry,” Penny sighed. “I hoped there would be less after that article came out.”

Someone scoffed behind them.

"Not likely," Daphne said. "Morning, Potter, Granger."

"Morning, Daphne," Hermione said.

"What job did Potter give you?" Daphne asked.

"I'm his research assistant," Hermione said. "How did you know I was working here?"

"You two have been attached at the hip since he saved you from that Troll back in first year. I would've been more surprised if you weren't here," Daphne said, then turned to Penny. "Why aren't you in your office?"

"Have you seen it?" Penny asked, to which Daphne shook her head. "Umbridge painted the walls bright pink, and there are kittens on plates all over the walls. It gave me nightmares last night. I'd rather work on the floor than sit in there all day."

Daphne snorted while Harry shook his head.

"I'll call Magical Maintenance and have them redecorate it," Harry said.

"You can ask them in person," Penny told him. "Madam Bones sent a message just before you got here. You have a meeting with the department Heads in an hour."

"Alright," Harry sighed.

"I spoke with my mother last night," Daphne added. "We think it might be a good idea for you to send her a kind of daily progress report so she can write a running article about what you're doing at the Ministry. This way, people know that you're not sitting in your office having parties or something."

“Fine,” Harry nodded. “Anything else?”

“Oh! How could I forget!” Hermione exclaimed.

“What?” Harry asked.

“House Elves!” Hermione said. “Harry, I could free the House Elves!”

“Hermione...,” Harry said softly, only to trail off when she glared at him.

“Free the House Elves?” Daphne asked. “Granger, what do you actually know about House Elves?”

“I know they shouldn’t be slaves!” Hermione huffed indignantly.

“If you go in front of the Wizengamot with that sort of wilful ignorance, they will tear you apart,” Daphne said, rolling her eyes. “If you want to get anything done in this government, you need to understand our world before you try and change it. Anything else, and people will vote against you on principle. Would you want some Magical showing up in your government and telling you how to run things when they don’t even know what a car is?”

Hermione blushed, her mouth opening and closing several times soundlessly before she looked down, chagrined.

“But slavery isn’t right,” she muttered.

“And what happens to those House Elves when they’re suddenly thrown out on the streets after centuries of living as slaves?” Daphne asked. “Merlin, Granger, you’re supposed to be smart.

You go in front of the Wizengamot like this, and anyone opposing you will make you look so bad it'll be years before anyone takes you seriously."

"I agree with you, Hermione, but Daphne's right," Penny told her gently. "There's a lot of issues you need to think about before trying to free House Elves. You also have to consider that most of the Wizengamot own House Elves and they're not going to want to get rid of them."

"Alright," Hermione said, holding her hands up in surrender. "What do I need to do?"

"Right now, the biggest thing is keeping the government running," Daphne said. "If you want to work on freeing House Elves, you're going to have to do it on your own time. Potter's going to need all the help he can get if he wants to actually make some serious changes around here."

"I suppose you're right," Hermione said contritely, then looked up at Harry. "Sorry."

"It's alright," Harry said.

"Can we get to work now?" Daphne asked. "We've got a small mountain of letters to get through, not to mention whatever Potter has for us after his meeting."

"Speaking of which, I should go get ready for that," Harry said.

Harry was only in his office for a couple of minutes when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Harry called.

"Minister," Tonks smirked as she poked her head in the door.

"You're enjoying this far too much," Harry smiled, shaking his head.

“Hey, this is the most exciting thing to happen since I started working here,” Tonks said as she walked into the office. “Madam Bones wants to know if you’re free to meet with her before the meeting.”

“Do you know what she wants to talk about?” Harry asked.

“I think it’s about the evidence we got yesterday, but I’m not sure,” Tonks replied.

Harry sighed and stood from his chair, “Alright.”

Harry and Tonks walked back into the outer office just as one of the envelopes from the pile leapt up. Folding itself into a mouth with pointed teeth, it growled and chomped at the air as it chased after one of the secretaries Amelia had sent over. As the witch shrieked and ran, Tonks whipped out her wand and cast a spell that caused it to burst into a shower of confetti.

“This is ridiculous!” Daphne huffed. “That’s the third one.”

“Leave them for now,” Tonks said. “I’ll let Bones know and see if she can spare a couple of Curse Breakers to go over them.”

“Thank you,” Penny said, sighing in relief.

Giving her a smile, Tonks grabbed an empty envelope from a nearby desk and used her wand to send the scraps of parchment into it.

“You might want to put a shield over that pile in case something in there is set to explode,” Tonks said.

Penny’s eyes widened, and she quickly threw a shield over the pile as Harry and Tonks made their way to the elevator.

“Do you know where Bones’ office is?” Tonks asked.

“No,” Harry said.

“Alright, I need to drop this off first, and I’ll show you,” Tonks said, holding up the envelope.

“What are you going to do with it?” Harry asked.

“Give it to one of our investigators,” Tonks said as the doors opened. “Hopefully, we can find out who sent it.”

Following Tonks through the maze of cubicles, they made their way to one of the smaller office in the back.

“Hey, Sara?” Tonks called.

“Yeah?” a tall, broad shouldered witch with a shapely figure asked.

“I’ve got another one for you,” Tonks said.

“You’re kidding,” Sara sighed. “Just put it in the box.”

Sara pointed to a box in the corner of her office that was overflowing with letters.

“Are all of those from my office?” Harry asked.

Sara looked up from her desk, her eyes widening before she jumped to her feet.

“Er, yes, Minister,” Sara stammered. “I’m getting through them as fast as I can, but it’s a slow process.”

“That’s alright,” Harry said, a little overwhelmed by her reaction. “And it’s just Harry.”

“Yes, sir,” Sara said.

Snickering, Tonks dropped the envelope onto the pile.

“Well, I better get wonder boy here over to see Bones,” Tonks said. “Thanks, Sara.”

Harry gave the witch a smile and waved as he followed Tonks further into the Auror office.

“Is she always like that?” Harry asked.

“Nope,” Tonks said, a smirk growing on her face. “Maybe she fancies you?”

Harry rolled his eyes as she laughed. A moment later, she knocked on the door to another office.

“Enter!” Amelia yelled.

“The Minister’s here to see you, ma’am,” Tonks said, poking her head through the door.

“Oh, good. Send him in,” Amelia said.

As Tonks held the door open, she winked at Harry as he passed and then closed the door behind him.

“Have a seat,” Amelia said.

Harry sat across from her, noticing that her office was much smaller and far more utilitarian than his.

“I heard you’ve had some trouble with your mail?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed. “We’re getting quite a few cursed items in. Tonks mentioned you might be able to send over a couple of Curse Breakers?”

“I’ll send all four over,” Amelia said. “I don’t have much use for them at the moment.”

“Thanks,” Harry said.

Nodding, Amelia made a quick note and then tapped it with her wand to turn it into a paper airplane. It took off from the desk and zipped out through the mail slot in the middle of the door.

“We’ve been going through the evidence we found in Fudge and Umbridge’s office and found some very interesting things,” Amelia said. “Umbridge had a list of names and information she used to blackmail people in the Ministry. One of them happens to be John McClintock, the current Warden of Azkaban.”

Harry sat forward and rested his elbows on his knees.

“Do you think he was the one that sent me that order?” Harry asked.

"I suspect he did," Amelia nodded. "He's one of the few people that would've had access to it."

"Have you talked to him?" Harry asked.

"Not yet," Amelia said slowly. "If I were to investigate, it would have to be official. Despite his intentions - if he was behind it - he still broke the law. John's a good Auror and a good man. I always wondered why he volunteered for the job as Warden. Usually, that job is given out as a sort of punishment."

"What did Umbridge have on him?" Harry asked.

Amelia paused for a moment before she sighed.

"Five years ago, his youngest son was bitten by a Werewolf that he'd arrested previously," she explained. "He paid off the Healers that treated him to keep it secret, but Umbridge knows someone in records that was sending her information. Something else I need to take care of. Without a court order, no one should send patient information to anyone outside of immediate family."

"Bloody hell," Harry said, rubbing his face. "How did she get so many connections?"

"Blackmail and bribes, mostly," Amelia said. "I need to know how you want to handle this."

Harry sat back in his chair and crossed his arms, wishing for the umpteenth time he hadn't taken the job.

"Is there any solid evidence he was involved in sending that order to me?" Harry asked.

"No," Amelia said.

"Then I think we have bigger issues to focus on at the moment," Harry said.

Amelia's face remained passive, but her shoulder sagged visibly.

"Very well," she said, making a note.

"Just as a precaution, we should probably have him reassigned," Harry smiled.

"I'll see to it," Amelia said, her lips twitching. "Moving on, the evidence against Fudge is less clear. We know from his bank records he's making a lot more than he should, but we can't prove where the money came from."

Harry sighed and nodded, "Have you found anything more about the Dementor attack?"

"We know he signed the order, but we don't have evidence that he knew you were living at the address listed," Amelia said. "Of course, we still have a lot of evidence to go through. I just wanted to give you an update before the department Head meeting."

"Thanks," Harry nodded. "Where are Fudge and Umbridge now?"

"Umbridge is still in a holding cell and will remain there until all of the evidence is collected, and she can be tried. Fudge, we didn't have enough to hold for the moment, but he's on a court order not to leave the country. We still have enough to try him for gross negligence, but I can't hold him unless we can prove it was intentional."

Harry nodded. He was fairly certain Fudge signing the order alone was enough to satisfy the magic of the law he invoked, but it would be nice to have more on him. It would certainly make him feel safer from being kicked out of Magical Britain.

There was still time, though. It wasn't time to panic - yet, he thought.

"Is there anything--"

Harry broke off when the door to the office was flung open, and an Auror rushed inside.

"Ma'am, one of our patrols was attacked in Knockturn Alley," he panted. "Gorga is on his way to St. Mungo's."

"Send in all but one of the on-call teams," Amelia said briskly. "I want that alley shut down until we have control of it."

"Yes, ma'am," the wizard nodded.

"I'm sorry, I have to go," Amelia said.

"It's fine," Harry said.

Amelia nodded, "I'll see you at the meeting."

Sighing as she left, Harry left the office and made his way back to the elevator, dodging Aurors as they rushed about the room. Just as the elevator doors closed, he saw Tonks and Hestia with a Portkey.

Back on his floor, Harry exited the elevator thoughtfully.

"Hey, Penny?"

"Yes?" she asked, looking away from the Curse Breakers going over the mail.

"What does it take to get a license to make Portkeys?" Harry asked.

"It's just a few forms to fill out, but they have to be approved," she replied.

"Can I approve them if I'm applying?" Harry asked.

"I think so," Penny said, furrowing her brow. "Why?"

"I just want to get as much out of this as I can," Harry said. "I should get my Apparatioin license too, now that I think about it."

"I'll check with legal and let you know," Penny told him.

"Thanks," Harry said. "How's the mail coming?"

Penny sighed, "They've found over a dozen so far. Two of them were really nasty."

"You should schedule the wards to be checked, Minister," a blonde wizard with a prominent scar along his cheek said. "These really shouldn't have made it into the office."

"How much you wanna bet Fudge lowered the wards before he left?" Daphne asked.

Closing his eyes, Harry reached out to the wards with his magic. What he found was disturbing. They felt old and weak. Like they'd been left to rot for decades.

"I don't think so," Harry said, rubbing his forehead. "I don't think Fudge ever had the wards checked."

“They’re supposed to be checked once a year,” the Curse Breaker said with a frown.

“Brenda,” Harry said, turning to one of the older secretaries. “Can you schedule a time for someone to come in and check the wards?”

“Yes, sir,” Brenda, a kindly, middle aged witch, smiled. “Is there a specific time you’d like them to come?”

“As soon as possible,” Harry said.

Nodding, Brenda made a note in her planner.

“Where’s Hermione?” he asked, turning back to Penny.

“I sent her down to records for some documents,” Penny said.

Harry nodded, “Alright, I’m going to my office for a bit.”

“Don’t forget your meeting,” Penny said.

“I won’t,” Harry said.

After relaxing in his office for a little while, Harry got back up and headed to the third floor with Penny. She would be taking notes for him while he dealt with the meeting. Finding the conference room, they were greeted by a smiling Mr. Weasley.

“Good morning,” he said brightly.

"Morning," Harry said.

"I thought I'd get here early and introduce you to a few people," Mr. Weasley smiled. "You know Amos and Amelia already. Amos took over for Ludo a few months ago. The older witch is Mofilda Hopkirk, Head of the Department of Magical Education. The man with the brown hair is Gethsemane Prickle, the new Head of the Department for the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures. The blonde wizard is Greg Goreman, Head of International Magical Cooperation. The balding wizard is Dirk Cresswell, Head of the Liaison for Goblin Relations. And finally, the red haired witch is Julia Edgecomb, Head of the Department of Magical Transportation."

Mr. Weasley paused and looked around for a moment.

"It looks like Amelia is running a bit late, and we're still missing one more," he said.

"Sorry we're late," Amelia said, striding into the room just as Harry opened his mouth to explain why she was late.

Behind her was a slim, elderly wizard in a plain black robe. His eyes were light blue and sharp as he looked around the room, his gaze landing on Harry for a long moment.

"Minister, this is Saul Croaker, Head of the Department of Mysteries," Amelia said.

"Croaker?" Harry asked, shaking the man's hand. "Are you the one that threw Neville out of a window to see if he had magic?"

Amelia startled and looked at Saul accusingly while the man himself smiled.

"That was my brother, Algeron," Saul said. "I assure you, my sister, Augusta, made her displeasure over that quite clear. Poor Algie spent three nights in St. Mungo's and couldn't sit for a week."

"Oh, sorry," Harry said.

"Quite alright," Saul told him.

"So, what does the Department of Mysteries actually do?" Harry asked.

"That's the question, isn't it?" Saul asked, smiling. "Perhaps we can discuss it later this week, over lunch?"

"Sure," Harry said.

"Minister, perhaps we should get started?" Amelia suggested.

"Right," Harry nodded. "Are your Aurors alright?"

"Two injured, but nothing serious," Amelia said as they took their seats. "Both of them will be back to work tomorrow."

"Did something happen?" Mr. Weasley asked.

"Just a bit of trouble in Knockturn Alley," Amelia said.

"I've said for years that place needs to be cleaned up," Amos said. "It's about time our Aurors were allowed to do their job."

There was a rumble of agreement among the others, except for Julia, who huffed and folded her arms over her chest.

"Let's get started, shall we?" Amelia asked.

The first hour of the meeting was fairly boring, with each Head talking about the problems they had in their department. Harry made a few notes on what he thought he could improve easily, but there wasn't a lot that really concerned him. Most of what they needed was more funding, which had to come from the Wizengamot.

Amelia talked a bit about what she was working on but didn't go much into the details. There was predictable outrage when she mentioned the charges against Umbridge from all but one. Again, Julia huffed, though she kept her quiet. Frowning, Harry decided to push her buttons a bit to see how she reacted.

"Amelia," Harry said. "I was doing some research into the last war with Voldemort-"

Harry rolled his eyes when Dirk nearly fell out of his chair and Julia gasped dramatically.

"Voldemort," he repeated, "was able to shut down the Floo to the homes he was attacking so they couldn't escape. Do we know how he did that?"

"No," Amelia frowned. "It was suspected that he had someone on the inside, possibly under the Imperious, but we never found out who."

"Can we come up with a way to make sure that doesn't happen again?" Harry asked. "Increase the guards in that department? Put policies in place so no one works alone? Maybe put up wards that can detect someone under the Imperious."

Predictably, Julia narrowed his eyes and sat up straighter.

"Unfortunately, no such ward exists," Saul said.

“Putting new policies in place would certainly help,” Amelia added. “We don’t currently have a guard outside the ones in the Atrium, but I’d be happy to assign one once I have the budget.”

“I’ll work on getting that as soon as possible,” Harry told her.

“You can’t be taking this seriously!” Julia burst out. “Are you really going to listen to this *boy*?”

Harry bristled at the word his uncle used throughout his childhood.

“Excuse me?” Harry asked, narrowing his eyes.

“Madam Edgecombe, whether you like it or not, Mr. Potter is the Minister,” Amelia said firmly. “If it bothers you that much, I’m sure we can find a replacement for you.”

Huffing, Julia looked around for support but found none. Folding her arms, she sulked back into her seat with a baleful glare.

It’s going to be a long month, Harry thought.