

CHAPTER TWO

... saw Potter running away from the scene moments after Dumbledore fell, jumped, or was pushed. Potter later gave evidence against Severus Snape, a man against whom he has a notorious grudge. Is everything as it seems? That is for the Wizarding community to decide — once they've read my book. On that intriguing note, I take my leave. There can be no doubt that Skeeter has quilled an instant bestseller. Dumbledore's legions of admirers, meanwhile, may well be trembling at what is soon to emerge about their hero.

Harry reached the bottom of the article, but continued to stare blankly at the page. Revulsion and fury rose in him like vomit, he balled up the newspaper and threw it, with all his force, at the wall where it joined the rest of the rubbish heaped around his overflowing bin. He began to stride blindly around the room, opening cupboards and picking up books only to replace them on the same shelves and conscious of what he was doing, as random phrases from Rita's article echoed in his head: *An entire chapter in the whole of the Dumbledore relationship . . . It's been called unduly lenient towards He dabbled in the Dark Arts himself in his youth . . . I'm not sure a source most journalists would accept that would be . . .* "Last?" Harry yelled, and thought the words he was next-door neighbor, who had passed no word. Look up nervously. Harry sat down hard on the bed. The way from here, he pushed a up.

IN MEMORIAM

... thinking, thinking of Dumbledore and the lies with which Rita Skeeter was defaming him. . . . A flash of brightest blue. Harry froze, his cut finger slipping on the jagged edge of the mirror again. He had imagined it, he must have done. He glanced over his shoulder, but the wall was a sickly peach color of Aunt Petunia's choosing. There was nothing blue there for the mirror to reflect. He peered into the mirror fragment again, and saw nothing but his own bright green eye looking back at him. He had imagined it, there was no other explanation; imagined it, because he had been thinking of his dead headmaster. If anything was certain, it was that the bright blue eyes of Albus Dumbledore would never pierce him again.

None of them said anything. Try as might, Jared didn't feel anything close to grateful. Ever since their dad moved everything had gone bad. He'd messed up school, and the fading bruise over his left eye wouldn't let him forget it. But this place—this place was the worst yet.

"Jared," his mother said as he turned to follow Simon out to unload the car. "What?"

His mother waited until the other two were down the hall before she spoke. "This is a chance to start over . . . for all of us. Okay?"

Jared nodded grudgingly. He didn't need her to say the rest of it—that the only reason he hadn't gotten kicked out of school was because they were moving anyway. Another reason he was supposed to be grateful. Only he wasn't.

Outside, Mallory had stacked two suitcases on top of a steamer trunk. "I heard she's starving herself to death."

"Aunt Lucinda? She's just old," said Simon. "Old and crazy."

But Mallory shook her head. "I heard Mom on the phone. She was telling Uncle Terrence that Aunt Lucy thinks little men bring her food."

"What do you expect? She's in a nuthouse," Jared said.

Mallory went on like she hadn't heard him. "She told the doctors the food she got was better than anything they'd ever taste."

"You're making that up." Simon crawled into the backseat and opened one of the suitcases.

"You've got an hour 'til the Royal Ladies-in-Waiting Club comes for their afternoon fly over the princesses' castle." Double *eww*. I read about this school club. Their sole purpose is to dote on the princesses. No thank you! "Yes, we'd like a ride," I say, getting excited. He looks at me skeptically. "You're new here. You've ridden before, right?"

"Of course," I lie. I mean, how hard can it be? The boy heads off to grab me some gear.

"Gally! I think I've changed my mind about the flying." Mainie sounds jittery. Her good eye stares at the stalls. "I was trying to impress you by asking, but to be honest, when I get to the stables, I feel dizzy. It's hard to fly with just one good eye."

"I can just ditch her. Can I?" We can do something else." Mainie twists her green gem necklace. "No, you go! You will me about your flight at dinner. I could sit at your table. I mean, if you have room?" she asks hopefully. "Of course, there's room. I'll see you tonight." "I mean, if you have room?" she asks hopefully.

"Of course, there's room. I'll see you tonight." "I mean, if you have room?" she asks hopefully.

Flying Lessons

CHAPTER 7

T ha new hallway that appears when we leave it to the stables in no time. "Yo for a ride?" asks a stable boy who n hat I told the girl that just left to students and Pegasus. The boy n her Pegasus to a giant. Pega we need i favorite s eww "Sho two beauties for you?" The boy n the Pegasus munching on his w this close to them before the stables in the village stable boy left hanging

account of the increasing adoption of business – Financial Times

MINDFUL WORK

...I did
...I began wishing
...a little *meta*. I began wishing
...the building. At this point, something
...Abramson as the for-
...the New York Times, who in just mo-
...I was qualified to work at the
...another person like me. Abramson, I
...wishing well for all sentient beings

...and I was invited to join
...enough, and I was invited to join
...we began talking about
...she was getting into my
...too. As I opened a new
...I needed a new
...what came
...Well, this wasn't so bad
...I had

Less Stressed

4

work, and plotting my trip to visit Janice Marturano at General Mills. I got a promotion. This was back when I worked at the *Financial Times*; after I had been covering media for a few years, my editor asked me to become the paper's sole merges and acquisitions reporter in the United States. It was a great opportunity, and I was

I was a big offer, but I was reluctant

1. The first step is to identify the problem or goal. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be achieved.