

Tofty gently corralled him out to the Entrance Hall, assuring him that exam pressure could happen to anyone, and if he perhaps had a drink of water and a quiet sit down he might be able to go back in just to round off his last answer.

“No, I’ve done all I can, thanks,” Harry assured; his History grade was the last thing on his mind, now. “I think — I’m just going to go back to bed, if that’s alright?”

“Of course, of course! I’ll go collect your examination paper. I do hope you feel better, Mr Potter.” With a pat on the arm, Tofty left him to it, and as soon as the old man was gone Harry was sprinting for the stairs. He had a mirror to check.

## Chapter End Notes

This is a mean place to leave you for the weekend, I'm sorry~ :P