

“It was a lot of fun,” Harry agreed. “I mean, I wish it hadn’t been quite so necessary,” a dark look crossed everyone’s faces at the reminder of Umbridge, “but it was fun getting to know everyone better and work on spells we might not have learned in class.”

“I didn’t expect joining the quidditch team to lead to a secret underground defence club,” Vicky remarked, “but it definitely made the year interesting!”

“With any luck, the next teacher will be a bit more competent, and you won’t need a secret club just to pass your exams,” Amelia mused.

“Provided we did pass our exams,” Harry said. Susan scoffed, rolling her eyes.

“Come off it, Harry; if anyone in the HA got less than an E, I’ll eat my copy of that awful Slinkhard book,” she said, making him blush.

“Well, not much longer to wait to find out.” Sirius clapped Harry on the shoulder.

“Don’t remind us,” Susan mock-groaned. “Only a couple more weeks to find out if all our dreams are crushed forever.”

“Speak for yourself,” Harry teased, “I don’t need OWLs to play quidditch.”

Susan’s only response was a glare that had everyone at the table laughing.

“Well either way, I’m sure when Vicky does reach her OWL year, she’ll be very grateful for your help,” Mrs Frobisher said with a smile. Then her face turned mischievous. “Meanwhile, I’m sure she’s very grateful to your club for getting her talking to the boy she’s been writing non-stop since she got home.”

Vicky immediately turned red. “*Mu-um!*” she groaned, and Harry looked at her with raised eyebrows.

“I’ve not heard anything about a *boy*.”

“He’s another Gryffindor. Name begins with a C — Christopher? No. Callum?”

“Colin?” Harry asked, and Mrs Frobisher clapped her hands together.

“Yes! Colin, that’s the one.”

“Colin Creevey?” Harry’s gaze moved back to Vicky, who looked ready to sink through the floor. “Well, that *is* news.”

“They’ve been sending letters back and forth all week,” Mrs Frobisher teased. “Should I be worried, Harry?”

“Nah, Colin’s great.” Now he had stopped being weirdly obsessed with Harry, at least.

“Don’t worry, Vicky. I’m a great matchmaker. Just ask Susan.” It was Susan’s turn to blush, though she did so with a glare.