"I'll head up too," Neville said quickly, clearly not wanting to be left alone with Hermione after that minor explosion. On the way up the stairs, he put a hand on Harry's arm. "Are you sure you're alright? Seeing that curse in Moody's class couldn't have been any easier for you than it was for me." His eyes were knowing, and Harry sighed. At that minute, all he really wanted was a hug, He hated Sirius and Remus a little bit, for getting him so used to seeking comfort over the summer. He didn't have that anymore.

"I just want to sleep," he admitted, dragging a hand over his face.

And yet, when he was in bed, curtains drawn, he found himself staring up at the ceiling of his four-poster bed, wide awake.