

and Daphne appeared at Harry's side. "You'd think in all her *supreme knowledge* she'd have learned it's fairly common for students to self-study for elective exams."

Harry knew there were at least ten muggleborn and muggle-raised students signed up for the Muggle Studies exam just for an easy O, despite never having taken the class. He had thought about it himself, but ultimately couldn't be bothered.

"One day she'll realise that she can only control her own education, not everyone else's," Harry said. Daphne laughed.

"She hasn't even been controlling her own very well. You should've seen her in her Defence practical; some of the shakiest wandwork I've seen in ages."

Harry did feel the tiniest pang of regret, but he forced it away; it wasn't his fault Hermione wasn't trustworthy enough to invite to the HA. It wasn't his responsibility to educate all his yearmates. She was perfectly capable of practicing the spells in secret, just like everyone else in the school; not only the ones Harry was teaching. But Hermione had always been more capable with the theory than the practical. Spells — especially combat spells — were often about intuition, and she struggled with that sort of fluidity that didn't come out of a textbook.

His thoughts were interrupted by Luna skipping towards them, rocking up on her toes to press a kiss to Daphne's lips. "Your exams went well." It was a statement, not a question, and Daphne smiled — at least, the closest she got to smiling in public.

"Did they? Oh, good."

In Luna's wake came Ginny and Neville, holding hands. "Great, you're all done, I'm starving," Ginny declared, nudging Harry towards the doors as they reopened, the hall set for lunch once more.

With Umbridge's stupid Educational Decree in place they couldn't all sit together, so they bid goodbye to their Slytherin friends and found a spot where Luna could sit at Ravenclaw and still be within conversation distance of the Gryffindors at their own table.

"I'm not letting you spend all weekend with your head buried in Potions books, Nev," Ginny insisted, happily scooting up the table to make room for Parvati and Lavender on her other side.

"Oh, Neville, don't torture yourself like that," Parvati agreed. "Your brain needs to rest."

"We'll be doing a bit of Divination revision tomorrow afternoon, though, if you both want to join us."

"That would be perfect, thanks," Harry said. It was solely down to the two girls that he thought he might actually get a decent passing grade in the subject.

Harry did do some revision over the weekend, though he wasn't hitting the books quite as hard as some. Incredibly, he managed to persuade Draco to sneak away with him to the Chamber on Sunday morning, cuddling up to the blond on their conjured sofa.