

Harry imagined it was something of a relief for the blond boy when they were called in to sit at their desks.

Then he got to see *exactly* what it was like for Neville the next day, because it was time for Defence Against the Dark Arts.

“Harry, remind me which spells can’t be blocked by Protego?”

“Help, I’ve forgotten all the things you need to subdue a redcap!”

“Can you go over the counter to the Jelly-Legs jinx one more time, Harry?”

He almost shouted in joy when the doors opened and they immediately went silent, filing into the hall. Harry did his best to offer a reassuring look to every member of the HA — they all knew their stuff. They would be fine.

He hoped.

He himself breezed through the paper, enjoying going into more detail on some subjects than the examiners would likely expect. When he dared glance around the hall, he saw plenty of his friends looking calm and focused as they wrote furiously — and Hermione Granger biting her fingernails, already having twice requested extra parchment, as she had in both the previous exams as well. Was she even making it to the end of the questions, over-answering like that? It would be interesting to see her results.

It was the DADA practical he was actually looking forward to; as much as a person could look forward to an exam, at least. The proud feeling returned as he watched both Parvati and Padma perform exemplary Stunning and Disarming charms in their exams, and as Harry went through each spell as instructed, he could see Professor Tofty’s bushy eyebrows rise higher and higher, clearly impressed.

It was even better to see Umbridge watching with thinly-veiled anger as the students she’d kept from performing magic all year showed off all those spells with the accuracy of clear practice.

“Well done, Mr Potter!” Tofty crowed in delight. “Now, that’s everything I need to see from you... however,” he leaned in a little closer, “I have heard among the rumour mill that you, Mr Potter, can produce a Patronus. Perhaps, for a bonus point...?” He trailed off hopefully, and Harry grinned, raising his wand.

“Expecto Patronum!”

Everyone in the room halted in astonishment as the huge silver stag galloped around the room. Other members of the HA might be able to do a Patronus as well, but none of them were as solid and impressive as Harry’s — and none of them would likely be asked to perform it in their exam.

If looks could kill, Harry would be dead from the glare Umbridge sent his way. He made sure to smile extra wide at her on his way out.