

green eyes, and he fought back a grin. “Mr Potter. Your OWL grades were as I expected they might be, very well done.”

“Thank you, Professor.”

She looked down his schedule, frowning. “This is going to be quite the busy schedule for you, Potter. Are you sure you want to continue seven subjects?”

“I, ah, was actually thinking about dropping Herbology. Sorry, Nev,” he added sheepishly, but his friend just waved him off.

“I’m ditching you in Potions, it’s only fair,” he joked.

McGonagall nodded in approval. “Sensible. Six is still a large course load, but considering your performance in recent years I can’t see you having a problem with it. Professors Babbling and Vector have both seen your OWL papers, and are very much looking forward to having you in their class.”

Across the table, Hermione Granger choked on her drink. “He what?” she spluttered, wide-eyed. “But— Professor, are you saying he’s taking Arithmancy *and* Ancient Runes for NEWT? But he didn’t even take the OWL classes!”

McGonagall narrowed her eyes, unimpressed. “Mr Potter self-studied for his OWLs in both subjects, which is a perfectly reasonable pathway. He has achieved the grade requirements for both classes.”

“But he’ll be so behind, he won’t know any of the things we worked on last year!”

“As they were OWL level projects, I daresay he won’t need to,” McGonagall retorted primly.

Hermione turned to Harry, brown eyes imploring. “Harry, don’t be ridiculous, really; you’ll just fall behind, they’re really difficult classes!”

“I got Os in both of my OWLs, Hermione, I’m sure I’ll be fine,” he replied evenly. That, if possible, made Hermione’s eyes widen even more.

“You— you got Os? But... but that’s not possible. I only got an E in Ancient Runes!” she screeched, and Harry had to pull on all of his Slytherin training to avoid smirking right in her face.

“Then I suggest you worry about your own class performance and leave me to mine.” He turned back to Professor McGonagall, who once again was pointedly not reacting to the conversation. “Six subjects sounds great, Professor. I’m excited to start NEWT Transfiguration.” He wished he could show her his animagus form. Perhaps later, once he knew she was truly trustworthy.

She adjusted his schedule and handed it over, a small smile crossing her features. “Glad to hear it, Potter. Oh, and by the way, I have a list of hopefuls for the Quidditch team, whenever you’re ready to organise tryouts.” She turned, facing the pair across the table. “Now, Mr Weasley — I thought you wanted to be an auror?”