

Harry was so very desperate to hear that whole story, but Sirius was right; they didn't have time for that right now.

"Well I'm happy for you," he declared, grinning. "And Charlie. I'll be happier when I'm home and get to tease you both, but this'll do for now." He winked, and Sirius barked out a laugh. "Will he come home with us? To Seren Du?" Would Harry even get to *go* to Seren Du this summer, or would he be sent straight to Grimmauld?

Sirius ran a hand through his hair, shrugging. "Honestly, pup, fuck knows what's happening this summer. We'll get there when we get there. But considering Molly might be ready to murder me once she finds out, I'd say there's a high chance of Charlie coming to Seren Du with us."

"Fair point," Harry agreed with a smirk. "Well, the more the merrier." Having Charlie around would be great. He would finally have someone who could fly seeker against him, other than Draco's birthday visits.

Besides; anyone who could put that smile on Sirius' face was someone Harry wanted around as much as possible.

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Finally, the time had come.

OWLs were upon them.

Harry largely kept to himself in the few days before; everyone was stressed out enormously, liable to snap at the slightest provocation, especially in Gryffindor with all those volatile tempers. Hermione was known to start hexing anyone who interrupted her revision time — when she wasn't busy confiscating every fake brain elixir and concentration booster making its way around the school.

Harry wondered why Umbridge seemed to care so much about reading mail in search of Dumbledore, but didn't seem to give a shit about people sneaking in banned substances prior to the exams. Clearly the Ministry's priorities were incredibly narrow.

On Sunday afternoon the examiners arrived. There was only a small handful of them; Harry had expected more, considering they had both OWL and NEWT students to examine. But, he supposed, students dropped quite a few subjects at NEWT level usually, so there were fewer to examine individually. The scheduling seemed a bit brutal to Harry, but who was he to judge? As long as he got to take his exams, he would be happy.

"You ready for this, then?" he asked Neville on Monday morning, as they forced themselves to eat as much breakfast as they could manage. Neville shrugged.

"Have to be, don't we?" he pointed out wryly. "I think I'm alright, though." Since getting his new wand, Neville's spellcasting had improved in leaps and bounds, and Harry was glad to see his friend's confidence rising. He hoped exam results would show Neville that he wasn't nearly as incapable as he thought he was.