

moment, and then she hit the ground hard and did not move again.

“Galloping gargoyles!” Tofty exclaimed, giving up on the exam entirely. He sounded outraged, and Harry was right there with them, his heart in his throat as he watched Hagrid *snap*, his huge fists flying. Umbridge kept screaming at the aurors, but they weren’t stupid enough to pick a physical fight with an angry half-giant, and with the unconscious Fang slung over his shoulders, Hagrid sprinted for the gates, and disappeared.

A tense silence fell. No one moved. Then, Tofty coughed. “Um, five minutes left, everyone.”

Harry gave his mostly-full star chart a cursory look over, but his attention was mainly focused on McGonagall’s unconscious form on the grass below. Umbridge walked straight past her, and Harry’s chest burned with hatred for the woman, magic rising in his palms. Oh, the spells he wished to cast on that foul toad.

At least the aurors seemed to have a scrap of decency left — or shame, more likely, as they huddled around McGonagall and carried her back up to the castle.

Marchbanks called time, and Harry handed his star chart over, hurrying down the tower steps.

“Harry, where are you going?” Neville called, hurrying after him. Harry glanced back.

“Hospital Wing,” he replied shortly, not slowing down. He wanted to check Professor McGonagall was alright.

He wanted to check the aurors had *actually* taken her to get help.

Some other Gryffindors clearly thought he had the right idea; Harry heard several sets of footsteps trailing him. He burst through the Hospital Wing doors, making Madam Pomfrey jump.

“Potter! And— good heavens!” she exclaimed at the small crowd of students in his wake. “It’s half past one in the morning, what are you all doing out of bed?”

“Is Professor McGonagall alright?” Harry asked urgently. “We saw the whole thing. Astronomy exam,” he explained. Pomfrey’s mouth thinned severely.

“She’s stable for now, but I’m calling a transfer to St Mungo’s first thing in the morning if she can handle the move,” she explained. Harry looked past her, seeing one bed with curtains up around it. “Four Stunning spells right to the chest, at her age? She’s lucky it didn’t kill her.”

Harry heard two gasps behind him that sounded like Lavender and Parvati.

“Will she be okay?” he asked, hating how his voice cracked ever so slightly around the lump in his throat. Pomfrey’s expression softened.

“The healers will do everything they can,” she promised. “And Minerva is nothing if not stubborn. There’s plenty of life in her yet, I’d wager.”