

It wasn't as reassuring as Harry would have liked.

"What about the aurors?" Ron asked loudly, and Pomfrey's eyes hardened once more.

"Claimed it was *self defence*, and will not be facing charges," she said tersely.

"But that's codswallop!" Neville blurted.

"You'd best not say such things where our *headmistress* can hear you, Mr Longbottom," Pomfrey reprimanded. But the look on her face said she agreed with him. "Now, off to bed with you. You've an exam tomorrow, all of you."

There was nothing any of them could do, so the group of morose Gryffindors headed back to their common room.

It turned out the whole fight had been visible from the Tower, too, so the common room was full of people in pyjamas all desperate to know what had happened. They explained the story, finishing with the news that their head of house was in dire condition and being moved to hospital shortly. That sent tempers rising, and it was four in the morning before the common room cleared out.

If Harry were Umbridge, he would be fearing for his life right about now, because a tower full of furious Gryffindors was *not* a good enemy to have. Just because two year groups had not yet finished their exams did not mean retribution would not come. Ginny certainly had plenty of ideas.

Harry slept through breakfast, taking advantage of Dobby's kindness to have bacon and eggs in his dorm at around ten. He had no desire to face the rest of the school and look at Umbridge's smug face as she explained away Professor McGonagall's absence, like the whole school wasn't aware what really happened. He went down for lunch, though, and at two o'clock he and the other exam candidates filed in to the Great Hall for the final OWL exam; History of Magic.

Harry could tell which students had chosen revision over sleep, just by looking around. Indeed, it seemed cruel to have exams the day after the late night Astronomy exam; shouldn't that have waited until the end?

If Harry had been writing the schedule, he also wouldn't have put the most boring subject at the very end, when all the students were too strung-out to properly care. Or perhaps that was the point; they knew no one really gave a damn about their History of Magic result, so they saved the exam until last so students could blame low grades on burn-out rather than lack of study or interest.

He was definitely one of the students who couldn't give two shits, but he tried his best nonetheless. He wrote everything he could remember, everything he'd tried to pour into his head in study sessions because Binns was utterly useless, but clearly he did not get enough sleep because a drowsy headache began to brew at his temples, blurring his vision.