

colour your views. Or the way you have become known for always helping your fellow students, no matter who they are.” With each word Harry got redder and redder, and McGonagall grew more smug. “No, I’m sure it’s got nothing to do with any of that.”

“Alright, alright, you’ve made your point,” he muttered, ducking his head. He almost reached out to take the badge, then paused, a thought coming to him. “Professor. I... on the subject of responsibilities. There’s something you should know— something that might change your decision.”

“If you’re worried about your Wizengamot duties, I remind you that many of your fellow students share the same burden. That won’t be a problem.”

“No, it’s not that, I—“ Harry hadn’t told anyone, not yet. But he could tell McGonagall. This was the woman who had bought him his very first broomstick, even if she had never admitted to it. “I... it might not even happen yet. And only like three people in the world even know about this, so don’t go spreading it around.” The curiosity was plain on her face, her brow furrowed. “I, ah, have a tryout, in a few days. For seeker.” He swallowed. “For the English national team.”

Harry was then treated to a sight that very few had seen — the sight of Minerva McGonagall, genuinely and utterly *surprised*.

“Viktor organised it, when he was over for the wedding and— and stuff.” An incredulous snort from the woman at his summation of the entire final battle. “They’re probably just giving me a chance because I’m the saviour and all and Viktor said I’m good, I doubt I’ll make it, but— but if I do, I’ll need to leave school sometimes for training and things. I don’t know what the schedule will be like. But if that’s going to be a problem, not having me around all the time, then you should give the Head Boy badge to someone else.”

Lips pursed, shock still in her eyes, McGonagall reached for a biscuit. “I would not count yourself out yet, Potter,” she remarked. “Indeed, I would consider Mr Krum an authority on such matters — if he says you have a chance, then you certainly have a chance. I cannot see that being a problem with your Head Boy duties; there are prefects and the Head Girl, after all, should you be unavailable.” With a twitch of her fingers, she nudged the badge closer to him. “It’s yours if you want it, Harry.”

He took a deep breath, and picked up the badge, staring at it for a moment before tucking it safely away in his pocket. “I won’t let you down, Professor,” he promised, nodding defiantly. Her eyes crinkled at the corners, her smile hidden by her teacup.

“I know you won’t, Mr Potter.” Then she coughed delicately. “And I know that as Headmistress, it is unseemly of me to profess any bias for one Hogwarts house over another. But English national team or no, I fully expect that trophy to reside in Remus Lupin’s office come the end of the year.” She looked at him expectantly, and Harry laughed.

“I’ll try my best.”

“See that you do.”