

“Good luck, boys,” Ginny said, once it was time for her to go to class. She kissed Harry’s cheek, then kissed Neville properly on the lips, leaving him flushed and smiling. “You’ll do great.”

“Thanks, Gin,” Harry replied, since Neville seemed a bit too dazed to form words. The pair had been an official couple since the quidditch match, and were still firmly in the honeymoon phase, all starry-eyed at each other and holding hands whenever they could. It was *adorable*, and Harry wondered if half the reason they were so sappy was because the twins were no longer around to tease Ginny about it all.

Either way, he was glad to see them happy together, after so long dancing around and crossing wires so painfully.

The fifth and seventh years were booted out to wait in the Entrance Hall while the Great Hall was adjusted for exams, and then finally they were being sent into the hall to take their Charms exams, directed to single desks each marked with a name in alphabetical order. Harry gave Neville a fleeting squeeze on the shoulder, then moved to sit at his desk between Sally-Anne Perks and Oliver Rivers from Hufflepuff. All the seventh years were at the back of the hall with their NEWT papers.

As he waited, watching the examiners stroll the aisles to double check no one was trying to hide any contraband, Harry was struck with the sudden fear that he had forgotten everything he had ever learned in Charms.

Then he was given permission to turn over his paper, and skimmed his eyes over the first few questions. He grinned to himself.

Yeah, this wasn’t so bad.

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The Charms practical in the afternoon went as smoothly as he thought the theory had gone in the morning; they were called up in groups of four and sent to the nearest available examiner, which meant that as Harry was starting his exam, Draco was just finishing his own. Harry tried not to watch him too hard, but he still had pride welling in his chest as Draco offered a small bow to Professor Marchbanks, who congratulated him on his performance.

“I think the rest will be less scary, now we know what they’re like,” Neville said to Ginny that evening in the common room, while all the fifth and seventh years were gathered trying to cram as much last-minute Transfiguration knowledge into their heads as possible. It was a point of pride for Gryffindor house, being their housemistress’ subject, and no one wanted to let her down by doing anything less than their best. Some of the fourth and sixth years with friends or partners taking exams, like Ginny, had volunteered themselves to be quizmasters, shooting off questions from textbooks or hand-written revision cards.

On Wednesday it was Neville’s time to shine with their Herbology exams, and as they were waiting in the Entrance Hall before the written exam the Gryffindor boy was being peppered with questions from students of all houses — and even a few of the NEWT students, too.