

“Have you had a class with *her* yet?” Hannah asked quietly, eyes flicking up to the pink-clad woman at the head table. Neville shook his head.

“This afternoon, we’ve got a double,” he said, grimacing.

“We’ve got her tomorrow,” Ernie supplied. “You’ll have to let us know how it goes.”

“When’s Susan thinking?” Harry asked, knowing the redhead would want everyone to meet soon. The two Hufflepuffs shrugged.

“Figured we’d let everyone settle in first, see when clubs and quidditch and everything are meeting. But soon,” Hannah said. “There’s a lot to talk about.”

The four of them shared a knowing glance.

They spent the whole lunch hour at the Hufflepuff table, then reluctantly headed for the North Tower, where Divination awaited them. “I wish I could drop this bloody subject,” Harry muttered, sitting on the stone floor beneath the silver ladder. They were early; the first ones there, in fact.

“At least it’s one less exam to really study for?” Neville attempted optimistically. Harry snorted — Sirius had told him that the exam was going to take more than just *making up* a bunch of predictions. He would actually have to have knowledge about the different manners of divination, and when each was best used.

If only he could let on early that he planned to take the tests for Arithmancy and Runes, then he could drop classes. But that would make Dumbledore far too suspicious.

And so, with a sigh, Harry clambered up the ladder into the heavily-perfumed classroom. Not begrudging Neville as he went to go sit with Terry and Anthony — his usual class companions, since Harry had previously always sat with Ron — Harry looked around somewhat helplessly.

“Harry,” a soft voice called, and he turned to see Parvati Patil gesturing to an empty armchair at the table she shared with Lavender. Harry beamed at the two girls, happily joining them — just in time to see Ron throw himself in his usual seat, then blink at the empty chair beside him.

“You’re lifesavers, you are,” the dark-haired Gryffindor declared under his breath, making the girls giggle.

“Figured you might want a save,” Lavender told him. Then she put on a mock-severe expression. “But there’s no slacking off at this table, Potter. We have a reputation to uphold you know.”

Before Harry could answer, Professor Trelawney swept into the classroom. She blinked owlishly at the new seating arrangements — Dean had sat with Ron, whether through choice or through pity Harry wasn’t sure.