

Gritting his teeth, Harry pushed past it. He just had to get through this one exam, and then he was done. Then he could pass out for a *week* if he wanted to.

His words came slower, like writing through treacle. All around him the constant scratch of quills began to grate on his sensitive ears, turning into one long discordant hum that made his brain itch. He squeezed his eyes shut, putting his face in his hands for just a moment.

*Concentrate, Potter*, he thought to himself, trying to visualise the timeline he and Susan had written out together.

His head ached harder. His vision swam, so he closed his eyes again.

And suddenly he was in a long, dark, familiar corridor.

Harry's heart sank. *Oh*. Of course.

It was about that time of year, after all.

He was a passenger in his own mind as he hurried down the corridor, heading through the door and into the circular room, then through a second door to a room dancing with bright lights. Onwards he went, a destination in mind — rows and rows of glass orbs, but he only needed one.

At the end of the row was a black mass; a figure slumped on the floor. Harry's own arm raising a wand, casting magic that made the man on the floor scream in pain.

A scream Harry knew.

Sirius Black raised his head defiantly, spitting on the ground at Harry's — *Voldemort's* — feet. Daring the Dark Lord to do his worst. Harry felt the pleasure that drew in Voldemort's chest; he did so enjoy making people scream.

And scream Sirius did, his voice ringing in Harry's ears. But then someone else screamed, too — Harry was screaming, back in his own body, and he returned abruptly as he fell out of his seat and onto the cold stone floor, still screaming, his scar burning.

He gasped in a sharp breath, and realised there was someone stood over him; Professor Tofty, eyeing him in concern.

"I'm fine," Harry rasped, his throat sore from screaming.

"Really, my boy, I must insist you go to the Hospital Wing," the examiner pressed, helping Harry to his feet with surprising strength for such a frail frame. Harry looked around; the exam was ongoing, but everyone was staring at him. How long had he been screaming for? How hard had they tried to snap him out of it?

There had been enough rumours about him floating around the school in the past two years that Harry bet most of them could guess what had just happened, whether they believed it or not. He met Neville's worried gaze, and looked away.