

Harry wasn't the only one who glared at her. It was bold to be so open with her allegiances, but then everyone knew her family were Death Eaters. She wasn't subtle about it, regularly muttering death threats towards Harry in the halls.

McGonagall remained stone-faced. "Should you feel comfortable in applying to take your exams at the Ministry of Magic this summer, you are of course welcome to do so," she assented curtly. "Similarly, if you choose to go elsewhere — that is to say, to a foreign Ministry you may have access to — I wish you the very best of luck in your examinations. But for those of you who do not have those options, do not fear. We will figure something out. And, of course, if you have any concerns you wish to bring to me privately, you are more than welcome to do so. You all know when my office hours are."

That seemed to be the end of it all, especially when a few nervous fourth years peered through the doors of the hall to see if dinner was ready yet. The students hopped off the tables, leaving room for the elves to send dinner up, and already McGonagall was surrounded by seventh years asking her questions.

"Well, no pressure or anything, then," Harry muttered dryly, sharing a glance with Susan. "Just got to off a Dark Lord and reform the Ministry proper so that our friends can graduate."

She bumped her shoulder with his. "Piece of cake," she replied, grinning. Harry snorted.

"I hope the seventh years don't get too complacent," Theo drawled quietly. "You did say summer after all, Potter."

"I did, didn't I?" Harry agreed.

It was a huge blow to those who had exams to take, of course — they wouldn't be able to relax for the summer knowing they had done the hard work.

Then again, Harry doubted *anyone* would be relaxing this summer, what with the whole Dark Lord situation.

## Chapter End Notes

\*Legally Blonde the Musical voice\* ~It's time to get serious~

Last ten chapter, folks. Buckle up ;)