At least the rest of his schedule wasn't too bad — though, considering it was OWL year, there was probably no 'easy' configuration of classes. Harry was determined to apply himself this year, though; Dumbledore knew the compulsions were broken, there was no need to downplay his academic abilities. As long as he didn't perform any enormously strong feats of magic, he would be fine.

He was sick of holding back for the sake of others. He didn't have to worry about upsetting Hermione, or making Ron jealous. He *liked* learning — maybe not as much as the Ravenclaws — and he wanted to do well this year.

He wanted his godfathers to be proud of his exam results. Hell, he wanted *Snape* to be proud, too.

With that in mind, Harry finished his breakfast, and he and Neville headed off to Binns' classroom.

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History of Magic was perhaps not the greatest class to begin his resolution to do well in class; everyone knew the only way to actually get a good grade in that subject was to self-study and ignore Binns entirely. Still, instead of using the forty-five minute period to doze off like he might have done in the past — or to doodle like Ron seemed to be doing — Harry sat in the back with Neville and a cluster of his Hufflepuff friends, making plans for the first study group of the year. The regular study group, not the heirs one; though Susan had a determined look in her eye that made Harry wonder what she had in mind to combat Umbridge's influence.

He was secretly very, very glad that Susan was the one spearheading the whole Wizengamot Takeover situation; she knew more about wizarding politics than he ever would, and had far more clear ideas and solutions than Harry. Also, he had other priorities; namely training to kill a Dark Lord, and getting rid of Dumbledore.

He would work on his end of the bargain, and Susan would deal with the rest.

In Potions, Harry was happy to partner with Neville, despite the skeptical look Snape levelled at him when no one else was looking. He wasn't going to abandon his friend in his least-favourite subject, even if it would be more of a political statement to sit with one of the Slytherins. Perhaps later in the term, if he could get Neville's confidence up, they could split up and sit with Blaise and Daphne; the only two 'safe' Slytherins now Voldemort had returned.

Harry tried his best not to look at the back of Draco's head while he stirred his Draught of Peace. Snape was throwing them right in at the deep end, setting a tricky potion that required precise measurements and careful timing. "You're doing great, Nev," Harry murmured supportively, looking over at his friend's cauldron. It wasn't quite the same shade of lilac as Harry's, but it was still purple.

Neville's hand trembled around his knife. "I can't do this," he moaned, voice quiet. "I'm going to fail Potions."