

# Chapter 70

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Looking around the Chamber of Secrets at the gathered teenagers casting spells with increasing fervour, Harry was quietly glad that this was the last time he'd have to do it. Teaching had been fun, but trying to sneak everyone in and out of the Chamber once a week was exhausting; there was *so much more at stake* if he got caught with that, than there had been with the Room of Requirements. But exams were almost upon them, so they were holding one last session, just to cover anything anyone was alarmed about.

Harry let it go on until about half an hour before curfew, then wound everything down, wanting to make sure everyone had plenty of time to make it back to their common rooms safely.

"Before we all go," he said, rummaging through his bag, "I just wanted to let you know that I'm going to burn the contract." He pulled it out, holding it up for them all to see. Several people gasped.

"What? Why?"

"The last thing I want is any of you getting asked about learning a spell during your exam, and accidentally triggering the contract, wiping your memories in the middle of your practical," Harry pointed out. Many faces went green at the prospect. "If I burn it, the magic is ended. I think by now I can trust all of you not to say anything." With any luck, by the summer it wouldn't matter.

Then, he smirked. "Besides," he added, "if any of you *did* tell someone that I was sneaking you into the Chamber of Secrets to practice spells, they'd never believe you."

Laughs rang out, which turned into a cheer as Harry lit the contract on fire, the parchment turning to ash in front of him. "No matter what happens in your exams, I'm proud of each and every one of you," he declared firmly. "And I dearly hope you never have to use what you've learned this year in the real world, but... I'm glad you know it, just in case."

Embarrassingly, Ginny started up a cheer for Harry, thanking him for teaching them in the first place. He blushed, hurrying over to open the passage that would take them back up to the library. "Let's just get out of here," he muttered bashfully.

Safely back in Gryffindor Tower, Harry made his excuses and headed up to his dorm, intending to call Sirius. He hadn't spoken to his godfather in a little while, and probably wouldn't get the chance much once exams began.

"Hey, Padfoot," he greeted, and Sirius grinned back.

"Hi pup. How are you doing? All ready for exams?"