

“For those looking to pursue a career as an auror—“

“Then why not leave them all til auror training?” Harry cut in, trying not to outwardly smirk when she scowled.

“Another ten points for interrupting me, Mr Potter,” she said immediately. “Now, *as I was saying*, for those looking to pursue a career as an auror, a firm grasp of the *theory* of these spells is necessary.”

“The aurors only know the theory, too? That explains a lot,” Harry remarked cheerily, earning another wave of hastily-muffled giggles from his classmates.

A vein in Umbridge’s temple twitched.

“Come here, Mr Potter,” she beckoned softly. Harry got to his feet, striding calmly up to stand in front of the desk. He wondered if she was going to curse him, or perhaps smack him across the hands with a ruler like in muggle schools. The whole class held their breath.

Instead, Umbridge pulled out a small roll of pink parchment, and scrawled a note that Harry could not see. When she was done, she sealed it with a tap of her wand and held it out to him. “Take this to Professor McGonagall, dear. Now, please,” she requested.

Hiding his confusion, Harry did as bid, stopping at his desk to gather his things — he wouldn’t be coming back, even if he had time left. He didn’t look at anyone on his way out.

Let Umbridge try and salvage that one, then.