

“Sir, Professor Moody!” Harry said as soon as Dumbledore’s blue eyes landed on him. The headmaster was furious, though Harry couldn’t tell what part of the whole evening had made him so. He certainly didn’t seem upset about Voldemort’s return.

“That is not Alastor Moody,” Dumbledore announced, striding over to the unconscious man and staring down at him. “I knew as soon as he removed you from my sight. You have never known the real Moody.” He reached down, pulling the hip flask from Moody’s robe. He popped the cap and held it out to Snape, who sniffed it, sneering.

“Polyjuice,” he declared, meeting Harry’s gaze. That solved the puzzle of who had broken into his office.

“But then— who is he?” Harry was baffled, but Dumbledore seemed to know exactly who to expect once Moody’s face returned to its original form. He sent Snape off to get truth serum and Winky the house elf, McGonagall to get Pomfrey, and then Harry was alone with the headmaster and an unconscious stranger. Harry’s heart thudded against his ribs, his wand in his hand, just in case the fight wasn’t yet over.

Far from it; Dumbledore practically ignored him, discovering the real Alastor Moody inside a magically expanded trunk. It was only when the man on the floor began to change did Dumbledore pay attention once more.

The scars melted away, the fake eye popping out as the socket was once again filled. The wooden leg fell to the ground with a clunk. Eventually, Harry was left staring at a man with a bedraggled mop of straw-blond hair, his skin pale and his face surprisingly young. He looked about the same age as Sirius, if not younger, though he was prematurely wrinkled around his eyes and brow.

“Crouch.” Snape had returned, and was stood in the doorway staring at the young man on the floor, realisation in his eyes. Winky let out a wail at his side. “Barty Crouch.”

Harry wrinkled his nose, confused — that *definitely* wasn’t Mr Crouch — before it hit him. *Mr Crouch’s son.*

The Barty Crouch he’d been seeing on the map all year long was the younger Bartemius Crouch, not the elder.

“I thought he was supposed to be dead,” Harry murmured. Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled.

“I believe that’s exactly what he wanted us all to think.” He didn’t wait for McGonagall to return, taking the small vial from Snape and dropping three drops of liquid into Crouch’s mouth. Then, he revived him, keeping his wand out.

Harry barely dared to blink as Barty Crouch Jr told his story of escaping Azkaban, Winky letting out moans of despair every few sentences. He learned the truth about the Dark Mark at the Quidditch World cup, and his involvement in the Triwizard Tournament after Voldemort came to Crouch’s house. He learned of Barty Crouch Sr’s death.