

making pointed eye contact with both him and Narcissa, and glaring at Lucius Malfoy when he mocked Mr Weasley quietly.

However, Bagman arrived and quickly kicked things off, and from there it was fantastic. Harry didn't get all starry-eyed over the veela unlike most of the other boys — he noted Draco didn't either, staying in his seat with a look of mild entertainment. Ron would've dived off the edge of the box if Hermione hadn't yanked him back to his seat by his collar.

The entire stadium could've been filled with veela and Harry wouldn't have noticed once the match began. He kept the Omnioculars pressed to his face for most of the match, watching eagerly as the players zoomed around the pitch and passed at frightening speeds. The Irish chasers really were a force to be reckoned with, but it was Viktor Krum Harry couldn't keep his eyes off. The man's flying was *incredible*.

Both seekers looked a right mess when they made it up to the top box for the award ceremony. Harry watched the players in awe, wondering exactly how one went about becoming a professional quidditch player.

That would be a pretty cool career...

The entire campground was a riot of celebrations when they headed back to their tents; even the tents decorated in Bulgarian red and black seemed to have decided to join in the fun and celebrate a snitch well caught. The Weasley family celebration was a little more subdued, but Charlie still pulled a crate of butterbeer from somewhere — and a bottle of firewhiskey for the adults. The twins tried to sneak some, but Bill was used to his brothers' tricks, and hexed them so all their fingers were stuck together at the tips.

It was only when Ginny fell asleep at the table and knocked over her hot chocolate that Mr Weasley declared it bedtime, sending the girls off to their tent. Harry wondered how all his other schoolmates were celebrating; was there a big group of Hogwarts students out there somewhere, cheering and singing under the firework-strewn sky? He was surprised the older Weasley boys weren't off celebrating with their friends, but he supposed they didn't see their younger siblings all that often. Harry was glad for the extra company; Bill and Charlie were a lot like the twins, and it was great fun having them around.

Harry crawled into his bed with a yawn— only to bolt upright seconds later when an earsplitting scream echoed from outside the tent. That was *not* a scream of joy.

He and Ron rushed into the living room, where all the other boys were stood looking alarmed. "What was that?" Percy asked cautiously. Several more screams rang out, and it sounded like huge groups of people were running. Mr Weasley hurried back into the tent, face pale in the dim light.

"Death Eaters," he declared grimly, and the eldest three Weasleys cursed. Harry felt sick.

"Are you sure?" Bill asked urgently, already grabbing his wand. Charlie and Percy were doing the same.