

“I was pretty good, wasn’t I?”

“No need to start bragging about it.” Ron’s venomous voice deflated Harry’s happy bubble, and the dark-haired boy glared.

“No one invited you to this party, Ron,” he bit out. Harry’s success just seemed to have affirmed the redhead’s views that he was a glory-hunter.

“Go away, Ronnikins,” Fred urged, smiling viciously at his brother. “Or you’ll see what some of our untested sweets can do.” Having already seen several people turn into canaries and other animals, Ron gulped, slinking away into the crowd. Harry caught sight of Hermione crossing the common room to talk to him, but ignored it. If she still wanted to be friends with Ron, that was her choice.

“So what’s in the egg, Harry?” George asked, taking the hefty golden egg from his hands.

“The clue for the second task, apparently.” Harry took the egg back, running his fingers over it.

“Open it!” several people in the crowd urged, including Neville. Harry grinned. Digging his nails into the groove, he wrenched it open.

...And immediately shut it again. As soon as the egg was open, an awful screeching wail pierced the room, making several people cover their ears. “What the fuck was that?” Fred muttered, wincing.

“No idea,” Harry replied, ears still ringing. “But it can’t be good.”

How the hell was that supposed to be a clue?

Chapter End Notes

Those of you who remember this from the first posting will maybe remember what happens in the next chapter ;) hope this kicks your week off to a great start!