

“Don’t you forget it,” he murmured, letting Harry go with a smirk.

It took a minute for Harry to remind his legs how to work before he could leave.

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Easter break passed in a blur of homework, spell practice and avoiding Ron and Hermione, for Harry. Due to the tournament, he was exempt from his exams, but that didn’t mean he was exempt from all the work that accompanied them. Harry didn’t mind, really; it was good for him to test his skills after the year’s studying, and it was nice being able to do it with the knowledge that he wasn’t going to be tested on it all. He got his work done early, and spent the rest of the break researching spells that might come in handy for whatever the final task turned out to be.

Finally, on May 24th, Harry was told to meet the rest of the champions and Ludo Bagman by the quidditch pitch at 9pm sharp. He bumped into Cedric in the Entrance Hall on the way down, and fell into step beside him. “What do you think it’ll be?” he asked, shivering a little as they walked out into the evening air.

“Who knows. I was talking to Fleur the other day, she reckons it’ll be some sort of underground tunnel system.” Cedric shrugged, and Harry contemplated the prospect.

“As long as we can still use the quidditch pitch by next year, I don’t really care.” Cedric made a firm noise of agreement.

The pitch had been off-limits since the second task, and when the two boys walked through a gap in the stands, Harry’s jaw dropped. “Our pitch!” Where the smooth lawn had once been was a series of low hedges criss-crossing all over the surface, about three feet high.

“Hello, there!” Bagman was at the centre of the pitch with Viktor and Fleur, waving cheerfully. “Come on over!”

Climbing over the hedges, Harry and Cedric joined the others, staring around in horror. “What’ve you done to our pitch?”

“Isn’t it brilliant? Give it a month, Hagrid’ll have them twenty feet high!” Bagman enthused, his expression faltering when he saw the indignant looks on the two Hogwarts students’ faces. “It’ll all be back to normal by the summer, of course! Not to worry. Now, can anyone tell me what we’re making here?” He asked as if they were a class of toddlers, and got four unimpressed expressions in reply.

“Maze,” Viktor said eventually, and Bagman beamed.

“Exactly that, Mr Krum! The third task is really quite straightforward; the Triwizard Cup will be placed in the centre of the maze. The first champion to touch it will be the winner.”

“We seemly ‘ave to get through ze maze?” Fleur asked, looking down at the hedges around them.