

too, he might end up drawing some conclusions. His eyes scanned the paper, relief hitting him when he saw the dot labelled '*Draco Malfoy*' down in the dungeons, approaching the Slytherin common room. Then, Harry frowned, his brow furrowed.

According to the map, Moody was in his office, behind the desk, like he always was. How was that possible? There was no way he could have made it back that quickly! He kept looking around the map, wondering if there was some sort of mistake, but other than Barty Crouch walking down the hall away from Dumbledore's office entrance — that was an absurdly late meeting, surely the tournament arrangements couldn't be that urgent? — He didn't see anyone out of place.

Harry shook his head, wiping the map away and continuing on to Gryffindor Tower. Perhaps Moody knew of a secret passageway Harry didn't. He wasn't so arrogant to assume he'd figured out all of Hogwarts' secrets, even with the help of the Marauders.

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The night before the task found all four Triwizard champions tucked away in a small living room in the Beauxbatons carriage, Fleur insisting it was the best place for privacy as none of her schoolmates would bother them. It was certainly more comfortable than hanging out in an abandoned classroom in the castle, so Harry wasn't going to complain.

"So is everyone ready for tomorrow?" Cedric asked, leaning back in his armchair with a bottle of butterbeer in his hand. The champions were all avoiding alcohol, not wanting to be hungover when they plunged into the Black Lake in the morning.

"As ready as I'll ever be," Viktor replied with a shrug. They'd all agreed not to say a word about the methods they planned to use, wanting it to be a surprise when the task began, but it was hard *not* to talk about what they were about to undertake.

"I am curious about what zey 'ave taken from us," Fleur mused. "I 'ave not noticed anyzing missing."

Harry hadn't either, but his three most important possessions — the cloak, the map, and Sirius' mirror — were in his bag pretty much permanently, so he couldn't see how anyone could take them. Maybe they'd take his Firebolt.

"It's whatever we'll *sorely miss*," Cedric said, rolling his eyes. "Maybe they've nicked my Potions notes. I've got an essay due on Friday." The other three laughed.

"Maybe they vill take a person," Viktor suggested. Harry and Fleur shared skeptical looks.

"Surely they wouldn't take that risk? If we don't make it in the hour..." Harry trailed off at the pointed look Viktor gave him. "Right, yeah, dragons." They hadn't cared too much about the safety of the spectators in the first task. Who was to say they wouldn't put an innocent person in danger to motivate the champions? "I guess we'll find out in the morning."

"D'you think we'll have to fight the merpeople, or just find them?" Cedric mused. "To get whatever it is back, I mean. Merpeople are supposed to be a warrior race. Do you think