

more charms had the sweets flying from all sorts of unexpected places, including the turn-ups of Fred's jeans, Mrs Weasley yelling at them all the while.

If Harry had known they were trying to smuggle them out of the house, he would've offered his services!

After a somewhat frosty goodbye from the Weasley matriarch, they were setting off across the grass by the light of the moon. Harry sped up to walk beside Mr Weasley. "So where's this portkey leaving from, then?" He'd never used a portkey before, but Remus had taught him about them over the summer.

"Stoatshead Hill," Mr Weasley replied, pointing to the land mass rising up in front of them. "There's about two hundred portkeys all over Britain for this, and this is our nearest."

Climbing Stoatshead Hill at the best of times was probably quite the ordeal, but in the dark it was a minefield of rabbit holes and unexpected rocks. All of them were breathless and a little sweaty by the time they reached the top, and Harry saw two silhouettes across the hilltop. "Over here, Arthur!"

"Amos!" Mr Weasley greeted brightly, striding towards the pair and shaking the taller one's hand warmly. As they grew closer, Harry made out the other figure as Cedric Diggory, his brown hair windswept and his cheeks flushed. "Kids, this is Amos Diggory, and I believe you know his son."

"Hi Cedric!" Harry said cheerfully, once it became clear the twins were not going to do so. The rest of the Gryffindor quidditch team still held a grudge against the Hufflepuff seeker for the match last year, even though Harry had told them to let it go.

"Hiya, Harry. Hi, everyone," Cedric added with a quick wave. Hermione and Ginny both giggled quietly. It was a common reaction around Cedric Diggory, Harry had noticed. He didn't really blame them; the Hufflepuff was very handsome.

"Long walk, Arthur?" Amos asked companionably. "We had to get up at two! I'll be glad when he's got his apparition license, I swear. I can't side-along to save my life; I'd splinch us both."

"Only a month away, Dad," Cedric offered supportively. Amos chuckled.

"It's alright, lad. It's worth it for this! Blimey, Arthur," he added, looking around at the gathered crowd. "Don't tell me all these are yours?"

"Oh, no, only the redheads," Mr Weasley assured. "Harry and Hermione are Ron's friends. But I've got three more old enough to apparate themselves."

Amos' eyes moved to Harry, and Harry mentally counted down as soon as he saw the man's eyes flick to his forehead. "Merlin's beard! Harry Potter!" His eyes went wide. "Ced's told me all about you, of course! I said to him, I said, Ced, that'll be something to tell your grandchildren! You beat *Harry Potter* at quidditch!"