

The two spells met in mid-air and ricocheted off; Harry ducked, but Hermione wasn't quick enough, and Malfoy's spell hit her square in the face. Ron's spell bounced over to hit Goyle, and the large Slytherin bellowed, covering his face with his hands. When he lowered them, his skin was covered in huge, oozing boils.

Hermione, too, had her hands over her face — her mouth, specifically. She wouldn't move them, letting out tiny, panicked squeaks. Ron lunged forward, dragging her hand away. Her front teeth were starting to resembling that of a beaver, growing out past her bottom lip and well on her way towards her chin.

"What is going on out here?" The voice was soft, but it carried through the hallway. Snape had arrived.

Draco and Ron began stuttering excuses, and Snape looked exasperated behind his glare. "Goyle, Hospital Wing," he said, when Draco pointed out the damage done to the Slytherin.

"Malfoy got Hermione, too!" Ron argued.

"I don't see any difference, Professor!" Pansy Parkinson crowed, laughing. Tears began to gather in Hermione's eyes.

"Granger, go," Snape dismissed. Hermione grabbed her bag and practically sprinted from the corridor. "The rest of you, inside, now."

The class began to file in, and Harry slid into line behind Draco. "Oi, Malfoy," he hissed. Draco glanced back, shooting him a panicked look. Harry smirked at him. "I was serious about that badge."

The look on Draco's face said that he clearly thought Harry had finally cracked, but eventually he gave an irritated huff and turned to his table, shoving past Harry.

As he did, something large and round dropped into Harry's robe pocket. Harry grinned.

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They barely got five minutes into class before there was a knock on the door. Snape glared like he was going to set someone on fire for the disruptions; which only increased when it turned out to be Colin Creevey, requesting Harry for... *photographs*? Harry shot Snape a desperate glance, begging him to refuse, to keep Harry down in the dungeons. The man merely curled his lip in distaste.

"Potter, take your things and get out. I expect ten inches on the proper method for deriving an antidote by next class."

Groaning under his breath. Harry shouldered his bag and followed Colin Creevey out of the classroom, the third year beaming up at him in awe. "Isn't this amazing, Harry? You being the fourth champion and everything?"

"Yeah. Amazing," Harry repeated flatly. "What's all this about, Colin?"