

task. It's dragons. Krum knows and Fleur knows and I didn't want you to be the only one going in with no idea."

"How— Hagrid," Cedric realised, remembering the odd interaction the day before. "Harry... seriously?" He looked pale.

"Seriously," Harry confirmed grimly. "I'm not sure on the specifics, only that we have to get past it, I think. I know it's cutting it a little close to actually be helpful, but, well; it's a start."

"No, it's great," Cedric assured. "Thanks, Harry. I owe you one."

Harry waved him off, and the two parted ways once more, Cedric no doubt off to the library to do what Harry had just finished doing. As Harry walked away, he heard a different voice call his name; this one much less welcome. It was followed by the telltale sound of Moody's wooden leg on the flagstones. "That was a decent thing you did for Diggory there, Potter," he said gruffly.

"It's only fair," Harry replied, not sure how he felt about Moody eavesdropping on his private conversations. It was bad enough that Snape had done some snooping and confirmed that the eye could see through invisibility cloaks.

"Come with me." It was snapped like an order but he had no grounds for it, and Harry shook his head.

"No thank you, sir; I said I'd meet Neville in the common room." A lie, but Moody didn't need to know that. Harry had no desire to be alone with anybody that Albus Dumbledore trusted.

"Potter!" Moody called, but Harry was already walking.

"Sorry, sir, I'm already late. Another time!" He turned the corner, and hurried for the stairs before Moody could chase after him.

Everybody knew about the dragons. Now Harry just had to figure out what to *do* about it.

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Harry was dreaming.

He knew that, because while he was on his broom and wearing his Gryffindor quidditch uniform and flying with the rest of his team, the opposing team seemed to be made entirely of dragons. Huge, terrifying Hungarian Horntails, like he'd seen in the woods. It was also definitely a dream because Harry was playing chaser, the quaffle in his hands as he tried to fly past the dragons without getting set on fire, watching Viktor Krum do an effortless Wronski Feint a few feet away. He was so close, the goal was in sight, he just had to fly a little further and...

He woke up with a gasp, eyes snapping open. It took a minute for his heart rate to go down. Even when it did, his eyes were still wide.