

When the Hogwarts champion was announced, Harry was almost knocked off his bench by the force of the noise coming from the Hufflepuff table. He beamed, getting to his feet and applauding. “Nice one, Cedric!” he called, ignoring Ron’s scowl at his side. Cedric turned and grinned at him on his way up. Harry was glad; Hufflepuff deserved a little glory.

Sitting down, Harry finally let himself relax, grinning as it took several minutes for the Hufflepuffs to quiet down enough for Dumbledore to speak. There, it was done, the champions were chosen, he had survived another Halloween feast.

And then the fire in the Goblet turned red again.

Harry’s heart turned to ice as the parchment shot into Dumbledore’s hand. The entire hall was so silent you could have heard a pin drop. Everyone stared at Dumbledore, who stared at the parchment. Then he looked up. His eyes fixed on Harry. *Oh, no.*

“Harry Potter.”