

Skeeter smirked, beckoning the man with the camera forward. “Just a few,” she purred. “And then, perhaps, an interview?”

“What do you think, Rita — all the judges, and the champions?” Bagman suggested. Skeeter’s eyes landed on Harry once more.

“And a few individual shots, of course.”

“I do not see why that is necessary,” Krum grouched. “We are all champions here.” He looked back at Harry, who sent him a grateful glance in reply. If there was anyone who understood how awful it was to be hounded by the press, it was Krum.

Skeeter got them all lined up for group photos, putting Harry right in the middle and insisting it was due to his height. “Take that silly badge off, Harry dear,” she fussed, but Harry shook his head.

“No, thank you.”

“Really, lad,” Bagman chuckled nervously. “I don’t think it’s really appropriate. These photos are going in the paper!”

“Exactly. I’m showing school solidarity,” Harry insisted, keeping his voice earnest. Behind him, Cedric ducked his head to hide a grin.

“Harry.” Dumbledore’s voice was gently scolding. Harry gave him an innocent look.

“Sorry, sir. Is this better?” He pressed the centre of the badge, until the words ‘*Potter Stinks*’ were emblazoned across his chest. Skeeter cried out in alarm. Cedric lost his battle against giggles.

“*Harry*,” Dumbledore said again. Harry was sure he was pushing the limits, and about to get himself into trouble, but he refused to let Skeeter walk all over him. The Compulsion charm was supposed to make him reckless, after all.

“You’re right, sir; the original is much nicer.” Harry returned the badge to its original phrase, facing the camera with a smile. “Are we ready now?”

The adults seemed to realise they’d lost that battle, and with an indignant huff, Skeeter took her photos, Harry keeping the badge on. He dug his heels in again when she tried to take individual photos.

“If you’re doing them by school, then Cedric and I should take a photo together,” he said, once she’d already taken pictures of Krum and Fleur.

“But that will upset the balance,” Skeeter protested.

“Just take the photo so we can leave,” Karkaroff snapped. “This has taken too much time already.”