

out of the Sorting Hat, Harry didn't think his usual method would work for him. All the books on dragons said their eyes were their weakest spot, but he couldn't exactly call Fawkes and have him claw them out. Again.

They tried to keep conversation off the task, but everything turned back to it eventually. It was hard not to, when it was all Cedric and Harry could think about.

He looked up when the door opened, and a familiar imposing figure ducked into the bar. It was Hagrid, walking with... Professor Moody?

The professor's magical eye spun in its socket, landing quickly on Harry. He nudged Hagrid in the side, nodding in Harry's direction. Hagrid grinned, waving, and started trying to squeeze his way through the crowd. "Alright, you lot!" he greeted. If he was confused by Harry's choice in company, he didn't show it. "Harry, I was wonderin' if yeh'd come down to meet me tonigh'? I need yer 'elp with summat. After dark, if yeh don' mind." He gave Harry a pointed look. "It'll be cold, so bring yer *cloak*." The emphasis made it pretty clear to Harry what he was implying, but just made him look like a weirdo to the rest of the table.

"Uh, yeah, sure, Hagrid." What could he possibly want? Hagrid beamed, nodding.

"Great, I'll see yeh then. Enjoy yer afternoon." With that he went to go sit beside Moody at the bar, leaving Harry blinking after him in confusion.

"What was that about?" Cho asked, frowning. Harry shrugged.

"Not a clue." He'd find out tonight, he supposed.

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Harry's first stop Sunday morning was the library, to scour all the books on dragons a second time. His little outing with Hagrid the night before had confirmed his fears, although at least now he knew he didn't have to fight or subdue the dragon. Just get past it.

Because that was *so* much easier.

It was pretty quiet in the library, as it often was on a Sunday morning. He wasn't entirely surprised to find Viktor Krum sat near Harry's usual table, a stack of books beside him. Harry gathered his own reading material, then approached quietly. "Mind if I join you?" he asked. Krum glanced up, then shrugged, gesturing to the empty seat.

He hadn't spoken much to the Durmstrang champion. They had eaten dinner together a few times, all four champions sitting together, but Krum had stayed mostly silent throughout. Still, he'd stood up for Harry against Skeeter, so that counted for something.

"Only a few more days," Harry murmured. Krum's dark eyes flicked up to him.

"Are you scared?" he asked, sounding more curious than taunting. Harry chuckled breathlessly.

"I think I'd be daft not to be, at least a little bit. You?"