

A hand wrapped around his shoulder, and Harry fought it as it yanked him backwards, only to find himself looking up at a familiar freckled face. "Alright, Harry?" Fred asked, brows furrowed in concern. He'd pulled Harry up into the dormitory stairwell, and George was leaning against the wall opposite.

"I didn't do it," Harry insisted. "I don't want this!"

"We know," the twins said, and Harry faltered. George grinned at him.

"You were pretty vocal about not wanting it, mate," he pointed out.

"And if you'd figured it out, you would've told us," Fred agreed.

"The question is, whodunnit?" George's words made Harry grimace.

"Moody thinks whoever did it is trying to get me killed. I'd say he's pretty on the money there."

Both twins shared a grim look. "Well, you'll show 'em, won't you, Harry?" Fred said, clapping him on the shoulders.

"Yeah, if anyone can do it, it's you!" George grinned, brown eyes bright. "Give Diggory a run for his money, won't you?"

Harry appreciated their optimism, but he didn't want to compete against Cedric. Really all he wanted right now was to go to bed. He said as much, and George ruffled his hair. "We'll get this winding down, don't worry. You'd better scarper quick, though," he added, glancing over Harry's shoulder. "Creevey brothers, incoming."

Harry winced. "Thanks, guys." He squeezed past them and hurried up the stairs, ducking into his dormitory with a relieved sigh. To his surprise, he wasn't the only one in there. Ron was lying on his bed, an odd expression on his face when he looked up at Harry.

"There you are," he said. "Congratulations, I guess."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked warily, though he could already see where the conversation was going. His stomach churned.

"You figured it out. Got your name in the Goblet. You could've at least told me, we could've both entered."

"I didn't put my name in, Ron," Harry insisted, tiredness creeping into his voice, making him sound snappish. God, he just wanted to go to sleep. "Someone else must have done it."

"Yeah, right," Ron said, still with that awkward smile-grimace on his face. "You can tell me the truth, y'know. You were gone all morning, did it take you a while to figure it out?"

"I told you, I was in the Owlery this morning! I don't know how my name got in the Goblet, but I don't want this, Ron!" Harry was getting angry, now, and so was the redhead.