

“Aren’t you surprised, Harry?” He looked up, meeting Hermione’s gaze.

“I suppose,” he agreed neutrally. Her brown eyes narrowed.

“Did you have something to do with all that?” she asked suspiciously. Harry put on his best innocent face.

“Me? Never!” Beside him, Neville snorted.

“You could try a little harder to be believable, mate,” he advised. “Your lawyer finally rooted Skeeter out, did she?”

Harry kept silent, merely eating his lunch with a slightly satisfied smile, pointedly keeping his gaze away from the Slytherin table.

That was one problem sorted, at least.

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With the third task only a few weeks away, and the rest of the school in panic-mode for their upcoming exams, Harry and the other three champions were about ready to be done with it all. As the third task was almost as much of a mystery as the first — they knew absolutely nothing about what they might face in the maze — the four could often be found hanging out in empty classrooms in their free time, going over spells that might be useful. It was probably a breach of the tournament rules to all be training together, but none of them really cared, and their friends all had better things to do.

After a lunchtime session practicing shield charms, Harry headed off towards Divination, already dreading the hot, perfumed fire that burned within the tower. Summer was well and truly beginning, and Trelawney didn’t seem to have noticed, still wrapped in her layers of shawls. Harry felt lightheaded by the time he sat down; trying to stay awake during the lesson was going to be *impossible*. Even Parvati and Lavender were looking a little drowsy after the first ten minutes.

Harry tried his best to stay awake, but between the comfortable armchair, the heat and the dimmed lights, it was a lost cause.

It had been so long since his last dream of Voldemort that Harry almost forgot what it was like, but the dread seeped in as he found himself in a room with a familiar cold voice.

When Voldemort cast the Cruciatus curse on Wormtail, Harry felt it as if he was under the curse himself. He came to lying on the floor of the Divination classroom, his hands over his scar and his throat sore like he’d been screaming. Everyone was staring at him.

“What was it?” Trelawney pressed, her eyes even bigger than usual behind her glasses. “A premonition? An apparition? You have awoken your inner eye, Potter; tell me what you saw!”

Something had awoken, but it certainly wasn’t Harry’s inner eye. “Nothing,” he lied, pulling himself into a sitting position. His hands were trembling. “Just dozed off. I have a headache.”