

*Flying.*

Could it work? He was only allowed a wand, but... he'd been getting pretty good at the Summoning charm over the summer. Snape always accused him of being a lazy teenager, so Harry had summoned more things just to be a brat. He was pretty confident he could summon his broom from Gryffindor Tower down to wherever the task was being held, as long as he left the dorm window open.

He relaxed into his mattress — at least, as much as he could knowing that in a little over twenty four hours he'd be facing a real live dragon. He had a plan. It wasn't the most foolproof plan in the world, but it was better than him trying to learn a Conjunctivitis curse strong enough to fell a dragon in a day.

Neville looked over at him when he emerged from bed. "Alright there, Harry?"

"Yeah, actually," he admitted, grinning. "Think I've got it all figured out." Neville's eyebrows rose, surprised.

"The task? Really?" Harry nodded. Neville beamed. "Brilliant."

Hermione, on the other hand, was not so convinced. "How can you be so relaxed?" she hissed at him during Herbology, her own anxiety palpable. Harry shrugged.

"I know what I need to do. No point worrying about it any more," he replied. He'd told her about the dragons, only because she wouldn't stop pestering him about studying between classes to make sure he was properly prepared. He appreciated the thought, but why couldn't she believe him when he said he had it under control?

She looked at him like he was mad. "You're going to get yourself killed!"

"It'll be alright," he insisted optimistically.

Now that the task was almost out of the way, he had some other things to be worrying about.

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Harry skived off Divination, pretty sure that no one would begrudge him that with the task happening the next day. Instead he went down towards the Forbidden Forest, following the path he'd taken with Hagrid. The dragons were, if possible, even more terrifying in the daylight. Harry refused to let it get to him.

He glanced around the gathered dragon tamers until he saw the one with bright red hair, hanging out in front of one of the tents. Harry edged closer, and sent a pebble flying towards the man with a flick of his wand. It hit Charlie on the arm, and he cursed, whipping around. Harry whistled quietly, popping out from behind the trees just long enough to catch Charlie's attention. His eyes widened, and he hurried forwards. "Harry!" he whispered, wrapping the teen in a quick hug, then ushering him further into the trees before they were seen.

"Shouldn't you be in class?"

"It's only Divination," Harry dismissed with a wave of his hand. "I came to talk to you."