

At the end of the feast, Dumbledore stood to make his start-of-term speech. Harry hadn't realised the Triwizard Tournament would mean cancelling quidditch, and his outrage was echoed by several others from every house. He caught Cedric Diggory's eye across the room, the boy looking upset at the news. So much for that rematch.

The interruption of Mad-Eye Moody was an unexpected one. Harry felt uneasy when the man's magical eye landed on him, unnaturally bright blue. It felt like it was piercing his soul — he made a mental note to ask Sirius exactly what that eye was capable of.

He didn't know much about the man, just what Mr Weasley had told them that morning, but it was clear he was at least friends with Dumbledore. That didn't exactly inspire confidence in Harry. He'd have to be careful around Moody until he'd got the measure of him.

Harry pretended to be just as startled by the announcement of the Tournament as everyone else. The twins, unsurprisingly, were among those not pleased with the news that only wizards who were of-age by the end of October would be able to enter. "We're so close, we're practically seventeen!" Fred insisted as they walked up to Gryffindor Tower.

"There's got to be a way to get around it," George agreed. "Once our names are in the running, they won't be able to turn us down."

Harry doubted it would be that simple, but stayed quiet as the pair plotted ways to hoodwink the impartial judge. When they extended the offer to Ron and Harry, Harry snorted. "I think I get into enough trouble in the average school year without seeking it out, don't you?" he pointed out dryly. Fred shrugged.

"Yeah, mate, you're probably right. Ah well, more glory for us!"

They went off to their respective dormitories after bidding everyone goodnight, and Harry grinned at Dean's new poster of Viktor Krum. Maybe he should've brought his Holyhead Harpies poster with him instead of leaving it in his room. He could explain it away as a birthday present, or something. Though he'd have to figure out a reasonable explanation for *why* it was the Harpies. Maybe he could buy a Puddlemere poster in support of Oliver instead.

Changing into his pyjamas, he put all thoughts of quidditch and posters out of his head, drawing his curtains around his bed and setting the usual privacy charms. Now he was back at school, all his plans for the year came rushing back to the forefront of his mind. He wanted to get the heirs closer together, even the Slytherin ones — if he could get them all working together before either Dumbledore or Voldemort managed to get to them, they might have a chance at sorting out the shambles of the wizarding world *after* the war was over. It was all well and good planning for battle, but someone needed to have a good idea of what came next, or they'd end up doing exactly what they'd done after the last two wars; sticking their heads in the sand and letting Albus Dumbledore take care of everything.

As well as that, he had to keep his head down and out of Dumbledore's way, and figure out just who he could trust within the castle. Right now, it was a pretty short list.