

Eventually however, Sirius had to go, and Harry pocketed the mirror with a sigh, staring out over the lake. What if he just sat there all day until the feast? What if he didn't even go to the feast? He'd find out who the champions were in the morning. He didn't really care either way.

His privacy charms made external noise a little fuzzy, so he dropped them to let the sounds of nature wash over him; the gentle lull of the lake's tide, the birds and other creatures in the forest chattering away. Very faintly, he could hear the noise of students up at the castle, but it was just far enough that he could pretend they didn't exist. Until someone cleared their throat. "Mind if I join you?"

It was Draco, his pale face half covered by his Slytherin scarf. Harry shuffled over a little, making room for the blond. "What are you doing out here?"

"Pansy wanted to try and get a better look at Krum," Draco explained. "I left her to it. Are you okay? You look sad."

"Just spoke to Sirius." Harry bit his lip, then sighed, meeting Draco's gaze earnestly. "I miss him. Especially today."

"Today? Oh." Draco quickly put the pieces together. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "It must be hard for you. Seeing everyone else so happy."

"It's not just that," Harry said. "It's... something bad always happens on Halloween. Every year. I feel like this year won't be any different, and I'm so sick of it all. I just want today to be over already." His heart hurt, his head hurt, and he was already so *tired*. The day had barely started and he was ready for it to be done.

"If it makes you feel better, the Weasley twins tried to put their names in the Goblet. The age line spat them back out with beards longer and greyer than Dumbledore's," Draco informed him, smiling slightly. "It was hilarious. I guess they're serious about making sure no one underage goes in."

Harry chuckled. "I wish I'd seen that." He felt a little bad for the twins, but really he was glad they wouldn't be risking their necks for some money and glory.

The pair sat in silence for a while, Draco's shoulder warm against his, both of them watching the giant squid prod curiously at the Durmstrang ship. "At least tomorrow all the fuss will be over," Draco murmured. "The champions will be chosen and the rest of us can just get on with things until the first task."

"Yeah." Harry wished the tournament was the least of his problems. "Draco, I don't know what to do. I can't let Dumbledore know I'm onto him, but I can't just keep pretending I'm oblivious, it's *killing* me. Trying to pretend Ron's comments about Slytherins don't bother me, that Hermione's nagging isn't overbearing. I can't even hang out with Neville without them getting suspicious, let alone anyone else." The other heirs were doing well in starting some inter-house friendships, but Harry still felt trapped. "Sometimes I just want to say fuck it and come sit with you at the Slytherin table, let the pieces fall where they may. What does it matter if Dumbledore knows I've ruined his plan? He's going to find out eventually."