

“Easy, lad,” it was Moody, and Harry struggled harder. “You need a lie down, you’ve had quite the shock. Come on, that’s it.” Harry couldn’t pull away as the man took him up to a room he vaguely recognised as the Defence teacher’s office; quite different to how it had been when it was Remus’. “Tell me what happened.”

“Voldemort’s back,” Harry mumbled. “I have to get back to Cedric.”

“Back? He’s returned?” Moody checked. Harry nodded. “What else happened? Did he call his Death Eaters? Who was there?” Moody kept bombarding him with questions, pushing a potion vial into his hand, but Harry refused to drink it, knocking it away and letting it smash on the floor.

“Foolish boy!” Moody roared, his magical eye whizzing around in its socket. “Tell me what happened, so I can know if my hard work has paid off!”

Harry gaped at him. Moody smirked viciously, his scarred face turning grotesque. “Yes, I did it. I put your name in the Goblet; I turned the cup into a portkey; I made Krum attack his fellow champions. It was a bloody miracle and a half you even made it that far! Refusing all my help, making it through by the skin of your teeth. You certainly didn’t make it easy on me, Potter! But it was worth it, if my master has returned.” He raised his wand, turning on Harry. “Imagine how pleased he’ll be to hear I’ve tied up his loose ends for him.”

“Stupefy!”

All of a sudden, Moody toppled to the ground. Harry looked around to the office door, which was hanging off its hinges, to see Snape and McGonagall rushing inside. “Professors!” Harry gasped. “Moody — he did it. He did it all. Voldemort’s back and it’s his fault.”

McGonagall looked horrified, and Snape quickly bound the Stunned man. “I’ll fetch the headmaster,” the Gryffindor housemistress declared, hurrying from the room. Snape dropped to his knees in front of Harry, cupping his jaw to look him in the eye.

“Did he curse you?”

Harry shook his head. “Tried to get me to drink, but I didn’t,” he said, gesturing to the mess of potion on the floor. Snape scowled, then held up a vial from his own pocket. Harry drank it without hesitation, and the world immediately regained focus, though his hands were still shaking. “Sir, Voldemort’s back.”

“I know.” Snape’s eyes flicked down to his left forearm. “Are you alright?”

There were so many ways Harry could answer that question, but he settled for just a nod. He wasn’t dying — that he knew of — and the damage had been done now.

Snape straightened up at the sound of hurried footsteps growing closer, and by the time McGonagall returned with Dumbledore he was on the other side of the room, staring down at the bound Moody with distaste.