

He didn't do much thinking until he was back on the ground, his brain hitting flight-mode and going entirely off of instinct. When he landed, he could see Charlie Weasley amongst the dragon tamers, punching the air in delight. Draco up in the stands, looking even paler than usual but with wonder in his eyes. Ron looking begrudgingly impressed, still scowling, while Neville and Hermione cheered beside him.

He could see McGonagall walking towards him, smiling. "Very well done, Potter! Excellent flying! Now off to the First Aid tent with you." It was then that Harry noticed he was bleeding from a gash in his shoulder, and he grimaced, heading off towards Madam Pomfrey. Cedric was sat there with burn paste slathered all over his face and chest, but Fleur and Krum looked alright, sitting drinking hot chocolate. Madam Pomfrey cast a quick spell on his shoulder, telling him to sit tight until it healed completely.

"That was some very impressive flying," Krum said with a soft smile. Harry goggled at him. *Viktor Krum just complimented his flying skills.*

Before Harry could gather his brains up enough to ask the others what they had done, he was called out to receive his score. 40 out of 50. Not bad at all. "You're tied for first place!" It was Charlie, running up to barrel him in a hug so tight Harry's feet left the ground. Harry was glad Pomfrey had healed his shoulder already. "You and Krum. Bloody hell, Harry, that was *amazing!* I've got to go, we've got to move the dragons, but really well done! I'll see you soon, yeah? Oh, and they need you back in the champions' tent, Bagman said," he added belatedly, ruffling Harry's hair before running off again. Harry saw Neville waiting for him, but he shook his head, jerking a thumb towards the tent. He'd see his friend back up at the common room.

The other three champions were already there when Harry arrived, and so was Bagman. They listened while the man told them the egg was their clue, and Harry was relieved the next task wasn't until the end of February. Three whole months to figure it out, and get on with other things.

Everyone had left by the time Bagman let them go, so the four champions started walking back towards the castle together. "So what did the three of you end up doing?" Harry asked curiously.

They each regaled him with their own experiences with their dragons, stopping on the lawn near the lake. Neither Fleur nor Krum seemed to want to go back to their respective lodgings just yet. Harry didn't really blame them. He knew there would be a party up at Gryffindor Tower, and he was exhausted just thinking about it.

There was a beat of silence, and Harry laughed, shaking his head. "This is mad, isn't it? This competition. We just faced *dragons*."

Fleur laughed as well. "I knew eet would be difficult, but I did not expect zat!" she agreed. "I am vairy eempresed, 'Arry. I worried for you when I found out about ze dragons, but you did vairy well for someone so young."

"I, uh, had a bit of a heads up about them. I had time to prepare," Harry admitted, wondering if the others would confess the same. To his surprise, they did.