

Harry Potter 541

Chapter 541: Collapsed Ruins

It was not only the surrounding walls that had disappeared, but the whole temple!

Evan was not simply floating up now, but in a strange space.

The ancient building left by the ancient warlocks was no longer visible here, and the boundaries between reality and magic were getting blurred.

In the face of such power, Evan deeply felt his weakness.

The power of today's wizards in front of the powerful magic of ancient warlocks was just as ridiculous as ants facing a giant.

The power of this magic in its complete state was totally beyond Evan's expectations, and could only be described as shocking and surprising.

He looked around in disbelief and was immersed in this power to the fullest.

In the distance, the deep darkness was still spreading outwards, seemingly never ending.

The constantly surging magic power not only constructed this space, but also formed a strong cage at the same time.

Being trapped in this cage, without any power, and unable to go anywhere; this was the essence of this "Silence" magic. This was a protective spell that was completely beyond ordinary people's understanding.

It would take unimaginable forces to build a space independent of the real world.

The will of the ancient warlocks to keep something trapped in this space was absolute, and nothing could ever defy it.

Evan never knew that the power of magic could reach such intensity.

He floated there quietly, feeling that he had touched the source of this magic power.

Right then, Evan returned to the ruins and slowly fell down.

Evan carefully understood the feeling and seemed to have caught something, but it was not clear at the time.

Undoubtedly, the harvest of this exploration was very big, far beyond Evan's expectations.

Boom, boom, boom!

A continuous loud noise awakened Evan. He raised his head and looked around.

The stone platform in front of him had been split into several pieces, and the entire ruins were collapsing in a large area, and large pieces of rubble were falling from above.

The surrounding walls and the ground were also full of cracks, which were rapidly expanding at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Under the impact of strong magic power, this ancient building was about to be destroyed.

If he didn't want to be buried alive here, he had to run away.

"Damn!" Evan did not hesitate. He grabbed the Philosopher's Stone, turned around and ran back.

Now, the entire ruins were shaking constantly. The boulders were falling and the walls were broken and collapsed. The magnificent stone pillars fell one by one. The gullies reaching the abyss appeared on the ground. It was a totally apocalyptic scene.

Evan sprinted forward as fast as he could. He had never run so fast before.

The interior space of the ruins was too large. He was exhausted, but he did not dare stop.

He kept waving his wand in his hand, emitting dazzling red lights, hitting away large stones on the road ahead.

This was not only a test of physical strength, but also a magical and spiritual test.

Before a few huge chasms, Evan gasped and flew a giant fallen column with Wingardium Leviosa.

He moved this huge stone pillar, which weighed a hundred tons, without thinking about its size or what it was made from.

Evan mobilized the magic of his whole body to move it across the gully. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and had no fear in mind... He had no time for fear!

Looking at the crumbling ground behind him, he hurriedly scrambled up with his hands and feet.

On both sides of Evan, there was a deep bottomless abyss. With the tremor of the ruins, the pillars were trembling constantly, and could collapse at any time.

If he fell into the abyss, there would be no possibility of survival.

He tried not to think about these things, his eyes fixed on the front, and he rushed forward.

As Evan ran over, the cracks on the ground widened.

He turned his head in fear. The stone pillars behind him were falling into the abyss, making a series of terrible noises.

A few minutes later, as he gasped and rushed into the hut that was used as a lair by the Manticore, and Buckbeak was standing on a pile of bones, incessantly fluttering his wings, and all the Fire Crabs and the Blast-Ended Skrewt were running around restlessly.

This place didn't collapse as badly as the ruins hall, but the cracks on the walls were obvious.

Evan turned over and climbed onto Buckbeak and lay down on it, running out of strength.

He felt like he was back to the forest with Buckbeak when the light was bright again. The breeze blew, giving him a feeling of returning to life.

A burst of black light flashed, and Caresius appeared behind Evan and landed on Buckbeak. Evan looked at him enviously. If he could Apparate, he wouldn't have had to work so hard. "What did you do down there?" asked Caresius.

"Nothing!" Evan replied, supporting himself and sitting up.

Evan plucked his head and looked down.

Because it was too far away, the Manticore had become a small black dot.

Caresius gently waved his wand and released the magic control off it.

Freed from the chains, the Manticore roared at the sky a few times and turned back to his lair.

Not long after he had gone down, there was a terrible and tremendous echo.

Boom!!!

It could be clearly seen that the entire ground was deeply sunken down, and this ancient relic was completely destroyed.

Buckbeak flew several rounds over the sky and headed for the castle again.

More than half an hour later, they returned to the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

"Don't call me for such a thing again!" said Caresius coldly.

He did not care about Evan's condition. He jumped off Buckbeak's back, took out a hip flask and drank twice.

In the blink of an eye, Caresius's body was back into Moody's appearance.

He placed the magical eye in his eye socket, and the electric blue eyeball swirled wildly inside.

He turned to look at Evan and hurriedly left the Forbidden Forest.

Chapter 542: Upcoming Guests

Evan was not as calm as Caresius, and the quick run he had just made exhausted most of his strength.

He slipped slowly from Buckbeak's back and felt his knees shaking. His muscles were aching all over now, and even his breathing was burning.

Buckbeak turned his head, his big amber eyes looking inexplicably at Evan, who desperately clung to his body.

Evan smiled bitterly and asked Buckbeak to leave.

He walked slowly to Hagrid's Hut. Although he was extremely tired, the fruits of this expedition were beyond imagination.

Evan sat in Hagrid's Hut for more than an hour, drinking tea and discussing issues related to the rearing of the Blast-Ended Skrewts.

He didn't know the final fate of the Blast-Ended Skrewts, the Fire Crabs and the Manticore inside the ruins, but in such a large-scale collapse, they must have all died.

If Hagrid knew about this, he would definitely cry sadly.

When it was nearly five o'clock and the sun was setting slowly, Evan dragged his tired body back to the castle.

He had just walked into the entrance Hall of the castle and saw a large crowd of students, all milling around a large sign that had been erected at the foot of the marble staircase.

"What happened?" Evan asked, next to him was Ernie MacMillan of Hufflepuff House, who emerged from the crowd, his eyes gleaming.

"Only a week away!" said Ernie excitedly.

"What's only a week away?"

"The Triwizard Tournament!" Ernie quickly replied, trembling slightly with excitement.

"The school just posted the notice. The delegations from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving at 6 o'clock in the evening on Friday the 30th of October. Lessons will end half an hour early. Students will return their bags and books to their dormitories and assemble in front of the castle to greet our guests before the Welcoming Feast."

"Oh, Beauxbatons and Durmstrang are coming?!" Evan was in a trance, Evan was in a trance. Time had passed so fast.

He had recently received a letter from Gabriel telling him that the students in Beauxbatons were ready to leave.

Not surprisingly, her sister Fleur performed very well in the school's internal primaries, and was highly regarded by Madam Maxime. Gabrielle also became the only junior student of Beauxbatons who had the chance to visit Hogwarts.

"Evan, you're here, haven't seen you all day. Where have you been?!"

Harry, Ron, and Hermione emerged from the crowd in delight, and they had just finished reading the notice.

"I went to Professor Moody to ask some things about the course," Evan said simply.

"Okay, I am leaving!" said Ernie. "I wonder if Cedric knows about it. I'll go and tell him."

"Cedric?" Ron said blankly as Ernie hurried off.

"Diggory!" said Harry. "He must be entering the tournament."

“I remember him. That idiot, Hogwarts champion?” said Ron frowning as they pushed their way through the chattering crowd toward the Great Hall.

“He’s not an idiot. You just don’t like him because he beat Gryffindor at Quidditch,” said Hermione. “I heard he’s really a good student ... and he’s a perfect.”

Listening to her tone, it was as if him being a prefect settled the matter.

“Oh, is it?!” Ron frowned, as if to refute Hermione.

But in the end, he said nothing. Since the last incident, the two had been getting along very cautiously.

During the following week, while Evan was focusing on magic research, obvious changes took place in the castle.

Now, no matter where they went, there seemed to be only one topic of conversation: the Triwizard Tournament.

Rumors were flying from student to student like highly contagious germs: who was going to try for Hogwarts champion, what the tournament would involve, how the students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang differed from themselves, and so on.

Evan was naturally a popular candidate for the Hogwarts champion, although he did not meet the 17-year-old standard set by the three headmasters.

However, there were still many who thought he would find a way to compete and become a champion.

After a period of heated discussion, this rumor came to an abrupt end.

The news that Evan was not going to be a champion to compete in the tournament came from the Gryffindor circle.

While feeling both sorry and grateful for Evan, the young wizards also selected the strongest students in their minds.

Most of the senior wizards who were seventeen years old seemed to think that they had the potential to become champions.

At the same time as everyone was talking about it, the castle was undergoing an extra-thorough cleaning.

Several grimy portraits had been scrubbed, much to the displeasure of their subjects, who sat huddled in their frames muttering darkly and wincing as they felt their raw pink faces.

The suits of armor were suddenly gleaming and moving without squeaking.

Argus Filch, the caretaker, watched at the door of the auditorium every day while eating. He was behaving so ferociously to any students who forgot to wipe their shoes that he terrified a pair of first-year girls into hysterics.

Other members of the staff seemed oddly tense too, trying to make everything appear in the most perfect state.

When they went down to breakfast on the morning of the thirtieth of October, they found that the Great Hall had been decorated overnight.

Enormous silk banners hung from the walls, each of them representing a Hogwarts House: red with a gold lion for Gryffindor, blue with a bronze eagle for Ravenclaw, yellow with a black badger for Hufflepuff, and green with a silver serpent for Slytherin.

Behind the teachers' table, the largest banner of all bore the Hogwarts coat of arms: lion, eagle, badger, and snake united around a large letter H.

Evan, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Colin and Ginny looked around and sat down at the Gryffindor table.

Next to them, Fred and George were, once again, unusually sitting apart from everyone else and conversing in low voices.

Ludo Bagman was avoiding them, and the letters that the twins wrote to him some time ago were sent back intact.

"It's a bummer, all right." George was saying gloomily to Fred. "But if he won't talk to us in person, we'll have to send him the letter after all. Or we'll stuff it into his hand. He can't avoid us forever."

"Who's avoiding you?" Ron said curiously, and walked over and sat down next to them.

"No one, I wish you would." said Fred, looking irritated at the interruption.

"What's a bummer?" Ron asked George.

"Having a nosy git like you for a brother," George replied.

Chapter 543: Welcoming Ceremony

Obviously, Fred and George were not going to tell anyone about it.

"Fred, George, you two got any ideas on the Triwizard Tournament yet?" Harry asked. "Thought any more about trying to enter?"

"Of course we thought. I asked Professor McGonagall how the champions are chosen but she wasn't telling," said George bitterly. "She just told me to shut up and get on with transfiguring my raccoon."

"I wonder what the tasks are going to be?" said Ron thoughtfully. "You know, I bet we could do them. We've done dangerous stuff before..."

Ron followed Harry in the first year to defeat Voldemort, and in the second year he fought in the Chamber of Secrets with the basilisk.

In the first half of last year, he also participated in the rescue of Sirius, and in the final moments defeated Peter Pettigrew.

In the second half of the term, he went with everyone to explore the Centaurs' colony in the Forbidden Forest, looking for the Philosopher's Stone left by Gryffindor.

Either of these things was more dangerous than the Triwizard Tournament, and Ron and his friends were really experienced in this regard.

“Yeah, it’s really great, but you didn’t do that in front of a panel of judges, did you?” said Fred, “McGonagall says champions get awarded points according to how well they’ve done the tasks.”

“Who are the judges?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Ministry of Magic officials will be judges.” said Evan, while serving himself porridge.

Hearing Evan’s words, they all turned their heads and looked at him in great surprise.

“This is obvious, isn’t it?!” Evan explained. “The Ministry of Magic has rarely planned such a large-scale event. It is impossible to not come forward. I think one of the judges will be Mr. Crouch, or the Minister of Magic, Fudge himself.”

“Percy must know, but he won’t tell us anything.”

“Yeah, I really want to know, who else will be judge?”

“The Heads of the participating schools would definitely be members on the panel.” Hermione followed.

This time, everyone looked around at her, rather surprised.

“Have you never read a book?!” Hermione explained. “All three of them were injured during the Tournament of 1792, when a cockatrice the champions were supposed to be catching went on the rampage.”

“It’s all written here, I remember this passage.”

“Do you always carry this book in class?” Harry asked in surprise.

“What are you on about?” Ron asked puzzled.

The others were equally confused, but everyone soon knew what she was going to say next. It was about the house-elves again.

They kept tacitly silent and stared down at their plates.

Fred and George seemed suddenly extremely interested in their bacon. They were the only ones who had refused to buy a S.P.E.W. badge. At the end of breakfast, Hermione was still tirelessly telling Evan about the current progress of the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare.

In a word, there was a pleasant feeling of anticipation in the air that day.

Nobody was very attentive in class, being much more interested in the arrival of the people from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang that evening. Even Potions and Divination were more bearable than usual, and they were half an hour shorter.

When the bell rang early, Evan, Colin and Ginny hurried up to Gryffindor Tower. They found that Harry, Ron, Hermione, and other young wizards had already returned. They pulled on their cloaks, and rushed back downstairs into the entrance hall.

The Heads of Houses were ordering their students into lines.

“Weasley, straighten your hat; Creevey, tuck your shirt into your pants!” Professor McGonagall snapped at them, “And you, Miss Patil, take that ridiculous thing out of your hair.”

Parvati scowled and removed a large ornamental butterfly from the end of her plait.

“Follow me, please.” said Professor McGonagall, “First years in front ... no pushing ...”

They filed down the steps and lined up in front of the castle.

It was a cold, clear evening. Dusk was falling, and a pale, transparent-looking moon was already shining over the Forbidden Forest.

The moonlight was exceptionally bright, interdependent with the castle, creating a beautiful fantastic scenery.

All the teachers and students of the school stood outside the gate, and the ghosts floated slowly over everyone.

Evan, Colin and Ginny followed the other third years in the third row, behind them were Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

He saw Colin’s younger brother Dennis positively shivering with anticipation among the other first years.

“It’s nearly six o’clock!” said Ron, staring down the drive that led to the front gates.

“How are they coming? The train?”

“I doubt it,” said Hermione. “The Hogwarts Express is from London. They can’t assemble there.”

“How, then? Broomsticks?” Harry suggested, looking up at the starry sky.

Hearing what he said, Colin also looked up.

“They won’t do that, from that far away.”

“A Portkey?!” Ron suggested. “Or they could Apparate, maybe you’re allowed to do it under seventeen wherever they come from?”

“Ron, you can’t Apparate inside Hogwarts grounds, how often do I have to tell you?” said Hermione impatiently.

The young wizards scanned the darkening grounds excitedly, but nothing was moving. Everything was still and quiet as usual.

The irrepressible buzz gradually began to ring from the crowd, and everyone felt cold and hungry.

Just when everyone was about to lose patience, Dumbledore called out from the back row where he stood with the other teachers.

“Aha! Unless I am very much mistaken, the delegation from Beauxbatons approaches!”

“Where?” said many students eagerly, all looking in different directions.

There was something large, much larger than a broomstick.

Under the silver moonlight, they could see that it was hurtling across the deep blue sky, flying toward the castle, gradually getting larger and larger.

Chapter 544: Beauxbatons

“God, what’s that?”

“It’s a dragon!” shrieked one of the first years, losing her head completely.

“Don’t be stupid, it’s a flying house!” said Dennis.

His guess might be closer, but more accurately, it was a horse-drawn carriage.

Evan had seen these Abraxan horses when he visited Beauxbatons before.

They were the size of an elephant each, all palominos, pale golden, with beautiful silver mane and red eyes. They usually lived around the rivers in the woods near the Beauxbatons. They were very rare magical creatures.

It’s known that the winged horse is one of the branches of the extinct fantasy species Pegasus. It is a hybrid of Pegasus and Giant Horse.

Possibly due to mixed blood, the success rate of reproduction of the winged horse is very low, and its growth cycle is slow.

The Abraxan eats a large amount of food and is extremely delicate. It has extremely high requirements for food and does not eat ordinary fodder.

Once they are not well cared for, they will fall ill and die.

Some have calculated that the annual expenses of a magic horse are roughly equivalent to the expenses of a hundred wizard families.

Probably only Beauxbatons and Nicolas Flamel, who regarded gold as mere stone, could afford so many Abraxans.

Of course, the benefits of having an Abraxan are also very obvious. Indeed, the Abraxan is probably the closest magical creature to the Pegasus.

In many legends, the sacred Pegasus is the mount of the gods, which is of great significance.

Due to various characteristics, Pegasus was used as a mount in the ancient times when ancient warlocks still existed.

Later, because of over-capture, the destruction of its habitat and other reasons, the Pegasus gradually disappeared and became extinct.

Now all the young wizards raised their heads and were surprised to see the gigantic black shape skim over the treetops of the Forbidden Forest, and when the lights shining from the castle windows hit it, they saw a gigantic, powder-blue carriage, soaring toward them.

It was the size of a large house, pulled through the air by a dozen winged horses.

“I’m not mistaken, am I?” A seventh-grade student rubbed his eyes and exclaimed, “They’re Pegasus. These are magical creatures that have been extinct for thousands of years. I saw it in the book.” Because he was too excited, his voice was shaking.

Hearing what he said, the young wizards around looked at the huge carriage even more strangely.

The carriage hovered over Hogwarts Castle and seemed to be showing off.

A moment later, the carriage hurtled ever lower, coming in to land at a tremendous speed, and the front three rows of students drew backward and stuck tightly together to make room for the huge carriage.

Then, with an almighty crash, the horses’ hooves, larger than dinner plates, hit the ground.

In the blink of an eye, the carriage landed too, bouncing upon its vast wheels, while the golden horses tossed their enormous heads and rolled large, fiery red eyes.

The door slowly opened, and a boy in Beauxbatons’ pale blue robes jumped down from the carriage. He bent forward, fumbled for a moment with something on the carriage floor, and unfolded a set of golden steps.

The boy sprang back respectfully, and then everyone saw a shining, high-heeled black shoe emerging from the inside of the carriage. It was Madame Maxime, whose shoes were the size of a child’s sled.

Everyone in Hogwarts was amazed. They had never seen such a large woman in their life. A few people even gasped.

In their view, Madame Maxime was as large as Hagrid.

But it might be because everyone was used to Hagrid, this woman seemed even more unnaturally large.

At this moment, Madame Maxime was at the foot of the steps, looking around at the waiting, wide-eyed crowd.

As she stepped into the light flooding from the entrance hall, she was revealed to have a handsome, olive-skinned face, large, black, liquid-looking eyes, and a rather beaky nose. Her hair was drawn back in a shining knob at the base of her neck.

She was dressed from head to foot in black satin, and many magnificent opals gleamed at her throat and on her thick fingers.

As the young wizards stared at her, Dumbledore started to clap. The students, following his lead, broke into applause too, many of them standing in tiptoe, the better to look at Madame Maxime.

Her face relaxed into a gracious smile and she walked forward toward Dumbledore, extending a glittering hand. Dumbledore, though tall himself, barely had to bend to kiss it.

“My dear Madame Maxime!” he said with a smile. “Welcome to Hogwarts.”

“Dumbledore!” Madame Maxime replied in a low voice. “I haven’t seen you for several months. I’ve heard some things. I hope you are all right.”

“In excellent form, thank you,” said Dumbledore.

“My pupils,” said Madame Maxime, waving one of her enormous hands carelessly behind her.

At this time, everyone noticed that about a dozen boys and girls had emerged from the carriage and were now standing behind Madame Maxime in her enormous shadow.

From their appearance, they were in their late teens. They were shivering, which was unsurprising, given that their robes seemed to be made of fine silk.

Moreover, none of them were wearing cloaks, and most of the girls had wrapped scarves and shawls around their heads.

Only Gabrielle did not do it, her little head excitedly looked around, and she whispered in French to Fleur beside her.

When they just got down from the carriage, Evan saw the girl.

She seemed to be a little over-excited, and had no girl’s reserve at all.

Evan heard many boys beside him talking about the beauty of Gabrielle.

Although it had not yet grown, her Veela Blood was enough to attract the students’ attention.

If Fleur next to her put down the scarf on her face, it would probably cause a sensation all over Hogwarts.

Gabrielle’s bright eyes swam through the crowd, and then she saw Evan.

The girl's face showed an angelic smile and she waved to Evan.

All the young wizards of Hogwarts turned their heads, and Evan suddenly became the focus of attention.

Everyone was very curious about how he met this French girl.

The other Beauxbatons students also looked at Evan with a clear look of vigilance and contempt on their faces.

Chapter 545: Durmstrang

Gabrielle seemed to want to come over and have a couple of words with Evan.

But her little hand was tightly held by Fleur, and she couldn't pull it out. She could only use her other hand to wave to him.

It was not until Evan waved back to her that she put down her hand satisfied. Then, seeing all the Hogwarts students staring at her, her face turned red.

The girl was obviously embarrassed. She was so excited after seeing Evan just now that she forgot there were so many people here.

"Who's the French girl waving to Evan?"

"I don't know, but she's pretty, isn't she?!"

Many boys were staring at Gabrielle and seemed to be attracted to her immediately.

Fortunately, Gabrielle was still young, and the magic of Veela blood in her blood was not too strong.

Everyone just felt that this little girl looked very beautiful and lovely, with an inexplicable sense of cuteness, but they were not fascinated.

Soon, more people noticed the expressions of other Beauxbatons students, especially the boys, who were gazing at Evan one by one. There seemed to be tremendous hatred on their faces, which could not be concealed.

The young wizards whispered about it again. Although no one knew what Evan had done in Beauxbatons at the end of the last term, it was not surprising that he suddenly became the focus of attention.

They had been used to it for the past two years. It seemed that if not, it would be abnormal.

As for Evan, he had no time to think about what other people thought. He didn't pay much attention to the Beauxbatons students who were looking at him with bad eyes.

He just said hello to Gabrielle, and as soon as he put his hand down, Hermione suddenly came close to his ear.

"Who is she?" she asked in a low voice.

"Gabrielle Delacour!"

Hermione nodded. She knew that Evan had such a pen friend, and that she sent him letters almost every week.

They also discussed at the time the difference between the French and British owls.

Evan waited for a while, Hermione did not continue to speak, and he did not know what she was thinking. He looked back at her in surprise and thought she would continue to ask.

Hermione was now like a kitten, very quiet, but with a sly look in her proud eyes.

Evan turned around and was secretly glad that it was Gabrielle who had come. If it was Elaine that was here, it would have been terrible.

There was a brief commotion in front of the castle, and the conversation between Dumbledore and Madame Maxime continued in the entrance hall.

“The last time I came to Hogwarts, it was more than forty years ago. It still looks so beautiful here!”

“The gates of Hogwarts are always open for you, and you and your students can come whenever you want,” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Yeah, in the past, the wizarding schools often exchanged students with each other. It was a good tradition. I hope we can get back to it.” Madame Maxime continued, “You know, since those two men appeared, the overall level of the European wizarding world has declined dramatically in many areas.”

“This time, the Triwizard Tournament should be a good start.” Dumbledore said pointedly.

“Yes, has Karkaroff arrived yet?” Madame Maxime nodded.

“He should be here at any moment,” said Dumbledore. “Would you like to wait here and greet him or would you prefer to step inside and warm up a trifle?”

“Warm up, I think,” said Madame Maxime. “But the horses...”

“Don’t worry, our Care of Magical Creatures teacher will be delighted to take care of them,” said Dumbledore, “the moment he has returned from dealing with a slight situation that has arisen with some of his charges.”

Obviously, it was those Blast-Ended Skrewts, getting bigger and bigger, that were causing trouble. They were now trying to run out of the boxes, and Hagrid had to catch the runaway ones.

“My steeds require forceful handling,” said Madame Maxime, looking as though she doubted whether any Care of Magical Creatures teacher at Hogwarts could be up to the job. “You know, they are very strong.”

“I assure you that Hagrid will be well up to the job,” said Dumbledore smiling.

“Very well!” said Madame Maxime, bowing slightly. “Will you please inform this Hagrid that the horses drink only single-malt whiskey?”

“It will be attended to,” said Dumbledore, also bowing.

“Come,” said Madame Maxime imperiously to her students, and the Hogwarts crowd parted to allow her and her students to pass up the stone steps.

When all the people from Beauxbatons went in, the topic shifted to Durmstrang.

“How big do you reckon Durmstrang’s horses are going to be?” Seamus Finnigan leaned over and said.

“I don’t know, but if they’re any bigger than these horses, I am afraid that even Hagrid won’t be able to handle them,” said Harry. “That’s if he hasn’t been attacked by his skrewts. I wonder what’s up with them?”

“Maybe they’ve escaped,” said Ron hopefully.

“Oh don’t say that,” said Hermione immediately. “Imagine that lot loose on the grounds....”

“Don’t worry, Hagrid will handle them well, and Durmstrang won’t necessarily have winged horses.” said Evan.

He whispered to the surrounding people to explain the origins, the rareness of the Abraxans, and the cost of raising them.

The young wizards were amazed again. They had actually thought that these horses were the legendary Pegasus.

Everyone stood there waiting for the arrival of the delegation from Durmstrang. More than twenty minutes had passed, and they were shivering slightly.

Most people were gazing hopefully up at the sky. For a time, there was silence. Because it was too long, and it was too cold, they had no interest in speaking. They could only hear Madame Maxime’s huge horses snorting and stamping.

Suddenly, Colin asked, “Did you hear anything?”

Then Evan heard it too, a loud and oddly eerie noise was drifting toward them from out of the darkness: a muffled rumbling and sucking sound, as though an immense vacuum cleaner were moving along a riverbed.

“The lake!” yelled Lee Jordan, pointing down at it. “Look at the lake!”

From their position at the top of the lawns overlooking the grounds, they had a clear view of the smooth black surface of the water.

But the surface was suddenly not smooth at all. Some disturbance was taking place deep in the center; great bubbles were forming on the surface, waves were now washing over the muddy banks, and then, out in the very middle of the lake, a whirlpool appeared, as if a giant plug had just been pulled out of the lake’s floor.

What seemed to be a long, black pole began to rise slowly out of the heart of the whirlpool, followed by a sail rigging.

Chapter 546: Sick Krum

“What is that?”

“It’s a mast, it’s a big ship!”

In front of everyone, slowly and magnificently, the big ship rose out of the water, gleaming in the moonlight.

It had a strangely skeletal look to it, as though it were a resurrected wreck, and the dim, misty lights shimmering at its portholes looked like ghostly eyes.

Finally, with a great sloshing noise, the ship emerged entirely, bobbing on the turbulent water, and began to glide toward the bank.

A few moments later, they heard the splash of an anchor being thrown down in the shallows, and the thud of a plank being lowered onto the bank.

People were disembarking; they could see their silhouettes passing the lights in the ship’s portholes.

It was amazing. Evan didn’t expect Durmstrang to have this kind of treasure.

He could feel the magic power on the ship and the whimsical manufacturing process.

The ship had been given powerful magic, and could reach wherever there was water.

Evan also felt many traces of dark magic, which was really in line with Durmstrang’s style.

“Look at those people, they’re so big!”

Hearing Dennis’s sigh, Evan’s gaze shifted from the exaggerated boat image to the figures on the bank.

They were Durmstrang students, and they seemed to be built along the lines of Crabbe and Goyle. But then, as they drew nearer, walking up the lawns into the light streaming from the entrance hall, everyone saw that their bulk was due to the fact that they were wearing cloaks of some kind of shaggy, matted fur.

However, the man who was leading them up to the castle was wearing furs of a different sort: sleek and silver, much like his hair.

“Dumbledore!” he called heartily as he walked up the slope. “My dear old fellow, how are you?”

“Blooming, thank you, Professor Karkaroff.” Dumbledore replied.

Karkaroff had a fruity, unctuous voice, and it sounded like this guy was very cunning.

When he stepped into the light pouring from the front doors of the castle, they saw that he was tall and thin like Dumbledore, but his white hair was short, and his goatee, finishing in a small curl, did not entirely hide his weak chin.

When he reached Dumbledore, he shook hands with both of his own.

“Dear old man, dear Hogwarts!” he said, looking up at the castle and smiling, “I haven’t come back here for many years. How good it is to be here, how good!”

He showed an exaggerated smile and everyone could see that his teeth were rather yellow.

Although his face was full of smiles, Karkaroff's eyes were not smiling, still cold and shrewd.

"Well, Viktor, come along, into the warmth ... you don't mind, Dumbledore? Since the sneak attack on Diagonal Alley by the despicable villain, Viktor has not been in a good state recently and has been taking medicine..."

Karkaroff beckoned forward one of his students. As the boy passed, Evan caught a glimpse of a prominent curved nose and thick black eyebrows.

He didn't need to be reminded to recognize that profile, it was Krum!

He still looked as gloomy as before, some sick, and not quite good.

He ignored the commotion and shouts in the crowd and followed Karkaroff into the castle.

"God, it's Krum, I can't believe it!" Ron said in a stunned voice.

By this time, five minutes after Durmstrang's arrival, Hogwarts students were following Durmstrang's delegation and ruling out climbing to the stone steps.

"For heaven's sake, Ron, he's only a Quidditch player." said Hermione unhappily.

After seeing Krum, there were only a handful of people who were calm like Hermione.

As they recrossed the entrance hall with the rest of the Hogwarts students heading for the Great Hall, many people pushed hard and Lee Jordan jumped up and down on the soles of his feet to get a better look at the back of Krum's head.

Several sixth-year girls were frantically searching their pockets as they walked.

"Oh, I don't believe it, I haven't got a single quill on me!"

"Do you think he'd sign my hat in lipstick?"

"It's ridiculous!" said Hermione loftily.

She frowned at everyone and walked past the girls, who were now squabbling over a lipstick.

"I'm getting his autograph if I can," said Ron. "Who of you has a quill?"

"No, they're upstairs in my bag," said Harry.

"I have it here!" Evan found the paper and quill from the bag and handed it to Ron.

"Thank you, I'll be right back, you wait for me!" said Ron excitedly.

Like the girls, he rushed toward the Durmstrang crowd.

“He’s crazy, we saw the guy last time.”

It was amazing that Ron’s admiration for Krum had reached an unparalleled level.

Evan, Harry, Hermione, Colin, and Ginny walked into the Great Hall and sat down at the Gryffindor table.

It was still a mess at the door, because Krum and his fellow Durmstrang students were still gathered there.

They seemed to be unsure where they should sit and how to deal with the young wizards who were waiting in front of them for Krum’s autograph.

The students from Beauxbatons who had stepped in early had already chosen seats at the Ravenclaw table. They were looking around the Great Hall with glum expressions on their faces. Three of them were still clutching scarves and shawls around their heads.

Among them was Fleur, who didn’t seem to be particularly impressed with Hogwarts’ architectural style.

Compared with the luxurious and exquisite buildings in Beauxbatons, Hogwarts was really too rough.

Fleur looked around and looked at Evan and turned her head loftily.

But Gabrielle said a few words to her, and hurried over, disregarding the surprised eyes of the others around her.

“Hello, Evan!” said Gabrielle with a smile, naturally sitting in an empty seat beside Evan.

“Hello, Gabrielle!” said Evan, and he introduced the others to her.

Chapter 547: Krum and Fleur

Gabrielle quickly greeted everyone and said to Evan, her face blushing, “May I come and sit down?”

She looked very nervous and looked at Evan expectantly.

The girl had left all the Beauxbatons students and came to Evan. Even Gabrielle herself did not expect she would be so bold.

In fact, there was no need for Evan to answer this question.

The Gryffindors expressed their welcome to Gabrielle with practical actions. They showed incredible enthusiasm and got up to say hello to her, shaking hands and introducing themselves.

Of the four Hogwarts Houses, Gryffindor was the most dynamic.

Gabrielle did not seem to expect that she would be so popular. She was relieved, and she quickly responded with a smile.

Her character was much better than that of her sister Fleur, and she quickly won the favor of everyone.

The brief contact made everyone like this lovely angelic girl.

Even Hermione pulled Gabrielle to her side. The two chatted and laughed a lot.

Evan looked at them both and found himself unable to speak at all.

Five minutes later, and the Great Hall was still a mess, and the teachers were all gone.

At the door, Durmstrang students had not yet chosen where to sit.

As for Krum's admirers, they were all there, shouting his name.

It was not until Professor McGonagall appeared that they had to disperse and return to their seats.

"Look, Krum signed it for me!" Ron's face turned red. "I'm going to cherish it."

He had just come back and was showing off in front of the crowd with a piece of parchment. He was extremely excited.

"Krum remembers me. He only signed for me!" He said proudly, "I dare say..."

Ron hadn't finished, and suddenly stood up and waved to the Durmstrang gang.

"Over here, come and sit over here!" he hissed. "Over here! Evan, Hermione, budge up, make space..."

But Malfoy stood up one step ahead of time, and he walked over and whispered a few words to Krum.

Durmstrang students settled themselves at the Slytherin table, as if they hadn't heard Ron at all.

"Ron, what on earth are you doing?" Hermione said discontentedly. He just stood up and moved too much, and the table swayed.

The cups in front of Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Gabrielle were almost knocked down. Fortunately, there was nothing in them.

"You see, Malfoy is warming up to him." Ron did not answer Hermione, but said scathingly, "I bet Krum can see right through him, though ... I bet he gets people fawning over him all the time. Where do you reckon they're going to sleep? We could offer him a space in our dormitory, Harry... I wouldn't mind giving him my bed; I could kip on a camp bed."

No one answered Ron's question, and Hermione snorted and expressed her dissatisfaction.

Beside her, Gabrielle also curiously looked at Krum and his fellow Durmstrang students.

"Why does he wear a cloak?" Harry asked. "It's not that cold here."

"Because Krum is ill, I just asked him!" said Ron. "He hasn't been in good shape lately since he was attacked, and there are old injuries accumulated during Quidditch practice. The therapist gave him supplements for nutrition and fitness, and he needs to take them on time."

As if to confirm Ron's words, Krum took a small bottle out of his thick fur cloak and took a sip.

Evan looked at Krum empathetically, but the guy didn't look so weak.

After everyone found their seats, The Durmstrang students pulled off their heavy furs and looked up at the starry black ceiling with expressions of interest. A couple of them picked up the golden plates and goblets, examining them, apparently impressed

Up at the staff table, Filch, the caretaker, was adding chairs. He was wearing his moldy old tailcoat in honor of the occasion.

"Filch added four chairs, two on either side of Dumbledore's." Harry said in surprise. "But there are only two extra people tonight. Why is Filch putting out four chairs, who else is coming?"

"Eh?!" said Ron vaguely. He was still staring avidly at Krum, not even noticing Gabrielle near him.

"Probably officials of the Ministry of Magic." Evan glanced at the staff table.

"Then will they be doing here?" Harry continued.

"Obviously, they organized the Triwizard Tournament, didn't they?" Hermione explained. "I suppose they want to be here to see it start."

"You said, is Krum not..." Ron stopped sharply before he had finished.

He couldn't believe it. A girl from Beauxbatons walked over from Ravenclaw's long table. She had long waterfall-like silvery-blond hair almost to her waist. with a pair of blue and blue. She had large, deep blue eyes, and very white, even teeth.

It was Fleur. She had just removed her muffler.

Looking at Fleur getting closer and closer, Ron went purple. He stared up at her, his mouth open uncontrollably.

"Long time no see, Evan Mason!" Fleur said haughtily. She did not wait for Evan to answer and waved to Gabrielle, "Gabrielle, the party is about to begin. You must come back and sit with us."

"Oh!" Gabrielle said goodbye to everyone, took Fleur's hand and left.

"Who's this girl?"

"Fleur Delacour, Gabrielle's sister!" Evan explained.

"Who's Gabrielle?!"

Ron was still goggling at the girl as though he had never seen one before. Harry started to laugh.

Then he realized that Gabrielle, whom Evan talked about, was the girl Fleur was holding hands with.

“Well, Ron, don’t stare at others so impolitely.”

“I dare say she’s a Veela!” He said hoarsely.

“Of course she isn’t!” said Hermione tartly. “I don’t see anyone else gaping at her like an idiot!”

But she wasn’t entirely right about that. As the girl crossed the Hall, many boys’ heads turned, and some of them seemed to have become temporarily speechless, just like Ron.

“In fact, they have a quarter of Veela’s blood. Fleur and Gabrielle’s grandmother was a Veela.” said Evan.

“I’m telling you, that’s not a normal girl!” said Ron, leaning sideways so he could keep a clear view of her. “They don’t make them like that at Hogwarts!”

“They make them okay at Hogwarts,” said Harry without thinking. His eyes followed Fleur to the long table of Ravenclaw, where Cho happened to be sitting only a few places away from the girl with the silvery hair.

“Yes, they make them fine at Hogwarts.” Evan nodded and looked at Hermione.

Seeing that Evan was so bold, Hermione turned reddish and gave him a fierce look.

Chapter 548: Could it be Him?

Although she glared at Evan, Hermione didn’t seem angry.

“Well, when you’ve put your eyes back in,” she said briskly. “You will find that Dumbledore has come in and the party is about to begin.”

Hermione was right. Evan turned to see the professors walking into the Great Hall, filing up to the top table and taking their seats.

Last in line were Professor Dumbledore, Professor Karkaroff, and Madame Maxime, the Headmasters of the three wizarding schools.

When their headmistress appeared, the pupils from Beauxbatons leapt to their feet.

A few of the Hogwarts students laughed. The Beauxbatons party appeared quite unembarrassed, however, and did not resume their seats until Madame Maxime had sat down on Dumbledore’s left-hand side.

Evan knew that Beauxbatons was tightly managed compared to the more relaxed environment at Hogwarts.

All the professors sat down, Dumbledore remained standing, and a silence fell over the Great Hall.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ghosts and ... most particularly ... guests,” said Dumbledore, beaming around at the foreign students. “I have great pleasure in welcoming you all to Hogwarts. I hope and trust that your stay here will be both comfortable and enjoyable.”

One of the Beauxbatons girls still clutching a muffler around her head gave what was unmistakably a derisive laugh.

She was obviously annoyed by the girl, and Evan quickly whispered a few words of persuasion to her.

There were many other people who thought like Hermione, and everyone was surprised by the behavior of the Beauxbatons girl. They didn't know what kind of education they received in school. Beauxbatons was very hostile to Hogwarts.

The same was true with Evan last time. A word and a blow, these French people!

As for Durmstrang students, they did not show hostility so directly, but they did not focus on listening to Dumbledore's speech. They seemed to be more interested in the golden tableware on the table, wondering if they were really gold.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the tournament will be officially opened at the end of the feast," said Dumbledore. "I now invite you all to eat, drink, and make yourselves at home!"

He sat down, and Evan saw Karkaroff lean forward at once and engage him in conversation.

The next second, the plates in front of them filled with food as usual.

The house-elves in the kitchen seemed to have pulled out all the stops; there was a greater variety of dishes in front of them than they had ever seen, including several that were definitely foreign.

"What's that?" said Colin, pointing at a large dish of some sort of shellfish stew that stood beside a large steak-and-kidney pudding..

"Bouillabaisse," said Hermione. ""It's French; I had it on holiday the summer before last. It's very nice."

Hearing her words, everyone helped themselves a bit.

Only Ron hadn't moved yet, he had been staring at Fleur, his eyes fixed on her.

"Eat now, Ron, it will be cold soon!" Harry pulled him.

"Oh!" Ron replied, reluctant to take back his eyes and helped himself to black pudding.

The Great Hall seemed somehow much more crowded than usual, even though there were barely twenty additional students there; perhaps it was because their differently colored uniforms stood out so clearly against the black of Hogwarts' robes.

Beauxbatons school uniform robes were pale blue, and the Durmstrang students were wearing robes of a deep blood red under the furs.

Hagrid sidled into the Hall through a door behind the staff table twenty minutes after the start of the feast. He slid into his seat at the end, near the Gryffindor long table.

Hagrid waved at Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione with a very heavily bandaged hand.

“Are the skrewts doing all right, Hagrid?” Harry couldn’t help but ask.

“No problem, they’re thriving.” Hagrid replied happily.

“Yeah, I’ll bet they just are,” Ron whispered. “Looks like they’ve finally found a food they like, doesn’t it? Hagrid’s fingers.”

No one paid any attention to him, because someone else came into the Great Hall, Mr. Ludo Bagman and Mr. Crouch, Percy’s immediate boss.

Bagman walked over and sat on Professor Karkaroff’s other side, while Mr. Crouch sat next to Madame Maxime.

?!

However, nothing seemed to be unusual, nor did Crouch seem to be under the Imperius Curse. He was still exactly the same as usual.

His meticulous appearance was beyond the comprehension of ordinary people.

He seemed to feel Evan’s gaze, and Crouch suddenly raised his head and looked at him.

Evan hurriedly turned his head. He had been thinking about it some time ago. If Barty Crouch intended to use someone else’s identity to get into Hogwarts, besides students, he could also pretend to be his father himself, which was very likely.

As one of the judges, Barty Crouch had access to every aspect of the tournament.

In due course, with the help of Caresius under the disguise of Moody, his mission could be pulled off easily.

And Barty Crouch Jr. knew his father’s habits very well, and he didn’t need to have more unnecessary worries.

Even if there was any abnormality, with Mr. Crouch’s status in the Ministry of Magic, it could be easily solved.

Detection props such as the Marauder’s Map were useless on him, and there was no need to worry about being discovered.

In that case, could Barty Crouch Jr. be Mr. Crouch?

Once the golden plates had been wiped clean, Dumbledore stood up again. A pleasant sort of tension seemed to fill the Hall now, and everyone was waiting for the following program.

Everyone suppressed their excitement and stared at Dumbledore intently.

The same was true of the students of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, and no one was as distracted as before.

“The moment has come,” said Dumbledore, smiling around at the sea of upturned faces. “The Triwizard Tournament is about to start. I would like to say a few words of explanation before we bring in the casket...”

“The what?” Harry muttered.

“I don’t know!”

Everyone was blank except Evan, who knew it meant the Goblet of Fire.

“... just to clarify the procedure that we will be following this year. But first, let me introduce, for those who do not know them, Mr. Bartemius Crouch, Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation”... there was a smattering of polite applause and many people didn’t know Mr. Crouch, “...and Mr. Ludo Bagman, Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports.”

There was a much louder round of applause for Bagman than for Crouch, perhaps because of his fame as a Beater, or simply because he looked so much more likable.

He acknowledged it with a jovial wave of his hand, while Bartemius Crouch did not smile or wave when his name was announced.

Chapter 549: The Goblet of Fire

Crouch was really abnormal, but that was maybe not unusual.

He was different from a normal wizard, and he had always been like that.

Remembering him in his neat suit at the Quidditch World Cup, Evan thought he looked strange in wizard’s robes. His toothbrush mustache and severe parting looked very odd next to Dumbledore’s long white hair and beard.

If he were a fake Barty Crouch, that would be really amazing.

Of course, that was just Evan’s speculation. Barty Crouch Jr. might also be a fake student from Beauxbatons or Durmstrang.

Just in case, he would return to the Common Room and use the Marauder’s Map to confirm it.

“Mr. Bagman and Mr. Crouch have worked tirelessly over the last few months on the arrangements for the Triwizard Tournament,” Dumbledore continued, “and they will be joining myself, Professor Karkaroff, and Madame Maxime on the panel that will judge the champions’ efforts.”

It was so confirmed that the five of them would be members of the jury.

At the mention of the word “champions,” the attentiveness of the listening students seemed to sharpen. Perhaps Dumbledore had noticed their sudden stillness, for he smiled as he said, “The casket, then, if you please, Mr. Filch.”

Filch, who had been lurking unnoticed in a far corner of the Hall, now approached Dumbledore carrying a great wooden chest encrusted with jewels. It looked extremely old.

A murmur of excited interest rose from the watching students.

In order to see more clearly, Colin stood on his chair. His brother Dennis Creevey also stood on his chair to see it properly, but, being so tiny, his head hardly rose above anyone else's.

"The instructions for the tasks the champions will face this year have already been examined by Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman," said Dumbledore as Filch placed the chest carefully on the table before him, "and they have made the necessary arrangements for each challenge. There will be three tasks, spaced throughout the school year, and they will test the champions in many different ways: their magical prowess ... their daring ... their powers of deduction ... and, of course, their ability to cope with danger."

At this last word, the Hall was filled with a silence so absolute that nobody seemed to be breathing.

"As you know, three champions compete in the tournament," Dumbledore went on calmly, "one from each of the participating schools. They will be marked on how well they perform each of the Tournament tasks and the champion with the highest total after task three will win the Triwizard Cup. The champions will be chosen by an impartial selector: the Goblet of Fire!"

Dumbledore now took out his wand and tapped three times upon the top of the casket. The lid creaked slowly open. Dumbledore reached inside it and pulled out a large, roughly hewn wooden cup. It would have been entirely unremarkable had it not been full to the brim with dancing blue-white flames.

Evan could feel that it was a magic item with great magic power, but it was not a legendary magic item.

Its role was to select the respective champions among the students of the three wizarding schools, and let them sign contracts with the Triwizard Tournament.

Being strong enough, one can make the Goblet of Fire confused, thus affecting the selection of the champions.

With the power of Barty Crouch and Caresius, this could be done very easily.

Maybe they had already put Harry's name in it. The Goblet of Fire had been kept by the Ministry of Magic. As one of the organizers and members of the Jury of the Triwizard Tournament, Crouch could easily touch it without arousing suspicion.

Dumbledore closed the casket and placed the goblet carefully on top of it, where it would be clearly visible to everyone in the Hall.

"Anybody wishing to submit themselves as champion must write their name and school clearly upon a slip of parchment and drop it into the goblet," said

Dumbledore. "Aspiring champions have twenty-four hours in which to put their names forward. Tomorrow night, Halloween, the goblet will return the names of the three it has judged most worthy to represent their schools. The goblet will be placed

in the entrance hall tonight, where it will be freely accessible to all those wishing to compete.”

“As I have said before, to ensure that no underage student yields to temptation,” said Dumbledore, “I will be drawing an Age Line around the Goblet of Fire once it has been placed in the entrance hall. Nobody under the age of seventeen will be able to cross this line.”

“Finally, I wish to impress upon any of you wishing to compete that this tournament is not to be entered lightly. Once a champion has been selected by the Goblet of Fire, he or she is obliged to see the tournament through to the end. The placing of your name in the goblet constitutes a binding, magical contract. There can be no change of heart once you have become a champion. Please be very sure, therefore, that you are wholeheartedly prepared to play before you drop your name into the goblet. Now, I think it is time for bed. Good night to you all.”

“An Age Line!” said Fred Weasley, his eyes glinting. “Well, that’s easy to handle. That should be fooled by an Aging Potion, shouldn’t it? And once your name’s in that goblet, you’re laughing ... it can’t tell whether you’re seventeen or not!”

At this time, the students all made their way across the Hall to the doors into the entrance hall.

“But I don’t think anyone under seventeen will stand a chance,” said Hermione, “we just haven’t learned enough...”

“Speak for yourself,” said George shortly. “Think about Evan. He’s only 13. How many people in the school can be stronger than him?!”

“Evan is different, and he’s not going to participate. He promised Dumbledore!” Hermione said immediately.

But George ignored her and turned to the others and said, “Harry, Ron, Colin, you’ll try and get in, won’t you?”

The three of them hesitated and finally nodded.

“As long as you can cross Dumbledore’s age limit line, it’s not a bad thing to try.” Harry remembered Dumbledore’s insistence that nobody under seventeen should submit their name, but then the wonderful picture of himself winning the Triwizard Tournament filled his mind.

“By the way, where is he?” said Ron. “Dumbledore didn’t say where the Durmstrang people are sleeping, did he?” He suddenly remembered this and hurriedly searched in the crowd for Krum.

Looking at Ron, he was eager to invite Krum to sleep in his bedroom.

Chapter 550: Karkaroff

Ron looked around to see what had become of Krum, and his query was answered almost instantly. They were level with the Slytherin table now, and Karkaroff had just bustled up to his students.

“Back to the ship, then,” he was saying. “Viktor, how are you feeling? Did you take the medicine on time? Did you eat enough? Should I send for some mulled wine from the kitchens?”

Krum shook his head gloomily as he pulled his furs back on.

“Professor, I would like some wine,” said one of the other Durmstrang boys hopefully.

“I wasn’t offering it to you, Poliakoff,” snapped Karkaroff, his warmly paternal air vanishing in an instant. “I notice you have dribbled food all down the front of your robes again, Clean it up quickly, disgusting boy...”

Karkaroff turned and led his students toward the doors, reaching them at exactly the same moment as Evan, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Colin, Ginny, Fred, and George.

Everyone stopped to let Karkaroff walk through first.

“Thank you,” said Karkaroff carelessly, glancing at them.

And then Karkaroff froze. He turned his head back to Harry and stared at him as though he couldn’t believe his eyes.

Behind their headmaster, the students from Durmstrang came to a halt too.

Karkaroff’s eyes moved slowly up Harry’s face and fixed upon his scar.

The Durmstrang students were staring curiously at Harry as well, and awe could be seen drawn on a few of their faces.

The boy with food all down his front nudged the girl next to him and pointed openly at Harry’s forehead.

Krum also looked at Harry with scanning eyes, and then his gaze fell on Evan and Hermione.

Evan looked at him and felt that Krum’s eyes seemed to have some strange emotions.

Sensing Evan looking at him again, Krum hurriedly turned his head to the other side.

This was really strange. They had already met at the Quidditch World Cup last time. Why did Krum seem to be avoiding eye contact with him?!

“You are...” Karkaroff said slowly.

“Yeah, that’s Harry Potter,” said a growling voice from behind them.

Karkaroff spun around. Mad-Eye Moody was standing there, leaning heavily on his staff, his magical eye glaring unblinkingly at the Durmstrang headmaster.

The color drained from Karkaroff’s face, revealing a terrible look of mingled fury and fear.

“You!” he said, staring at Moody as though unsure he was really seeing him.

“Me,” said Moody grimly. “And unless you’ve got anything to say to Potter, Karkaroff, you might want to move. You’re blocking the doorway.”

It was true; half the students in the Hall were now waiting behind them, looking over one another’s shoulders to see what was causing the holdup.

Without another word, Professor Karkaroff swept his students away with him.

Moody watched him until he was out of sight, his magical eye fixed upon his back, a look of intense dislike upon his mutilated face.

In the face of Karkaroff, even though he was pretending to be Moody, Caresius’s reaction was a little too extreme.

Evan thought for a moment, separated from the crowd, and said that he would go to say good night Gabrielle and then go back.

But in fact, he followed Moody up the remote side stairs to the empty second-floor office.

“Boy, I warned you, we’d better have less contact!” Caresius gritted his teeth and said.

At this time, they were standing in the dark corridor, even if they were very close, they couldn’t see each other clearly.

“You seem to have a grudge against Karkaroff?” Evan asked directly, ignoring his warning.

“That cunning fellow is causing me and my people more trouble in the Nordic region. That’s my own business; I’ll handle it. All you need to know is that Karkaroff is very dangerous. Don’t be fooled by his appearance.” Caresius said in a low voice, “He’s a Death Eater.”

“Once, he has betrayed Voldemort, but there is no denying that he is really dangerous.” Evan paused and continued, “However, it should not be our current focus. Have you found the man tonight? Is it possible that it is Barty crouch?!”

“Barty Crouch is obviously under control, at least not himself. I have seen it with my own eyes, but I am not sure if he is the fake one. I repeat it again. He does not trust me. He did not tell me his plan!” Caresius whispered, “I just came in to attract everyone’s attention. This is the task that Voldemort gave me. It is also a punishment for my last failure. Well, if you don’t want me to be discovered immediately, then get out of here and go back to sleep!”

Evan turned around and left; it seemed that Caresius knew no more than him.

When he returned to the Common Room, the young wizards were all gathering there to discuss the Goblet of Fire.

Fred and George were selling their Aging potion, and a crowd was surrounding them.

It seemed that if the Ageing agent did work after tomorrow's verification, they planned to mass sell it.

Hermione ignored them, holding a thick book in her hand, and constantly recording something.

Evan greeted and went back to his bedroom alone.

He took out the Marauder's Map, laid it on the bed, and tapped it gently with his wand.

Evan quickly searched for the name of Barty Crouch Jr. on it. In Dumbledore's office, he saw Dumbledore, Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, Barty Crouch and Ludo Bagman all there.

The five of them seemed to be talking about something. Because Barty Crouch Jr. and his father had the same name, it was not clear whether it was him or not.

Evan's finger gently slid down and stroked across the familiar names.

People from Beauxbatons lived in their carriage and were heading to it.

Durmstrang students had already returned to the ship. On the map, the location of the lake was a mass of white mist, covering everyone's name, and everything was invisible. The powerful protective magic on the boat made the Marauder's Map useless.

It seemed that Evan needed another chance to look into Durmstrang.

Evan looked it up carefully again before he put the map away.

He looked at the ceiling and considered the matter again. If he were Bartemius Crouch, Jr., how would he act?!

Voldemort, Caresius, Karkaroff, Barty Crouch Jr and Senior, whose faces kept spinning in his mind, made him think that the next event was probably not going in the direction he had anticipated...