

# Not Everybody Can Wear Black

*by HogwartsHoney*

A completely different and somewhat irreverent look at the Third Task of the Triwizard Tournament. A joint venture with charmed3.

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Jo Rowling owns and rocks the Potterverse. We just play with them. Anything recognisable is hers.

A/N: Thanks to LariLee for help with those commas!

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Harry Potter pulled the shirt over his head and smoothed the fabric over his chest lovingly.

'Ooh, Ron, this shirt feels so good against my skin,' Harry breathed appreciatively. 'And the colours, red and black, arranged just so. Fabulous.'

Ron looked at his best friend with one eyebrow raised.

'Harry, it's just a shirt.'

'Ah, but Ron, this is so much more than just a shirt. It's my shirt, innit? Look at it, the black that balances the red, the sleeves that oppose each other and my name on the back. I mean, c'mon, Ron, I look hot. Admit it.'

'Well, if you like that kind of thing, I guess.' Ron wasn't really sure just how to take Harry at this point. His friend was being decidedly strange. Ron watched in disturbed fascination as Harry turned and twisted in front of the mirror, admiring himself and more particularly the shirt, from all angles.

Exasperated, he finally couldn't take it a moment longer.

'C'mon, Harry, it's time already. Let's go.'

They made their way downstairs and separated. Ron mentioned Harry's fascination with the shirt to Hermione who did little more than raise one eyebrow imperceptibly and mutter something that sounded like 'fags'. Ron wasn't sure and didn't want to enquire.

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Harry's eyes narrowed as he entered the stadium for the Third Task, and his eyes found Cedric Diggory. Not only were they tied for first place, but they had on the same shirt!! Different colours, to be sure, but still, the same design. Harry felt anger deep in his heart that his shirt wasn't as unique as he'd thought.

As he and Cedric stood shoulder to shoulder at the beginning of the maze, Harry stole one last glance at his competition.

'No,' he thought, 'my shirt is better. Prettier. Fits me better. Has *my* name on it.'

They entered the maze and went their separate ways. Harry soon encountered a Dementor but soon realized it was a Boggart. He dispatched the ghoul with the required 'Riddikulus' and continued, his shirt unscathed.

The second obstacle proved slightly more problematic. The golden mist which appeared innocuous at first turned him upside down and for a moment he feared that he would not be able to escape. Seizing his courage he took a step forward and fell to his knees, thankful not to have damaged himself or his shirt.

He proceeded further into the maze, using the 'Point Me' spell to find his way. His battle with the Blast-Ended Skrewt was long and drawn out, with screams of 'Impedimenta' and 'Stupefy' and the spells that ricocheted off the hard shell of the Skrewt. After his battle was won he found himself on his back and almost screamed in horror. His shirt! His name on the back of the shirt was probably obscured by the dirt and who knows what from the maze. Shakily he got to his feet and hastily performed a Scourgify charm. A quick check ensured that he was once again clean and his shirt unharmed.

He heard a scream and tried desperately to find a way through the maze to the source of the sound. Frustrated by the twists and turns of the hedges, he battled with himself. He truly didn't want to go through the bushes because he feared that his shirt would be damaged beyond repair, and in spite of there being another human being on the other side of the hedge, he still wrestled with his own conscience for quite some time.

Finally, chivalry won, and he blasted through part of the obstacle and pushed his way as carefully as possible through to the other side. He encountered Cedric on the ground and the Imperio'd Krum with his wand drawn. His 'Stupefy' found its mark, and Krum was on the ground in a flash. He grudgingly helped Cedric to his feet and felt a small burn of pleasure when he noted the condition of Cedric's shirt. It was torn in several places and there were scorch marks from the Skrewt's attack. In contrast, his shirt was still immaculate. He sighed in private pleasure.

Again they went their separate ways, and after many turns and double-turns, he came face to face with a Sphinx that was pacing back and forth. The massive head turned toward him and its eyes seemed to take in every inch of him. The enormous creature opened its mouth and he had visions of being attacked right there in the middle of the maze.

'Hey, nice shirt.'

Whereas those were about the last words he ever expected to hear from a Sphinx, he was oddly pleased at the creature's good taste in clothing.

'Thanks, it's new,' he replied.

The creature sat on its haunches and proceeded to give him the clue in the form of a rhyme. He was able to discern the answer without too much delay and the Sphinx moved aside to reveal the Triwizard Cup in the distance. He started down the passage in a dead run only to encounter Cedric at a junction in the maze. Cedric was also running at top speed but didn't notice the enormous spider to their left. Harry did however, and shouted a warning to Cedric as the spider turned its attention on him. The spider picked Harry up in its pincers and squeezed him until he feared that his shirt would be ripped by the sharp claws. He could think of no greater horror.

His cries of 'Stupefy' had little effect even from such close range, and he dimly saw Cedric aiming at the creature. In the haze of the attack, he was barely aware of Cedric's curses, but realized that they were ineffective. Finally his brain resorted to 'Expelliarmus' which found its mark and the creature dropped him. He felt a sharp stab of pain as his leg took the weight of his body upon landing and his head reeled with the sensation. He lifted his wand and noticed that Cedric had done the same; they both screamed 'Stupefy' simultaneously, and the creature was down.

Harry was breathing heavily from the exertion and noticed that Cedric's shirt was in even worse condition than before. A surreptitious glance at his own garment revealed his worst fears; there was a speck of dirt which marred the Hogwarts crest on his left breast. Scandalized, he shakily performed a gentle 'Scourgify' charm and hoped against all that was magic that it would be enough. The dirt disappeared without a trace, and Harry let out a relieved sigh.

He paused for a moment to once again admire the way the fabric draped across his upper body and how lovingly the sleeves enclosed his arms. This truly was a fabulous shirt!

His attention was ripped away by the gleaming light at the end of the tunnel. He reluctantly tore his eyes from his clothing and followed Cedric's gaze to where it rested upon the Triwizard Cup.

They tore towards the Cup and stood before it for a moment before they each grasped a handle. Harry barely had time to admire how muscular his arm looked clad in the sensual fabric of his shirt when he felt a pull behind his navel.

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They landed hard on the ground and tumbled away from the cup. Harry rose shakily to his feet and felt as though he had dropped into a nightmare. They were in a graveyard and there was no light save the pale glow of the moon which did nothing to highlight the warm red tone of his shirt. The black did, however, look fabulous. Cedric's shirt was damaged beyond repair, but he didn't seem to notice. How could he not?

The hair on the back of Harry's neck rose as he felt the presence of someone. He heard the crunch of dried leaves underfoot and looked around as he tried to discern the direction from which the sound came. For a moment time stood still and the graveyard appeared to be nothing more than just that; suddenly the footfalls were closer and he heard the high cruel voice with an over-sibilant S annunciate

'Kill the ssssssssspare.'

His scar exploded, and he fell to his knees in agony as the waves of pain made him sick to his stomach. There was a flash of green light, and he saw Cedric's body fall heavily to the ground. Before he realized it, a man had pulled him to his feet by his shirt and dragged to a headstone. Harry was beside himself with worry that the seams of his garment would rip or that the fabric would somehow be damaged. *Oh, no, he didn't!*

He barely realized that he had been bound to the headstone with cords as he was still worrying about his shirt. He checked every inch of it as best he could and was finally satisfied that there were only a couple places with dirt which could be easily cleaned as soon as he found his wand. He attempted to free himself and was outraged when he failed.

Suddenly he noticed that the man had taken out a knife and was approaching him with determination in the beady rat-like eyes. Harry felt a stab of fear as he realized that he was tied too tightly to escape. The man pointed the sharp end of the silvery knife at his elbow, and Harry's fear turned to almost panic as it pressed against the fabric of his sleeve. In one quick moment the knife sliced through the cloth, and Harry wailed in anguish as his favourite shirt was damaged. He barely noticed the cut to his own flesh, but gasped in horror as his blood flowed from his wound and drenched the sleeve. His body vibrated with his emotion and he could do nothing more than gasp in his total and complete disbelief.

'*Oh, no, he fuckin' DIDN'T.*'

In his anguished haze Harry barely noticed that the man had approached a bubbling cauldron. His mind whirled with the possible spells needed to repair his beloved shirt including a specific Scourgify for the removal of bloodstains. He couldn't believe that he had come so far with a perfectly kept shirt just to have all his best efforts undone by a rat-like individual with a sharp knife. He vowed with all his heart that he would make the man pay dearly for what he had done.

Suddenly there was a dark shadow that loomed in front of him, and he was once again face to face with Voldemort. The man's choice of raven robes left much to be

desired, since everyone knew that navy was the new black. Honestly, where *has* he been?

Voldemort was ranting and raving about his Death Eaters and the inevitability of Harry's death. Harry's mind was ranting and raving about the damage to his shirt. It pulled at his very soul.

Suddenly he was on the ground *again* and trying desperately to keep his shirt from further harm. Voldemort was again postulating about something to do with his return to power, but clearly he didn't know that he must dress for success. Black robes were SO last season, I mean honestly! Who *dresses* these people?

Harry was forced to duel with the Dark Lord, and although he was hopelessly inexperienced as far as his knowledge of spells and hexes, he was better dressed than his opponent and that was the ultimate power. As their wands joined in *Priori Incantatem*, he again noticed how *sallow* his opponent appeared even in the golden light. *Not everybody can wear black*. He, on the other hand, could not only wear black but was resplendent in both his black and red garb, and he knew it. Certainly if there was to be a victor in the 'Best Dressed' category, he'd win hands down.

Harry was dimly aware of Cedric and his parents around him as he battled Voldemort's onslaught. His father moved close to him and outlined their plan to help, and his mother whispered, *'Beautiful shirt, darling.'*

*'But it's ripped, Mum; it's ruined.'*

*'No, my love, there are spells that can fix it perfectly.'*

*'Are you sure? It IS my favourite shirt.'*

*'Yes, the colours are lovely on you. Really, not everybody can wear black.'*

'Will you two shut **UP?** James shouted as he proceeded to give Harry his final instructions.

Harry complied with his father's directions and Cedric's request and moved forward in his final push. He succeeded in avoiding Voldemort's curses and made his way over to Cedric's body. He grasped his wrist firmly and Accio'd the Cup. His final vision was of Voldemort's furious face and his swirling black robes as Harry Ported back to the stadium.

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'He's back. Voldemort's back.'

With these words Harry Potter announced to all assembled that the Dark Lord had returned. He lay crouched over Cedric's dead body as he screamed his anguish.

'He's back I tell you, he's back, and worst of all, he's ripped my bloody shirt!'

The crowd stared at him in bewilderment.

'I mean, there were only two of these shirts made, and HE'S got the other one' he wailed, pointing at Cedric. 'But I don't want that one, it's Hufflepuff, isn't it? I mean, what self-respecting Gryffindor would be seen in Hufflepuff colours?'

The crowd stared at the Boy Who Lived with their mouths agape.

'I know Voldemort's the source of all evil, and I know he killed Cedric, but just LOOK at what he's done to my shirt. I LOVE this shirt, it's black and red and wonderful, and it has my name on it, and it's a collector's item.'

He paused and looked around wildly.

'Wait. It IS a collector's item! Where's my eBay?'

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**Honey's notes:** Yes, it's silly, we know. The plotline and several key sentences came to us one night during an equally silly conversation.

**Charmed's notes:** Thanks to our collective muse who took us by complete surprise in Honey's room that fateful Saturday afternoon.