

Katie took both first penalties, and both keepers saved them. Demelza went next, a little nervous, but still making good shots — still, neither made it through the hoops. Harry watched Ginny fly towards Vicky in goals, wondering how much longer this was going to drag out; they were already late for lunch.

Three penalties each, there was still no winner.

Katie lined up for the fourth round, feinting to the left before throwing at the right hoop — Vicky didn't fall for it, catching the quaffle on her fingertips. McLaggen was looking a little annoyed by the time he got in position for his turn.

Katie flew up, feinted to the right — and stuck with it, throwing at the right hoop while McLaggen lunged to the left. Katie had scored.

Vicky got to remain the Gryffindor keeper.

"I demand a retrial!" McLaggen exclaimed as the whole team landed. "You only gave her a second round because she fumbled the first, I should have won from that!"

"She fumbled because she was *Confunded*, McLaggen," Harry bit out, resisting the urge to hex the idiot seventh year. "Madam Pomfrey confirmed it herself. Unless you think you know better than her?"

Madam Pomfrey put her hands on her hips, eyeing McLaggen expectantly, and suddenly the blond boy was all out of arguments.

"Right, then. That's the results, anyone who doesn't like it can bugger off!" Harry called, making sure he was heard by everyone in the stands. There were a few groans, but everyone began to take their leave. Harry turned to his new team, finally ending his Sonorus charm. His throat was scratchy, and he coughed. "Merlin. I'm glad that's over. Well done today, everyone; I'll let you know when first practice is once I've figured out what your schedules are like."

He shouldered his broom, and blinked in surprise when a small red sweet was held out towards him. "A cough drop, Mr Potter," Pomfrey declared wryly. "You sound like you could use it."

He grinned in thanks, popping the sweet into his mouth. Within moments, he could feel it soothing his sore throat. "Thanks. And I'm sorry for summoning you like it was some kind of massive emergency; I just didn't know what else to do. I'd have had a riot on my hands if I'd rescheduled try-outs after all that."

"No, no, you did the right thing," Pomfrey assured, falling into step beside him on the way back up to the castle. "I'm impressed you could spot the signs, and knew the test for it. That spell isn't on the Hogwarts curriculum."

"Draco wants to be a healer," he told her, the excuse coming easily. "He was practicing some medical spells recently, and thought that one would be useful. I helped him out, so I became pretty familiar with it."