

Harry hurried over to memory-Hannah to get a better look, trying not to instinctively duck at spells that could not hurt him. It was weird, walking right into the middle of a battle like that, and it set him on edge.

He looked around, noting the faces of all the people within range to potentially hit Hannah from behind, annoyed by how many he barely recognised. What if it was one of the newcomers? What if they had let a Death Eater into the castle in their attempts to offer a safe haven?

What if that Death Eater cost Hannah her life?

“I saw it!” The shout came from Neville, and Harry whirled around, seeing the horror on his friend’s face. “I saw the spell,” Neville stuttered, aghast. “It— it came from Terry Boot.”

“*What?*” Harry gasped, the word almost lost in the sound of Hannah’s screaming. He hurried over to Neville. “Are you sure?”

“Positive,” Neville insisted, stony-eyed. “Terry was duelling with Charlie, and he cast a flash-bang to distract him, then shot the Bone-Melting curse at Hannah. I saw it.”

“Which one’s Terry Boot?” Kingsley asked, “that’s not a name I’m familiar with.”

“This one,” Snape answered, stood by memory-Terry in the crowd around Hannah, glaring disparagingly at the boy. Terry was remarkably blank-faced — someone else might excuse it as shock at what happened to his yearmate, but they knew better, now. He was trying not to give himself away.

“A student?” Tonks exclaimed in shock. “Are you serious?”

“It was him,” Neville said again. “Watch the memory back again if you don’t believe me.”

They did, exiting the pensieve and re-entering at the beginning of the memory. All five of them went straight to Terry, studying him closely — sure enough, it happened exactly as Neville said. Terry half-blinded Charlie with a flash-bang, and while the redhead was blinking the spots from his vision he locked his eyes on Hannah, murmuring the curse under his breath. Harry couldn’t help the shudder that racked him as the vibrant yellow spell hit Hannah right in the small of her back, her scream ringing in his ears for a third time now.

He was going to hear that sound in his sleep, he was sure of it.

“Well, then,” Kingsley muttered, once they were back in Snape’s living room. “What do we do with the boy?”

“I have a small supply of Veritaserum,” Snape offered coolly. “You are welcome to it, should you need to confirm his guilt verbally. I recommend asking for the names of his accomplices — I was not aware of Boot’s... connection to the Dark Lord, nor do I know of anyone else in the castle who may be suspect.” His frown deepened. “At this point, I believe they’re here to spy on me just as much as they are Potter. Making sure I’m doing my duty,” he snarled. Harry scowled.