

“Whoever it was, they were very thorough in removing any trace of their presence,” Snape said, looking quite annoyed by that. “They stole enough for quite a large batch of Polyjuice, so I suspect they won’t need any more for a while.”

Harry glanced up sharply as the man’s words settled in his brain. “You think it’s for long-term use.”

“I think there is someone in this castle who is not who they appear to be,” Snape confirmed. “Whoever it is, they’re doing an impeccable job at impersonating their chosen target.”

“Do you think they’re the one who put my name in the Goblet?” Harry asked grimly. Snape nodded.

“It would make sense, yes. Stay vigilant, Potter, and check the map whenever you are able. If any name is unfamiliar to you, come to me immediately.”

“Yes, sir.” The map was enormous, but Harry would keep an eye on it the best he could. “Can I go, sir? I’m going to be late to History of Magic.”

“Which would, of course, be such a tragedy,” Snape retorted dryly, making Harry snicker.

“Oh, I’d be devastated,” he agreed. Snape rolled his eyes, turning away.

“Get out, brat. Come to me at lunchtime on the 23rd, I’ll get you your gillyweed. The fresher it is, the more potent it will be.”

“Thanks, Professor!” Leaving the classroom, he made sure to school his expression into something appropriately downtrodden as he walked past the crowd of second years waiting for their lesson to begin. As soon as he was past them, it turned into a concerned frown, his hands suddenly itching to pull the map from his bag. That was... concerning news. At least now they had something to look for.

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Harry was getting used to being manhandled out of the common room by one or both of the Weasley twins by now. He didn’t put up a fight, letting them drag him up to their dorm room. “What are you two planning now?” he asked suspiciously. They sent him identical innocent grins, which didn’t fool Harry for a second.

“Nothing untoward!” Fred insisted.

“We were just talking about you,” George said conversationally.

“As we often do.”

“And we realised that we’re putting an awful lot of trust in that boyfriend of yours.”

“We know *you* say he’s alright, but you’re a bit daft sometimes.”

“No offence.”