

One by one, he sent the applicants up to the goal hoops, while Ginny, Katie and Demelza tossed the quaffle around, Katie getting Demelza used to their flying style. Harry was immeasurably glad he still had her on the team; he wouldn't even know where to begin having to train a whole new team by himself.

The turn-out for keeper was, on the whole, as mildly disappointing as the chaser and beater crop had been. The first five had little success, heading despondently up to the stands where most of the rejected players — and plenty of students just looking for some entertainment — had made themselves comfortable.

Every time Ron looked at the crowd, he went a little greener. Harry remembered Angelina's description of his try-out the year before — as long as no one was watching, he did fine.

Well, plenty of people were watching.

Harry sent Vicky up next, offering a discreet nod of encouragement. The dark-haired girl positioned herself in front of the hoops, and Harry blew his whistle, signalling the chasers to begin.

The three girls didn't hold back. Vicky saved the first three without any effort at all, and even a tricky fourth shot from Katie was firmly blocked. Then, on the fifth, Harry watched wide-eyed as all of a sudden Vicky veered sharply in the opposite direction, letting the quaffle soar through the hoop. Ginny stared in shock at the goal she'd just scored. A low 'oooh' rumbled through the crowd.

When Vicky landed, she stumbled. Harry walked up to her, intending to ask what had happened — and then he noticed how dazed she looked, her eyes unfocused. He narrowed his gaze.

"Hey, Vicky, stand still a second," he requested. She did so, though she swayed slightly on the spot, her head cocked curiously. Harry waved his wand over her, and cursed. "She's been Confunded," he announced, his voice still enhanced from the Sonorus charm. Gasps rippled around the stands.

"There's no need to make excuses, Potter," McLaggen drawled pompously. "Just because your favourite didn't do perfectly."

"It's not an excuse, I'm telling you, she's been Confunded." Harry was familiar with the signs; Snape had made sure of it, after everything he'd been through with Dumbledore.

Rage burning through him, Harry turned up the volume of his voice. "I don't appreciate sabotage of the Gryffindor team, and if I find out who's responsible you can be damned sure I'm going to McGonagall!" He made sure to glare at everyone in the stands who looked like they might have been in a position to cast as far as the goal hoops. His gaze lingered on Hermione, sat behind the hoops by herself, her jaw clenched tightly.

He had no proof, but he certainly had suspicions.