Struggle To Salvation

by LadyCelestialStar

Summary

Harry's had a hard life, much harder than most people could have ever thought of. Unfortunately, it only gets harder on him in his fifth year. Finally he's had enough and decides to go all out for once, but when Umbridge fights back, it affects both his life, and possibly her freedom...permanently.

This may sound like the story Exploring Harry Potter's Life. Well...it is.

When reading this story, you will have to have the appropriate book beside you. This is a reading the book fic, without the actual story line. You'll get the hang of it soon enough.

Labels: Paragraph = self explanatory.
Dialogue line = One or two lines where a character speaks or does an action while speaking.
Dialogue set = More than two lines where a character is speaking and doing actions.

Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

Take it slow the first time around. There's no rush. When you get a notice of an update, then that means you've got ten chapters to go through. There was over one hundred and eighteen when this story got kicked off originally. So we've got a long way to go.
See the end of the work for more notes.
Umbridge was watching her class, containing the Gryffindor and Slytherin fifth years, as they read her "Ministry Approved" textbook. She was confident in the knowledge that now; there was no way that they were going to rise up against the Ministry. That was everyone's (who was truly loyal to the Ministry at any rate) worst fear, an army of students being commanded by that doddering old fool, Dumbledore.

She took a particular pleasure in watching young Mr. Potter read through the book and write some notes down in a notebook with a scowl on his face. Nothing seemed to brighten her day more then to see the horrible little liar get taken down several pegs.

"Ahh...being a teacher to small children is so wonderful" she thought with a large smirk on her toad like lips.

If she had moved a little closer towards the young, raven haired lad she would have had the chance to read what the boy was writing. Unfortunately for her, she didn't know that it wasn't anything that spelt good news for her.

After the bell had rang to signal that it was the end of class, Harry, Hermione and Ron had wandered down to the Great Hall for lunch. Harry was still writing into his little black notebook as they walked and that, in itself, attracted Hermione's attention.

"Harry, what are you writing?" she said trying to peer into the small book. It wasn't often that Harry would write in that book, normally it was just one or two lines and she never got to see what it was he was writing.

Harry looked sideways at her and smiled. "Something that will completely eradicate that sorry excuse for fiction she insists that we read."

Slightly taken aback by his tone and manner of speaking, she stared at Harry. But then Hermione frowned.

"Harry, while it’s true that the book preaches non-practical use of magic, it is still reasonably sound, the Ministry would have checked out all the facts. The Department of Magical Education wouldn't let the book past them without it having at the very least 95% truth to it." she said shortly.

Harry smirked "One word, Lockhart." and with that he turned away from the Great Hall's staircase and traveled onto the direction in which the library was located. Hermione wanted to follow him, but Ron held her back.

"Leave him be, when he gets this way, you know it will be good." he said with a wicked grin on his face.

“What are you talking about? He's never been this way! Every time he plans or thinks he knows what’s really going on, it turns out he's wrong. Name one time that he was right and I was wrong.” said Hermione with a slightly snobby attitude.

"One word, Lockhart" said Ron with that same evil grin, as he took an embarrassed Hermione by the hand and led her to the Great Hall.
Thankfully it was only a half-day that day because Harry didn't reappear to them until dinner had already started. They even went to the library to find him and try as they might. It was to no avail. Madam Pince had shuffled them both out, with a strange smile on her face, telling the both of them that Harry didn't want to be disturbed. It was no secret that even she held some contempt for the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Especially after what she said about disposing of half of the books in the school library.

When he arrived in the Great Hall, he wasn't carrying anything except for a small white envelope and his little black book, the strange thing was, he wasn't alone. A tall, stern looking man came walking up behind him.

As Harry stopped he held up the small envelope, the man walked past him and snatched the envelope right out of his hand, without even stopping. Harry gave a small smile and placed both hands into his pocket, leaned back in a smug pose and smirked up to Umbridge, who didn't have any inkling of what was going on, but she did look quite frightened.

"Delores, how nice to see you again." said the man with an indifferent look upon his face.

Umbridge gulped. "H..Hello, R...R...Rivers. Nice to s..see you t..too."

"Do you have any idea, why I am here this evening?" said Rivers still looking indifferent, but ripping open the envelope and reading it quickly.

She shook her head quickly. He looked down at his chest and slowly shook his head. While he held the bridge of his nose in his left hand, he put the letter in the pocket of his cloak and pulled out a copy of her textbook.

"Recognize this?" when she nodded quickly, he continued. "I received a message from a very concerned student that you were teaching, outdated, unproven and harmful material in class."

"What do you mean, outdated, unproven and harmful? That book was certified by the International Department of Magical Education!" she said indignantly.

"True, it WAS certified by my department. In 1921. Since then the 'Theory of Gymndons Conjurtor' alone has caused many people who have tried to defend themselves with its so-called "aid" to suffer lifelong injuries. And that is the entire basis of the book! None of the other theories in it or any better. In fact, they are several times worse."

He then waved his wand over his head and every last copy of the Defense Against the Dark Art textbook was summoned to him. Then, in a flash of green smoke, they were gone.

"I'm going to be very nice and give you two weeks to get a better book for the students to learn from. If you don't have a better book, that teaches them BOTH theory AND practical, I will find a teacher that will. Oh yes, and I almost forgot, you have to run the books by me first. No going past me and authorizing them to the Minister. I can make damn sure that the people higher up on the
food chain than him find out about your little stunts." He then turned on his heel and walked towards the door. He stopped when he reached Harry.

"Thanks for letting us know. God knows what kind of damage she could have done." Harry smiled in response. When Rivers left, Umbridge sent Harry a murderous look. Harry only smirked back and the teachers shared in the joy of bringing that old toad some well-deserved misery. The rest of the school stood up and applauded Mr. Potter, including even some of the Slytherins, and just to aggravate her, Harry took a bow.

After dinner Umbridge left the Great Hall, slammed her office door shut behind her. She couldn't believe it, beaten by a lying, spoiled, mentally challenged, brat! She wasn't going to let this slide, though she didn't know how she was going to get even with that little beast. Then, that very same "beast" came in through the door to her office. Umbridge looked up, a little confused, but then she remembered that she had given him a week long detention, and this was the last of those joyful nights. Tonight she was going to do something different.

Harry knew picking a fight with Umbridge while he still had detention was a bad idea, but he knew that the International representative of Magical Education was only in England for a short time. He needed to oust the book soon, before she ruined everyone in fifth and seventh's years chances of getting respectable and realistic grades in the class.

He made to sit down, but she grabbed his arm and gave him a vicious smile. He had seen that kind of look in his Uncle Vernon's eyes and he knew that he was not going to go to bed tonight without physical conflict. But she wouldn't be that stupid to do something like that in a school. Not with Dumbledore's office a few floors away.

She walked over to a small picture of Filch's ragged cat, Mr. Norris and nodded at it. The mangy old cat then meowed and turned and hurried off. Filch then came into the room, grinning ear to ear and his grin grew bigger when he saw Harry looking between the two of them.

"Not going to do the normal lines then, I take it?" said Harry, looking at Filch with curiosity, yet edging slightly away from the two of them. The smiles on their faces were not pleasant and it gave him an uneasy feeling.

"Not in the slightest Mr. Potter. My little reminder doesn't seem to help you not to tell lies." she said, with that large sneer on her toad like face.

"Actually it does, that's why I sent Mr. River's that owl." he smirked, wiping the grin off the horrible teacher's face. But then it came back in full force. She nodded towards Filch, who then brought out a....

"What's the whip for?" said Harry getting a little nervous now, but his voice didn't reveal it. Both sadists just smiled and moved forward, slowly. He backed up into the desk, and looked round quickly, there was no escape.

Three hours later he finally reached the seventh floor. He had to double over and get his breath to slow down quite a few times. His entire torso was on fire and his legs couldn't carry him anymore, after Filch and Umbridge both took the whip and other paraphenelia to him for the past three hours he had to hurry down to the school laundry room and wrap his bleeding chest, legs and back with one and a half sheets. It looked as if he gained the twenty pounds that Madame Pomfrey had
always wanted him to. He tried to remember what had happened, but some of the parts were starting to get a little fuzzy and he felt himself getting colder and colder. He was getting very dizzy and he wasn't able to keep his eyes to stay focused. He had some healing potions in his trunk just for emergencies, now the only problem was getting to them, he was getting very tired.

Then a voice came from behind him, Harry slowly turned around and saw McGonagall come up the stairs. "Didn't you hear me Potter? I asked you what you were doing out so late, it's about five minutes after curfew." she said sternly.

He was too tired to give her a complete answer, and his world was beginning to spin out of control. Harry opened his mouth to answer "Long detention" when he couldn't stand anymore and he started to fall over the railing of the moving staircase. Professor McGonagall screamed and made a grab for him as he tumbled over. She managed to grab his foot and magicked him back onto the stairs.

"WHAT WERE YOU THINKING BOY?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH....." she stopped short. She kneeled down quickly laid his head on her lap and felt his forehead; he was burning up with fever. She noticed the sheets under his robes and lifted the layers; she screamed a second time, only this one was louder.

The teachers, who were patrolling the top floors, came running up from all different directions and the Gryffindor students came running when they heard both screams. Students were standing above and teachers below the sobbing Transfigurations Professor. Dumbledore came hurrying to where the throng of people stood and saw Harry laying in his Head of House's lap. His face paled.

"Minerva?" said Flitwick cautiously. She looked wildly around, this scared her poor Gryffindors to no ends. They thought she had gone mad. Ron, Hermione, Fred, George, Ginny, or Neville couldn't get to the front of line no matter how hard they tried. They couldn't see that it was Harry that she was crying about.

McGonagall was looking for Snape and when he came to the front, she pulled him done roughly to his knees and lifted the sheets, so little that only he could see. He was so taken aback that he fell off his feet and landed backwards into Dumbledore's knees.

"What is it? What is wrong?" he asked Snape. However, the Potions Master did not respond to him. He then scrambled back and started whipping out potions and administering them to the fevered boy. Once Harry was stable enough to be moved, they whisked him off to the Hospital Wing, it was there that the Weasely's and Hermione saw that the injured student was Harry, and they had to hold each other to stop themselves from falling down in shock.

Harry's fever didn't break till a week later, the entire school (including a few of the Slytherins) were happy to see the young man come down to the Great Hall. But they were horrified to see that he had to lean on a cane and was followed by a harassed looking Madam Pomfrey.

"You should have stayed in bed Potter! You're still very weak from losing all that blood!"

"I feel fine; I was losing the feeling in my legs from all the laying around. This gets me the exercise that I need and besides," he added with a look towards the Gryffindor table. "I want to see Hermione and Ron. You never let them in to see me that I know of."

He hobbled over to Ron and Hermione and they both rushed to him and took him in their arms. Harry gritted his teeth, they had clutched at him too quickly and too tightly, but he allowed them to
hold onto him as tight as they wanted. They exchanged no words but just held onto each other, and then Fred, George and Ginny came over and enshrouded Harry even further. After five minutes of just standing there hugging, they helped Harry to the table and began loading a plate for him.

"Mr. Potter, I have a question for you." said Professor Dumbledore, who had happened to stand behind Harry. Harry looked up at him, for the first time that year their eyes met. Harry couldn't help but smile. Dumbledore sighed with relief, not sensing any redness in his eyes or hatred in his mind.

"Do you remember who had left you in that state that forced you to go to the Hospital Wing?"

Everyone in the Hall leaned forward, a few were eager to duel out some intense judgment to the person responsible. Even Malfoy fingered his wand in anticipation. He disliked Potter, but he really didn't HATE him. Not enough to actually wish him that kind of harm to happen to him. Maybe a bloody nose or black eye, but not something life threatening. Umbridge and Filch looked deadly pale and nervous; nobody noticed this, with the exception of Professor Snape. He made a mental note to tell Dumbledore his suspicions.

Harry shook his head. "I don't remember sir, I can only remember leaving the Great Hall to go to detention." It was the truth, he couldn't remember even being saved from certain death by McGonagall.

"Whom did you serve detention with that night?" asked Dumbledore quickly.

"Umbridge"

Students and teachers whipped around swiftly and stared. Umbridge composed herself quickly and stated. "He never made it to my detention that night. As a matter of fact, you owe me another one for not showing up, you now have to serve two more nights." she reverted back to her smug self. The students and staff stared at her in shock, but the dam finally broke.

"NO, HE MOST CERTAINLY WILL NOT!" screamed the staff. None more louder than Professor McGonagall.

DUMBLEDORE, DON'T LET HER!! HE WAS INJURED! shouted the students.

IT WAS NO FAULT OF HIS OWN!" screamed the entire staff and student body.

Harry looked around dazed, unsure of what was going on. Dumbledore nodded gravely.

"I will not allow her to do so. Harry won't be serving detention for quite some time. I will also say that you, Harry, are not to attend classes until you are well." said Dumbledore reassuring the students and staff.

"I'm fine" said Harry tiredly.

"You save that particular statement for the periods of time that you are most gravely injured it seems." said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling, but with a sad smile upon his lips. "More of a reason for us who care deeply for you to have you, as they say in the Muggle world. 'sit this one out.' "

The entire school, besides Umbridge and Filch, nodded yes. Filch continued to shake fearfully, but Umbridge was furious. Just then, an owl came fluttering down to her and deposited a note, she opened it with her pink, kitten shaped letter opener and read it. Her eyes danced madly. She had him now! She had them both!
The Memorial Books have arrived, will it help the Minister's side, or Harry's...or will it hurt both?

Despite River's warning, Umbridge didn't even try to find a different book for her classes. As a matter of fact she didn't even try to accomplish anything in her classes. The students, besides Harry who would spend his days in Dumbledore's office, would be getting homework done that they had acquired with other teachers. She never noticed them, she was too busy sitting in her chair and counting down the hours in which her plan would take action.

Madam Pince, though for the life of her she couldn't figure out, gave her a long list of adequate books to use as texts. But Umbridge merely stared at the clock and the calendar on her desk.

Harry and Dumbledore spent the passing days discussing things that had no real importance. They would discuss the weather, different sweets they both enjoyed and even Quidditch games. Dumbledore was more relaxed around Harry now that he realized that Voldemort wouldn't dare venture into Harry's untainted mind. However, he was ashamed that he had abandoned the poor boy when he needed him the most. Mentally, he promised that he would never let this boy down again.

He was still trying to find out what had happened to his young protégé, but nothing came of it. He knew something had happened in Umbridge's office, but what it was, was a mystery to him. He subtly grilled Harry, asking him what had happened, but the poor boy's memory had been blocked and almost destroyed by the fever, discovering what had happened would take time.

Harry still had to continue using his cane, as his legs were still too weak to support his small weight, so Dumbledore made sure he got down to the Great Hall for dinner alright. He would have to take a few breaks as he made his way to dinner, but Dumbledore would allow the boy to rest as many times as he wanted on the way down. There had been times that they would have to stop and allow Harry to catch his breath.

“This sucks.” said Harry gasping.

“I can imagine, here is some water. Aquamenti!” he said as he filled a golden goblet with crystal clear water.

Suddenly, McGonagall came rushing up to the pair of them.
"Albus! Umbridge brought the Minister and several Ministry officials here!" she looked pale and nervous. She had not been the same since she had found Harry, nearly expiring on the staircase. It did not bode good tidings for them if the Minister and the vile woman were both smiling.

"What is it that they want?" said Dumbledore placing a protective arm around Harry's shoulders. He had been fearing for months that they would take Harry into their "protective" custody, and he had been foiling their plans, but if this was the straw that broke the hippogriff's back....

"They said something about Potter's past, bringing the truth to light. What do they mean by that?" said McGonagall, also throwing an arm around the young man's shoulders. Harry kept looking between the two of them. For some reason, since the fever, he was a little slow on the uptake. But talking to Dumbledore about different things, kept building up his mental strength like it used to be. But Dumbledore could see that sometimes Harry looked as if he were in a daze, as if he were just an empty shell at times, it began to frighten him, as if he were never to get his boy back.

"I wonder, did you see anything being carried in by the officials? An orb, a mirror, anything? said Dumbledore, eyes slowly taking on even brighter twinkle. "Books?"

McGonagall paused in thought and gasped. "Yes! They were carrying seven books, each one a different color. With silver and gold numbers on each one, one through seven."

"How do you remember that?" said Harry in awe.

Dumbledore smiled down to the youth, the smallest little thing seemed to impress him as of late. "Photographic memory. Her's is slightly more, we shall say, powerful than yours dear boy. As for these books, in the long run we have nothing to fear from them. We know we are telling the absolute truth. It will only strengthen our side."

"Albus, what do you mean, do you know what these books are?" she said gaping at the elderly man.

"Those books are forged from an ancient magic that was used to compose our history for us. We would only have to drop a single blot of blood on its pages and the history of that person would be written, first chapter would entail the significant information of their first year of birth then it would start before the subject's eleventh birthday. That time of age has always been a very important day since the very beginning of magical time. Then it would continue for seven more years. The all-powerful number, Harry, remember that. " said Dumbledore down to Harry, his eyes still twinkling.

"Then what do we do about it Albus?" said McGonagall anxiously. "Do we try and stop this or do we allow it go on? Think of the repercussions, if it discloses the location of Headquarters!"

"Summon the Order, including Sirius, but advise him to stay in his canine form, we don't want him whisked away. Also, invite the Diggorys, Book four should have the painful, but necessary truth behind their son's unfortunate passing. Bill and Charlie Weasely would get some information from this reading to be sure. I don't think we'll have to worry about much...after all, I didn't write the location of the Headquarters in these books."

"Why would the Ministry read my story in front of everyone?" said Harry, catching on, slowly but surely. Dumbledore sent a warm smile to the young man.

"To spread their belief that you and I are on our way to 'The Funny Farm' as you youngsters like to keep telling me."
"I've never said that to you Professor!" cried Harry in disbelief.

"Which is sad, everyone has a different way of saying it and I enjoy in hearing the different interpretations. Your friend Ron refers to me as 'off my rocker' that may very well be my favorite one."

By the unwanted orders of Madam Delores Jane Umbridge, the entire school was summoned down to the Great Hall. Dumbledore and Harry stood in the middle of the Great Hall and watched as the members of the Ministry and Order came into the ancient Hall that was the place of wonderful memories for everyone who came in those great doors.

"This is a private reading Albus." said Umbridge with her trademark smirk.

Dumbledore smiled warmly up to the woman. "If it is a private reading, then why are the students here? They cannot possibly keep a secret, that, alas, is the curse of youth." Dumbledore stated calmly, eyes twinkling madly. "Also, you have Rita Skeeter here, she of all people cannot be trusted with secrets or privacy." his eyes lost their twinkle as they gazed at her. She shuddered. He looked back at the head table and resumed his twinkling. "It's Mr. Potter's life you are reading, and it concerns this school and the people around him. They have every right to the knowledge quietly festering in those books. Well, I shouldn't say they have the right, only Harry has that, but I don't think he will mind."

Harry shook his head, showing he didn't mind, but he wasn't focusing all that much or he would have put up more of a fight.

Umbridge could find no argument with that, though she did try to make an effort, but Madam Bones cleared her throat and shook her head sternly. Umbridge reluctantly gave up. Dumbledore then turned to the rest of the school and described to them what the books were. The same explanation he gave McGonagall and Harry. Now, after his small speech, he was happily answering questions, though Hermione and a few Ravenclaws were the only ones asking them.

"Professor, how could it write the last two books if they hadn't happened yet?" asked Padma.

"Ah, Miss Patil, there we get into some very, very advanced and ancient magic that, if you may believe, I myself do not fully understand. But I know that in order to actually read Mr. Potter's future, he would have to hold each book and follow it's instructions. For every wizard or witch it is different."

"How do you mean?" said Padma, still a little confused.

"Well, the one of the last times the books were used, I believe Merlin had to hold the books to his head. The books instantly filled with knowledge. But I have heard that at other times, wizards and witches had to give more blood or even kiss the book. It could possibly be anything. But nothing that permanently harms the subject of the books," said Dumbledore smiling to all the students.

Harry looked up at him, with a question of his own burning in his own heart, and he was feeling ill because of it.

"Professor, whatever happens in these things, will we be held accountable?" he said quietly. Professor Dumbledore smiled down to him and patted his head. Harry heard a distinct sniff coming from behind him at the staff table.
'No one should have that close contact with a child, disgusting,' thought Umbridge.

"The things that you are talking about are called books, my dear boy and absolutely not, whatever mischief you got into in these books you had already gotten away with it. It would be unfair to punish you or anyone else. The same however cannot be the same for adults, they may be held for things they do. Mr. Weasley's flying car, for example, he cannot be fined again for it being enchanted. But if anyone were to hurt you physically, I am happy to say that they will be punished most severely. Even if I must do it myself." Dumbledore held onto his normal smile and glittering eyes, that is until the last statement. Then his eyes grew cold furious, Harry saw this and saw the man that defeated Grindewald. Not the man who he had come to think of as a grandfather.

Umbridge smirked down to them and said in her simpering voice.

"Now, Albus, you cannot possibly think that the Minister would pass up the opportunity to punish the boy, something you have obviously failed to do."

"I have never failed in, 'punishing' him. Especially when he really deserves it. Why, as matter of fact, in his second year after he arrived in the flying car I made it known to him that I was very disappointed in him." said Dumbledore looking up to her.

"I wish you had just screamed at me, at that point, anything was better then you looking the way you did." said Harry looking down. Dumbledore patted his back and Harry looked up to the man and smiled.

Fudge rolled his eyes.

"Delores, we won't hold any child accountable for what happens in these books. Or anyone else, you know better than to threaten that. These books cannot be used in a court of law. Unless they are to prove someone's innocence, not guilt. It's a strange law, but one I must uphold." said Madam Bones majestically. Umbridge scowled.

"Now that everything is all explained to suit the answers of students." said Dumbledore giving the staff a knowing smile. "Let us begin, who shall read first?"

"I will" said Madam Bones reaching for the book.

Dumbledore conjured cushions on the floor, some students moved from their tables and went to lay on the floor. Dumbledore led Harry to a large bowl like chair that laid on the floor and was filled with soft pillows and blankets. It was large enough for Lupin, Sirius (dog form) Hermione, Ron and Ginny to fit inside it and give some Harry some support.

Harry leaned back into Lupin's chest and ran his fingers over Sirius's coat.

"You're awfully affectionate today." said Lupin with a smile.

"I'm still a litte tired. Deal with it." he said cheekily.

"The title of the first book is Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone and the first chapter is The Boy Who Lived" said Madam Bones.

"Here we go." sighed Harry shaking his head.
Chapter End Notes

Remember, you have to have the actual book beside you. It's the only way we're going to be able to get around the copyright stalker nuts!
A Day in the Soon to be Odd Life of Vernon Dursley.

Chapter Summary

The people of Hogwarts learn of the Dursleys, and only one of them likes these prim and proper Muggles.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter!

First paragraph, first sentence.

"You're welcome." said Luna in a dream-like voice. The Hall was riddled with the snorts of people trying to hold their laughter.

"SILENCE!" demanded Umbridge forgetting her sickly sweet voice.

"Now Delores." said Madam Bones. "You can't expect them to just sit there and listen to this, do you? Let them voice their opinions, it will make the reading more, let's say, 'attention holding.'"

"She's got that right." said Fred.

"Imagine, just sitting here and listening to Harry's boring life." said George with a smirk.

"We need to spice things up a bit!" both twins said with a laugh.

First paragraph, end of paragraph.

"Wow, Harry, you've got awfully boring relatives" said Lee Jordan with a big grin.

"Makes us appreciate our family a lot more." said Ron with a look towards the twins and Percy, who was sitting beside the Minister. But he didn't look at Percy for very long.

Second paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"I knew a Grunning once," said Bathilda Bagshot who had just entered the Great Hall and sat down near Hagrid's seat at the teacher's table. "I don't think it's the same one though. He died almost a hundred years ago."

“Hello Bathilda, I'm glad you could stop by.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“I didn't realize that you were doing this, I came by to take you up on the offer for a cup of tea for old time's sake, I always did have impeccable timing.” she said with a smile.

Second paragraph. end of first sentence.

"Most definitely not him. Hardly would do anything if magic wasn't involved." she said shaking her head quickly.

Second paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

The entire school erupted in laughter.

"Don't they sound like people Romance Novels are made from?" said a seventh year Slytherin wiping tears from her eyes.

"Walrus and Horsie sitting in a tree! K...I...S...I...N...G!!" sang the twins and Lee at the top of their lungs to the applause of the school.

Second paragraph. Rest of third sentence.

"She never changed, that's no surprise." muttered Snape.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence, eighth word.

Harry however was confused.

"Wait a minute, did that just call Dudley small?" he asked loudly to the twins and Ron. The Weasely children and Hagrid both laughed. The others weren't sure what was so funny.

End of second paragraph.

"That's not right, the best guy in the world is right here." said Fred gently patting Harry's back. The people who knew Harry nodded, including a few of the teachers. Harry quickly blushed.

"And he is now the most embarrassed guy in the world." said George with a snigger.

Third paragraph, first sentence.
"Well, we're about to find out about it, aren't we?" said Ernie from the Hufflepuff table.

“There are things they are missing...my respect for one.” muttered Harry.

**Third paragraph, third sentence first semicolon.**

"That's sad. I don't think I could go years without talking to my sister." said Padma. She then moved towards Pavarti and sat beside her. The Weasely's all agreed and came to sit closer together then before, except for Percy. He was wanting to move, but his stubborn nature kept him in his seat.

**Third paragraph, third sentence, second comma, seventh word.**

Lupin stood up and glared at the book. His eyes flashing dangerously. There wasn't a person on the other side of those eyes, that didn't flinch. Even the dog on Harry's knee was growling viciously. Harry looked at Sirius and then Lupin, he grabbed his cane and slowly stood up. He took ahold of Lupin's arm and tugged it towards himself. Lupin turned quickly around and glared at the owner of the hand. His eyes softened considerably when he saw Harry and noticed that he didn't flinch at his look. He then pulled him into a big hug and helped the teen back to the chair. Even the dog whimpered as he put his nose back on Harry's knee.

**Third paragraph, last nine words of third sentence.**

"Thank bloody God." growled Lupin, rubbing Harry's right arm up and down, in a fatherly way.

**Third paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“'They'd prefer them to you.'” spat Remus harshly.

“Don't be too sure, they're all alike on that street.” said Harry.

**Third paragraph, to the end of paragraph.**

"Yeah, you wouldn't want 'poor little Dudley' to become nice.” said Fred.

"Or generous" replied George

"Brave"

"Selfless"
"Gentle"
"Smart"
"Funny"
"Noble"

"AND TRUTHFUL" bellowed the twins towards the High Inquisitor. She only scowled

*I wouldn't want my children messing around with that dirty little liar either. These muggles have the right idea.* thought Umbridge nastily.

Harry was too busy to notice the small smirk of the Defense teacher, he had his buried in Lupin’s shoulder, blushing furiously. "I'm not any of those things."

"You might not think so, but that's our opinion." said Lupin with a smile.

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence - second comma.**

"Didn't it already start?" asked Malfoy, curiously.

"ENOUGH WITH THE INTERRUPTIONS!" cried Umbridge. Malfoy looked insulted.

"Leave the kids alone!" said Madame Bones. "You brought this up here, you'll have to take their comments and like it."

**Fourth paragraph, second sentence first comma.**

"Harry, why would he pick out a boring tie?" asked Mr. Weasley. "I get one for Father's Day every year and I can honestly say, none of them are boring. My favorite one is the one where it whistles a tune all day. Kids all chipped in and got it for me." he finished, beaming towards his kids.

Most of the Ministry people smiled at that. Every year on Father's day, Arthur would go around the Ministry and show off his ties. He was so proud of his children, and they loved to see the glimmer in his eyes when he spoke of them.

"He hates to stand out. I'm more amazed that he was humming." said Harry deep in thought.

"Why is that? People hum all the time." said Flitwick, an avid music lover.

"He doesn't allow music in the house. I don't remember the last time I even hummed, there anyway." Harry looked thoughtful, not noticing the incredulous looks from the people around him. Professor Flitwick clutched at his heart and nearly fainted.

**Fourth paragraph to the end of paragraph.**
"Umm...we weren't like that when we were younger, were we mom?" asked Ginny looking sideways at her mother.

"No, you and your brothers were very well behaved when you were babies. Even the twins were little angels, at that age, anyway." she smiled mischievously. The Weasely children released a large sigh of relief.

Fifth paragraph.

“How do you miss that?” asked Lee in amazement.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence third comma.

"QUICK! GET SOME DISINFECTANT!!" yelled Ron. His brother's fell off their seats and cushions clutching their sides. Harry laughed along with them, maybe this book wasn't so bad.

Sixth paragraph, end of first sentence.

"And he doesn't see anything wrong with that behavior? What a stupid man." growled Sprout.

End of sixth paragraph.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"I know who that is!" chanted Harry with a smile.

"How would you know? It doesn't describe what the cat looks like." said Hermione with a frown.

"I saw a cat reading the street sign one morning when I was six. I walked up to it and sat there petting it all day, I even named her, and I found her five years later."

"Where?" asked Hermione, still not believing him.

"Here, turns out it was Professor McGonagall's animagus form, imagine my shock." he said grinning ear to ear. The Transfiguration teacher smiled broadly back.

"What was the name you gave her?" asked Fred with a smirk.

Harry looked up to McGonagall, she smiled proudly. "He called me 'Tootsie'. I've been called 'Minnie' in that form, but you Mr. Potter, came up with a name that I actually liked."

"You never told me you went to Privet Drive. Did he tell you anything we should be worried about?" said Dumbledore quietly.
"No, he didn't say a word about anything else, besides giving me a name and asking if I liked it, he was very thin though. We both just sat on the sidewalk. Whole day went by." said McGonagall quietly to him.

Seventh paragraph, third sentence.

"Wow, you're quick." said Fred whistling.

Seventh paragraph ninth sentence.

"Tootsie can" thought Harry with small smile.

Seventh paragraph, to end of paragraph.

"He doesn't even think about his family, just his darn business deals." muttered Madame Pomfrey.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Wouldn't have taken much.” snickered a first year.

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.

"I have seen the outfits young muggle adults wear. They are wonderfully eccentric." said Dumbledore smiling brightly.

Eighth paragraph, sixth sentence.

"What is odd about that?" said a little first year Ravenclaw.

"That isn't normal in the Muggle world." said Hermione quickly.

Eighth paragraph, eighth sentence.

"Collecting? What is this Muggle talking about?" questioned Malfoy.
"Didn't take him too long, not much must go on in his head." stated a Ravenclaw.

"Why were the owls going nuts?" asked Blaise.

"It was from all the letters of joy that were being sent around Britain that day." said Snape.

"Your Uncle Vernon needs to settle down I think." said Professor Lupin to Harry. Harry couldn't tell him that his temper was pretty easy going, that day by the sound of it.

"Wait a minute, if that is a good mood, then.....Harry, did your uncle ever get angry with you?" asked Lupin, looking sideways at Harry. The dog whimpered. Harry looked down and refused to answer him, he motioned to Madam Bones to continue reading. Madam Bones did rather reluctantly.

"Figures, the only way he'd actually do some exercise was to get a doughnut." muttered Harry darkly.

"He makes us uneasy too." said Charlie thoughtfully. Bill nodded.
People in the Great Hall turned to look at him. Harry just looked down.

"How did he get so high up to have a secretary?" asked Hermione. "It isn't his personality."

"He had to step on and destroy a bunch of people to get where he is." said Harry.

"HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME?!" screamed Mrs. Weasely. Harry only looked down. Now he could see the giant problem with the books. He was having all of his secrets exposed. This wasn't fair.

"Lily wanted to take you to meet her sister, but her sister always said they were going to be out of town those days." said Lupin sadly.

“Well, he nailed the Harold part.” said Lupin with a faint smile.

"Yeah, like your sister is any better." said Harry rolling his eyes.
"I'm amazed it didn't kill that poor guy." said Harry bemusedly.

"I'm much more sturdier built then most people give me credit for, Mr. Potter." said the Charms Professor kindly.

Fourteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"They just aren't used to my beautiful tenor voice." said Professor Flitwick haughtily.

"No denying that." said Bill with a smile.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Fifteenth paragraph

"It wasn't easy hugging that man, I couldn't even get my arms halfway around his middle." said Flitwick with a smirk.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"Yeah Harry, imagination is a very bad thing." said George with straight face.

"Just look at us." said Fred, the school erupted in laughter.

Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.

"Why were you all day, Professor?" asked a third year Gryffindor to his Head of House.

"You will hear about it very soon." she said, eyes misting.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"Even we knew that was going to happen. Same look she gives us when we tell her we didn't do anything." laughed Lee Jordan. Professor McGonagall's lips twitched slightly.

End of eighteenth paragraph.
Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.

Mrs. Weasely and the teachers, except Umbridge, snarled at this. "Spoiled brat"

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set,

Dialogue set, second sentence

Dedalus Diggle blushed deeply

End of dialogue set

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph

Twenty-second paragraph

Twenty-third paragraph.

"Too bad Lily didn't pretend. She was always upset that Petunia wouldn't talk to her." said Lupin sadly.

Dialogue Line.

Dialogue Line.

Dialogue Line.

Dialogue Line.

The entire Hall was silent. Then people started whispering, then talking until finally they were yelling

"OUR CROWD? WHAT DOES HE MEAN ABOUT THAT!?" They rounded on Harry and he just sank deeper into the cushions of the bowl. Lupin had to lean in front of the raven-haired youth and send a stern look back to the rest of the school.

Twenty-fourth paragraph

Dialogue Line.
"Name may be common, but the person with it isn't" said Ginny angrily. All of Harry's friends shouted out in agreement and Dumbledore nodded. Harry buried his head in Lupin's chest again. Lupin just sat and smiled, he couldn’t believe how humble Harry was, especially living in that household.

"Oh, thank Merlin, I was getting ready to be sick." said Fred holding his stomach.

"I only wished that Lily had confided in me what her sister really thought about her and James. I never would have brought Harry to them." said Dumbledore whispered. McGonagall, thought about reminding him that she told all she knew about the Dursleys, but thought better of it. She patted his arm.

"Wishful thinking." said Harry out loud, causing people to turn towards him and have concerned looks on their faces.

"At least you have more fashion sense then someone else I know." said Harry with a smirk.

"Mr. Potter! My wardrobe is the peak of fashion!" yelled Umbridge
"I never said I meant you, ma'am." said Harry innocently. Dumbledore chuckled silently to himself.

Thirty-first paragraph, end of paragraph.

The entire school stood up and cheered. Even the ones who didn't believe Harry or Dumbledore.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence.

"You just love to go to places where you stick out like a sore thumb, don't you Albus?" said Bathilda Bagshot with a smile.

"I enjoy the look on people's faces." he said with a large grin.

Thirty-second paragraph, end of paragraph.

"Glad I was a source of amusement for you, Albus." McGonagall said, folding her arms but the sides of her mouth were twitching.

Thirty-third paragraph, sixth sentence.

"AWESOME PROFESSOR!!" yelled the twins. "Where did you get that thing?"

"I invented it myself many years ago, boys." said Dumbledore.

"Maybe we can make one ourselves, Fred." said George excitedly. Dumbledore chuckled over to them.

"I have no doubt that you can, and will. You have the same ingenuity that I myself possessed when I was younger." The twins grinned ear to ear and were even more hyped to start on their new goal.

End of Thirty-third paragraph

Dialogue Line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

"I've always loved your glasses Professor." said Harry looking up at her admiringly. She blushed, which was extremely rare. "Living almost my whole life with giant, round glasses, it's really nice seeing something different."

"Yeah, you need a new pair badly. When this is done, I'll take you to the eyeglass shop in Diagon
Alley." whispered Lupin to Harry, who beamed at him.

"But how are you going to pay for them? Nevermind, I pay."

"My cousin runs that shop, she won't charge me. She never does when I go in for reading glasses." said Lupin with smile.

Thirty-fourth paragraph,

Dialogue Line.

Dialogue Line.

"If you had asked Harry about ten years ago, Sir, he would have told you Tootsie." said the twins laughing. Then they stopped laughing and stared at McGonagall. She didn't seem angry.

"Aren't you going to yell at us?" said the twins, slightly disappointed.

"Absolutely not. I will never be embarrassed in spending a day with Harry when he was younger."

"Best day I ever had while at the Dursleys. I used that memory one time in my Patronus charm lessons."

"Is that the memory that broke all the windows in my office, because it was so large?" asked Lupin, Harry nodded. Lupin and McGonagall looked at each other with concern. Why was that memory so powerful? What was life Dursleys really like?

Dialogue Line.

Dialogue Line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph

Dialogue set.

Professor looked down at Dedalus horrified. She was about to profess her apologies, when he just smiled at her and nodded his head.

Dialogue Line.

All the adults, besides Umbridge, bowed their heads in somber remembrance.

Dialogue set.
"He HAS disappeared! He's never coming back." said Umbridge with authority.

"I'm not even going to argue, I'll let the books take over from here." said Harry dismissing her with a wave of his hand. She didn't like that one bit.

"You've to a week of detention with me Mr. Potter, for your cheek." said Umbridge with a scowl.

"You seem to forget Delores, Potter is excused from all detentions, especially those with you, until he is back to full health and we figure out what happened. As a matter of fact, the rest of the teachers will take care of any detentions you hand out to the students. You will not hold any detentions till the incident is resolved." said McGonagall sternly. The school erupted in cheers. The parents and guardians of the students that were there, looked concerned.

"What is with you and your penchant for sweets, Dumbledore." said Kingsley with a smirk.

"I have a very demanding sweet tooth. I always have a large bowl of candy hidden away in my office. Except at Christmas time." grinned Dumbledore.

"What? What is so different about Christmas time? That's the only time I actually eat candy." inquired Kingsley with his eyebrows raised.

"For the past, oh I should say, four years, I've received a large box of these delightful raspberry and chocolate chip cookies." Dumbledore sat back in his chair, with a longing look in his eyes.

"I don't recall you offering anyone else these cookies, usually you offer anyone and everyone your sweets." said Pomfrey with a mock indignant look.

"I actually refuse to have anyone else have them. That is the one thing, I will not share. I just wish my secret baker would send me more than one box." he pouted. Seeing that look on their headmaster, the students and a few teachers started to giggle and snicker.

"I'm sorry, Albus, but I was in no mood for sweets at that time." said McGonagall.
As did the rest of the school. Harry let out a sigh.
"Get a grip, people." said Harry rolling his eyes.

End of dialogue set.

Another wave a flinches went through the school, Harry groaned.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue Line.

"Only cause you're too noble to use them sir." said Harry up to the Head Table. Dumbledore smiled brightly and looked to McGonagall.

Dialogue Line.

McGonagall looked down to Harry and had a small smile.

Dialogue Line.

"Old people can flirt? I didn't think they knew how!" laughed a seventh year Slytherin.

"You think you invented it all, do you?" sneered Pomfrey. That wiped the smile of his face in an instant.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

The entire hall went deadly silent. They all leaned forward.

Thirty-eighth paragraph,

Dialogue Line.

Lupin began to cringe and Sirius whined. Harry looked between the both of them, leaned on Lupin's arm and stroked Sirius's canine head.
The entire school looked over to Harry, who just closed his eyes. They couldn't see the single tear sliding down his face. Everyone except Luna, who came over and caught that single tear in a vial she had taken out of her pocket. Harry looked at Luna with curiosity.

"You had a Squakdoon hovering over you. They take your pain and manifest it into a tear. If you catch the tear and keep it with you in a bottle, you won't feel the pain as intensely as you did before." she ran a thin red string through the loop at the end of the vial. She placed it around Harry's neck. Amazingly, he did feel quite a bit better.

Maybe there was some truth to what she sees, but he'd better not tell Hermione...

"Great, now starts the reason we all have to worship him." said Fudge with a smile on his face. However, that smile was ripped off his face when he was forced to dodge flying pieces of paper and several bottles of ink. Umbridge was livid.

"HOW DARE YOU ATTACK THE MINISTER OF MAGIC?! ONE HUNDRED POINTS FROM GRYFFINDOR, MR. POTTER!"

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! HE DIDN'T THROW A DAMN THING! WE DID!!" screamed the entire student body. Dumbledore looked quickly over to the giant hourglasses and smiled broadly.

"It seems that the magic of the books we are reading is prohibiting us from taking points away from any student." Umbridge ran over to the hourglasses and examined them. She didn't know what to think, she began to tap and rock the hourglasses back and forth to move the gemstones inside. Madam Bones ignored her and continued on.

"Something we would all love to know, Albus." mumbled Moody from the end of the Slytherin table.
"You have awesome toys, Professor." cheered Bill, who was sitting beside Charlie at the Gryffindor table.

"What did make you late that night, Hagrid" said Dumbledore leaning forward to speak to the Care of Magical Creatures Teacher.

"Drunk probably, disgusting half-breed. The lot of them." said Umbridge with a smug look.

Hagrid shifted slowly and looked towards Harry before answering.

"It took me and Sirius Black a little while to find Harry, sir. The part o' the house where he was, was completely destroyed. We 'ad ta move a few charred pieces o' lumber to get to 'im. Wasn't even cryin' just kept trying ta..." Hagrid took out a giant polka-dotted handkerchief and blew his nose loudly. "kept trying ta cuddle up wid his momma. Get 'er to wake up." He howled so loud that it made the tables shake. Sirius looked up at Harry, whined and nuzzled his hand.

The school, minus Umbridge and the Minister, all looked down and started to cry. Dumbledore had to take a tissue that was offered by Madame Hooch. Every house table there was didn't hold a single dry eye. Harry looked down, he wanted to cry, but he couldn't. He felt the pain, but it didn't hurt as much as it should have. He looked at the little vial and saw the tear, it was glowing.

"Not no more mate," said Ron thickly. Drying his eyes with the back of his sleeve. "You've got us now."

"And me." said Lupin pulling him into a tight hug. Sirius sat up and licked his face.

"I couldn't be more ashamed of myself." said Dumbledore covering his face with his hands.

"What...the...A LETTER?" said Mrs. Weasely standing up. "How are you going to explain
everything in a letter! A little boy just lost both his mother and father in the same night, at the hands of the most psychotic man the world has ever known and you explain things in a LETTER??" Then she rounded on Harry. "What did the letter say?"

"I don't know, I wasn't aware they even got one." said Harry simply.

"For God's sake, tell me there isn't one." said Harry horrified.

"Actually, today is Harry Potter Day." said Madam Bones.

"Were you expecting presents today Potter?" sneered Umbridge.

"Absolutely not, but I'll give presents if you quit your job here." retorted Harry. The entire student body sniggered.

"Despite the fact that I REALLY disapprove of you chucking James' son into that place, I've got to admit, I would hate to see a Harry Potter that loved all the fame and attention. Good Lord, you would act just like your father did at your age now, an attention seeking prat." said Lupin running a hand over the mess of black hair. Harry snapped his head up to him.

"My dad was attention seeking?" he said, face falling.

"In the worst way possible. I can honestly say that your dad was not only a prat, but a spoiled brat" said Lupin fondly, his smile faded fast when he noticed how troubled Harry looked. "What's wrong?"

"Everyone says I act...like....him...." said Harry clutching his chest. He felt sick. Lupin looked horrified at how pale Harry had turned.

"When people say that 'you act like him' they mean the man he had grown up to become!" said Lupin quickly, trying to calm Harry's fears. "If they had meant that you acted like your dad when he first started, they would have taken you back to the proverbial woodshed so many times, it could have been your permanent address."

"Then how do I act?" whispered Harry fearfully, he didn't want to come acrossed as an attention seeking idiot, like his cousin Dudley. Did the Dursleys rub off on him after all?

"To be perfectly honest, you don't even act like your dad at any age, you are your mother's son, didn't matter who it was, she stood up for them. Just like what the twins said a few moments ago, that is what she was. And you are almost the exact same. A lovely carbon copy." said Lupin pulling him in a tight embrace.

Madam Bones smiled down to them and ignored Umbridge's and Fudge's snorts of disbelief and
"Can everybody please try to remember that!" said Harry out loud.

"It really doesn't surprise me that you thought that, with all the things I have hidden away in my cloak." said Dumbledore with a grin.

"Forgive me Hagrid. I didn't mean it the way it came I out...I...no I didn't mean it at all." said McGonagall pleadingly.

The staff looked sympathetically towards the Transfiguration Professor, McGonagall had been acting strangely, ever since she saw the horrible injuries on Harry that night, she was a little jumpy and quick to apologize. She would however stay her same strict fashion in classes, but the moment Harry would come on the scene, she would smile and continually ask him if he was alright. He was making progress, but it would still take a long time for her to return to her usual self.

"I agree with McGonagall's statement in the book. I wouldn't trust a gamekeeper with anything other than a yard full of dirt. Especially the one Hogwarts’s has." said Umbridge with her nose in the air.

Unbeknownst to anyone else, Hermione took a glob of magical putty from her bag, something she confiscated from the Weasely twins, and sent it magically over to the staff table and up Umbridge's upturned nose. It took several moments for it to come out and calm the students down. The twins gave Hermione a sly wink.

"Us too." said Harry, Hermione, and Ron. Hagrid beamed.
Forty-fifth paragraph.

Sirius let out a loud bark, jumped out of the bowl and ran around in a circle chasing his tail. The students all pointed at him and laughed.

"Love your dog, mate!" yelled Lee.

"I love my dog, too." said Harry fondly.

Forty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.

"Who could that possibly be, Fred?" asked George.

"Wow, I really don't know George. Could it possibly be..." said Fred his twinkling.

"You know you could be right, it does sound like..." said George slowly.

"HAGRID!!!!" yelled the entire Gryffindor table.

Forty-sixth paragraph, end of paragraph.

The girls and the majority of the teachers all sighed. "Awww" Harry put his hand to his face and covered his face, hiding a blush.

This is turning into a living hell. Thought Harry.

Umbridge had a similar thought, this wasn't starting out the way she wanted. When were they going to get to some of his lies?

"What was Harry doing as you were flying before he fell asleep, Hagrid?" asked Hermione. Harry groaned at her, but Hagrid smiled at her.

"While we was flyin' he was tryin' to catch the stars with 'is little 'ands." said Hagrid smiling over to Harry, the girls squealed.
"I remember you doing that too, when we would take you for a nighttime ride. You loved flying," said Lupin fondly.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

"Ooooh," and "Aww" rippled through the house tables.

Dialogue Line.

Dialogue Line.

Dialogue Line.

Harry sat up straight, too fast, his wounds sent a pain through him in reproach and it took most of Harry's strength to not cry out.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"Huh? Really, sir?" said a few Muggleborns.

End of dialogue set.

I wanted to get it over with, before I could change my mind. Now I'm wishing I did, thought Dumbledore bitterly.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Sirius let out a similar howl.

"How come that didn't wake you up Harry, you're a real light sleeper." asked Neville.

"Good quality to have Potter, never know when an enemy might come up and assassinate you," said Moody approvingly.

"Harry used to sleep like a log, Sirius would set off a firecracker under James's chair, wouldn't even make Harry flinch. Don't know what made that change." said Lupin with a furrowed brow. Harry said nothing.
"You know Professor? At one time, I would have been a little irked that you didn't fight for me, but now, I can honestly say that I really can't blame you." said Harry kindly.

"Why is that Potter?" said Snape with his eyebrows raised.

"My aunt and uncle are real good actors when they want to be, from what I hear from this book, they aren't the people I know. There was no way you could have known just how much of a living hell I go through when I'm there." said Harry in an offhand manner. However, when the comment left his mouth and he realized what he said, his hand flew to his forehead, smacking it hard.

The rest of the students didn't catch the significance of it, but Harry's friends and the adults that a hint of the situation going on, turned a deadly shade of white. *What the hell went on during the summer?*

Silence, heavy, thick silence, like Harry had never heard before. People just sat in their seats, blinking and staring up at the Head Table. Finally a voice broke through the barrier, Mrs. Weasely was screaming at the top of her lungs.

"THIS WAS OCTOBER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING LEAVING HIM ON A DOORSTEP! THEY SAID IT WAS GOING TO RAIN THAT NIGHT! HE COULD HAVE FROZEN TO DEATH, GOTTEN SICK KIDNAPPED, WOKEN UP AND WANDERED OFF! WHAT WERE THE THREE OF YOU THINKING? WHAT IF HE HAD DIED THEN AND THERE! WE NEVER....NEVER..." after her shouting rant, she broke down in sobs. Not even her husband could console her.

Harry sighed, reached for his cane, which was sitting to Lupin's left and used it to get over to Mrs. Weasely. He sat beside her and embraced her. He said nothing, just hugged her. He motioned for Madame Bones to continue on reading, she herself had tears in her eyes.

"Harry, we should be the ones comforting you, not the other way around." squeaked Hermione. He looked over to her and took her pulled her close to him as well. Hermione couldn't contain it anymore, she bawled, not so much because of him being left in the cold, that was bad enough, but the thought of him, just not being there. She couldn't bare it. Her best friend gone, her first and best friend. It was too much to handle. He just held both of the women and made a soothing 'shh' sound.

"I took precautions." said Dumbledore quietly. "I placed a charm over him, so that he couldn't have been moved, except by his aunt or Uncle and no harm by persons, or nature could have befallen him."

"That's never a good thing." said Fred thickly, wiping a tear from his eye. Anger was replaced by worry in the realization that Mrs. Weasely had brought to light.
"Aww! Sweet! You're so cute Harry!" said many of the seventh year girls. Harry buried his head in his hands.

"Yeah, what happened?" smirked Draco. Harry looked up at him.

"Same thing that happened to you." Draco's sneer slowly slid off his face. Both houses laughed.

"Well that's the end of the first chapter, Dumbledore." said Madame Bones looking over to the aged Headmaster. He now seemed to have aged a thousand years in an instant. He had tears falling freely down his crooked nose.
Set my Serpents Free!

Chapter Summary

The readers at Hogwarts learn of Harry's homelife and some of his bouts of accidental magic. They're confused though, how did the Harry Potter they know, come from a family like this?

Chapter Notes

Remember it names what paragraph, and where you're supposed to end! It'll get easier as the chapters go on, it'll become almost second nature!....hopefully....this way we can't be taken down!

Now there are only THREE clips from the book, because they are CHANGED slightly, from what the book is!

"With all these interruptions, we will never get through all these books. I say that the next person to speak when they aren't reading should be removed from the Hall. Agreed? Good!" said Umbridge without looking to anyone for approval. Madame Bones sat and looked at her colleague with disgust.

“Imagine her teaching you.” muttered Susan.

“I've told you're mother that I pitied you, she doesn't understand...doesn't surprise me...she's never met the woman.” said Madam Bones. "Who would like to read?”.When Madam Hooch raised her hand, she levitated the book to the flying instructor and she started.

Name of second chapter

People silently edged forward, one of every student's favorite conversation topics was accidental magic. It was always so hilarious when one talks about it. But Harry Potter's, they thought excitedly, should be amazing.

First paragraph, first five words.
"Why did it skip so many years?" said Umbridge with furrowed brows.

The entire school went silent looking at her with amazement. Fudge smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand and Percy groaned. Several of the teachers started to snicker into their hands and Madam Bones looked smug.

"What? What is so funny?" said Umbridge indignantly.

"You just said that the next person to speak, that wasn't reading, would be kicked out. No one else spoke, just you." said Kingsley with his deep calm voice, a faint smile on his face.

"I'm exempt from that rule of course. I'm the High Inquisitor." she replied with a sneer.

Down where Harry sat, a small recollection came to his thoughts.
"Exempt.....do....I....want...Minister..." it was fuzzy and not very clear, so Harry let it go.

"I think it would be better to just let the students and guests voice their opinions. I will not have that sort of behavior here, Delores." said Dumbledore sternly.

First paragraph, end of first sentence.

"Surprise, surprise." said Ginny sarcastically. Mrs. Weasely sent her only daughter a scolding look. That however didn't seem to have much effect.

First paragraph, fifth sentence, first comma, eighteenth word.

Laughter rang through the Great Hall.

"Harry, you are freaking hilarious!" yelled the twins
"Oh yes he is!" said Ron loudly. Creating another round of laughter.

"Aren't you there anymore?" said the same first years that almost frozen in panic when Harry smiled at him at the start of school term. Harry nodded.

"Why is it that you never seem to get to wake up peacefully?" asked Dean.

"I can understand now how come you don't sleep very soundly anymore." said Lupin with a concerned tone. "I wouldn't be able to sleep all through the night if I had to wait for her to come knocking." Harry, nor Lupin noticed Snape nod in agreement.

"You've got a damn good memory there Potter, very impressive." said Moody approvingly.

"Too bad I can't remember what happened two weeks ago." said Harry quietly. Lupin gave him a small hug.
“It's alright Harry, don't you worry about it.” said Lupin softly.

Fifth paragraph,

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set second sentence, first comma

"They made you cook? You could have burnt yourself!” said Hermione incredulously.

"I haven't burnt myself for over ten years." shrugged Harry.

"What?" yelled Mrs. Weasely.

"I've been cooking for eleven years at the Dursleys. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Aunt Petunia never cooks anymore, unless I'm occupied."

"Define 'occupied'" said Lupin questioningly. Harry didn't answer.

"I actually really enjoy cooking, it even beats out flying. Funny thing is, they know I love to cook. They would rather have me happy at that one aspect, then eat Aunt Petunia's cooking. She sucks at it. Last time I remember her actually working in the kitchen was....when she baked Dudley a cake for his sixth birthday. Chocolate with strawberry icing. She wanted it to look real fancy, she made the frosting swirl and everything...it looked pretty good. Dudley took a big bite out of it and spat it out on the floor. I tried it real quick, she got sugar and salt mixed up. It was real bad.”

"She thought I threw the salt in it. Wasn't me, I was told that I had to weed the garden that day while she baked the cake. Wasn't pretty, what she did.” said Harry, unconcerned about the past hint
of abuse, but focusing on the fond memory of cooking over the years.

His friends and the adults around were concerned. How was he punished for something he didn't do?

End of dialogue set

Sixth paragraph

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph, third sentence.

"Harry, mate, did you have to mention you pulling off a spider from your sock." cringed Ron. The twins snickered, until their brother Charlie walked behind them and with both hands, cuffed his younger brothers.

“I would have squished it to be perfectly honest.” said Terry.

Harry groaned, he knew what was coming.

End of seventh paragraph.

Once again, the same thick silence covered the school. Harry looked through his fingers at the Head table. Professor Sprout and Madam Pomfrey were hugging each other crying silently. Madam Hooch and Professor Vector looked as if they were about to be violently ill, and Professor Flitwick was fingerling his wand viciously. His face tight and anger burning through his normally cheerful eyes.
Harry however didn't take much notice of them but focused on five other teachers.

Snape was snarling at the book that was now laying on the table. Professor McGonagall had turned as white as a ghost and had a hand covering her mouth, her eyes wide in horror. Hagrid was grasping the armrests of his chair, that is until he snapped them off. Dumbledore's mouth was hanging open and stared at Harry in shock and horror, his tense face matched the color of his beard. Umbridge was the only person in the entire room that was shaking with silent laughter.

Harry then looked around at his surrogate family and friends. Remus looked as if he were about to be violently ill, and Snuffles was nuzzling under Harry's chin and licking him tenderly, as if trying to kiss him and make it all better.

Every Weasely, including Percy who had come down to where his family was, deciding that family was more important than a Ministry who didn't care for the well-being of a child, were muttering darkly. Then they turned to him.

"Why didn't you tell us? Why didn't you come to us?" said Bill quickly

"You had a room when we came to get you! What happened to change that?" yelled Fred.

"How long did you have to sleep in there?" shouted George.

"A cupboard?" screamed Mrs. Weasely.

Harry didn't know what to say. He remained silent. The silence fell over all of them again, waiting for an answer. Umbridge started laughing out loud, people threw her quite a few murderous looks.

"May I ask what you find so funny Delores?" said Kingsley, calmness gone from his voice.

"I was under the impression that Muggles were common and not worth even an ounce of our time. Now I have finally found some that I actually admire. I applaud them, they seem know how to treat a worthless brat. They were even kind to the boy, I wouldn't have even let him sleep in the house." she smiled to all who were in the room.
When she received no smiles back, but only glares and snarls, she looked towards the Minister, who looked back with eyebrows raised and mouth opened in shock. She simply shrugged and leaned back in her chair majestically.

The dog that was sitting beside Harry leaped out of the bowl and rushed up to her and bit her on the leg. She let out a scream and kicked the dog away from herself, she looked down, there was a gash, not very deep, but it was bleeding moderately. She sent a curse after the dog, but he skillfully dodged it and ran back to stand in front of Harry. Guarding him and growling fiercely, showing all of its white, and very sharp teeth.

"MR. POTTER! HOW DARE YOU ATTACK ME WITH YOUR FILTHY ANIMAL!" screeched Umbridge, without a moment's hesitation, she whipped out her wand and sent a red shaft of light down to Harry. Everyone was frozen in shock, no one could whip out their wands, not even Dumbledore in time to stop the curse as it sped it's way towards it intended victim.

However when it reached about a foot away from Harry, it bounced off, flying straight up into the air. Lupin looked down at the young boy, his wand halfway out of his pocket. Harry had already drawn his wand and casted a protective shield around himself and Sirius, Moody was highly impressed with this, the boy even beat him in whipping out his wand. That was it, that boy was going to be an Auror, if he had anything to say about it.

He sat there, just as calmly as can be. She screamed again and brought her wand up again to send another spell down his way, but with small flick of his wand, Harry sent hers flying out of her hand and sideways towards Kingsley. Kingsley caught it and pocketed it. Umbridge threw a dirty look his way, but the Minister stood up.

"Delores, I think you better calm down. You're not acting yourself." said Fudge soothingly.

"She's acting exactly like herself. She's a psychotic nut!" yelled both Fred and George. Raising their scarred hands, but their famliy didn't see.

Madam Hooch trying to diffuse the situation and blowing her nose at the same time, tried to continue on with the reading.
"Holy Holyhead Harpies! That's a lot of presents! How many people actually like this kid, Harry?" asked Charlie with his mouth hanging open.

"Five are from his friends, twelve are from Aunt Marge and nineteen are from Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia." said Harry without hesitation.

"How do you remember that, Potter?" said Snape coldly.

"Dudley always brags how many presents he gets for his birthday. All day, every day, for two weeks straight. That year, he didn't brag about the presents, except right after he got them. It was an unusual spring, so I remember it very well." said Harry with a small smile.

Eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"If I find out that he's hit you, even once, I'm going to make sure I introduce him to a few, fifty feet tall, scaley friends of mine." said Charlie with a low growl.

"Then I'll take some time out of my busy schedule and have a little hand to rear 'talk'." muttered Lupin.

Eighth paragraph, fifth sentence, first comma.

"Wait'll we get a hold of that little brat." said Lupin and Charlie together.

End of eighth paragraph.

"We can barely catch up with you when you're goin' somewhere in a hurry." said Ron and Hermione. Harry laughed.
"Yeah, I know seven other people who had a hard time keeping up too.” said Harry with a smile.

"What do you mean.” said Ron with raised eyebrows.

"I'm Britain’s Junior Track Champ, I've won it every year I've entered. I've set several Junior National records for running.” Harry said proudly. “If I can't fly, then running is the next best thing.”

Ron and Hermione stared along with other students and the teachers.

"Where are your medals? Your cups? Can we see them." said Hermione excitedly. Harry's smile fell off slowly.

"Uncle Vernon keeps pile-driving them to the ground. Every time I win something, and I get a commendation, he breaks it.” he ignored the snarls that went around the Hall. "I saved one however, had to dig for it out of the garbage and glue it back together, but I still have it on me.” He reached deep into his cloak and pulled out a golden medal. Hermione and Ron saw a delicate picture of a man running with wings on his feet. It was cracked all the way through in several places. It even had the Queen's seal on the back, with Harry's name etched on the bottom and the year.

"I'll tell you all about it later.” he said to Ron and Hermione.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"It doesn't have anything to do with living in a cupboard, Potter! But it really doesn't help!” said Madam Pomfrey fearfully.

"She's right Potter,” squeaked Professor Flitwick. "Your Father and Mother were of average height, but we will have to do some magical diagnostics to find out just how tall you are supposed to be and rectify it. We can do that soon.”

Harry smiled.
Ron snickered, Harry heard and scowled over to him. “Not...one...word...”

“Wouldn't dream of it.” said Ron with a smirk.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"They didn't even give you your own clothes? Is your cousin really that big? Were the shirts shrunk to fit you?" asked Madam Bones Harry blinked and shook his head. He then took off his cloak, then uniform shirt. Underneath was a casual t-shirt. He stretched it out to show how large it really was.

"Dudley wore this about nine years ago." said Harry plainly. Mrs. Weasely turned a deep red after she uttered a curse that made Harry and the Weasely family stare at her.

Ninth paragraph, third sentence.

People who knew the Potters sighed and smiled at him. So did quite a number of girls in the school. His eyes were so lovely, but like Ginny, most of them couldn't look at him for long or they would start to blush.

Ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"That boy, if he was here now." said Mr. Weasley with a grumble.

Ninth paragraph, fifth sentence.
"SEE! I WAS RIGHT! HE IS ATTENTION SEEKING!" yelled Fudge to all who would hear.

"OH, WILL YOU SHUT UP?" yelled quite a few students, including Madame Bones herself.

End of ninth paragraph

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Again the room went silent. Lupin looked to Harry, who was just sitting there, unconcerned. Lupin on the other hand, had his mouth open and his eyes were watery.

"That is what you thought happened to your parents? For over ten years?" said Lupin faintly.

Harry nodded.

"A CAR CRASH?" That scream came from in the back of the Hall, but no one could seem to locate it. Only Harry and Lupin knew who screamed it, for then Snuffles came trotting back to them, climbed into the bowl and laid down on Harry's lap, whining.

End of dialogue set.

Tenth paragraph.

"Is this the reasons you don't ask questions in class Mr. Potter?" Harry looked away from the Herbology Professor and nodded. The teachers, excluding Umbridge looked horrified.

Good, these Muggles have the right idea. I wouldn't want the little beast to talk to me anymore then he absolutely has to. And even then it's too much. thought Madame Umbridge.
Eleventh paragraph,

Dialogue line.

Hermione let out a very, very rude phrase, that caused her to have her hand fly to her mouth in shock. Ron and Harry just sat in wonder of her. Then they looked at each other.

"We ruined her." they gulped. The students and even some of the teachers laughed.

Twelfth paragraph.

"Your dad's hair stuck up in the same way, even your grandfather's hair was identical." said Lupin, running his hand over the trademarked Potter hair.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"Hey Potter, can't your cousin find the kitchen without help?" said Malfoy with a smirk. Harry thought for a moment.

"I really don't think so." with a mock frown on his lips. The twins took a break from sitting at the house table to roll on the floor laughing.

Thirteenth paragraph, third sentence.

"Doesn't he sound like a heartthrob?" said Lavender, Pavarti, and Padma giggling.
"YOU ARE FREAKING AWESOME!" yelled Fred and George getting up hugging Harry.

However it was way too tight of a hug and he could hardly contain a yelp of pain. It went unnoticed by the rest of the school except the people that were sitting close by. Fred and George immediately released him and Lupin conjured up another cushion, to ease some of the pain. Lupin looked up to Madame Pomfrey and that was the 'magic' signal to summon her to him. She lifted the back of his shirt and administered some more healing salve. Whatever was on the object that caused the poor boy such extensive injuries, was not allowing him to heal quickly.

"Are you freaking kidding me? What a spoiled brat!" said Draco, he then looked at the stunned looks gazing at him. "What?" Nobody answered him.

"What would happen if he had overturned the table Harry." said Mrs. Weasely. Harry cringed.

"I would need to make the Dursley's more food, and I would have to eat the stuff on the floor. Then spend the rest of the morning cleaning the floor." said Harry shrugging his shoulders.

"YOU AREN'T AN ANIMAL! NOBODY SHOULD EAT OFF THE FLOOR LIKE THAT!" screeched Mrs. Weasely.
He merely shrugged again. "It was either that or nothing, I went ten years without having any dignity."

Teacher, guests and students alike all paled. Umbridge smirked from where she was sitting. Snape looked as if he wanted to be ill.

"Can't your cousin count?" asked a Ravenclaw with wide eyes.

"Actually, no. He can't read either. He's dyslexic, Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon didn't want him to be made fun of at school for going to special classes. I wanted so bad to tell them they were idiots, the classes would help him, not hurt him. They never listen. So they do his homework for him. I should say, they make me do it. He's getting better though. He now can count up to a hundred and is starting to read some small second year primary books." said Harry seriously. No joking manner in his eyes.

"Nothing good will come of that boy. Or that family." mumbled Dumbledore. His eyes were lacking that twinkling luster, until he looked at Harry. Then his eyes grew bright again. He was so proud of Harry, coming through all of this just as innocent and pure as the day he was placed on their doorstep.
"Here comes the famous Harry Potter luck." laughed Hermione.

"Actually, I was somewhat lucky that day." said Harry smiling slightly at her.

"What's wrong with cats Mr. Potter?" smirked McGonagall.

"My heart belonged only to 'Tootsie,' Professor." beamed Harry.

"Feeling is mutual." snarled Harry. The twins looked between themselves excitedly. That was the one who....they could hardly wait.

Ron flinched, the word 'slug' still made him feel quite nauseous ever since his second year curse mishap
"Harry, they can't leave an eleven year old alone in the house." scolded Hermione.

"They wouldn't be leaving an eleven year old alone, they'd be leaving a ten year old." said Harry playfully. Hermione stuck her tongue out at him.

"Want a stamp for that?" teased Harry. She blushed and lightly smacked Harry on the back of his head.

"We will!" cheered the twins. All four houses clapped. Harry couldn't believe that the Slytherins were all of a sudden, since the start of the books, were on his side.

"If I hear anymore horrible stories about the Dursley's, I'll help you." said Mrs. Weasely, earning gasps from her children.
"They better not have." growled Lupin, gently pulling Harry closer to him.

Dialogue line.

"Who gives a damn about a stupid car?" said Dean.

Twenty-second paragraph.

"I call first dib's on smacking this brat upside the head!" yelled Malfoy over to the Weasley family. His dislike for Potter was being stripped away line by line thanks to this book.

"You'll have to beat us to him first!" yelled Ron.

Dialogue set, to the first comma.

It took the entire school fifteen minutes to stop laughing. Not even the teachers could contain their amusement at the name. What only made it worse was Umbridge speaking out loud and in a very serious tone, "I think it's a lovely nickname." It was a while till they could start again.

Dialogue set

Dialogue set

Growls could be heard all over the hall.
"Prat" growled several people in the Great Hall.

“Get out of his face, you fat walrus!” yelled Michael Corner from the Ravenclaw table.

End of dialogue set.

What? thought the people in the Hall. They were hating the Dursleys more and by the second. If anyone here was going to go to Privet Drive to beat these...things...up, they wanted to either get in on the action, or go to watch.

"That's it, Fred, George, let me know how you want the house blown up, I'll get what I need." she whispered viciously over to them. The twins looked at her in shock, but then grinned evilly. Oh the things they would do!

This made people shift guiltily in their seats.
“You poor thing.” said Remus trying hard not to laugh.

Remus stopped laughing.

Next morning, however, he had gotten up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off. He had been given a week in his cupboard and an hour of whipping with a belt and electrical cord for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn’t explain how it had grown back so quickly.

"They...wh...whi...whipped you? Oh, Harry!” cried Hermione and she covered her eyes and began to weep bitterly. Harry wanted to reach over and comfort her, but Lupin pulled him back down and had Harry lean on him. Lupin wasn't going to let Harry move away from him. He couldn't protect him the way James and Lily would have wanted. To make up for it, Lupin was going to offer Harry all the comfort he possibly could, and he knew Sirius felt the same way.

Dumbledore buried his face in his hands, weeping silently. What had he done?

Hagrid had to be magically restrained by Madam Bones or he would have gone after the Dursleys.

Umbridge sniffed indignantly at the affection Potter was getting. Filthy wolf, enjoy his company while you can. Pretty soon, Potter will be out of here, and back with the Muggles that obviously have the talent of handling the brat.

The last statement reduced Mrs. Weasely to tears once more. Her husband had to rub her back
slowly in an attempt to calm her down. No child should be that relieved.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"Merlin, Harry! You apparated!" yelled Lee.

"I don't think so, from what the first book put it, I didn't spin in a circle like Dumbledore did."

"I think what happened is a very rare ability indeed. I believe that you had just flown, no broom, no thestral, no aid, but your own magic." said Dumbledore, grinning broadly.

"No way! Can one do that?" yelled a few seventh years. Dumbledore motioned Madame Hooch to continue.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"Whoa! You did fly! AWESOME! Can you do it again?"

Harry frowned at them, “I can try...I suppose.”

He stood up slowly and tried to remember what was going through his mind at the time. He then remembered, a feeling, no, more like a desire to get out of reach, out of harm's way. Then, what sounded like quite a distance away, he heard cheering and yelling. Harry opened his eyes and was face to face with a beam on the ceiling. He slowly looked down and noticed the floor, about twenty-seven feet below him. His eyes widened and then, like a stone, he fell to the floor. About five feet from the ground, he summoned up the feeling once again, and he hung there in midair. Lupin took ahold of him and brought him back down to the bowl-chair.

"Don't do that again." said Lupin with a small smile as he pulled Harry back into the bowl. The rest of the school laughed and cheered.
"I'll give him something to complain about." snarled Bill.

Again, Sirius barked and wagged his tail.

"Potter, you should have waited for the ride to end before bringing up the subject of imagination." sneered Snape.

"I always sort of daydream when I'm in a car. I get to see the whole world go by my eyes. That doesn't happen very often when you're stuck under the stairs." with a dreamy look on his face that would have done Luna proud. Snape flinched at the reminder of the cupboard.

"Laugh it up, losers." mumbled Charlie. Listening to this book and watching his mother just barely endure was harsh. Harry came to their house plenty of times, he was family, and if he had anything to say about it, he was going make these Dursleys pay.
"Hermione, I forbid you to tell the twins anything about cartoons." said Mrs. Weasely quickly as she noticed the excited spark in their eyes.

"Overstuffed cheapskate." growled Bill.

A cascade of laughter and cheers rang through the school.

The laughter quickly died and was replaced by growls.

"They wouldn't hit you in front of your uncle and aunt, would they?" asked Ginny, shock washing over her face.

"They've done it before, Uncle Vernon even joined in once."

Tonks and Moody were whispering darkly in the corner, as Madame Bones was busy writing down charges of abuse against the Muggles. Rita Skeeter, her quill malfunctioning due to the magical pressure of the books, was trying to come up with flowery words on her own. She looked down at what she had written, and tossed it. Without her Quick-Quote Quill she couldn't write in the same
manner as she was used to. Finally she gave up the endeavor.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.**

"What the heck is a knickerbocker glory? asked Malfoy, many purebloods also looked a little curious. Hermione was about to answer, but Harry beat her to it.

"It’s an ice cream sundae, it’s in a tall glass or clear bowl and it’s got gelatin, and cream layered underneath the ice cream. On top, you put different kinds of syrups, nuts and whipped cream. And finally you put a cherry on top."

"And they let you have one of those?" said Draco with his blonde eyebrows raised. Harry laughed.

"Dudley left me the last few spoonfuls of gelatin and cream."

"So he ate two of them? How big was it?" Harry showed with his hands. Crabbe and Goyle both blinked, not even the both of them could eat two of those things.

"After this chapter is done, I can go down to the kitchens and make everybody one, smaller version then what Dudley had though." Everyone brightened up at that, they were always up for something special for a treat.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph.**

"Gee, mate, you never catch a break do you?"

**Thirty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

"I would be more than happy to show them to them, if given the opportunity." mused Snape sitting
with his fingertips drumming themselves against each other.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"That's right, ignore them, they aint worth your time." yelled Charlie, an avid animal lover. Hagrid nodded approvingly.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

"Bet he looked attractive on the other side of the glass." snickered Lavender.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Did that boy just order his father to do something? If he was here right now, he'd go over my knee right now!" said Mrs. Weasely.

"Mrs. Weasely, he's so big that you would need to magic him in the air and just smack him with a broom." said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Gee, so sorry that, maybe we should have talk to the zookeeper and advise him to teach the
animals some tricks." said Charlie sarcastically. He wasn't happy in any sense by the way the Dursley kid was acting.

Fortieth paragraph.

"I didn't need to hear that you feel pity for a snake." said Lupin sadly

"Why?" asked Harry

"You have had harder life then that snake ever will."

"Yeah, Harry." said Neville, "It was most likely looking at you thinking at least I get meals"

Forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph.

"How can a snake wink? They don't have eyelids. You probably just incorporated the feeling with an action you understood." said Hermione logically.

Dumbledore smiled down to her, "Actually Miss Granger, when an animal comes into contact with a wizard/witch that can comprehend it. That wizard/witch's magic will grant the animal special abilities that they normally never have. And once the wizard or witch is gone, they lose the ability."

Hermione looked shocked. Harry chuckled.

Forty-third paragraph.
"Of course you would," said Ron, shaking his head. Harry only shrugged.

Forty-fourth paragraph

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Species of snake, Brazil

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

"Harry..." said Lupin.

"Did I fail to mention to you that I was a parselmouth? Oops." said Harry with wicked grin.

Lupin laughed "Don't smile like that, it scares me. You look like your dad plotting another prank."

Harry laughed as well.
"A Shooting Star broomstick would have been faster." smirked Harry. The Quidditch players and enthusiasts all laughed.

"Out of the way, you," he said, punching Harry in the ribs, breaking at least two.

"OI!" yelled Ron and Hermione.

Mrs. Weasely and Madame Pomfrey hurried to where the teen was, pulled Harry to a standing position and lifted his shirt. The entire school watched as they both took off Harry's shirt and they gasped. Harry was very, very skinny and his wounds from the mysterious attack were still wrapped up tightly. He had some muscle tone, but only on his chest and stomach. Madame Pomfrey felt his ribs to see if there was any breakage, and her face fell.

She couldn't believe she didn't notice it before, she could feel old breaks that hadn't healed properly and more recent ones that were still in the middle of the self-healing process.

"Potter, where did you get these muscles from? This is the only actual meat on your bones that you have." asked Madame Pomfrey, after healing the old and new breaks.

Harry blushed. "It's the only way I can keep weight on me. Everything else doesn't stay."

Girls all over the school pouted, they half-heartedly wanted his metabolism. Then they wouldn't have to try so hard to lose weight.

End of dialogue set.
"Whatever it is Harry, get out of there!" yelled Lupin. Harry sat back down in the bowl and looked at his old Defense Professor curiously.

Fiftieth paragraph, first sentence.

"Impressive Mr. Potter, no sound, no breaking. Just vanished very good." said Dumbledore nodding approvingly.

End of fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph.

"I can't believe it....."said Fred in in false shock.

"...a polite snake." said George in a similar attitude.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"It went bye-bye." said Ginny with a smirk.

Fifty-third paragraph, third sentence.

"Liars, snake wasn't even near you." said Bill.
"Why the heck did you bring that up, you jerk?" said Charlie.

"Drunkard." growled Madam Pomfrey angrily.

Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, feeling stiff and finished putting the last Band-Aid he had on his temple, wishing he had a watch. He didn't know what time it was and he couldn't be sure the Dursleys were asleep yet. Until they were, he couldn't risk sneaking to the kitchen for some food and an ice pack for his bruises and bumps.

People acrossed the Hall actually started to yell even louder than any other time before. Harry looked at Lupin and then over to Dumbledore and McGonagall. All three of them were pale and their hands were tensed.

Dumbledore covered his face in his hands, tears coming down. What have I done?

THERE WAS NO CRASH! yelled both McGonagall and Lupin. Sirius growled and bared her teeth.
"How can he remember that?" asked Madame Hooch, worriedly.

"Dear God." Everyone looked around, it came from Fudge, his face pale and tears pricking his eyes.

*Bout damn time, moron* thought Harry, Hermione, the Weaselys and the rest of the Order.

Lupin and Sirius both looked down, guiltily.

Dumbledore looked up quickly, "*How could random people find him?*" then his eyes widened in shock. *The Blood Wards weren't working! But why?* Then he thought a little more carefully. *Of course, it was because Harry never considered it his home.*

"I'll disagree with them! Let me at 'em" yelled several students and were joined in angry protest.
against the cousin of The Boy Who Lived. Harry stood up and sent a rainbow of sparks over the students. They stopped and turned quickly towards them.

"If you lot calm down, I'll go and make you all some knickerbocker glories." he said with a big smile. The entire student body yelled and cheered. He took a quick headcount left. Lupin and Sirius wanted to go with him, but Harry assured to them that he was fine. He worked better alone.

"Dumbledore, he isn't going back to those monsters, ever." said Mr. Weasely sternly.

"Absolutely not," said Lupin.

"I couldn't agree more, I have a lot of making up to do, especially to Harry." said Dumbledore quietly.

When Madame Hooch turned the page to read the title of the next chapter, a clear, glowing scroll blossomed out of the book and the book itself sealed shut.

"What is that thing Albus?" said Moody quickly, wand aimed at it.

"It’s a Recollection Scroll, they show us a part of Harry's history that the story can't put into words. It can either be a glorious memory, or a horrible memory. If we wish to continue on with the book, we must watch it." said Dumbledore with a puzzled look.

"Should we wait till Harry gets back?" asked George.

The scroll unfurled itself and blackness enveloped the entire room.

"I'll take that as a 'no"
The First Recollection Scroll

Chapter Summary

Where did the light take them? Harry wasn't with them...could they get back to him before whoever hurt him last time, hurt him once more? Before they can, they have to watch something that Harry had kept secret from them. Something soul shattering.

Chapter Notes

Warning! Severe abuse is in this chapter, if you don't wish to read it, skip to the next chapter. This a very strong T rating, borderlining M, it's bad. This isn't a reading chapter, chapter.
P.S. I don't own Harry Potter, but I do put it on my Christmas wish list.
P.P.S I was writing this while listening to Billy Gillman's "Spend Another Night" and "Til I Can Make It On My Own", they really go together, in my opinion anyway.

The entire Hall was transported to what looked liked a primary school gym, however, the tables were gone and they were all standing, not knowing what to do. Then all of a sudden, thirty little kids ran into the huge room and began running around, picking up basketballs and jump ropes to pass the time. They then saw a cluster of boys come in, there were five of them and one of them was the fattest little kid all of them had ever seen.

"This is boring, eh Dudley?" said one of the boys that looked like a small rat.

"Yeah Piers, where is Potter, he should be fun to play with." said Dudley looking around.

Then a small, thin boy with bright green eyes. He wasn't wearing glasses, but they could just make out the thin scar on his forehead.

"Holy cow!" yelled Ron looking down.

"What is it? Harry just came in!" said Hermion stamping her foot.

"One of those midgets just.."

"HARRY" yelled Lupin rushing forward.

Everyone turned and saw Dudley and his friends punching and kicking him right in front of the door. Piers was holding Harry's arms back from behind and laughed as each blow struck the boy. Lupin ran as fast as he could, but he was beaten to the children by Sirius Black, who was no longer in his canine form. Sirius lunged for the abusers, but sailed through them. He caught himself quickly and looked behind himself, stunned. He tried to clutch at Harry, but his hands fell only on air. Harry was crying out in pain, and his godfather could do nothing.

"SIRIUS BLACK!" yelled Umbridge, she whipped her wand out and pointed it towards Black.
Nothing happened, no sparks, no smoke. Umbridge looked at her wand in shock.

"Magic is useless here. We are back in the folds of time, nearly an audience for these past events. There is no going back, we must watch the past unfold. Then we may return." said Dumbledore with intense grief ripping through his throat. He could not take his heartbroken eyes from the small black haired lad. Hagrid was rooted on the spot, shocked to his very heart, that piglet was hurting Harry, HIS Harry.

"Explains how that one kid just walked right through me." said Ron looking at his middle. "Why didn't you mention that?" screamed Hermione.

"I was about to, then those brats started hitting Harry." said Ron quickly.

"When we get back to the school, we shall administer Veritiserum to show you the truth, Minister." said Dumbledore, pushing the Minister's wand down, which was pointed at the man kneeling and weeping. "I would normally wait until the third book and let you figure it out for yourself, but the dog is out of the bag." said Dumbledore, a shadow of a smile flashed acrossed his face. But disappeared just as quickly as he watched Harry get hit very hard in the face.

"Teacher's coming!" yelled a member of Dudley's gang. They broke apart quickly and shoved Harry away from them.

"Cowards!" yelled a few Gryffindors.

A cross looking woman came stomping in and noticed Harry running towards the bathroom. Holding a bloody nose.

"Clumsy fool fell again, did he?" she said with disdain.

"Stupid woman, he was attacked!" shouted a sixth year Hufflepuff.

The room then rushed forward and they saw Harry, taking a wet paper towel to his nose and holding his head back. Madame Pomfrey rushed to his side.

"That's it dear, now then..." she whispered, but Flitwick had to come pat her arm, shaking his head. The boy couldn't hear them. They watched as Harry washed away the blood from his face and hands. He looked up at the mirror. The watchers could see themselves in the mirror, but the boy couldn't see them. They noticed that Harry had a broken nose, Harry also took notice of this. He sighed, placed two thumbs up to the bridge of his nose, and forced it to straighten with a sickening crack.

"JEEZE! DOESN'T HARRY FEEL ANY PAIN?" howled a seventh year Hufflepuff cringing and shaking his head furiously. Harry looked to make sure it was straight, as if he had to do this before. When he was presentable enough, he left to go back to the gym.

They followed the young boy and saw everyone were lining up for a football game. Harry had to wait until the very end to be picked. The kid that chose him gave Dudley a quick glance and pointed towards the young boy. Harry came over and joined his team.

"Oh come on! He can't be all that bad." said Dean.

The Watchers, as one first year had dubbed them, sat on the side of the gym and cheered on Harry, who seemed to be the best one on the floor. They couldn't understand why Harry was chosen last, when he was the only one who could actually kick the ball straight. Dean was bombarded with
questions on what the rules were and how the game was played. Harry was the only person on his team that managed to score a single goal, he even tried to let other's take a shot, but they kept kicking it back to him. What was amazing was that, there was no magic involved, this was Harry's own talent and he was good. Sirius and Remus couldn't look any prouder.

When the warning bell went off, the teacher grabbed the ball and told them to get ready for next class and left to put the ball away. Dudley waddled up to Harry and shoved him hard.

"What the..WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?" yelled Fred and George at Dudley.

Harry fell to the ground hard and threw a hand up to stop Dudley from hitting him. The Watchers stared in amazement when they saw Dudley fly through the air and land on a inflatable bouncy mat. Harry sat in shock.

"Serves him right! That's teaching that fat git!" shouted a few third years.

The room, once again zoomed ahead and they were now standing in a living room. They noticed that the room had elongated itself to fit all the people in it.

"This zooming forward is starting to make me feel sick." squeaked Neville.

"If your going to get sick, be sure to do it in that brown chair. Its sagging, looks like a walrus would sit in it." said Sirius pointing to the chair in the corner, by the television. Neville went and obliged, to the silent cheers of the others. After watching Neville, some had to go and let loose as well.

Then a man entered the living room.

"Petunia, I'm home." he said placing his coat on the hook by the mantle. "Why did you want me to come home early?"

Petunia came in with a sobbing Dudley who was obviously faking it. She herself was tense and pale.

"Go tell your daddy what your nasty cousin did, Dudderdums." Dudley went over to his father who took him on his knee, sitting right where Neville and several others got sick. They all couldn't help but laugh.

"H-he th-th-threw m-me in th-the a-a-a-air! I w-was s-s-scared!" Dudley pretended to bawl.

"It'll be okay Dudley, your daddy will sort him out. Where is he?" growled Vernon.

"In his cupboard. I already smacked him with your belt a few times." she said with disgust.

"HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!" yelled Draco, he couldn't understand it, what is wrong with these muggles?

"A few more lashes should make him pay for hurting my son. You go and take Dudley to that new movie. I'll sort that creature out." Petunia gathered her purse and coat and took Dudley's hand.

"CREATURE? I'LL CREATURE YOU!" said Lupin, took a step forward, Snape grabbed his arm and pulled him back. Snape whispered into his ear. "Don't bother, you'll only tire yourself out"

After they left, Uncle Vernon turned on the radio and tv and cranked up the volume. Then he went around the house and pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains. He grabbed several things and
placed them in the living room, the cushion fluff was scattered all about the room. Once he was done, he went to the cupboard and pulled Harry out by his hair. Sirius tried to punch, kick and strangle the man, but he was unsuccessful.

The scroll, taking pity on them, instead of the boy, made the world go black, then it was restored. It was no longer afternoon, but early evening. Harry was laying on the ground, bleeding from head to foot and not moving. Uncle Vernon was wiping the blood from his hands. The teachers looked down at Harry and they saw beside the small, unconscious boy, a blood-stained poker, and a dent in the boy's head that matched it. Sirius and Remus began to gag and clutch at their throats.

"NO! OH GOD, NO! HE DIDN'T, HE COULDN'T!" yelled Dumbledore. He flung himself to the floor, beside the unconscious boy, trying to claw at him and revive him. Moody had to pick Dumbledore off the floor and started to shake him.

"DON'T DO THIS! GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF! THIS HARRY IS BEYOND HELP! WE CAN DO NOTHING! BUT THERE IS STILL A HARRY POTTER BACK HOME THAT NEEDS US, NEEDS YOU! HE'S BEEN DAMAGED! BUT YOU CAN FIX HIM! YOU CAN HELP HIM HEAL! BUT NOT IF YOUR IN ST. MUNGOS!" bellowed Moody. Dumbledore breathed quickly and nodded. He covered his face in his hands.

Snape was staring down at the bleeding boy. He started rocking forward and had to push his way through the wall of students. He went over to corner and became violently sick.

Uncle Vernon then turned down both the radio and television and started flinging his own possessions around the house. Once he was satisfied with the look, he left the house. He didn't even bother locking the door and zoomed off into the distance. Harry just laid there, bleeding, it was a half and hour till Harry so much as stirred. The Watchers cringed and howled with agony as they watched Harry crawling slowly on the ground.

The students nor the teachers could watch anymore, they cried, screamed and tried to pick Harry up. Only Umbridge sat and watched the events with a small smile, the brat is getting what he deserves, bravo, sir. McGonagall saw the smile on the toad's face and punched her square on the jaw, knocking the woman unconscious. Some students cried and covered their eyes, not looking at what had just transpired between the High Inquisitor and the Deputy Headmistress.

In twenty minutes he reached the sidetable and pulled on the cord to the telephone. It landed and flopped the phone off the receiver. Harry placed his bloody forefinger on the numbers and pressed the nine button three times. The phone rang, and then a lady could be heard on the other end.

"Nine-Nine-Nine, do you need Fire, Medical, or Rescue?"

Harry reached for the phone and dragged it closer to himself, brought his head up, as high as he could and tried to yell as loud as he could, but it only gained the strength of a whisper.

"..help.." then his head fell to the floor with a thump, passing out from the loss of blood.

"okay, honey, where are you at? Honey? Just stay on the phone, sweetheart, we'll find you. Stay on the phone, it'll be okay"
For an agonizing fifteen minutes, the Watchers could only stand, scream and vow to everything holy that Mr. Dursley was going to feel just what he put Harry through. The lady on the other side of the line was still trying to call out to Harry who still hadn't woken up, and they could hear the woman's voice becoming desperate.

“Sweetie? Can you hear me? I need you to answer me.” said the emergency call monitor.

Then they heard a siren blaring through the neighborhood. They heard two sharp knocks on the door, but then the door was flung open. They hurried to the living room, and stared in shock for a few seconds. They knelt beside the boy and yelled out to the others outside.

"HE'S IN HERE! GET THAT DAMN AMBULANCE IN HERE NOW! It's okay bud, we'll get you some help. Where the hell is this kid's parents?" said the younger police officer.

The older partner shook his head, "does he even belong here? There aint a picture of him anywhere in here," he said looking around. "just pictures of a fat, blonde beachball."

The ambulance medics, who were seasoned professionals and had seen horrible accidents and other unspeakable acts of destruction, flinched when they saw Harry. They covered him gently with gauze patches and placed him tenderly on the stretcher. Just then a loud voice came from outside.

"WHAT THE RUDDY HELL IS GOING ON!"

Uncle Vernon came stomping in, he looked down at Harry and flicked his eyes towards the phone that was laying on the floor, not more than a foot away. A split second later, he broke down crying, covering Harry with his body.

"GET HIM AWAY FROM HARRY! HE'S THE BASTARD THAT HURT HIM!" yelled Bill.

"What happened, tell your Unkie Vern what happened!" he pretended to bawl. Harry was not responding and the cops had to remove Vernon from the boy so they could take Harry to the hospital. Vernon wiped away the crocodile tears and looked around the house,

"Looks like someone, came in and destroyed my house, oh god! Those home invaders in town! They came here! Harry must've...startled them.."

"YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHO HURT HIM!" bellowed Fudge, forgetting that he was trying to discredit the boy. This was not the time, nor the place.

"Door wasn't forced, sir."

Uncle Vernon shook his head quickly, "I left the house unlocked, Harry was playing in the backyard and Petunia lost her spare key. I left it unlocked for them! Oh...ITS ALL MY FAULT!"

"YOU BETTER DAMN WELL BELIEVE IT YOU %^#$*^" shouted Charlie.

The younger police officer patted the large man's back sympathetically, the older police officer looked at him warily.

"Smart muggle that." said Moody, directing his words towards the older officer and holding Albus back.

They asked him if he wanted to ride with Harry, but Vernon said he would wait for his wife and son and go see his nephew together. The police officers left and saw two detectives approach the house.
"What happened."

"Seems like the house was trashed by the home invaders running loose." said the younger police officer.

"Then we may as well just start the paperwork, those guys wear gloves, and in all forty-seven break-ins they never left so much as a piece of fuzz behind. How bad was the kid hurt?"

"I don't think the kid is going to live to see the morning." said the older officer quietly. A thick silence blanketed the four of them and also The Watchers. "Also, I don't think the invaders did this." he said a little louder.

"What makes you think that?"

"That man, he looked from his nephew to the phone in disbelief. Like he didn't think the kid could do that."

"That's not uncommon, most kids don't know how to use the phone."

"This kid was six, right when you get to first grade, you learn 9-9-9." he growled. "My gut tells me that the uncle beat that kid."

"VERY smart Muggle that, he'd make a great Auror." nodded Moody.

"Courts need more then just a gut feeling."

"I know, we'll go and see if the kid can talk."

Again, the world zoomed forward and they watched in horror as Harry was rushed from the ambulance to the emergency room. They couldn't bring themselves to go in there and sit with him. They all stood, leaned against the wall and sat in the chairs in the hall. Umbridge was still laying on the ground and nobody was really paying her any notice.

They watched as the four police officers came and sat down in the waiting room. It was several hours later till a man dressed all in plain, funny-looking, loose fitting clothes came out to them.

"How is he?" said the older officer.

The doctor sighed, "Little guy is just barely hanging on, he's just too small, too fragile. What happened to this kid, looks like he picked a fight with an entire herd of bulls?"

The Watchers were silent, they hung their heads, forgetting that Harry was waiting for them back at the school.

"The uncle says the home invaders, I think it was him." the doctor took a step back in shock.

"If it was the uncle, the man is a monster."

"Got that right." said Tonks her hair turning red.

"Is he going to be alright?" said one of the detectives. The doctor shook his head.

"Only thing I can do is make his passing easier. I can make it so he won't feel anymore pain. Where is his family?" said the doctor looking around.

"We didn't know him yet, if we did, we would have been there." muttered Ron.
The older officer looked down the way and tilted his head down to the other end. Petunia, Vernon and Dudley were coming down the hall, calmly.

"Well," said Vernon gruffly.

"Try and act like you give a damn, why don't you?" said Madame Pomfrey angrily

The cops and the doctor stared at them in shock. The doctor cleared his throat and stated what he had told the police.

"He's in the Intensive Care Unit, he won't last the night." said the Doctor solemnly.

"Can we go over your house looking for fingerprints? That way we can catch the men that did this to your nephew." he said, he wanted to judge their reactions.

A glint came to Uncle Vernon's eyes, "I'm sorry, my wife cleaned our whole house, its a habit she has."

The Watchers stared in shock, even in the wizarding world, fingerprints were important to Aurors, and this lady wiped all the evidence away.

"You know, we needed that evidence to bring the monster's to court right?" said the older officer with anger tinting his voice.

"Oh he knew." snarled Snape.

"Sorry" said Vernon smugly.

"Are not." growled Bill.

The doctor then showed the Dursley's where Harry was, they didn't insist, but the older officer did. Even the watchers followed them down the hall.

Harry was hooked up to several different machines, his heartbeat being monitored on a screen, his breathing was slow and it seemed as if it hurt him greatly to take a breath. His eyes were closed and despite a bruised and pale face, he looked peaceful. The Watcher's couldn't hold in the tears any longer and they bawled. The Dursleys were not similar to them in any way, they only had indifference in their eyes. Despite the noises going on around them and the sobbing sounds they themselves were making, Sirius and Remus heard the doctor and the police talking in hushed tones.

"They destroyed the evidence, what are we going to do now?I want those bastards in jail." said the doctor in a furious whisper.

"As do the rest of us, but what can we do? The poor boy can't finger him when he's in heaven, and all we have is a gut feeling. The D.A would just laugh us out of the station." said the older officer.

Then, Harry's eyes snapped open and he started to gag and wheeze, the breathing tube still down his throat. The doctor rushed forward, frantically getting him to calm down and breathe normal. He slipped a oxygen mask over his face and the boy took a few gulps of air and settled back into the pillows. His eyes eyes looked dull and his entire looked even more frail than what seemed like hours ago.

"Its okay son, you're in the hospital. Don't you worry." He upped the dosage of morphine just a little bit and watched as the boy fell back to sleep.
The older cop looked up at the ceiling and said quite seriously "I haven't done this in a while but," he placed two finger on his forehead, then his chest, left shoulder and finally his right shoulder. He muttered a prayer quietly and made the same motions as before.

"I don't believe this, this kid's heartbeat and breathing is getting better! He's going to be just fine!" The Watchers jumped up and down in excitement, the students anyway, the teachers were hugging themselves and crying. Even Snape and McGonagall were holding each other, laughing. Sirius and Remus were doing a jig where they stood.

The older officer looked up and mouthed "Thank You" to the ceiling. "Can you wake him up quickly, I know the poor thing just fell asleep, but I want to ask..." he jerked his head in the direction of the Dursleys and scowled.

The doctor thought about it and nodded. He adjusted the machines and gave Harry a little shake. "This man wants to talk to you quick, then you can go back to sleep. Alright?" Harry nodded weakly.

"Come with me Dursleys, you need to fill out some paper work." they left, not looking at the boy in the hospital bed, but Vernon had a frown on his face.

The older police officer came over to the hurt little boy with a grim look on his face.

"Lad? I've got a quick question, who hurt you?"

Harry groaned and closed his eyes. Harry though long and hard, but he could only shake his head. "I don't remember sir, I only remember coming home from school." He rubbed his bandaged head tenderly with a weak hand.

"I can understand why you don't remember, boy. Listen, we have an idea who did it, but unfortunately, we can't prove it. Here's my card, if you're hurt again, look me up or call. Then we can get the people who hurt you taken away. Read me?" said the cop smiling kindly.

Harry took the card, he had to hold the car quite close to his eyes to read it.

"I think you need glasses kid. Hospital will get you hooked up."

The rushing sensation came again, but this time, it felt as if they were falling.

They didn't feel themselves land, they were sitting in the same seats as before and it looked as if nothing had happened. Umbridge sat up, with a groggy look on her face. No one was talking, everyone just looked down. Harry had been through hell and back and then hell again at the end of every school year. And he never said a word.
It's dinnertime now, but no one wants to eat...who could eat after seeing what they did. So they use their time productively, they talk abit, prove someone innocent of murder, and then they have a little dessert. Normal everyday things.

Not to worry, no abuse here, just a lot of good feelings and lots of tasty treats! Downside, it’s not a reading book chapter.
I don't own Harry Potter, but I did buy a poster with him on it. Does that count? No? I didn't think so.

It was ten minutes after they had arrived, that tables of food had appeared in front of them. However, no one felt like eating. they could only remember the vision of a fallen Harry, covered in blood, obviously dying. The hall was silent except for the sound of one person gulping down food eagerly. They, including the Minister, turned to glare at Madam Umbridge. Umbridge looked nonchalantly back, when her eyes locked on Sirius Black's she whipped out her wand. Dumbledore, still feeling the fury that had taken over him at the Dursleys, was much too quick for her, and disarmed her. Once again Kingsley took possession of her wand.

"Severus, do you have some Veritiserum about you? Let’s take care of this before anything else happens. I hope Harry forgives me, we could have done this a while ago.” said Dumbledore coldly.

"Why didn't you, professor?” squeaked Hermione, still red-eyed.

"I wanted to bring Peter in, before I brought Sirius. I didn't want the Minister perform the Kiss too hastily on Sirius, before his innocence was proven. Ah, thank you Severus. For Sirius's peace of mind and out of respect for Harry, is this tainted in anyway?” said Dumbledore with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, sir. That's the strongest vial of Veritiserum that I have on me. I wouldn't poison him, not in front of witnesses anyway. ” said Snape, muttering the last part.

"I heard that, but it is comforting to know that you have that much self-control. Now Sirius," he said Dumbledore as he waited for the man to approach the Head table. "Do you want the Veritiserum in a glass of red Chateauneuf or would you prefer Lalande de Pomerol?"

"Can't I take the potion straight?" asked Sirius.

"You can, but I thought you would like to celebrate your new freedom with a drink. That, and I thought you and I both would need a drink after what we both witnessed.” said Dumbledore sadly. Sirius nodded furiously. He took the glass containing the Chateauneuf and held it out. Dumbledore poured a bit of the potion into his glass and they both lifted their glasses in a toast and drained
Sirius was going to have to hunt down a similar bottle of what he just had for himself. It was a beautiful taste that danced acrossed his tongue. Even the smell brought about memories of Christmas time at the Potters, spices, fruit and a hint of truffles. This was a bottle he had to find. Sirius eyes closed his eyes and felt himself fall backwards, but a chair had appeared from behind him.

"There Minister, he's ready to answer any question you have to ask." said Dumbledore, motioning towards the limp man in the chair.

"I've never seen Veritiserum do that." said Fudge suspiciously. Madame Bones groaned and sat forward.

"When you mix wine and Veritiserum together, it has an intense calming effect. No doubt...Sirius needed it...I do too after seeing that poor boy..." eyes brimming with tears. She walked to the front of the table and faced Sirius Black, head tilted on his shoulder and glass dangling precariously from his limp hand.

"What is your name?" said Madame Bones.

"Sirius Orionus Black." said Sirius clearly, though appearing to be in a deep sleep.

"Were you the Secret-Keeper to the Potters?" said Madam Bones, her voice hard.

"Yes"

"Did you relinquish that position to someone else?" interjected Dumbledore.

"Yes"

"Who was it that was the latest Secret-Keeper to the Potters?" said Madame Bones, taking control of the interrogation again. Though she didn't mind him helping out, as long as she got to the truth, she didn't give a damn who lended a hand.

"Peter Pettigrew"

A gasp went through the hall, Peter Pettigrew? The Ministry workers and some of the teachers looked shocked. That weak little boy? That nervous little man? HE was the Secret-Keeper? Why? Why would Peter betray the Potters?

"Why did you give him the position?"

"To lure Voldemort away from James and Lily, I thought that he would come after me and try and force me to give up their location, let Lily and James at least a bit more time to put more defenses up."

"Did he come after you?"

"No, he didn't need to, he already had the information he needed."

"What do you mean?"

"Peter went straight to Voldemort and told him. He wasn't even Secret-Keeper two hours and he scampered to Voldemort."
"After you found out what happened, what did you do?" asked Madam Bones, her voice cracking slightly.

"I went to the house, saw James. I wanted to run, I wanted to hide somewhere and just die. I thought of Lily and Harry and hurried upstairs. I saw the whole nursery just completely buried in rubble. Hagrid came out of nowhere and helped me move the fallen beams. We found the both of them. Lily was laying there, as if she were asleep, Harry had a cut on his forehead and blood was trickling down his small face. He kept trying to nuzzle into Lily, wake her up. I went to pick him up and just held him and cried. Hagrid told me that Dumbledore wanted him. I fought with Hagrid. I wanted to keep him, raise him, protect him. Hagrid wouldn't budge an inch, I finally consented and conjured up some blankets and wrapped him in them. Let Hagrid borrow my bike and he zoomed off, I watched him leave."

"Then what happened?"

"I went after Peter, found him on a little side street. Don't remember where. I pulled my wand on him, I wanted to kill him, he took James away, he took Lily. I wanted to blast him into a million pieces. He yelled, as loud as he could, that I killed them, I betrayed them. He pointed his wand backwards and half the street exploded. I was knocked backwards but I wasn't hurt. I stood up and looked for Peter, I saw on the ground a finger and looked towards a sewer grate. There was a rat, running down into the sewer. A rat I knew so well, with a toe missing."

"How did you know the rat?"

"Peter, James and I were all animagi. I can transform into a dog, James a stag, and Peter a rat. I've seen him transform a hundred times. After I saw Peter disappear, I laughed."

"Why did you?" asked Professor McGonagall curiously, she always wondered, but never had the heart to ask.

"All those years, he was the weakest one of us all, he depended on us to protect him. A Gryffindor, the house known for its bravery and nobility. Its goodness, and he allied himself with the biggest excuse for a dark wizard the world ever knew. I found it ironic in a way, that he could best me and James, the best in our year. My mind snapped, I lost my best friend, a woman I considered my sister and a little boy I viewed as my cub. I lost them all, and the love in my heart turned to hatred, and my new goal was to find Peter and kill him. Rip him apart with my own fangs. I laughed in anticipation of that day. But then I was surrounded by Ministry officials and was arrested."

The whole school was deadly silent. Dumbledore had a small smile upon his lips and he waved his wand in front of Sirius's eyes. Sirius's eyes opened and he lifted his head off his shoulder. He blinked sleepily and leaned back in the chair with a frown.

"So, you gonna chuck me in Azkaban for convenience again?" smirked Sirius.

"Not for convenience, no, but for escaping Azkaban yes. And being an unregistered Animagus. Aurors, seize him." said Umbridge with a regal gleam in her eyes, pointing to Sirius dramatically. Her smile disappeared when no Auror moved.

"I said 'seize him'!" screeched Umbridge. Fudge looked at her with an astounded look upon his face. Madame Bones turned on her heel and glared at the woman.

"I will not allow any charges to be placed against him, and by the way the Minister looks, he won't either." said Madame Bones, looking to Fudge, who nodded towards the head of Magical Law
Enforcement.

"Also, I believe the Ministry should make some serious monetary compensation for imprisoning him without proof. As well as all of his possessions returned to him. Including, Delores, his house." said Madam Bones sternly.

"That is impossible, I am residing there now." said Umbridge, with a furious glare.

"If she's there, I don't want it, I'll set it on fire first, then rebuild it." said Sirius with frown.

"If you feel that way, she may keep the house, but pay you for it. Let's see, it's a twenty suites, three level house, thirty bathrooms, basement, two pools, attic, fifty balconies, library. You owe Mr. Black, Delores," she summoned a parchment and it came up with the total net worth of the home. "Sixty-three and a half million galleons. Do you still wish to reside there?" she said in a smug tone.

"What did she pay to live there after I got arrested?" said a stunned Sirius.

"Nothing, it was owned by the Ministry, but now that you are free and proven innocent, she must pay you to live there. As well as back rent. Well, your answer Delores?"

Umbridge muttered, "Take the damn house."

"Not too sure I want it, if she was there." shuddered Sirius.

"You can have custody of Harry quicker if you have a house all ready for him." grinned Dumbledore.

"I'll take it." stated Sirius immediately. Madame Bones smiled at him.

"We will send the compensation to your account."

The students cheered and applauded, teachers were also showing their approval of the turn of events. Everyone felt a lot better and they decided to tuck in to their dinners, which was already past the uneaten appetizer stage and onto the main course.

Sirius wasn't hungry, he was too excited to eat, he wanted to find Harry and tell him all that had happened just now. He finally got his fondest and dearest wish, Harry was going to live with him! The dinner disappeared and was preparing for the dessert. Sirius was standing by the Head table, talking to Madame Bones when the door opened and Harry came in with his cane.

"Your Knic..." his smile fell quickly off his face as he saw Sirius standing beside Madame Umbridge and a Auror he didn't know.

Harry whipped his wand out and waved it above his head, a golden lasso appeared out of the end of it, flew towards Sirius, enveloped him. Harry pulled hard on the wand and Sirius was lifted from the ground, into the air and landed lightly behind Harry. He held out an arm, protecting his godfather and pointing his wand towards the table.

"Whoa." said a few students staring at the boy glaring fiercely over to the Head table. That was cool.

"WHAT ARE YOU THINKING! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? THEY'RE..." bellowed Harry, until Sirius turned him around and hugged him.
"I'm free...they found out I'm innocent." he said into the top of Harry's head. Harry pulled away, shock was frozen into his face, but the words broke through and Harry grinned ear to ear.

"Really?" he whispered, too shocked to speak any louder. Sirius nodded. "You're gonna live with me now. Dumbledore said so."

Harry started to chuckle, then giggled until finally the whole Great Hall was filled with his laughter.

"I'M GOING TO LIVE WITH YOU? HONESTLY? YOUR'RE FREE?" Sirius had to nod again, his own smile breaking through his face. Harry wanted to do a backflip, he wanted to show some real physical exertion to show how happy he was, but he knew that if he did that, he would pay dearly for it later.

Then, a hundreds of large, clear, beautiful glasses. Each glass, looked a little different than the one before, each one had thick layers of different colored and flavored syrup and cream. Topped with ice cream and whipped cream, cherry and a wafer fan behind each sundae.

"Oh yeah, I finished the Knickerbocker Glories." said Harry from the embrace that joyously held him captive. The entire school gazed admiringly at the treat in front of them.

Dumbledore looked all around the room, each sundae was different, Harry made them all by hand? That must have taken him a long time, he flicked out his watch. To his surprise, his theory was wrong. He assumed that time would stop as they left to journey through time. It didn't, it took Harry a good hour and a half to make all of these. He looked at his, instead of a cherry on top, like everyone else's his held two raspberries. His eyes opened in shock, he noticed another inconsistency. There was no wafer fan, but two raspberry, chocolate-chip cookies. Tears came to the old man's eyes.

"Harry?" his voice breaking with emotion.

"Yes sir," said Harry, who was sitting in the bowl again with Sirius and Remus, eating his own Glory.

"You...you're...you're the one who sent me those...cookies?" said Dumbledore with the tears threatening to fall from his eyes. The teachers looked to him quickly, surprise on each of their faces.

Harry smiled brightly, and nodded. "I noticed that every morning, with your toast, you put raspberry jam on them. A LOT of raspberry jam. You keep talking about hot chocolate whenever Christmas comes around. So, I put two and two together and made you some cookies. I didn't know if you really liked them till you said what you did an hour or two ago. How many boxes do you want this year?"

Dumbledore said nothing, just stood up and walked down to the boy. He took Harry's sundae out of his hands, handed it Remus, helped Harry to stand and embraced him. Harry didn't know what to make of the situation, he slowly smiled and hugged the old man back.

Dumbledore couldn't believe it, all the abuse that he and the rest of the school witnessed and Harry wasn't tainted in the slightest. He was kind, generous, thoughtful, industrious and supremely talented. Harry deserved much more than the hand he was dealt with. He was going to make sure, that having Harry live with Sirius was only the tip of the iceberg. He had a lot more making up to do.
"Your sundae is melting, Albus." said Professor Flitwick, whipped cream on the fringes of his mustache. "You aren't going to want to miss it." Dumbledore and Harry broke apart and he helped Harry back to the bowl. Giving him one more smile he strode up to the Head table.

"How is it?" he whispered to Madame Pomfrey as he passed.

"It's divine, nothing like I've ever tasted. I've had these before, but this is by far the best I've ever had."

Dumbledore eagerly went back to his sundae, as he did, he noticed the only unhappy face at the table and it wasn't Severus's. His was filled with a sort of faint happiness, as if he were recollecting a wonderful memory, but was too cautious to let it reach his heart. The unhappy face belonged to Umbridge, she was staring at her sundae with disgust. Amazingly, Harry didn't make it any less beautiful then the rest. She pushed it away from her sat back in her chair with her arms folded. Like a spoiled child. She jerked her head up, in the direction of the youth and called over to him.

"I refuse to eat anything that hasn't been professionally made, Mr. Potter." she sneered, but it fell apart completely when she noticed that he wasn't paying her any attention. He was too busy laughing with Fred and George and eating his own. Only Dumbledore noticed her and heard her, each student, teacher and guest alike were too busy enjoying their sundaes and taste testing the different syrups in each one.

She was about to throw her sundae on the floor, to get his attention when Dumbledore magicked it out of her hand. This the students took notice of, they wondered what was going on, to make the Headmaster look so grim.

"If you don't want it, I know about a hundred people including myself that would give their eye teeth for seconds. Now, who would like this?" There wasn't a hand that wasn't raised, except Hagird's he was still working on his, his sundae was the size a medium sized bucket. It took a lot of ingredients just to make it. After it was decided who should get it, Lupin won, they all sat in thought.

Then Harry muttered an "ouch", when Bill absent-mindedly patted him on the back, they were all given a harsh reminder of the scroll.

"Harry, we need to talk." said Dumbledore, looking a hundred years older.

"Yes sir?" said Harry, trying to convince Sirius and Remus that he was fine. Which was not working.

"After you went down to the kitchens, a scroll appeared. It showed us a part of your past." said Dumbledore sadly. Harry looked up in shock, everyone else, besides Umbridge who were sitting with her arms folded a scowl on her face and rubbing the bruise that had now fully formed on her jaw, looked saddened.

Harry gulped, "Which part? Was it a good one?" he asked hopefully, but that hope quickly died. Dumbledore shook his head sadly.

"You were in the hospital." Dumbledore looked into Harry's eyes, even from a distance, his eyes were the easiest thing to find in this giant room. "You were perilously injured, by your villainous uncle...Oh Harry, don't tell me I have to elaborate!" moaned Dumbledore when he saw Harry's puzzled look. Harry quickly looked away and paled.

Dumbledore sighed, how had he let this happen? "It was the time that you accidentally caused
Dudley to fly backwards in your Gym class." Harry thought hard, then his eyes got bigger.

"That was right before I had to get glasses." Hermione and Dumbledore paled.

"You didn't need glasses before?"

"No, my eyesight was 20/20. School nurse said I had the best eyesight in our class, that changed real quick." Madame Pomfrey's list of what to do was getting longer and longer. As did Madame Bone's list of charges.

"Did your Uncle Vernon ever hit you again?" whispered Ron, dreading the answer.

"Never again, that badly. Officer McFinn made Uncle Vernon nervous, he controlled himself after that." said Harry quietly.

"But he never stopped? Didn't you tell Officer McFinn about the continuation of abuse?" said Tonks with widened eyes. Harry looked down again.

"He died, a year later. He was shot in an armed robbery. His wife is kind to me though, but she lost her husband, her whole world, I didn't want to put more strain on her by telling her what was going on." said Harry sadly.

"You really should have told someone, dear." whimpered Mrs. Weasely.

"Nothing I can do about it now." said Harry firmly. The entire school looked somber. "It's all behind me now, I've got a much better life ahead of me." he said leaning against Sirius.

Sirius smiled warmly, "That's right cub, I'll take care of you." then an evil grin came to his face. "Cause you can't seem to do anything right on your own." he teased, tickling Harry gently. Harry tried, laughingly, to push his hands away. "I'd like to see YOU cook." teased Harry back. Sirius pouted. The grim feeling in the hall was instantly washed away.

"Can we get back to the books? I think we've taken a long enough break." said Umbridge with her sickeningly sweet voice. Dumbledore looked at his watch once again and shook his head.

"I fear that we will have to take a longer break, Delores. It's now nine thirty and our first years are just barely keeping their eyes awake. We should break and continue the readings tomorrow morning. I'll have the house elves fix up some rooms for our guests to sleep in. Harry, I would ask if you would rather you spend the night with your new guardian, alas, Madame Pomfrey have me pay most dearly for not giving you over to her care. Especially since..." Dumbledore couldn't continue.

"Fine Dumbledore, but I will read ahead if I may." Umbridge picked up the book and to her dismay, it would not open.

"Oh, I apologize, I should have warned you. The books can only be read from nine o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock in the evening. That way, rest is assured. We shall resume reading after breakfast."

The school emptied as they all dispersed to their respective dorms. Harry, Sirius, Remus, Ron and Hermione traveled to the Hospital Wing. Ron helped Harry change into a pair of red and gold pajamas and then helped him into the bed. Harry was exhausted and they all knew it. Sirius tuck him in and slowly brushed the bangs out of his eyes. He continued brushing his hair back until Harry's eyes finally closed, he fell into a deep sleep.
Madame Pomfrey, McGonagall, Snape, Dumbledore and Mr. and Mrs. Wesealy all came in.

"Is he asleep?"

"Yep, and I ain't letting you wake him up." said Sirius without looking at them.

"I don't plan on it Sirius, I just need to check him for injuries. Ones that weren't caused here." she muttered. She waved her wand over the sleeping form and held her hand out for the scroll that popped out the end of her wand.

She unrolled it and gasped. It was so long, and so terrible. So many injuries, and all untreated by professionals. Harry's magic had to heal each one and even then, it wasn't healed properly. Just enough to keep him from suffering, and possibly dying. She wiped tears from her eyes, and turned towards Madame Bones who had just entered the Wing with Moody, Kingsley and Tonks.

"What more have they done to the boy?" growled Moody. He was itching and raring to go and put some real fear into the Dursleys. Madame Pomfrey handed the scroll to the Head of Magical Law Enforcement, who in turn paled when she read what was written.

"I'll have the necessary paperwork drawn up, the Dursleys will be seized by Midnight." she was about to take the scroll when Dumbledore snatched it quickly and began to read it.

"Albus, you don't..." whimpered the Healer.

Dumbledore's, normally, twinkling blue eyes clouded and tears fell from his eyes. He gave a shuddered breath, handed the parchment back to Madame Bones. He slowly walked over to Harry's side, opposite of Sirius. Sat down and placed his head on the bed. He cried, like a small child, he was inconsolable. Harry had traveled so far into the realm of sleep, that he heard nothing. He merely slept on, oblivious to the broken hearts that stood around him.
Chapter Summary

Once again, they read about the Dursleys, and now they see the manic side of Harry's Uncle, and just how far he's willing to go to escape the magical world.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

Harry woke up and stretched luxuriously on the hospital bed. He couldn't believe the restful sleep he had. For once, since the Graveyard, he didn't have any nightmares. He smiled as the sun shined on his face as he took in the warmth. He looked down on the bed and was greeted with a slight shock.

Sirius was on his left, head resting on his bed, cradled by his own arms. It looked like he just drifted off to sleep by Harry's side. Then he looked to his right and there was Dumbledore, in the same position. He looked between the two of them. Two of the most important men in his life. He smiled and looked at sun, judging by where the sun was positioned, it was eight twenty-nine. He had to learn what time it was by where the sun and the moon hung when he was younger. He was never given a watch by the Dursley's, unless you counted that one watch that he had fished out of the trash a four years ago, yet they demanded that he be in the house at an exact time, no sooner no later, or all hell would break loose.

He gently shook the both of them, both groaned a bit until Harry put on a fake pout and shook them again. They sat up quickly and saw Harry, the pout still on his lips. But it disappeared into a cheeky grin.

"Good morning! Time for Breakfast! Ah, dang, I sound just like Ron." he said, with a thoughtful look. He shrugged and slowly got out of the hospital bed and then went to go change. Sirius and Dumbledore looked between themselves and the curtain that Harry went to go change behind. they couldn't help but smile. Harry hadn't been in this good of mood since, well, they couldn't remember. But they were ecstatic that he was finally experiencing some joy.

They helped Harry put his arms through the sleeves of his white shirt, though despite the restful sleep, stretching the way he did, opened a few of the wounds on his back. It, however didn't hurt him, he barely even felt it as the blood trickled slowly down his back, but Sirius saw the bloodstained shirt and yelled for Madame Pomfrey.

Those wounds still refused to heal, but Harry regained one more piece to the puzzle. As they walked down, a vision came into his mind. One shadow, no, two shadows were raising what looked like a long rope and bringing it down, laughing, or would it be called cackling? He shook his head, why wasn't he remembering it? What was preventing him from recollecting it, and what was causing him to slowly remember as opposed to normal remembering?
Thoughts of the incident were pushed back as Dumbledore conjured the same bowl chair and helped Harry into it while Sirius fixed him a plate of food. Remus groggily walked in and gathered up a plate as well and went to sit beside Harry.

"How did you sleep?" asked Harry, munching on an apple slice. Lupin groaned.

"I had nightmares, and all about you and the Dursleys, tell me, please God, tell me that the books get easier to listen to?" he said with worry in his eyes.

"How should I know? I didn't write them." said Harry, he wasn't sure if he should warn his favorite Defense teacher or not. He just continued to nibble at his food. Sirius had to stop Mrs. Weasely from giving him another plate of food.

"We gave him a nutritional potion up at the Hospital Wing, if you give him more food than he can handle, he's going to get sick." said Sirius quietly, but kindly. He wanted to stockpile his godson's plate too, but Pomfrey threatened him with bodily harm if he overdid it.

Once breakfast was over, Dumbledore stood up and addressed the students.

"We are in for another day of reading, so if you would like to make yourselves more comfortable, feel free to do so. If you are unskilled in making furniture just yet, you may ask for assistance from your Head of House, the Head Boy or Girl and your Prefects." It seemed no one wanted to sit at the house tables, so they were magically removed and squashy, comfortable chairs were put in their place.

"That's more like it," as Dumbledore sat in a purple armchair beside the bowl where Harry sat between Lupin and Sirius. Ron and Hermione shared a red couch and Ginny with Luna sat beside the Weasley twins.

"Who would like to start today's reading?" he said looking about the Hall.

"I will Albus," said McGonagall, from her straight, high backed chair.

Chapter three title.

"Here we go again," muttered Harry

First paragraph, first sentence.

Growls were heard across the hall and Dumbledore looked over to Harry, with a concerned look upon his face.

First paragraph, second sentence, sixteenth word.

"When is Dudley's birthday?" asked Draco

"May 2nd."

"And the summer holidays there start..?" asked Hermione, quickly getting angry.
Harry muttered quietly, "June 18th". The growls got more pronounced. Mrs. Weasely wanted to look towards Dumbledore and give him a good "Molly Weasely Rant" but saw how distraught Dumbledore was. His hands were shaking and his entire body was sagging, as if he were dying slowly. She kept it to herself. This wasn't the time. Perhaps later.

**First paragraph, end of second sentence.**

"Like father like son, a bloody monster." snarled Bill. His mother sent him a reproachful look, but he sent one back, which made her wince, the other Weasely children sniggered. It was the same look that Mrs. Weasely favored when yelling at the twins. Bill may look like a younger version of his father, but they saw their mother's discipline skills creeping out. It was actually quite funny, but also quite scary.

**Second paragraph, second sentence.**

"Very good logic Harry." said Luna. Harry smiled at her while people snorted and chuckled

**Second paragraph, to the end of paragraph.**

"They better not have done anything." said Sirius and Lupin at the same time. They both looked at each other, with a furious look. If those brats did anything, they would deal out some 'Maurader Justice'.

**Third paragraph, first sentence.**

"HOGWARTS!" yelled the Creevy brother's. Harry shook his head.

**Third paragraph, second sentence.**

"And I thank God, every day." said Harry, looking up into the sky.

**Third paragraph, third sentence.**

People started to snort and repress their laughter. The name Smeltings made them appreciate the name of Hogwarts even more.
"What the hell is a Stonewall High?" asked a Gryffindor pureblood.

"Wonder what Stonewall High is like?" asked a Slytherin sixth year.

"It's not bad, the Chemistry class that's there is supposed to have one of the best teachers in Surrey. That and the sports teams are considered high grade for a public school. I was actually looking forward to it. Just not the uniform."

"Chemistry?" said Neville curiously.

"Muggle version of Potions. My old science teacher told me I had a talent for it." shrugged Harry.

Snape's heart plummeted slightly, did he cast aside a possible potion brewer? He would have to study Mr. Potter a little better and see for himself.

"Of course he would." said Justin, rolling his eyes.

"Harry, we will disown you if you fall for that." said the twins with a dramatic pose. People around the hall laughed.

"Never mind us disowning you," said George

"can you adopt us?" said Fred with a smile. The school could hardly stay in their chairs and cushions.

"Harry, why didn't you tell Mrs. Figg what was going on? She could have sent me a letter and you would have been pulled from that house immediately!" said Dumbledore looking shocked. For years, Arabella only said that Harry was unhappy, but not abused, had he known the extent, he would have come running to Privet Drive.

Harry paled and turned his away, "After Officer McFinn passed away, Uncle Vernon told me that if I told anyone, he'd make sure that it was something that I would live to regret. At the time, I took
it to heart and he made it seem to me that Officer McFinn's death was all my fault. I didn't want Mrs. Figg hurt too. Yeah, I thought she was crazy, but she was my only escape." he buried his face into Sirius's chest, a tear, betraying his trust, fell onto the man's shirt. And how was I to know she was a witch?

Sirius hugged his godson tightly "Harry, you didn't cause Officer McFinn's death, never think that."

"Sirius is right Harry, but I can see why you didn't go to Mrs. Figg. You really are a selfless child. I'm sorry for not checking up on you, on my own. Perhaps someday you can forgive me." said Dumbledore. He didn't smile, he merely rubbed the young boy's head.

"I already do." said Harry. Dumbledore gave him a small smile.

"Your Godfather, Remus and quite a few people don’t, and I don't blame them. I wouldn't forgive them if they did what I did, I still can't forgive myself. I think, tonight, I need to talk with a few people." He motioned to McGonagall to continue.

**Fourth paragraph, second sentence.**

“I wouldn't be either.” muttered Sirius.

**Fourth paragraph, third sentence.**

"You don't do that to chocolate, especially chocolate cake." said Lupin, trying to lighten the mood, which he halfway succeeded.

“Lupin loves his chocolate.” muttered Sirius to Harry.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

**Fifth paragraph, second sentence.**

A few of the fashion conscious seventh year girls looked around at the boys and then they rushed to where Dumbledore was still kneeling and rubbing Harry's head and each hugged him in turn.

"What was that all about?" said Dumbledore with a confused smile.

"Thank you for having the boys dress in black as opposed to what that school had in mind." Dumbledore laughed. "I would never subject my students to wear anything so ridiculous."

"Just himself." muttered Pansy.

**Fifth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.**
"What a horrible school! No wonder your uncle acts the way he does, they condoned his behavior!" screeched Madame Pomfrey.

"I think it sounds like a fine school." huffed Madame Umbridge.

"You would think so, wouldn't you?" muttered Snape.

Sixth paragraph, second paragraph, first comma.

The school laughed in unison at the name, Fred and George looked at each other in true shock and horror. They turned to Ron.

"We are never, EVER calling you 'Ickle Ronniekins' again."

Sixth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"You ain't the only one Harry." wheezed Terry.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"I thought Aunt Petunia tried her hand at cooking again." said Harry, the school laughed and thought fondly back to the Knickerbocker Glories last night.

End of seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Hey, it wasn't as if she had a big, bloody sign saying 'This is what it is'" said Charlie.

Eighth paragraph, end of paragraph.

"I would do a double take too if it were me." said Draco with a smirk.

Dialogue line

"Sarcasm is wasted on her, Harry, she never had a sense of humor." whispered Lupin.
"You really like animal references don't you?" said Ginny. Harry shrugged.

"I'd shove that stick right up his..."

"GINERVA WEASELY! yelled Mrs. Weasely, before Ginny could finish.

"OH MY GOD! HEAD FOR HILLS PEOPLE!" bellowed Fred

"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST" screamed George

"THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END!" hollered Lee

"HE ASKED THE PIG TO DO SOMETHING!" yelled all three of them. The school could hardly contain their laughter, even the teachers had a hard time holding it in.

"Crisis averted people, go about your normal lives." shouted Ron. The laughter started again.

"He better not have touched my cub." growled Sirius. Harry smiled and leaned even further into his godfather.

The students began to cheer loudly.
Thirteenth paragraph, Fourth sentence, first comma.

Ron and Hermione looked over to him in shock? They were his first friends? It was hard for them to believe.

Thirteenth paragraph, fifth sentence, second comma.

You mean, all the stuff you know, and you didn't go to the library to learn it?" said Ron in shock.

"No, I went to the library, it's just I never took the books home. I learned to be a speed reader."

"What do you mean 'all the stuff you know'?" said Hermione suspiciously.

Ron and Harry looked up at the ceiling and whistled innocently. Hermione narrowed her eyes.

Address on letter.

"Minerva, we must stop using a self-addressing quill. We could have prevented something by looking at the addresses." said Dumbledore, shaking his head.

"Don't I know it." she replied with a tear trickling down her cheek.

Fourteenth paragraph.

"What the heck is a stamp?" asked a pureblood from Hufflepuff.

"It’s a small sort of sticker that Muggles put on their letters, it’s a way of paying to have it delivered." said Mrs. Weasley before Hermione could answer.

"They pay? What a waste of money." said Blaise with a smirk.

Fifteenth paragraph, third comma.

"GRYFFINDOR!" yelled the house known for its bravery and nobility.

Fifteenth paragraph, twenty-second word

"RAVENCLAW!" yelled the house known for wisdom and wit.
"HUFFLEPUFF!" yelled the house known for its loyalty.

"SLYTHERIN!~ yelled the house known for their cunning.

"HOGWARTS!" bellowed the entire student body.

"If you wanted it sooner, you should have gotten off your lazy arse and fetched it yourself!" bellowed Mr. Weasley. His children and wife stared at him in shock.

"What? I couldn't hold it in any longer."

"That was pathetic, I think I'm going to be sick." said Fred while George gagged.

"Potter! Why did you open your mail there? You know they were going to take it!" said a haggard looking Auror.

"He was excited to just get a letter." said Kingsley

"What the heck is a whelk," asked a Slytherin first year.
"It's sort of a snail that lives in seashells." said Harry

"Why would you eat them." said the poor Slytherin, face turning green.

"Oh I don't know, throw in some leeks, eels, and clams and you can make them taste pretty good." said Harry offhandedly.

Sirius looked shocked over at Harry.

"You've eaten it?" he said, turning just as green as the Slytherin.

"Made it actually, whelks are Aunt Marge's favorite food. Every time she visits, we have a fish pie or something else." he noticed the nauseated looks around the room. Harry laughed. "I won't even ask if you want me to make it."

"Thank you." said Ron quietly.

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**Dialogue line.**

"He just had to ruin Harry's moment didn't he?" moaned Ernie.

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**Eighteenth paragraph, second comma.**

"Potter, " growled Moody, "I've never been this impressed before..."

"Excuse me?" said Tonks indignantly.

"As I was saying, " sending his protégé a well-meaning growl. "I've never been this impressed with an eleven year old wizard before. Nice observation skills.

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**End of eighteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Oooh! Harry's getting mad!" said Fred excitedly.

"And when Harry gets mad..." said George in an equally excited tone

"Things get scary." they both said together.

"What do you mean? Does he get violent? said Fudge excitedly.

"Not at all, but he does tend to give you a severe dressing down." said Fred matter-of-factly.

"And that you don't want, cause when he does." said George

"You pray to God it ends soon." said them both with what looked like a fake shudder.
Harry blushed.

Dialogue set, first comma.

"I WOULD!" yelled a majority of the students.

End of dialogue set.

"Eww! I don't think I want to eat porridge again." said a third year Ravenclaw.

"I didn't either for a week." said Harry.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"If only she would." muttered Ron

Twentieth paragraph.

The entire school was silent, they all slowly turned towards Harry.

"What?" asked Harry with his brows furrowed.

Harry grew up with these people right? He never acted like that. Hell, he was the nicest person in the school, really. Hermione and Ron were nice too, but if you came to Hermione with a personal problem she made everything sound logical, even the passing of a beloved pet. Ron was the same as Hermione, except instead of using logic, he could be tactless. Ernie spread the word after their second year that Harry stood up for Malfoy when everyone tried saying that he was the Slytherin heir after Hermione was attacked. How did Harry become the Harry they all knew, growing up with, obviously the worst people on the planet.

Dialogue line.

"I thought Dudley couldn't read." said a Slytherin.

"He can't, but, when there is something I want to read, like the paper or a book, he takes it, pretends to read it and then loses it on purpose." he tried doing that with a few of my school books. Aunt Petunia told him off, it was beautiful." smiled Harry fondly.
"You're sounding more and more like your mother." grinned Sirius.

"How do you mean?" asked Harry

"Your dad was laid back and easy going, hardly anything fazed him. Your mom on the other hand..." he whistled, "when she got mad, the whole world knew it."

"He sounds like a half and half mix of what his parents were." said Neville.

The yelling that would sometimes crop up in the Hall started again, but none so loud as Mrs. Weasely.

"HE COULD'VE HURT YOU!"

"I was fine Mrs. Weasley. I wasn't hurt." said Harry with a small smile. He was thinking back to that time and remembered something. After that first letter, his uncle was real careful around him. He didn't hurt him as bad as he normally did, unless Harry accidentally did something, that was considered really, REALLY, bad in his eyes. He silently thanked the school, for sending him the letter.

"Sorry Harry, but that would have been insanely funny to watch." said Bill with a small smile. Harry chuckled.

The school groaned, that would have been awesome if Harry could've won.

End of dialogue set.
"Resourceful too, not bad Potter." nodded Moody.

Dialogue line.

"...should have....could've saved..." mumbled Dumbledore quietly. Only Lupin and Harry could hear him. Harry crawled over Lupin's lap, who in shock, noticed how light he was. Harry grasped Dumbledore's tightened, pale hands and squeezed. Dumbledore looked up quickly gave him a small smile, before Sirius pulled him back. Jealous of the attention the old man was getting, and a little angry at Harry, who was so quick to forgive and forget.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Not even that would keep Hogwarts from getting Potter." said Snape calmly.

Twenty-second paragraph.

"I should be impressed that he could bend over to polish his own shoes." said Percy.

"He never polishes his own shoes." said Harry. People turned quickly to him and stared.

"He better not have..." said Mr. Weasley hotly.

"Not even he would trust me with his two hundred pound shoes."

"He paid that much for ruddy shoes!" said a Muggleborn.

"Aunt Petunia's cocktail dresses are worth more than that." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

People around the Great Hall blinked, they turned around to Harry, very slowly. Just staring. A few moments had passed till Harry finally couldn't take the deafening silence anymore.

"What's wrong now?" He looked to Dumbledore, and was in for a shock. Dumbledore was sobbing into his hands. Even harder, Sirius and Remus noticed, than last night. Lupin decided to answer Harry's question.

"Harry, 'stamping out' the magic in a person is a very dangerous thing. The consequences could
have been disastrous, even...deadly. You could have been reduced to." he shuddered and his voice broke.

"...to a person similar to a victim of the Dementor's Kiss. All your magic and your soul would be stripped from your body. We...we would never know the real you." finished Sirius, his voice cracking. He brought Harry into a tight embrace and refused to let go. The Weasely's, teachers and the rest of Harry's friends looked down. They didn't want to think about it, they couldn't think about it. They could have lost Harry, forever. It was too terrible to imagine. It took a half hour for McGonagall to continue on with the reading.

Twenty-third paragraph.

"How could he fit? " asked Fred, remembering how small the cupboard really was.

"Wasn't easy for him." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

"Bull, it had his cupboard on it." said Angelina with snarl.

End of dialogue line.

"I'm gonna kill him." muttered Sirius. "The Acceptance Letter is supposed to be the most important moment in a young wizard or witch's life. And he *&^%*#^ BURNS IT!"

"SIRIUS! LANGUAGE!" reprimanded Mrs. Weasely, gesturing towards the students.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"If he touches you in any shape or form, I'm gonna rip him apart". said Lupin, Sirius nodded.

"Hope his smile did hurt him." said Charlie.
"He was too big for it when you first put him in there you....."

"Molly! Language!" taunted Sirius, mimicking her gesture to the students.

The silence returned once more. The students looked at each other slowly. Did he say second bedroom? That fat git had a second bedroom, whereas Harry didn't even have one? The Weasely's looked over to Harry, Harry appeared to be dozing in Sirius's chest. His legs laying on top of Lupin's lap. Lupin had picked them up and set them there so Harry could just lay down instead of sitting all the time.

Harry was pretending to be napping, he didn't want to look at them. This book was horrible, none of Harry's thoughts were safe anymore, it was torture. "Well," thought Harry, "At least I got Sirius out of it, I guess I can endure it."

"Don't question a good thing Harry." said Lupin, knowing full well that Harry was pretending to be asleep.

Moody on the other hand, approved. "Good lad, get all the facts, never know what the Walrus has in mind, giving you a bedroom." he added with a sober tone.

Tonks blanched, "You don't think...he wouldn't.." she whimpered. She couldn't take it, she hurried over to the trio in the bowl and gave Harry a shake. Sirius also knew Harry was faking, so he didn't stop her. Harry opened his eyes slowly and she whispered in his ear. The entire school stared, they couldn't figure out what was going on. What Moody said to upset the female Auror was spoken too quietly, they didn't hear it. They, however heard a great sigh of relief when Harry shook his head to the question Tonks put to him.

"What was it that you all owned?" said Draco, no hint of a sneer. The same couldn't be said for his cohorts. They were laughing silently.

"Well, let’s see, I had six small, broken army figurines, five pairs of socks, underwear, pants and five different shirts. And an assortment of medals and plaques I won at primary school."

"What did you win them for?" asked Sirius, he was interested in knowing the talents his godson possessed besides flying.
Harry looked pensive, "I had about fourteen trophies and medals for running, but I managed to only salvage two. The one in my pocket and the other one is a big one that I still haven't been able to glue back together. I had a one for music, that was a piece of paper in a frame, Uncle Vernon set that one on fire. I saved it, not before it was mostly destroyed though. Then there was a chemistry award the teacher gave me. Dudley threw that one away personally. I had to rummage through the town dump just to fish it out. Took me two hours, I had to use the community showers by the town pool just to get presentable enough to go in the house. I had some other ones, but they didn't last very long in that house." So I've only got four out of more than twenty."

Subtle growls went around the school.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, fifth sentence, first semi-colon

"Ouch!" whined Sirius, rubbing his backside absentmindedly.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, fifth sentence, second semi-colon

"Good Lord!" moaned a Muggleborn, there had been shows that he liked too, that were canceled, but he never put his foot through a TV in anger before.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, fifth sentence, forth comma.

"What's an air rifle, dad?" asked Charlie curiously.

"Remember what I told you about guns? Instead of gunpowder, they use compressed air."

"And this idiot traded a living thing for something that could kill? I WANT TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO HEX THIS LITTLE TWIT!" screamed Charlie.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, to the end of the fifth sentence.

"Whoa! Dudley must be huge! My cousin has an air rifle, and those things are freaking hard to bend!"

Twenty-fourth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"WHAT?" yelled Hermione and some of the Ravenclaws.

"I told you, Dudley didn't know how to read then." seeing the looks on the Ravenclaws and Hermione, he added quickly. "But I've read them."
"What was your favorite, Harry? asked Hermione, forgetting to be furious.

"Oliver Twist"

The people in the room who had read that particular book, didn't look too happy.

"Why?"

"Makes me feel a lot better of my lot in life." said Harry. People started to growl, not to him, but the thought of the Dursleys. Harry had to hold his hands up.

"Listen, I get it, you don't like the Dursleys, I'm not a big fan of theirs either. What I meant by what I said, was that I was never, almost forced to a life of crime. And I wasn't shot, for being somewhere I never wanted to be. Now, is it possible to drop it for now? You're all kinda starting to scare me." he added playfully. The school hesitated, then nodded.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

"I'll give yer what yer need yer little..." said Hagrid in a threatening tone.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Nobody had a funny comment or snide remark about that. They all sat in silence, they too would rather have the letter then a spacious room. Especially if that letter meant an escape from that wretched family.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"That boy needs a spanking!" whispered Madame Bones to her niece. Susan nodded furiously.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

"No loss there." said Draco.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma.

"Someone please smack him!" said Percy, rolling his eyes.
Twenty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, fifth comma.

Shouting over Charlie's rants of animal cruelty, Neville asked Harry, "What kind of plants do you have in there?"

"Vegetables, and herbs I use for cooking, the Dursley's won't admit it, but the stuff in that greenhouse is all mine. I planted everything in there, the vegetables came in handy the summer I turned fourteen."

"Why is that?" asked Sirius.

"If the books print it, you'll see."

Twenty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.

"Hindsight is 20/20" muttered both Harry and Dumbledore in unison. They both looked at each other Dumbledore didn't smile, but Harry's was enough for the both of them.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

"Ten years too late." snarled Flitwick.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"GET 'EM HARRY!" yelled the Gryffindors.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"Practicing for your fight with the troll, Harry?" smiled Ron.

"What troll?" asked Sirius. Harry smiled pointed towards the book, looking sheepish. Sirius paled looking at the book, that was only the first year book!

"Fifty points to Gryffindor." whispered Snape, smirking at the look of distraught on Black's face.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, end of paragraph.
"Dear lord, if it's anything like James's plans, they won't go well." said Lupin with a smirk.

"I thought dad was your guy's leader." said Harry with a shocked look on his face.

"He was, but your dad's plans sucked," said Sirius tickling Harry's stomach. After Harry laughingly tried in vain to escape his Godfather's fingers, Lupin continued "I was the one who had to come up with the plans that didn't get us caught."

"You were a prankster, Professor!" said the twins and Lee, mouths open in obvious shock.

Harry looked between Sirius and Lupin and grinned ear to ear.

"Remember your idols?" said Harry

"Yeah, the Marauders." said Fred.

"Greatest pranksters ever." said George.

"You're looking at two of them." grinned Harry. The twins and Lee gaped at them, then each other and came over to kneel in front them. Then they kissed their feet.

"What the hell..?" said Sirius picking up his feet, out of their reach.

"You're our HEROES! We idolize you guys!"

"Doesn't mean you have to kiss my feet." said Sirius with an uncomfortable look on his face. Lupin agreed with him, he had also brought up his feet out of the clutches of Lee's hands.

"Back on plans," said Harry trying not to laugh in front of his Godfather. "It’s kinda not the same with us, is it Hermione?" Hermione blushed.

"Why do you say that?" Lupin asked puzzled.

"Hermione is the one that tries to plan everything out, then everything goes to hell. I take over when she can't find a way out of a situation. Which works out great in the long run."

"Harry is wonderful when everyone else is panicking." said Hermione grinning. Ron and Neville nodded.

"How did you get the alarm clock fixed?" asked Mr. Weasely earnestly.

"I've always been good with my hands." said Harry.

"Next time you're over, I need some help on some things." said Mr. Weasely excitedly.

"Alright." said Harry with a smile.
"Good thinking boy, move slowly and carefully." growled Moody.

"Not a bad plan, Potter." said Snape, the sides of his mouth twitching.

"Trust me, it doesn't end well, like one of Hermione's plans in action." said Harry.

"What the hell happened now?" asked Bill nervously.

"Dear God! Tell me it’s your uncle!" Sirius spoke excitedly.

"Come on..."

"Let's hear it..." his breathing becoming quick.
"YAHOO!" yelled Sirius and sat straight up and danced around in a circle. Harry was lifted off his Godfather's chest and unceremoniously fell behind him as he danced for joy. He could help but laugh. Fred and George joined him to the laughter and cheer of the rest of the school. It took fifteen minutes for the trio to calm down. Sirius picked Harry up and laid his torso back on his lap.

Umbridge scowled. "You should be ashamed of yourself Mr. Potter, stepping on the man who graciously took you in, gave you the clothes on your back and food in your stomach..." she would have continued, but she had to dodge a few curses and hexes sent from several students, teachers, Sirius, Remus, Dumbledore and Madame Bones herself.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

"Oi! He ain't your servant!" said Ron indignantly

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line

"Oh, Harry." fretted Hermione and Mrs. Weasely.

"I'm so sorry Harry." said Professor McGonagall "You shouldn't have been put through that."

"It’s okay, I was used to it, Dudley and Uncle Vernon ripped apart and destroyed most of my awards, this actually wasn't anything different and it didn't bother me. I knew there would be more coming. I felt in my bones." he smiled broadly. The students at first looked angry, but then their expressions softened when they saw his smile.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

"Yeah, cause that job will take all day to do." said Sprout, rolling her eyes.

Dialogue line

"I never give up." said McGonagall smugly.

Dialogue line

Dialogue set.

People snorted at this, this man was trying to say he was more intelligent than themselves, yet he
was trying to hammer a nail into a piece of wood with food.

One person spoke this thought out loud when Harry spoke up. "The nail did gone in easier with the fruitcake then it would have with the hammer. Aunt Petunia made that one." More snorts were heard around the room.

"Fruitcake is nasty," said Sirius sticking his tongue out.

"We'll see if that opinion still holds true." said Harry smugly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

"Gave Uncle Vernon the shock of his life, seeing those poke through." said Harry with a smirk on his face. People were rolling on the floor laughing.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

Growls creeped through the Great Hall.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

"That was the only time that I heard him hum, I tried to hum at another time in the kitchen, he came up behind me and smacked me on the back of my head." said Harry.

"Why on earth, would he do that?" asked Professor Flitwick in shock.

Harry shrugged, "No music allowed in the house."

"Why not?" asked Hermione

"He saw me enjoying the music on in the kitchen, and singing along. Apparently he didn't like my singing voice." said Harry with a smile.

"To be brutally honest, Harry, your father couldn't carry a tune in a bucket." said Sirius.

"Lily was the same way," said Lupin with a small smile.

"How does that 'Tiptoe' song go?" asked a nervous first year from the Ravenclaw table.

Harry thought carefully, thinking of the words and remembering the tempo his uncle used. He closed his eyes and sang it out loud.

What he didn't know was that everyone stared at him. His voice was a soft, airy tenor, yet it held the possibilities of going deeper into a baritone and becoming rich and full. The lyrics and the melody coming from him, were beautiful. They silently begged for more.

Ron and Hermione were in shock, they had never heard him sing before and there he was, singing
as if he had been singing for years. This was a side of Harry they had never seen before.

When Harry was done, he opened his eyes and saw everyone staring at him. He began to worry, he wondered if he was as bad as his uncle had said he was. That all changed when everyone, excluding Umbridge and a restrained Fudge, stood up and applauded. Harry blushed deeply and covered his face into his stunned Godfather's chest.

"Mr. Potter, I want to see you in choir next year!" squeaked Flitwick, tears coming down his face. "We need a voice like yours!"

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

"It’s hers, cause I refuse to use it. I prefer to do it myself, without help." said Harry, who was still buried in the folds of the man's cloak.

**Dialogue line**

"Everybody who really knows him." said Hermione with some pride in her voice.

**Thirty-ninth paragraph, second comma.**

"Good" said Kingsley, accidentally out loud, attracting some attention.

**End of thirty-ninth paragraph.**

"Damn, well life can't be perfect." he said out loud again. People around him snickered into their hands.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.**

"Really? Muggles don't get mail on Sunday's? Why not?" asked a Slytherin fourth year.

"Some muggles, consider it a day of rest, a governmental day off as it were, as well." stated Harry.

**Dialogue set, second comma.**

"However, no sane person should do that on any day, never mind a Sunday." said Harry amusingly
"That's what you think." said Harry in a singsong voice. Lupin smiled over to Harry, glad he was finally enjoying himself.

Fortieth paragraph.

“Just pick one up off the floor, Potter!” yelled Draco.

“Was too excited to think logically or rationally, I just wanted to grab one of those elusive little buggers.” said Harry with a wide grin.

Dialogue line

Forty-first paragraph, first sentence.

Another hush came over the school, Madame Pomfrey made to hurry to Harry, when Sirius and Remus stopped her.

“He’s fine, we’ve got him.”

End of forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Ouch.” said a few seventh and sixth year boys, feeling the faint traces of hair just above their top lip. The men who already had grown theirs out, winced.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-second paragraph.

“What he was doing with a sports bag, I have no idea. Never did anything athletic, even after ten feet of chasing me down, he gave up,” remarked Harry after Mrs. Weasely quietly ranted about hitting a child over the head for over packing.

Forty-third paragraph.
“Man after your own heart, Moody! OUCH!” said Tonks cheekily, then Moody smacked the back of her head.

“Don’t compare me to him.”

“Aww..poor baby.” said the twins.

“Geez what a hard life he lives, only one thing can make it worse.” said Ron

“Living it for more than one day, like Harry does.” said Hermione.

The twins looked in shock. “They’re stealing our act.”

The school erupted with laughter.

“I’ve noticed something Harry, every time something is bothering you or you’re worried about something, you sit on the windowsill and stare out onto the grounds. You stay that way all night long.” said Dean.

The teachers exchanged looks, and then they looked to Poppy, next time they hear about that, they’ll have to give Potter a sleeping potion, even if they have to hold him down and pour it down his throat.

Before they could ask, he answered. “I was wondering who was sending the letters and what did they want with me?”

“What time is it?” Ron said as his stomach grumbled. Before Dumbledore could bring out his watch, Harry looked up in the sky, at the sun. “It’s two-sixteen.” said Harry calmly. Dumbledore
frowned in curiosity at Harry and looked at his own watch, his eyes widened in shock.

“On...the...nose...” he slowly looked over to Harry with a surprised look on his face. Everyone gaped at the raven haired teen.

“Guess we missed lunch.” he said glumly. Then the a long table of food appeared in the center of the room.

“A late lunch is always welcomed.” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling, yet never really leaving the young man lying in the bowl. He waved his wand at the table and four plates of food began to fill themselves. They then levitated over to Dumbledore, Sirius, Lupin and Harry.

“With Harry draped over the both of you like that, I didn’t think you could bring yourselves to move.” he said with a smile.

Lupin sent a smile of appreciation back to him. While they ate, McGonagall continued on with the reading, in between mouthfuls.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Address of letter.

“You were in Cokeworth? Did you...” started Hermione, but with a glance from Harry, she quieted.

“I didn’t see much of anything Hermione. Just blurs going past the window.”

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line

Dialogue set.

“What the hell is he doing?” asked Lupin.

“Running for his life.” said Harry plainly.

Dialogue set.

“What a horrid man!” screeched Madame Pomfrey.
Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line

“Who’s The Great Humwhatsit?” asked Ron.

“An annoying man who says he can impersonate the voice anybody who comes to the show, it’s faked, the people are already picked out for it.” said Hermione.

“Wonder what’s so great about him.”

“He’s a GREAT big fraud.” said Hermione.

Fiftieth paragraph, third sentence, first comma, third word.

“Go figure.” moaned Hermione.

Fiftieth paragraph, end of third sentence.

People in the school cheered. Harry blushed deeply.

Fiftieth paragraph, fourth sentence.

People turned to him in shock and disbelief, THOSE weren’t presents!

End of fiftieth paragraph.

“Way to stay positive, Potter” said Moody. Though he was deeply disturbed by the way his life had been up to this point.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph, third sentence.

“That’s perfect?” exclaimed Tonks, “I’d love to see his version of terrible.”

“He said my singing voice was terrible.” said Harry.
“My point has just been made.” said Tonks gesticering towards Harry.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

“I kinda feel sorry...”said Fred with a sniff.

“.for Dudley..” George said while whipping a fake tear away.

“NOT!”

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“And he’s excited by that?” asked Professor Vector, with eyebrows raised.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-third paragraph, second comma.

“I’ve read about old fashioned gentlemen, in romance books,” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

“Only Gentleman there is Harry.” Sirius nudged Harry in the ribs raising and lowering his eyebrows quickly. Harry groaned, blushed and buried his head again. The school laughed again.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

“You couldn’t pay me to go over that water on a broomstick!” yelped Dean.

Dialogue line

Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“Out of curiosity,” said Lupin, a grim look on his face. “who rowed?”

“I started, but Uncle Vernon noticed I wasn’t nearly strong enough to keep us going in a straight line. He took over. Only after we nearly capsized a few times.”

Dark muttering took possession of the school till McGonagall stopped her own muttering with Flitwick to continue reading.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.
“Nice, a real fixer-upper.” Hermione said rolling her eyes.

Some of the Gryffindors looked down at their plates, which still had some food, they stood up and wanted to give some to Harry, when Lupin held his hand up to halt them.

“He’s full, we made sure.”

“Well, duh, those bags aren’t made of paper or wood. Idiot.”

“Let me at him!” yelled Charlie, Bill had to pull him back down to his seat, which took a lot of effort.

People looked around nervously, they wouldn’t of want to spend a minute in that house, let alone the night!

Silence again ran rampant through the school. They turned around to look at Harry, who was still lounging against Sirius. Dumbledore stood up waved his wand in the air and a giant, thick red and gold quilt, with a phoenix on it, appeared. He covered Harry with it. Harry was initially embarrassed, he was fine, he wasn’t cold. But the weight of the covers felt too good to remove them.
Sirius placed another, but lighter, blanket over the gold one. This one was blue, with a giant broomstick on it.

Lupin took a plate of snacks from Mrs. Weasely and he himself placed some chocolates on the plate. He handed Harry a piece of fruit and waited for Harry to eat it.

“In my office, going through all the replies and awaiting yours, Mr. Potter.”

“A typical Harry thought.” snorted Ron. Hermione turned to glare at him.

“Good idea, Potter, have a plan already, ready to use.”

Few people squirmed in their seats, this was getting scary.

“Do it!” yelled the Weasely twins. “It would be so worth it!”

McGonagall yelled. People had fallen off their chairs and landed on the floor. Sirius and Lupin
instinctively placed their bodies over Harry’s to protect him. Even Dumbledore jumped a little. Moody was cursing very loudly towards the Transfigurations Professor.

“Constant vigilance, Alastor.” said McGonagall said simply. People around the school started to laugh hard, but was silenced by the look the retired Auror sent them.

End of chapter.

“Who the bloody hell is it?” said Lupin. Harry and Sirius looked at him in shock.

“You cursed Moony!” said Sirius with an impressed look.

“Hey! I’m human...” he stated.

“Hardly.” Umbridge said, cutting him off.

Third years and up snarled at her. Even the teachers looked at her in fury.

“More human then you ever will be!” yelled Harry.

“Don’t you dare talk to me! You worthless boy!” she spat back.

Harry flinched, it wasn’t from her insulting him, just the words. He heard them somewhere before recently, who said it? He couldn’t remember. It must have something to do with the incident, but what was it? Harry’s brain was still a little fuzzy from the fever and he couldn’t think straight half the time.

While Harry was sitting in the bowl thinking, McGonagall stood up, walked over to her and punched her soundly in the jaw again. Knocking Umbridge once again to the floor, and she was once again, out cold.

“PROFESSOR! YOU ATTACKED...” yelled the Minister.

“SOMEONE WHO EARNED IT!” screamed McGonagall. The school erupted in cheers.

“I will have you arrested, Minerva!” said Fudge looking wildly around, “And I have plenty of witnesses.”

“I’m sorry Cornelius, did you say something?” said Madame Bones curiously. The Aurors, taking her lead, (for they had no love for the woman either) shrugged their shoulders too. The Minister watched as all the “witnesses” denied seeing anything. Even the Slytherins feigned blindness and said their attentions laid elsewhere. He sat down and tried to awaken his Undersecretary. To no avail, she wasn’t waking up, and no one was really upset by that.
Chapter Summary

They get to hear of how Harry met Hagrid for the first time, unfortunately for Hagrid, they also get to see him break a rule or two. But the plus side, Vernon Dursley isn't the biggest guy on the block anymore!

Chapter Notes

I hope these get to be easier to read as you go along, I would have page numbers and whatnot, but I don't have my own copy with me :(

Fudge kept trying to wake up Umbridge and nobody was even halfheartedly willing to help him, amazingly, not even Madame Pomfrey.

Professor McGonagall flipped the page to the next chapter, a smile came across her lips.

"Hagrid, I think you may want to read the next chapter." she said handing him the book.

"Alrigh'" he took the book and when he read the title, a bigger smile then McGonagall's stretched acrossed his face.

Title of Chapter

The school erupted into cheers. Fudge gave up trying to wake up Umbridge and satisfied himself with just conjuring up a cot and putting her on it. He might as well keep a constant vigil on the proceedings seeing as how she couldn't.

First paragraph, first sentence.

Hagrid bellowed out that word to the school, knocking a few students, who thought they were safe with Hagrid's reading, off their chairs a second time that afternoon.

First paragraph, end of paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Can he talk any other way, really? said Draco snidely.
"OH MY GOD! HE COULD HURT SOMEONE WITH THAT THING!" screamed Hermione.

"The really scary thing is, he has no idea what to do with it." said Harry absently, snuggling underneath the blankets. He was very comfortable, and felt that the worst was finally over.

"What do you mean 'no idea what to do with it'?" asked Sirius clutching Harry's shoulder gently.

"He's never held a gun before, when he came out; it was facing the wrong damn way. He could've easily shot himself, that is, if the trigger wasn't so far away. I actually came over and flipped the gun around."

"Why would you do that?" asked Hermione fearfully. "He could've killed someone with it!"

"I put the safety on and took the shells out, Uncle Vernon never even noticed." smiled Harry.

"Very quick thinking Harry." said Dumbledore approvingly. "But what would have happened if it was someone who wished you and the Dursleys harm?"

Harry quickly noticed that Dumbledore didn't' say "your family" he smiled. Then he thought about it. "Wrenched the gun away, took the safety off, loaded the gun and fired." he said simply.

"Can you fire one of those things?" said Sirius in an amazed tone.

"With all of Dudley's shows, I've seen how they work, though I would've been knocked on my butt from the recoil. They've got a massive kick."

Sirius chuckled and kissed his Godson's head.

"So is he!" yelled Harry from amongst the blankets.

The students didn't know who he was talking about, but Ron, Hermione and the teachers all laughed.

Students hit the floor again as Hagrid yelled once again.
Sixth paragraph.

"HAGRID!" yelled the students, applauding.

"Yeh make me soun' scary 'arry." said Hagrid with a concerned look on his face.

Harry laughed as he pushed his head out of the covers. "I didn't know you Hagrid. I didn't know how gentle you are."

Hagrid blushed and tried to carry on with the reading.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Hagrid, only you could knock a door down to the ground with a push of your finger and just carry on as if it were perfectly normal." smiled Lupin. Dumbledore smiled as well.

Eighth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"Thanks Hagrid, for putting some fear into that brat!" called Draco.

Most of the students turned and stared at him. "What?" he said again, they said nothing.

Dialogue line

Ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"That will be near impossible." said Ron, who had seen Dudley the summer that he came to Privet Drive. He couldn't believe the contrast between his best mate and his best mate's cousin.

Ninth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"Well that made it a little easier." smirked Ron.

Dialogue line

Tenth paragraph

Dialogue line.
"You were the first to say that to me Hagrid. I haven't stopped hearing it since." said Harry.

"You make it sound like you're tired of hearing it." said Sirius curiously.

"I'm not tired of it, I never will be, it's just...I'm not my father, or my mother...I'm my own person. And sometimes, I feel like some adults keep forgetting that." he said quietly.

This statement pulled at Sirius's heartstrings, as well as Lupin's, "Harry, we know that you are your own person. James was never a singer, neither was your mother. Yet, here you are, with the voice of an angel! James couldn't boil water, and your mother, well, she was learning. She couldn't make food the way you can! You've got so many talents that neither of them had! But you are right, we and other people keep shoving that statement down your throat, we promise not to confuse you with your parents, alright?"

Harry smiled, turned a light shade of pink and nodded.

Eleventh paragraph

Dialogue line

Dialogue set: to the first semi-colon.

"That's telling him Hagrid!" yelled the twins.

To the end of dialogue set.

The students jumped up in down, on the floor, in their chairs, they were excited. The Dursleys were finally getting their comeuppance!

Thirteenth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"The first birthday cake I've had in ten years, Hagrid!" Sirius, Remus, Mr. and Mrs. Weasely and Dumbledore all looked saddened by that statement.

Fourteenth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"Harry, where are your manners?" admonished Mrs. Weasely.

"Molly, the book just said he meant to say thank you, the kid was in shock." said Moody.
"Golly 'Arry, didn't mean ter hurt yeh." said Hagrid sadly.

"It's alright, Hagrid. I was fine."

"HAGRID! DON'T DRINK IN FRONT OF CHILDREN!" scolded Madame Pomfrey and Mrs. Weasely. Hagrid looked guilty.

"Knew that wasn't good enough ter start a fire with." he snorted, again.

Hermione brought a blanket she had transfigured and draped it on top of the other two.

"How many blankets are you people going to try and bury me under?" said Harry with his eyebrows raised.

"You keep saying you're cold!"

"That was five years ago! I'm perfectly comfortable right now!" said Harry with a playful smile.

"Cripes! How many pockets do you have, Hagrid?"

"'bout twenty-seven" said Hagrid offhandedly. People whistled.

Madam Pomfrey and Mrs. Weasely began to scold Hagrid angrily, Hagrid had to hide, unsuccessfully, behind the book.
"I...w..w..wasn't..." he gulped.

"It was butterbeer! I saw the same bottle at The Three Broomsticks! Same bottle, same scent." said Harry firmly.

The scolding stopped immediately.

**Eighteenth paragraph, second sentence.**

"Ron you just ate!" said Hermione in shock when she heard his stomach growl.

**Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence.**

"Course he would." spat Hermione bitterly.

**Eighteenth paragraph, to the end of paragraph.**

"He doesn't need any more fattening." said Charlie darkly.

**Nineteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Glad we agree on that." said Charlie walking up and shaking Hagrid's hand.

**Twentieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

"Good! Harry needs some fattening up." said Charlie, who laughed at the indignant look Harry sent him.

**Twentieth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

It took Harry a while to convince Sirius, Lupin and Mrs. Weasely, who each conjured up a plate of snacks, that he was full.
"That's better, Harry." smiled Mrs. Weasely.

"Now, just need to work on Hagrid's manners." mumbled Mrs. Weasely, but meaning well.

As did the rest of the school.

"For what?" asked Ron.

"I'm used to saying that every time someone starts to look like that." Harry said simply.

"GET 'EM HAGRID! LET 'EM HAVE IT! yelled the twins and the rest of the Quidditch team.

"When you are accepted to Hogwarts and if you went to a muggle school before this, we get a copy of your marks, and we review them, seeing if you need any extra help in an area. Yours, Harry, were very impressive. Miss Granger's marks were nowhere near yours." said Dumbledore, staring straight ahead, thinking fondly.
Hermione looked at Harry with her mouth hanging open.

**Dialogue line.**

"Math and stuff?" asked Hermione with a smirk.

"I would like to hear how the conversation would go if you were there, instead of me." Harry said with a small sneer. Her smirk went away quickly with a blush

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Really?" said Sirius with a smile.

"Hey I was still in shock, cut me some slack."

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

Hagrid boomed it as well, students, again, were sent to the floor.

**Twenty-seventh paragraph**

"What?" said a Ravenclaw, "Mimblewimble?" No one could answer her.

**Dialogue line**

**Dialogue line**

**Dialogue line**

**Dialogue line**

**Dialogue line**

**Twenty-eighth paragraph**

"Damn, it was nice not hearing from him." growled Moody.
"Yeah, like Hagrid will listen to a man like you." said George.

"I wonder what they ever did with that letter?" asked McGonagall, burnt it most likely she thought.

"I had the same reaction." said Hermione and Dean.

"And so far, you are already, 'a thumpin' good'un.'" said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling over to Harry. Sirius smiled and ruffled Harry's hair. You got that right thought the shaggy haired man.

"FINALLY!" yelled the crowd.
"All the questions you had, you settled for that one?" said Draco with widened eyes.

"Good choice, there was a deadline. Has to meet it." said Kingsley in his deep calm voice.

"Poor horse." said Bill with a smile.

"Poor owl." said Bill, trying to hide his laughter.

"Hagrid! How could you put an owl in your pocket?" said Hermione looking taken aback.

"There is a breed of owls that we wizards raise, Miss Granger, that are used for keeping in large pockets. I leant Beeboo to Hagrid for Harry's reply. He's quite used to traveling like that. Several people have small owls that are used for that fashion." said Dumbledore, smiling towards Hermione, who looked shocked, then thoughtful.

“Pigwidgeon is one of that breed.” said Sirius.

“Oh.” said Hermione, her face turning pink.

"Now I'm very impressed, I can barely read my own writing upside down." said Lupin looking at the teen, who smiled back at him amidst the blankets and cushions.

"Yes, Hermione, the owls are bred to handle any sort of weather. Minus a hurricane or tornado, of course." said Dumbledore holding a hand up, before she could even ask the question.
"Oh, yes he is!" chanted the Gryffindor table.

"An' that was what I was gettin' from jus' meetin' them." growled Hagrid, angrily remembering the scroll and what horrible truth it showed.

Everyone tensed up again from what had been said earlier. Sirius and Remus took a tighter hold on Harry. He was never going back, never. *Never*. Dumbledore paled once more.

"SHE WAS NOT A FREAK!" came a bloodcurdling scream. Harry sat straight up and vainly tried to ignore the shooting pain firing up his back. He looked around and saw Professor Snape, white with fury and his fists clenched. McGonagall had to pull him back down and began to pat his arm.

"If being normal is acting like you, then being abnormal is a really good thing." piped up a Hufflepuff first year. Then blushed when the school clapped and yelled in agreement.

"Well spoken, Mr. Davidson, well said." said Dumbledore kindly, clapping along with the students.
The clapping died in an instant. They all turned to Harry, Dumbledore leaned forward, a shocked look on his face.

"That...that...is...is how...you...you..found out...? stuttered Dumbledore.

He looked away and nodded. Dumbledore leaned back in the chair clutching his chest, face contorted with extreme grief. To find out that way, was being cruel, it was inhuman, what had he done?

It took a moment for Hagrid to stop crying and finish blowing his nose, to continue with the story.

"So you knew there would be trouble, did you?" said Lupin in a rough whisper. His angered face, however, was broken. Dumbledore was still clutching his chest and his eyes closed. His mind hadn't strayed or moved on from the moment Harry learned the truth about his parents. Lupin looked away, he'll have a word with the man, later.

People leaned in forward, they didn't want to miss a moment of this.
A twitch went through the school.

"He wouldn't dare." said McGonagall with pride. The rest of the school nodded in agreement, even Fudge couldn't begrudge that truth.

"I swear, Halloween is cursed." muttered Ron darkly, Hermione nodded. Harry was staring at the headmaster intently. His demeanor didn't change.

The families of the aforementioned bowed their heads in remembrance. It was so long ago, but the pain could still be felt in their hearts.
Forty-fourth paragraph.

Flitwick and McGonagall paled while the rest of the school shivered.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

As did some of the students

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma, eighth word.

"Hagrid would kick your ass if you even tried!" bellowed Dean.

Dialogue set, third sentence, sixth comma.

A few adults’ fists clenched.

Dialogue set, third sentence, sixth comma, tenth word.

Sirius and Remus snarled and fists tensed on the blankets.

End of dialogue set.

"Don't bother leaving gentlemen." said Madame Bones, grinning evilly from where she was sitting.

"WE'RE GONNA HUNT THEM DOWN AND MAKE THEM PAY, FOR SAYING! WORSE STILL! THEY SAID IT IN FRONT OF HARRY! bellowed Sirius as he and Remus reached the door.

"They are in custody at the Ministry. Awaiting trial of child abuse." she said keeping the same smirk on her face. They slowly came back, breathing shallower. Harry was leaning over the side, trying to look into Dumbledore's face, which still hadn't moved. They picked him gently and draped him across their laps once more.

“When did that happen?” asked Harry.
“Late last night.” said Madam Bones with a sneer.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

"Come on, Dursley! Say one more word!" egged on some of the Slytherins.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

One dialogue line

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"HE HAS DIED! These books will prove it." thundered Fudge.

"HE'S BACK!" These books will prove it." bellowed back Harry, not looking at him, but still staring at the Headmaster.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"I don't believe that no more. I believe ya 'Arry." said Hagrid, speaking as if that should eradicate any doubt.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

The students were a little disappointed, they didn't learn anything new, except, perhaps HE was back. The way Harry bellowed back to the Minister. If he WAS back, what were they going to do?

Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"No mistake, Potter." Moody said, gruffly. Harry wasn't listening.
A wizard? Him? How could he possibly be? He'd spent his life being clouted by Dudley, and bullied and beaten by Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon; if he was really a wizard, why hadn't they been turned into warty toads every time they'd tried to lock him in his cupboard?

Growls came from the large group, but then turned to cheers.

Forty-ninth paragraph, end of paragraph.

And the growls came back in full force.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph, second sentence, third comma, ninth word

"The running part isn't magical, the flying part is though." muttered Ron to Hermione.

Fifty-first paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma, sixth word.

"Potter hair! No stopping it!" said Sirius, fondly messing up the hair, his face fell as he followed Harry's gaze. Dumbledore was paler now.

Fifty-first paragraph, to the end of paragraph.

"Boy, did I phrase that wrong." muttered Harry, still looking at Dumbledore. Something was wrong, very wrong.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"Bull." snarled Tonks.
"I wrote the name down myself." said Flitwick proudly.

"This won't go well," said Fred.

"Not...at...all." whistled George.

"Wha' happened! Wha' happened!" yelled the twins excitedly.

"If you let the poor man finish, he'll tell you!" said Hermione shrilly. She was waiting to hear what happened as well.

People started to stand up, they were really interested now. What exactly happened? Whatever it was, Dudley deserved it and more.

"YES!" screamed everyone in the Hall. They danced in place, hugged each other, and every student ran up to Hagrid and shook him firmly by the hand. Malfoy shook Hagrid's hand twice.
"Should have done it sooner." bellowed Malfoy.

"Right on!" cheered Ron.

"And he never did!" said Hermione with a fake pout.

"Yes, well, you were proven innocent Hagrid." said Ron.

"Innocent of what?" asked Lupin, not noticing that Harry and Sirius were looking at Dumbledore and their eyes never strayed.

"You'll find out later." said Ron with a mysterious smile.

"Goody." he said leaning back in the bowl

"He'll never tell, we've tried." said Fred and George bitterly.

"Well at least he gave you something warmer to sleep under then that ragged old blanket, but he could keep the doo...."

"DUMBLEDORE!" screamed Harry.
Everyone turned quickly and saw the Headmaster, he was standing but he fell to the ground with great crash.

Harry, ignoring the unyielding pain, he flung himself to the floor and turned the old man over. His face was pale and his breathing, which was heavily labored just a moment before, had ceased.

Overhead, clouds were gathering and lightning was striking in sprastic points. Then, empty chairs, the torches and paintings started flying madly around the room. Madame Pomfrey came running over to the fallen man, she waved her wand over him, but the magic rebounded and knocked her off her feet.

"I can't use magic!" she shrieked. "His aura is going haywire."

Snape rushed over and whipped out a potion, but the glass shattered in his hand, sending shrapnel into his own hand. Snape sent out a loud shout as glass sliced his hands and sent rivers of blood down his palm.

"Not even my potions are working!" he bellowed over to her. “I can't get close enough!”

"He's suffering from a heart attack!" yelled Lupin, "We've got to do something, if not, he's done for!"

Harry placed two hands on Dumbledore's chest, right above his heart and pushed down forcefully, in quick succession. Then he placed his mouth of top the old man's and breathed down, he made sure the man didn't have anything lodged in his throat, before he started the compressions. Once he was done breathing down, he continued the chest compressions.

Nobody could move, they were in shock. Magic was useless here now, Dumbledore was gone, he had to be. They wanted to pull Harry back, but what he was doing, not a lot of them knew what he was doing. They weren't sure if Harry was beating him up in a fit of grief and kissing him, or what. Only the muggleborns and half-bloods recognized it and they stayed back. It looked like Harry knew what he was doing.

Harry looked up into the sky from doing the chest compressions. He was losing, he was losing Dumbledore, if only he had something, defibulator, anything! Harry looked at the lightning, that was it! He would have to time it right, he took a long piece of wire from his knapsack, he had an assortment of things in his bag. Ron was the only person alive that knew he carried that bag on his person at all times. He put a yellow pair of gloves on and he then pulled his custom kitchen knife out of his pocket. He tied one end of the wire to the knife and tossed it into the air, taking the other end of the wire and holding it a small ways away from Dumbledore's heart. Lightning struck the metal knife, traveled down the wire and split into two different directions, one path went down to Dumbledore. Which caused his body to jolt, and made everyone else cringe. The other surge of electricity tried to travel into Harry, but was nullified by the rubber gloves on his hands. Harry took off a glove and felt for a pulse, nothing.

Harry pulled the knife back, which landed a ways away and tossed it again. Once again, the power shot into Dumbledore, and again his body jumped on its own. Again he checked, and again he had to toss the knife in the air. Harry checked once more, he felt nothing. Then...he felt a tiny thump, then another. Dumbledore's heart was starting to fight back! The storm subsided and the chairs fell to a crash in the Hall. Harry sat back, leaning against the bowl. sweat pouring from his forehead and tears, that were from grief but they were now tears of relief, falling down. He smiled over to the Potion's Master and the school Healer, who were staring in amazement, and pointed weakly to Dumbledore.
"Your turn."
Meeting A Childhood Rival

Chapter Summary

Dumbledore recovers from his heart-attack, but now he has to keep Calming Draughts with him at all times, which might not be a bad thing. Hopefully Harry's first trip to Diagon Alley is uneventful.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

The next morning, Dumbledore slowly made his way down to the Great Hall, it took some doing to get Madam Pomfrey to even allow him out of the hospital wing. She said something about that the books were more trouble than they were worth. She would've escorted Dumbledore down to breakfast, but she had to gather potions together, just in case someone else had need of them. Though Dumbledore highly doubted she meant to use them on anyone else.

After he saw the Great Hall swirl in front of his eyes, he couldn't recollect anything after that. He now knew just how frustrated Harry must feel, not being able to remember what had happened after a certain part. He could, however, remember what had sent him sprawling to the floor. He clutched his heart in remembrance of the pain, learning the awful truth in that fashion, with those words, how could Harry even stand it? Then Madam Pomfrey's words came screaming through his mind. He reached into his cloak and took a sip of a Calming Draught. This was the condition he had to agree to, in order to leave the Healer's care. He had to take several vials of the potion with him everywhere, until the books were done.

He entered the Great Hall and smiled as he strode forward into his favorite part of the castle. So many happy memories and so far, only two bad recollections associated with this great room. People were sitting in the random chairs once more, and enjoying their breakfasts. When they looked up and saw Dumbledore, who was looking just as well as he normally did, they all smiled and gave a loud cheer.

Harry was walking back towards the bowl with a large plate of food stopped and stared at the Headmaster who had just walked in. Harry grinned broadly. "Good morning, sir! Want some breakfast?" said Harry holding out his own plate without hesitation.

Dumbledore was taken aback by this, not because Harry was offering him his food, if it had had
been his friend Ron though, it would have given him another heart attack. It was the manner in which he acted, Minerva had told him last night when he awoke that Harry had saved his life and the manner in which he did it. Any normal person would be bragging to the rooftops, or looking superior to the man in which he saved. Harry was carrying on, as if nothing were different between them. Just a student and a teacher, a grandson to his grandfather. It took Dumbledore a while to send Harry a smile in return, he walked towards Harry and embraced him. Harry returned the embrace and smiled.

"Thank you, Harry. Thank you, for saving this evil old man." said Dumbledore sadly when they broke apart. Harry looked at him shocked.

"You're not evil, sir! Why do you say that?"

"I placed you in a home, though I had no notion at the time just how bad, that in no way could be labeled habitable for you. I kept you there, despite all the signs of unhappiness, and obvious malnutrition, I kept you there. I ignored your needs and wants for a loving family, I choose to keep you protected from dark wizards, but left you to fend for yourself, defenseless, to deal with human monsters devoid of magic.

"I've placed challenges in your path, while you were here, in order to prepare you for the troubles ahead, and almost killing you in every one of those. I promise to you Harry, I will do that no more. You will never see the Dursleys again, unless you wish to travel to their hearing. You will not be forced into a dangerous situation, without me there to protect you. I will train you personally, the way I should have done to start with. Oh, Harry, I do believe that I myself am the cruelest person you could possibly ever, know!" Dumbledore lamented.

Harry smiled sadly. "Sir, you're not evil, and you aren't the cruelest person I know. I didn't let anyone know about what the Dursleys did to me, not even Ron and Hermione..

"Harry, I am an expert Legimens, I could see into your mind, I didn't even look!" cried Dumbledore, wringing his hands. This was a side of Dumbledore no one had ever seen. Harry reached into Dumbledore's cloak and handed him the vial of Calming Draught. Dumbledore stared at Harry, how did he know that was there? Harry saw his bewildered look and smiled.

"Who do you think gave Madam Pomfrey the idea to keep those with you? Now, to get back on track, I let you see what I want you to see in my mind, the same goes for Professor Snape. I don't know occlumency, but I do know how to arrange my thoughts so that I lay down the cards I want down. The unhappiness I can deal with on my own, it just makes Hogwarts more of a special place for me. Malnutrition, well, I'm still alive, and I get my fill here every day. I put on enough weight and keep it on to keep me safe during the summer.

"I can handle muggles no problem without magic, my knapsack sees to that." he said bringing the small bag out for Dumbledore to see. "I went headlong into those challenges on my own. I could've
thrown up my hands and said 'Screw it, I can't do this, I won't do this' but I chose to follow the path you laid. Me almost getting killed a time or two was my own fault, not yours. And I won't have anyone, ANYONE," said Harry, looking at Mrs. Weasley sternly. "say otherwise." said Harry, quite plainly. Dumbledore stood in shock. Harry had to nudge the vial towards Dumbledore's lips, and waited till he finished sipping it.

"You must be getting better, Harry! You haven't talked like that for a while." said Ron with a grin. Harry thought a moment, and then smiled once more.

"I must be getting better, my mind is back on track like it should be. Still can't remember what happened though, it'll come I think, in time and my back still hurts like a son of a banshee. Though I think, with my actions yesterday, I think the secret of my mentality are out. I'm happy though, the books were being real nice about not showing what was going on in my head as well as the 'watered-down' thoughts. Hope it keeps it up."

"So I guess, we can't treat you like a kid anymore, huh?" said Sirius, trying very hard to hide his cheerlessness.

"I was actually going to ask you to keep it up, I missed out on your affection, and I fear you'll start going batty if I didn't let you 'vent' some of that paternal instinct you're trying to utilize, that way, you don't smother me during the summer break." Harry smiled. Both Sirius and Remus could hardly contain their joy.

It was true, they wanted to show Harry that the both of them could be excellent guardians and wanted to make up for lost time, even if it means treating him like a child. What made it even better, was that Harry was giving them the go ahead to continue treating him like a juvenile. Harry would never tell them that by having them act in an overly-paternal way, instead of having them treat him like the young adult he was, they wouldn't feel the guilt that they missed out on so much. Also, Harry liked this attention. It was nice, made him feel loved, and protected.

After breakfast and everyone huddled into their chairs, Harry transfigured a foot rest for Dumbledore and took another flask of the Draught and laid it beside him on a small cherry-table. "Take it when you need it, don't make me come over here and pour it down your throat. Cause I will." he said, wincing slightly as he slowly sat down. Sirius dragged him softly back over to him and Remus brought his legs up so they laid acrossed his lap once again.

"Who wants ter read?" asked Hagrid, who picked up the book that laid beside his giant chair.

"May I, sir?" asked Hermione, looking towards Dumbledore. Umbridge sat up in her pink, kitten patterned chair and hissed towards her.
"This is an official reading! Miss Granger, we've already enough time with everyone comment- ing and yesterday afternoons...occurrence." she glared over to Dumbledore and Harry. Dumbledore smiled over to her and Harry waved innocently.

"Just let her read, Delores, what harm is there?" asked Madam Bones.

"She could skip over something important! Or alter it." said Umbridge angrily

"Not possible, the books are protected against someone skipping ahead, or failing to read something. Also one cannot add words or phrases, unless it were to get to a greater sense of truth. Harry's brilliance may or may not be labeled here. We won't know, till we read. Go ahead Miss Granger." said Dumbledore kindly.

Hermione ran over to Hagrid and accepted the book.

Chapter title.

"This should be good." said Sirius pulling Harry tighter. Harry smiled, this WAS going to be a good one.

First paragraph.

"Wakey, wakey, Harry!" said both of the twins.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Quite an elaborate dream, Potter." sneered Snape.

End of dialogue set.

"Nope, you're on a rock in the middle of the bloody ocean!" said Bill, trying to hide a smile.

"WILLIAM!" scolded Mrs. Weasley

Second paragraph.
"What a depressing thought." said Ron.

"Still think it's a dream, Potter?" called Draco.

"If it do, longest one I've ever had." said Harry with a smile.

"I swear, those owls can smell money." said Lupin

"Vicious little feather dusters aren't they?" said Sirius looking at Harry.

"Reminded me of my knapsack, I have stuff that doesn't look useful to anybody, but to me, they are handy to have when you really need them."

"Hagrid, Harry wouldn't know what Knuts are, he just found out he was a wizard the night before!" admonished McGonagall.
"Hagrid was giving me a hands on lesson, he was teaching me what the money was." said Harry defensively. Hagrid mouthed 'Thank you.' towards him.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

"OH, NO! MORE DEPRESSING THOUGHTS!" howled the twins, putting arms up to foreheads in a dramatic pose.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Hell, it doesn't sound like he spent any money on you? Clothes, food, nothing." said Lupin.

"He paid my hospital bills." said Harry stretching slightly.

"Tell me they were check-ups." pleaded Sirius. Harry closed his eyes, refusing to answer. Sirius groaned and buried his face in his cub's hair.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"What made you think that their money was in the house?" asked Ron.

"The Dursleys have a second financial ledger hidden away in the room I sleep in. I stumbled on it one day as I was fixing some of Dudley's old, broken toys. It labeled a whole bunch of money they were getting from someone, and in it, was a number for a bank account. I saw how much money they were hoarding away. Taking the current exchange, in galleons it would be...." it took a Harry a moment of looking up at the sky. "Three hundred and fifty-eight thousand, eight hundred and twenty-one galleons and two sickles and that was when I was thirteen."

People whistled around the hall, that was a lot of money. Even Draco had his eyebrows raised and mouth hanging open.

Professor Vector's eyebrows raised in admiration and shock, how can this child do math that fast? Miss Granger still had to write down her figures to find out the solution. And this boy can do this in his head? He was highly impressed.
"Albus." said McGonagall, she came over and whispered viciously into his ear. "Isn't that the total amount of galleons you sent to those Muggles to care for the boy?"

Dumbledore quickly did the math in his head as well, he had sent the Dursleys child support in the form of Muggle money, easier for them to use, and his face fell. Harry's figure was dead on. That was the money Vernon was supposed to use for Harry. What was he doing, saving it like that?

"Without that account number, they wouldn't be able to get to it. Uncle Vernon came in my room one time, during my school year, and saw that I forgot to place the crease back in the book cover it was hiding in. I haven't seen the book since." said Harry, not really caring what the money was supposed to be for.

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Twelfth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, third sentence.
"Don't know about that." said Harry whispered mysteriously.
"Don't know about what?" whispered back Sirius, Lupin leaned in to hear.
"I've come up with about twenty-two different ways of breaking into Gringotts."
"Don't...even...try...it..." growled Sirius, though a small smile played acrossed his face.
"Why would you come up with ideas like that?" asked Remus stunned.
"Was the only exercise my brain got." said Harry with a shrug.

End of dialogue set.

"I wouldn't trust you to take out the garbage." spat Umbridge. Hagrid didn't look hurt, he knew, whatever she said, most of the school disagreed with her. And he was right. Growls and yells could be heard quite clearly.

"That is where you differ from me and the rest of the staff here at Hogwarts. And I fear, that isn't the only difference." said Dumbledore with a cryptic smile.

Dialogue line.
Thirteenth paragraph.
"How did you do it, Hagrid?" squeaked a small Hufflepuff girl.

"Was it my bike again Hagrid?" said Sirius with a cunning smile.

"Yep, it was. Once I got ter 'arry I sent it back." said Hagrid with smile.

"Whatever you did, he certainly didn't tell us." said Hermione, glaring at Harry.

"I keep my word, I never go back on it. Promises are very important to me." said Harry defensively.

Hermione's face fell in guilt she herself broke some promises, not to Harry and Ron though, Dumbledore's, Lupin's and Sirius's faces however, all lit up. He was very much like his mother, however, she would bend her promises sometimes.

"You weren't supposed to use magic! You were expelled!" screeched Umbridge gleefully.

"Delores, he was found innocent years ago! Try to keep up with the times, for heaven's sake!" groaned Madam Bones.

"There'd better not be, Bill." growled Charlie towards his older brother.

Bill raised his hands, "Hey I don't have anything to do with that aspect of the bank. Take it up with the goblins."

They all waited till Charlie and a few Care of Magical Creature enthusiasts finished ranting and planning a revolt on behalf of the dragons, so they could continue.
"How many ways did you plan out to rob the bank then?" asked Lupin quietly.

"Two, and even after I visited the bank and learned the geography, they both would work."

Lupin groaned.

"Ya could've asked anythin' yer liked 'arry I wouldn't 'a minded." said Hagrid, a little ashamed that he ignored Harry.

"WE DON'T MESS THINGS UP!" bellowed Umbridge and Fudge.

"You've got two people here, who are testimony to the fact that the ministry screwed up royally!" yelled Harry right back. He pointed to Sirius and Hagrid.

"I'M NOT A BUNGLER!" yelled Fudge, not nearly as loud as before.

"HE MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT!" screeched Umbridge.

"Delores, Cornelius, I think that it goes without saying that we, the Ministry made some very weighty mistakes. Drop it." said Madam Bones.

"Now, Hagrid, it’s not every morning." chided George playfully.

"It’s every quarter hour." finished Fred.

The Minister and his Senior Undersecretary scowled at them. *I'll get them, once I'm done with Potter, I'll get them.* thought Umbridge savagely.

"Nothing much." piped up a fifth year Ravenclaw. Fudge and Umbridge glared at her. Madam Bones had had enough.

"Honestly, you two are worse than children, getting angry at every little thing. Merlin, Potter has
had insults thrown to him, and he slings them right back, or he simply accepts them. He's more mature then the both of you put together."

Umbridge scowled at Head of Law Enforcement. While Fudge looked slightly ashamed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Muggles are so greedy." sneered Umbridge. Some of the students, who were purebloods, nodded in agreement, they were remembering the Dursleys and the money they were hoarding.

"Wizards are just as greedy as Muggles, sometimes more so." stated Harry. "While the justice system in the wizarding world isn't always perfect, at least they, for the most part, don't have criminals make a large donation to the hospital to get off."

"WHO HAS DONE THAT MR. POTTER?" bellowed Madam Bones incredulously.

"You want a list? Give me a minute or two and I can give you a head start into an audit of some people's bank accounts." said Harry whipping out his small black book from his knapsack a spare roll of and a quill.

"There is no need Mr. Potter." simpered Umbridge. "The Minister knows all about them."

"And yet, they aren't in jail, and money for freedom is still used as a bartering tool. Right now, you didn't shed your Minister in a good light." said Harry with a raised eyebrow, still writing down names and dates, not even looking at the parchment. He turned towards Madam Bones, "I'll have the list for you...right...now." He rolled up the list and handed it to Sirius, who passed it to Madam Bones.

She unrolled it, her eyes getting larger as the list grew longer. Once she was done, she glared over to the Minister and Umbridge. Fudge shifted guiltily in his seat, however Umbridge was still snarling at Harry, who was ignoring her.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"How did the Dursleys get back to land Harry?" asked Lee.

"Before we left the town, I stopped at the Police Station and told them that there was a family stranded out on the rock. They went and picked them up, right after Hagrid and I left. Uncle Vernon wasn't happy that I sicced the cops on them, but I didn't want to think of another plan to get them off that rock."

"You didn't want to?" repeated Sirius.

"Wasn't worth my time to come up with a less conspicuous escape for them."

"That's my boy!" said Sirius ruffling Harry's hair. Lupin smiled.
Seventeenth paragraph.

"Hagrid." said Snape tiredly, rubbing the bridge of his hooked nose with his forefinger and thumb.

Dialogue line.

"Was that out of curiosity or were you still planning your heist?" whispered Lupin.

"Planning a third way." said Harry with an evil grin.

"Merlin, help me." Lupin moaned, massaging his temple.

Dialogue line.

"Only Hagrid." said Sirius fondly. Harry, Hermione and Ron shared a small smile.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

"I don't see how people can have problems with Muggle money, the denominations are right there!" said Hermione exasperatedly.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"What was that for Hagrid." asked Harry.

"A blanket for Fluffy, he was gettin' the sniffles." said Hagrid.

"Who's Fluffy?" asked Charlie.

"You'll find out later." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

School list, first item on the school uniform list.
"Simple yet stylish, at least compared to the Smelting’s uniform." said the fashionistas of the school.

School uniform list, second item on list.

"I can only remember wearing it the first week." said Harry

School uniform list, third item on list.

They all looked at Charlie warily, he wasn't happy, but he wasn't furious.

"They harvest the dragon hide from the elderly that pass away. Their hides are considered the toughest."

School uniform list, fourth thing on list.

"Harry had to order another one, to go underneath the one he already had, he kept almost freezing to death going between classes and going outside. CRAP! Sorry Harry," said Ron. Dumbledore, Mrs. Weasley, and Madam Pomfrey quickly looked towards the raven haired youth, who slapped a hand across his eyes. Sirius and Remus summoned all the blankets from yesterday. back and laid them on top of their cub. "I didn't mean say that out loud." he said meekly.

Note for name tags.

"I remember Fred and George kept switching their name tags around in our first year." smiled Alicia.

Course books list, to the first book on book list including author.

"Actually quite handy to have on you." said Ron. Hermione's eyebrows raised in shock.

Course book list, second title and author.

"Ah, Harry, Ms. Bagshot would like to have a word with you soon. You and your parents used to live right next door to her. I would like to say, she would love to catch up with you, however, these books are doing it for you." said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling again.

Course book list, third title and author.
"I disproved every theory in that damn book in my first year." muttered Harry. Lupin and Sirius looked at him in amazement.

Course book list, fourth title and author.


"No use trying to butter me up Mr. Lee." said McGonagall sternly, she however couldn't stop the sides of her mouth from twitching.

Course book list, fifth title and author

"That is actually one of my favorite books." said Harry. Snape stared at him.

Course book list, sixth title and author.

"That is one of my other ones." continued Harry, Snape's jaw fell open.

Course book list, seventh title and author

The N.E.W.T.S Care of Magical Creature students all cheered.

Course book list, eighth title and author

Umbridge was the only one to applaud the book. Everyone else booed.

A thought had just struck Harry, "Wow, that is some kind of weird and twisted fate."

"What is?" asked Hermione.

"Look at some of the names of the authors. Sir, are all names, those people's real names? The names they were born with?" asked Harry, looking at Dumbledore. He nodded.

"Well, the magical theory book: author's last name is Waffling. And that book is the biggest load of bull I've ever read, It says everything so pretty and flowing that you can hardly understand it. The word "waffle" when used as a verb, is to speak or write with uncertain significance. Kinda like your speeches, Umbridge." said Harry.

People were frowning at this, but then their eyebrows were rising slowly.
"The transfiguration book: last name of that author is Switch, in that class, you learn to transfigure. The synonym for the word 'transfigure' is 'switch'!

Dumbledore sat there, staring at the young man, *he was right!*

"The herbology book: Phyllida Spore. Phyllidae is a noun that means leaf, insects, and the word spore? The reproductive cell of a fungus. Instead of seeds, they have *spores*.

"The potions book: Arsenius, arsenious means containing arsenic in the trivalent state. Arsenic is arsenic trioxide a white, tasteless water-soluble, *poison*. The word Jigger can mean several things, but one meaning is to manipulate or alter, mostly for illegal purposes. A potioneer manipulates and alters the ingredients of a potion and forming it into something completely different, a solid to a liquid. Early potions were used only for illegal purposes.

"The Magical Beast book: Newt Scamander. A newt is a salamander, Scamander is the an old name for a river that flows into the Aegean Sea, which derived its name from Greek myth, which holds tales of Pegasus, and other magical beasts. Or you can manipulate the name and have it be *salamander*.

"The Defense book: Trimble, well if you switch out the ‘i’ for an ‘e’ you get the word *tremble*. Which is something you really shouldn’t be doing when you’re trying to defend yourself, but he was always known to be a coward.” said Harry thoughtfully.

Dumbledore was sitting in shock during this narration. He knew now that Harry was a highly intelligent individual, but he never knew he was *this* staggeringly brilliant.

"This is some twisted kind of fate. For all those people to write books, and their names to be that, naturally. Boggles my flipping mind"

Sirius and Remus stared at him, then each other. Where the hell did Harry learn all this stuff? And just how much is he holding back?

**Equipment list, and pet note.**

"What about a rat?" asked Ron.

Dumbledore smiled, "As long as it's reasonably small, its fine."
No brooms for first years

"Whoopsy-daisy!" sang Harry sweetly. Those who were in their fifth year and up laughed loudly at this, to the confusion of those in earlier years.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.

"Really? You've never been to London, before this?" asked Neville.

"Well...not downtown London, every time the Dursley's would go to London for shopping, I would be left behind at Mrs. Figgs." said Harry with a smile.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph, fifth sentence.

"I couldn't believe it either, Harry." said Hermione.

Twenty-third paragraph, sixth sentence.

"Hell, not even we would pull that kind of a prank." said George, shocked.

"We may be nutters, but we have standards." said Fred with dignity.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Hagrid seemed to inflate with pride. Harry had trusted Hagrid, despite almost all the adults in his life letting him down. Harry chose to trust him!

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, fifth sentence.

"You had a feeling, Potter?" asked Moody gruffly.

Harry nodded and Dumbledore and Moody exchange a significant glance.
"Harry, how did you know that was sherry?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Not only am I the cook at the Dursleys', I'm also the waiter. I know what drink goes best with what" he said simply.

"That would imply that you've taken a drink of something a little stronger than butterbeer a time or two." said Remus warningly.

"Shh! Don't tell Uncle Vernon, he couldn't figure out who took a sip of his wine two years ago." said Harry with a mischievous smile.

"HAROLD JAMES POTTER! YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO DRINK!" reproached Madam Pomfrey.

Harry just gave a sheepish grin. "I know I am, I only took a sip. Of each."

"How many were there?" said Lupin in the same tone as before.

"Thirty-nine, NOT ALL IN ONE DAY! IT WAS OVER THE COURSE OF A FEW MONTHS!" said Harry defensively when he saw the look on Mrs. Weasley's face. "The last time I screwed up on the wine choice, they didn't let me cook for three weeks; I wanted to make sure that, that mistake never happened again!"

"You'd better not drink in front of him, though he's already had quite a few." growled Mrs. Weasley. Her tone changed when he saw the hurt and insulted look on Harry's face. "Sorry dear, I didn't mean..." Harry turned his head away from her quickly. He covered his face up with the phoenix quilt and motioned to Hermione to continue.

Hermione sent Mrs. Weasley a furious look, as did most of the adults in the room, before she continued.

"That has never happened before, that I can remember." said Lupin with his eyebrows raised.
"Bet you just loved that, didn't you Potter?" smirked Umbridge.

"Actually, he hates it. He'd rather go unnoticed." said Draco absently.

All the students, as well as all the teachers turned to look at him, with widened eyes.

"What?"

"You accuse him of liking attention every day!" said Cho.

"I was bullying him! I know he hates it!" said Draco waving his hand.

"I do, I really do hate it." muttered Harry from under the blankets, "The bullying I'm used to, I used to just sit an' take it, now I fight back. Lot of fun actually." said Harry looking over the blankets and smirking over to Draco.

Dedalus sat up straighter in his chair. A part of him felt ashamed that he was fawning over Harry, now that he knew he didn't like being stared at, but he couldn't help but feel a small twinge of pride.

Harry and Ron muttered something, "Watch your language, boys." said Lupin.
"He was the best teacher this school had, till I came around." said Umbridge, leaning back in her pink chair.

"Yeah, best of the worst." said Harry loudly. Students tried to hide their laughter, but for the most part were unsuccessful. Umbridge had a permanent scowl on her face.

Dialogue line.

"I'll just bet you are." muttered Harry darkly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Ruddy coward.” growled Moody.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If anyone else had been there, I don’t think they would have stopped. Hagrid could have just swung his arm and knock them all out.” said Tonks with a cheery smile.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Thirtieth-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Perfect for the Defense Against the Dark Arts teaching position then.” said Kingsley rolling his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first comma.

"Wasn't a vampire." snarled Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Thirtieth-five paragraph.

“Wasn’t too sure I wanted to become a wizard after that. I didn’t really want to meet up with one of them right then and there.” said Harry with a laugh.
“Can you imagine if Harry had not come to school?” muttered Hermione.

“Be a living hell.” said Ron shaking his head.

“We’d be dead.” said Neville.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"The look on yer face was priceless.” said Hagrid.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, third comma, second word.

"I remember one time when we were our first year, James jinxed one of the self-stirring cauldrons in the potions classroom, Sirius took a hold of it and was spun around and around like a top. Went crashing into the wall. Funniest thing I have ever seen in my life!” said Lupin fondly.

“Glad I could amuse you.” Sirius rubbed his ribs, thinking about the prank.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

"Not really, we petitioned laws so that they couldn't take too many livers from too many dragons. They get a set amount every year. We're fighting to have it lowered even more." said Charlie with a pleased tone.

Forty-first paragraph, first sentence.

Out of the blue, came the rush of wings and a snowy owl landed on Harry's stomach.

"Hey Hedwig," said Harry, stroking her feathers. Several girls sighed and cooed.

"Your owl is the most beautiful owl here." said Lavenderlongingly. Hedwig puffed out her feathered chest proudly.

"No, in the whole world." said Harry fondly.
Sirius stroked her feathers as well. "Smart as a whip, too."

Forty-first paragraph, third sentence.

Harry let his mind wander, his first broom. He gave a great sigh, and smiled. Remembering the rushing of air underneath his knees and through his hair. God, he missed flying. He was going to have to get his Firebolt back somehow.

End of forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Poem on door.

Dialogue line.

"Take the hint." whispered Lupin, tugging on Harry's pants leg.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

"How did Hagrid get ahold of Harry's key?" asked Sirius.

"The key was in my possession for safe keeping. I couldn't possibly give it to the Dursleys to hold onto for safe keeping. When Harry was to go to London, I gave the key to Hagrid, and then the key was to be given to Harry, as it was his property." said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

"Oooh, bad move, they will not be very happy with that. They like to keep things tidy, goblins." winced Bill.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
"You had to say that in front the most inquisitive boy Hogwarts will ever know?" said McGonagall with a small smile.

"And so it begins." said Harry, Hermione and Ron all together. Nobody except for a Majority of the staff and the some of the fifth years and up knew what they were talking about.

"Those carts are awesome!" yelled Harry and a few Quidditch players.

"Why in the heck do you say that?" asked Ernie with a shocked look on his face.

"It’s a speed flying thing." said Harry with a shrug.

"You're a nutter." said Sirius shaking his head and tugging his hair lightly.

"Left, right, right, left, middle fork, right left, right fork, left, right, middle fork, down spiral, straight fork, right, right, left and left." said Harry quietly.

The hall went quiet.

"Memorized it on the way out.” said Harry shrugging.

"That was a little unnerving." said Harry.
"Bill..." growled Charlie.

"BRO, I DON'T KNOW!" yelled Bill.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Didn't you know at the time?" asked Hermione.

"Making conversation. Hagrid was real quiet." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"If I had noticed that, I never would have bothered you Hagrid, sorry." called Harry to Hagrid.

Fiftieth paragraph.

"I offered him some gingerbread that I had baked from my knapsack. It was the last thing I baked at the Dursley’s."

"Harry, he was about to be sick!" said Lupin with a stunned look.

"Ginger settles your stomach and makes it so you don't throw up." stated Harry.

Lupin thought a moment, looked to Madam Pomfrey, who appeared impressed and said "Oh."

"Wish I took it, especially if ya made it." said Hagrid sheepishly.

"It was alright." said Harry grinning.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph, second sentence.

People snarled at the memory of the Dursleys.

Fifty-second paragraph, third sentence.

"There was nothing that they paid for!" yelled Hermione looking up from the book.

End of fifty-second paragraph.
"That's just your school fund. Your complete vault is way down below that one. Your dad was the richest man in the world, now you are." whispered Sirius. Harry's eyes opened wide in shock.

Fifty-third paraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Right on!" said Harry, the school players all cheered loudly. Others looked at them and shook their heads. Athletes are insane.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

"Thanks Hagird." said Lupin as Sirius absent-mindedly rubbed the Harry's neck.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Can't get in there to rob it now can you?" said Sirius into Harry's ear.

"Actually..."

"Never mind."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"How come I feel that you are asking this, so you know what could happen if you touch the door?" said Lupin warningly but his mouth twitched when Harry sent a cheeky grin towards the werewolf.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, first sentence, second comma, ninth word.

As did the most of the students in the Hall.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

"Well, that was a huge letdown." said Bill.
"Only restraint Potter has ever shown." sneered Snape.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.

"Hagrid couldn't it of waited." admonished Mrs. Weasley.

"Leave him alone!" yelled Harry. Mrs. Weasley looked shocked, as did the rest of the Weasley children.

Sirius pulled Harry closer to him. "Molly I remember those carts, I would want a stiff drink too. Leave Hagrid alone." he said sternly.

Mrs. Weasley looked down, a little hurt.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

"What the hell is mauve?" asked Charlie.

"A light blue-purple mix." said Harry.

"How do you know what mauve is?" said Ron eyebrows raised far into his hairline.

"Aunt Petunia and her fashion conscious lifestyle." muttered Harry darkly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

Draco paled, oh shit! he thought.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Draco slowly sank into the chair he was sitting.
"OOOH HH!" said the twins. "BURN!"

The Gryffindor team couldn't help but smile. Harry was such a natural that he became a Quidditch star the first game.

The Hufflepuffs in the Hall, including Tonks, Professor Sprout and Madam Bones turned and looked at Malfoy severely.

"Sorry..." said Malfoy quietly.

"That was very kind of you Hagrid." said Dumbledore with his eyes twinkling.

Hagrid blushed, "He didn't have much breakfast."

Growls rippled through three of the four houses.
"I think an apology would be appropriate right now, Draco." said Snape from his serpentine chair.

"I concur." said Dumbledore, the twinkle absent from his eyes.

"I'm sorry." said Draco, looking down and meaning it.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius and Remus snarled a little bit.

"Wasn't then, am now." said Draco quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

The Muggleborns in the Hall sent an angry look towards Draco.

"I agree with Mr. Malfoy, this school should only be kept in the family of purebloods." said Umbridge nastily. The whole school stared at her in shock. Even the Minister sat with his mouth agape at her. Dumbledore sent her a rare scowl.

"You remove the Muggleborns, the magic will be stripped from this place." said Harry calmly.

"You don't know what you are talking about Mr. Potter." simpered the toad like Professor.

Harry sighed and took his little notebook out quickly, flipping to a single page. "The magic that we use doesn't come from our magical heritage or our wands, but the spiritual core that all living things have. There are two cores in a living being, the spiritual core and the essence core. For some reason, Healers refer to this as a magical core, which is completely incorrect. It could mean both of them, but Healers only notice the spiritual core. A person is labeled a witch or wizard when their spiritual core is stronger than normal. A strong core can be passed down in the line of a family, but that doesn't always guarantee that a person will possess the necessary power to wield it.

"The essence core is the core that alerts us to different types of magic, and the power to absorb and contain spare power. This school is pure magic, and it gives off a strong pulse of magic. Purebloods, due to excessive inbreeding, have inadvertently narrowed the path that the magic flows through. The school would choke itself off, in other words, die. When the school dies, so does the magic that holds the school together. Paintings will cease to move, the staircases will freeze, ghosts will be forced to fade, wands and potions will be useless and the forest will die. With muggleborns and half-bloods, the school has a healthy supply of containers to receive and store their magic. The purebloods here have had their essence cores choked off so bad that they don't take any magic into themselves at all. Sad really." said Harry slowly closing his notebook.
The school stared at him and then turned slowly towards the Unspeakables that were present. They were staring at him as well.

"He's right, he's absolutely right. Boy ever thought of being an Unspeakable?"

Harry chuckled and shook his head, no.

End of dialogue set.

"What's it to you?" said a second year Gryffindor, recovering from the shock of Harry's release of information.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

"That's your favorite." said Hermione. Hagrid looked surprised, then his face broke into a smile.

"I get it every chance I can." said Harry with a dreamy smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"You've never used that in class." said Hermione.

"I save it for this." he said holding up the little black book. Umbridge stared at it. She wanted that book.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"An' look at 'ermione!" said Hagrid happily. Hermione blushed and continued on.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
Tonks looked insulted. Hagrid looked unashamed. "I wasn' finished. I was gonna say 'but they're a good lot.'"

Tonks smiled in approval.

"Nothing wrong with that and we would have been glad to have you." said Madam Bones

"I know two off the bat that weren't in Slytherin, but you didn't know that at the time, Hagrid." said Harry kindly.

"He didn't 'almost drag' me," said Harry defensively "He had to pick me up, toss me over his shoulder and carry me away from the book." The school laughed at the mental image.

"WE'LL HELP!" yelled the students.

"And if you need to save your life, the Ministry will try to expel you." said Hermione viciously.

"I bought it two years later." said Harry with a slick smile.
Snape stirred guiltily in his chair, Potter was interested in Potions. *Damn, sorry Lily.*

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You're so nice Hagrid." said Luna dreamily. Hagrid blushed.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You deserve it, what did he get you anyway?" said Lupin curiously.

"You'll find out soon." said Harry, stoking Hedwig’s feathers, who was now on a perch in front of the bowl.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma, fourth word.

"Sorry Neville." said Hagrid shamefully.

Neville just smiled. "It's okay."

Dialogue set, end of third sentence.

Hermione blushed, all the times she brought Crookshanks, “Sorry Hagrid, I didn't know Crookshanks made you sneeze."

"It's alright" Hagrid smiled down to her. “He don’t shed much.”

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

"Aww! You’re so sweet Harry." said twins mockingly.

"What made you choose her?" asked Parvati. Hermione and Ron sat forward in their chairs. Hagrid would always tell them this story, it was their favorite.

Harry sat up a little bit and focused most of his weight on Sirius' side. "Well, we went inside to
pick out an owl when a middle-aged man brushed us aside. Mostly me, Hagrid can't be brushed by anyone. Hagrid had to catch me from falling into a box of owl pellets beside the door."

People flinched.

"Well, he was carrying a birdcage, with the most beautiful bird I'd ever seen. She was hooting and fluttering angrily, she wasn't happy, and neither was the man. He said that she was acting up and he didn't want to deal with her. The man behind the counter sighed and took the owl and gestured towards the man to pick something else. The man wanted his money back, but the shopkeeper wouldn't give it to him. Big sign said behind him 'no returns, exchanges only'. The man threw a flipping fit, he whipped out his wand and things around the store started to explode. Owls were zooming around, trying to peck at anything they could. The shopkeeper tried to repair the damage as the man continued to rant and rave. There was a black cage, tucked away in the back and the man magicked that open. The shopkeeper screamed that, that particular owl was a something like an attack dog. If anything else in that room was living, it was going to be owl food. The man laughed and left the store, before the owl could reach him."

"Hagrid tried to drag me out of the store, but I was trying to get to the Snowy owl, that the man had returned, out of the store. Cause that black owl decided that she was easy pickings and tried to get to her through the wooden bars. I looked towards the man, but his hands were busy trying to get all the other owls back into their cages. So I picked up a broom and smacked the black owl away from the Snowy, right into the wall."

The school cheered, Harry had to wait to for them to finish.

"I picked up her cage and ran to Hagrid. I was afraid that the owl would get up, and start trying to peck her again. The man finally settled down his owls and stuffed them into their cages. The man came behind the counter and threw a wicker basket down on the owl. In order to keep the basket down on the owl, he had to sit on it. He looked up to us, and did his best to make his voice sound normal, didn't work. He asked what we needed, I looked at the owl in the cage, I said this owl. He paled a little bit, told me that, she might not be the best owl for me, she was stubborn and too proud to deliver much of anything. I told him I didn't care, I wanted her. He sighed, shook his head and rang her up, with a significant discount for trying to help and getting caught up in all that, and that's how I got her." Harry said fondly.

"So you saved her?" said Dennis quickly.

"In a way, we've saved each other." said Harry quietly. Hedwig nipped his finger affectionately and rubbed her head into his hand.
"As does everyone." said Professor Flitwick.

"Whose wand is that?" said Hermione interestingly.

"It was the first wand the Mr. Ollivander ever crafted." said Dumbledore.

Albus and Alastor looked at each other again, he could sense this? Dumbledore would have to ask Harry to take a sensing test.

"I must have gotten there after you left, Harry, because the chair was broken when we arrived." said Seamus.

"First wand?" asked Harry. Sirius looked down at him,

"Your mom had a bit of an accident in her third year. A Slytherin girl tried to get the best of her in a duel, your mom beat her hands down, but that little twit ran up to your mom and ripped the wand out of her hands and stamped on it."

"Sore loser." said Harry bemusedly.

"Yeah, Bellatrix always was a sore loser." said Lupin coldly.

"Bellatrix Lestrange?" said both Harry and Neville.

"Yeah, she was always jealous of your mom, your mom was prettier, more popular, better at potions, better duelist, everything. Always pissed her off." said Sirius fondly.

"When Sirius found out in our third year that Lily always managed to whip Bella in everything that had to deal with magic, he ran up to her and kissed her full on the lips."

"Bet she loved that." said Harry with a grin.
"Slapped me so hard that I flew backwards and landed on top of James." said Sirius rubbing his right cheek and chin. "I still can't smile right." The girls in the room started to giggle.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-third paragraph.

"That man likes to invade personal space doesn't he?" said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Sixteen inches? That is one big wand!" said Colin.

"Hagrid's bigger than other people, he would need a bigger wand than most people." said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He hates it when one of his wands gets snapped." said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"What is the point of measuring you, when you just wave a wand or two?" said Draco.

"The measuring lets Ollivander narrow down the list of possible wand combinations. How it does
is beyond my scope of knowledge. What do you think?" said Dumbledore and directing the question towards Harry.

People looked at him, what was his take on it?

"I'm not too sure, but I think he's measuring the aura and the pulsating of power from the spiritual core."

**End of dialogue set.**

Neville looked nervously down at his father's wand, he didn't want a new wand, but if this was why spells weren't working for him, then maybe he should give a new wand a chance.

**Seventy-sixth paragraph, second comma.**

"That made me rethink the whole core theory I had." said Harry with a smile.

**End of seventy-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, sixth sentence.**

"Oi! That's mine!" cheered Colin excitedly. He was thrilled that his hero had tried his wand.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Seventy-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"That one is mine!" said Blaise with his eyebrows raised.

**End of dialogue line.**

**Seventy-ninth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.**

"How many wands did you try?" asked Bill

"Fifty-six." said Harry.

Dumbledore whistled, "That is a lot of wands, You must have been very difficult to find one to be compatible with your core."
Harry smiled and caressed his wand, in his cloak, and then the smile faded. *Twin cores, shit!* *They're gonna find out. Don't know if that is good or not.*

"Gryffindor colors!" hollered Dean.

"Phoenix colors." corrected Dumbledore. "The wand, when first wielded, will throw colors that symbolizes the core. Unicorn's are silver and white and Dragon's are red and green."

So did people in the Hall, Sirius and Remus looked between the two of them and then the teen that was stretched a crossed the both of them. Harry merely kept his eyes closed, ignoring them.

"Why was his wand so expensive?" asked Hermione. She and Ron only paid twelve Sickles for their wands.

"Mr. Ollivander sets the price by how rare the wood is, how long it took to make the wand and how difficult it was obtaining the core," said Dumbledore. He then leaned over to Harry, beckoning him forward. He whispered in Harry's ear. "It took Ollivander thirty years to convince Fawkes and I to give him a feather. He was amazed that Fawkes gave him two."

Harry laughed.
"One of the people from the Underground ran up behind me and ripped Hedwig's cage out of my arms. Yelling something about animal cruelty and some bird society. Then he flung the cage door open. Hedwig wasn't happy, she started pecking him and scratching him. It was real funny, actually." laughed Harry. “Surprised the hell out of him when she came and landed on my shoulder.”

People around the school laughed as well, they knew that you didn't come between her and Harry. Hedwig was very possessive of her owner.

"I can imagine." said Lupin.

"You are special, Harry, very special." said Lupin, rubbing Harry on the head.

"I know, I know, I fergot ter tell him how to get on the train. Train he was on was leavin'"

"Aww, Harry, you're so cute!" squealed Katie.

Then a bright flash of light came from the book in Hermione's hands. A scroll appeared, once again from the book.

"What the hell is that?" said Harry, he was staring at the scroll.
"It's a Recollection Scroll, Harry. This is how we knew about that time you landed in the hospital. I hope to God that this one is a good one." said Sirius.

The hall was smothered in a blanket of light.

"This didn't happen last time!" yelled Fred. The whole room whited out.
The light had deposited them in the middle of a locker room, and the girls quickly covered their eyes, for this was a boys locker room. They however needn’t had worried, for all the boys were clothed from at least the waist down. There were about thirty boys, ages varying from seven to thirteen changing into what looked like track outfits, but there were several different colors that the boys were dressing in. They looked around and saw a small black haired boy tying his laces on a bench. He had giant round glasses now, but they could tell that less than a year had passed since the last event the scroll had showed them. Harry leaned on his cane and walked over to the small boy and stared.

"This is so weird." he whispered.

"You're telling us." said Ron.

"What time is this supposed to be, Harry?" asked Dennis looking a little nervous. "Is this a bad memory, like last time?"

"Actually, this is the first track meet I had. I'm seven years old here, and no, this is a good one. Very good one actually." said Harry looking around quickly.

"How do you know how old you are here?" asked Zacharias, not believing that Harry could be as smart as he demonstrated to be.

"I'm seeing people that haven't taken part in this thing since I was seven. They were just turning thirteen, and once you hit that age, you get disqualified for these. You need to sign up for the Senior races and an easier way I know what age I am, is by the colors." said Harry.

"What colors?" asked Neville.

"The colors of the track shirts we all are wearing. Every age group has a different color. If your seven, see me, I'm in blue. Eight you wear green, nine you wear red, ten you wear yellow, eleven you wear white, twelve you wear orange and thirteen you wear black." he said pointing to a different boy in turn.
Without a warning, a man wearing a whistle came in with a lady with a clipboard and several people who went passed the two official looking people and went to go stand by what appeared to be their children.

"You'd think they would knock." said Charlie warily.

"We had twenty minutes to change." said Harry.

"Alright boys, we're all set for you, now I want you to remember. Do your best, you're all winners here and make your parents proud." Now I want to do a quick roll, just to make sure you are all still here. Let’s start with the youngest age group." he said nodding to the lady with the clipboard.

"Blue group! Seven year olds: Addelton! Cummings! Kingster! Narwins! Potter!"

Young Harry raised his hand and The Watchers cheered so loudly that the last three names were drowned out. Harry looked at them with one eyebrow raised.

"You know I can't hear you right?" he said trying not to laugh.

"We're cheering now. Makes us feel better. You should have seen us the last memory, worst experience of my life. Deal with us getting excited, you said it was a good memory." said Sirius, looking quite excited. Harry just smiled at them, but the cheering stopped for they noticed something odd. Everyone else in the room was surrounded by their mother or father or both. Harry was alone.

"Didn't anyone come to cheer for you?" asked Hermione nervously.

"Yeah, three people did." said Harry happily.


"Nope, not the Durselys." said Harry with a large smile.

"Alright boys. This is your first race here, do your best like I said. Don't be intimidated by the older guys, they've been through this before. Alright, you guys can go on out." said the Man with the whistle.

Younger Harry left with the rest of the boys, but fell to the back of the line. The Watcher's followed him down the hall out into the large track field. People were still filling the stands, but three people were walking towards the younger version of Harry.

"Hey, kid!" yelled an older man, his wife on his arm. Both Harrys looked over to the man, the younger Harry beamed, and the older one paled but had a small smile.

"Officer McFinn!" shouted younger Harry and whispered older Harry. The Watchers turned to look where both Harry's were looking. There stood the officer from the last Recollection Scroll, a woman they never saw before, and the Emergency Room doctor. The younger Harry rushed to the man and his wife. The officer patted his head kindly and his wife hugged him tightly.

"You remember Dr. Clark don't you? I told him that I got you set up for this and he wanted to see you run as well." he said gesturing towards the same doctor from the last Recollection Scroll.

"Hello Dr. Clark!" said Harry brightly. Dr. Clark patted Harry on the head.

"How are you feeling today, Harry?" asked the doctor.
"Fine sir, just fine!" said Harry happily.

"You all set to win all the races, Sport?" said the officer with a grin.

"Now Jim, they're supposed to do their best, winning isn't everything." scolded his wife gently.

"I know, I know, but I've got a feeling this boy's spirit is going to whip them all." he said winking down at the small boy.

"James," said Dr. Clark "You do realize that he hasn't been out of physical therapy for longer than three weeks? I can't even believe you signed him up for this."

"He needs the fresh air, besides you've been practicin' running, haven't you lad?"

"Yes, sir! Every day, Officer McFinn was timing me!" said the younger Harry happily.

"Did say James ?" said Sirius.

Harry nodded, "That was Officer McFinn's first name." Sirius looked intently at Officer McFinn and a small smile was placed on his lips.

"He really cares about you." said Ginny softly to the present Harry. She took a light hold of his hand.

"All three of them did, I did everything I could to make them proud." said Harry quietly.

"What happened to Dr. Clark?" asked Percy. "Do you still keep in touch with him?"

"No, he's gone as well." said Harry almost silently, tears forming in his eyes. "He was sent to be a military doctor, somewhere, he never came back."

"But he could come back!" said Lavender trying to keep optimistic.

"He was reported 'Missing in action.' Chances of him coming back are slim to almost none. I've never given up, but my hope is slipping." said Harry sadly. Dumbledore and Moody saw a few tears fall from his eyes as he looked down.

Dumbledore whispered to Moody, "Let's see what two old wizards can do." Moody nodded.

Ginny took and placed an arm around Harry's middle and gave him a supportive hug.

"ATTENTION, WILL THE PARTICIPANTS GATHER ON THE STARTING LINE FOR THE WARM UP RUN?" called the loudspeaker over the crowds.

"HOLY CATS! WHAT THE BLOODY HELL WAS THAT?" asked Draco in shock.

"A muggle version of the Sonorous charm." said Hermione with a smile.

"Well, you'd best run off and get warmed up Harry. Don't use your speed here, now, save it for the races." said Dr. Clark excitedly.

Younger Harry nodded and hurried off. Some of The Watchers made to follow him but stopped short when they heard Officer McFinn's wife speak.

"I wish we could raise him. Oh Jim, isn't there anything we could do?" she implored to her husband. He scratched his gray haired head.
"Trust me, Holly, Sam and I have tried everything to save that poor little guy from those monsters. That dumb ass of a judge thinks that the monsters were innocent of the abuse. That's what we get for appointing a judge that's still wet behind the ears. The District Attorney told me to leave it be."

"Why would he do that?" said Mrs. McFinn in shock.

"Dursley threatened to sue the police department for harassment. They wanted me to keep away from Harry as well, said I was inappropriate with him."

"Where do they live? I'll shoot them myself." hissed Mrs. McFinn. Older Harry took a step back in shock, with a faint smile on his face.

"Never heard her talk like that before." he whispered, almost laughing.

"I proved to child-services that I wasn't, took a lie detector test and had them watch on a day of their choice. They approved my spending time with him. They're labeling it as something called "Sons Without Fathers" program or something. Only difference is that I can sign him up for stuff that the Dursley's won't. I just have to have him home by six every night."

"He's seven years old, I would think that he could stay out till seven or eight at least." said Sam Clark.

"Harry's the cook at that house, they need him home in time to cook dinner, and I don't get him until his chores are done. A regular little 'Cinderella' life he leads."

"Too bad there isn't a royal ball anytime soon." said Mrs. McFinn sadly.

"Royal Ball?" asked Ron.

"Hermione and I will tell you the story later." said Harry quickly to Ron, stopping Hermione.

All of The Watchers walked alongside the McFinns and Dr. Clark and stood beside the sidelines. younger Harry was running around the large running track, he was the only blue-shirted runner towards the front of the line. The blue, green and red runners were all in the back of the group and trying hard to keep up.

When the warm up lap was over, younger Harry walked over to The Watchers and the McFinns.

"Here's some water dear." said Mrs. McFinn handing him a large bottle of water from the ice cooler she had brought.

"Thanks Mrs. McFinn!"

"I thought I told you not to pour on your speed too early." said Dr. Clark with a raised eyebrow.

"I didn't." said Harry simply.

Dr. Clark looked skeptical. "What races are you doing?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Well, I'm in all three sprints, the hundred, the two-hundred and the four-hundred meters. Then I am doing the three kilometer long distance." said Harry ticking the different races off his fingers.

"THREE KILOMETER? You are going to do the three kilometer?" said Dr. Clark with his jaw hanging. A few Watchers said the same thing and had the same appearance.

"Yes sir." said Harry nervously.
Dr. Clark stared at him, then he looked at Officer McFinn.

"Did you give an okay on that?" he whispered to him dangerously.

"He wanted to do it, I wasn't all that keen on the idea myself. But, he showed some persistence, asking me if he could do it every single time I came to pick him up."

The Doctor sighted. "Too late to back out now isn't it? Fine, but you pull out the moment you feel you can't take it anymore you got me?"

"Yes sir, I will." said Harry eagerly.

"WILL THE BLUE SQUAD PLEASE REPORT TO THE STARTING LINE FOR THE HUNDRED METER RACE?"

"Judging by your shirt Sport, that's you. Do your best lad!" said Officer McFinn giving Harry a pat on the back.

"Yes sir!" he said happily and ran off, waving to the three of them.

"Blue squad?" asked Lupin.

"The races are ran in the age groups, then the winners are then taken and placed in a the finals."

"This is an all-day event, isn't it?" asked Fred.

"It's eight thirty four right now." said Harry looking up at the sky.

"That is crazy how you do that, you know?" said Neville blinking up at the sun.

They watched as younger Harry positioned himself on the starting blocks with the other children lined up beside him. They all looked heavier than he did by at least twenty pounds. But Sirius wasn't looking at the size of his godson compared to the other children. He was looking at Harry's eyes. He saw a spark there that he had never seen before. The same look he had seen in a horse when it was about to run.

The starting gun went off and the boys went sprinting down the track. At first the children were neck and neck, but like a bullet shot out of a gun, Harry came right up to the front and led the way by at least a meter. The Watchers and the McFinns were jumping up and down excitedly. They all were screaming "GO HARRY! YOU CAN DO IT, GO! " and the McFinns and Dr. Clark were shouting "ATTA BOY! WAY TA GO!" They watched as Harry crossed the finish line, a good three seconds ahead of the rest of them.

The older Harry was standing beside them silently, he was smiling. Here was a memory he would have to try on a Patronus, just to see how strong it could be.

The scene shifted forward and they were standing beside the McFinns once again. This time, there were seven different kids in different colored shirts lining up on the starting line. Harry, in blue, was easiest the skinniest and smallest person amongst them, but when they looked at the time board, he had the fastest time.

"What is that thing up there with your name on it?" asked Neville.

"It tells people how fast they ran." said Harry quickly.

The gun went off and The Watchers all shouted in excitement as Harry took off like a shot. He was
neck 'n neck with a black dressed boy, whose legs were almost as long as younger Harry's entire body. But Harry put a bit more speed on and was a few feet ahead of him when they crossed the finish line.

Sirius and Remus were jumping up and down and so were the Weasely children. The others were applauding as well but not nearly as loud. The only ones not joining in the excitement was Umbridge and Fudge. However, Fudge was trying very hard not to cheer on the small boy. Officer McFinn kissed his wife tightly and Dr. Clark clicked the heels of his own running shoes. Officer McFinn ran up to Harry as he was being congratulated by the rest of the blue squad and the other runners, picked him up and threw him into the air, then catching him as he came down.

"YOU DID IT SPORT! I KNEW YOU COULD!" he shouted placing him on his shoulder. Harry laughed and hugged the officer's head. Older Harry smiled, and he gripped his cane tightly. Oh, how he wished he could run again. This whole feeling, like he was being cursed with the Cruciatius curse every single time he moved, was getting to be too much to endure.

The same thing happened with every single sprint that he took part in, he was the best in his heat, and when it came time to do the finals, he would be fighting for the first place win against an older runner. But he always came out on top, one time, however it was a tie. They had to re-race quickly and Harry beat the twelve year old by half a second.

Sweat was pouring off younger Harry's face so much that Dr. Clark had to rush to the local store and buy him a towel. When the fifteen-hundred meter run was going on, which was designated thirteen year olds only, the McFinns and Dr. Clark wiped all the sweat off the boy's face and handed him cold bottles of water. Younger Harry took this time to rest for the two-mile race, Mrs. McFinn came back with a picnic basket and she handed him a sandwich and more water.

"How are you feeling now, Harry?" asked Dr. Clark, taking a big bite out of a turkey and Swiss sandwich.

"Still great, sir! I can't wait till the next race." said Harry eating his peanut butter and jelly sandwich, a bit of jelly was on his cheek. Mrs. McFinn dabbed the jelly away from his cheek gently.

"Now take your time with that one, Sport. You have a long time to race in that one. Don't push yourself to start with, take it slow. Wait till you are almost done to 'book it.' We'll keep track of the laps for you. When you run past, we'll tell you how many you have left to do. 'kay?" said Officer McFinn. Harry nodded.

"And remember, what I said, if you feel like you can't continue, just drop out. You've done really great today. Forget great, you've done brilliantly! I don't remember anyone under ten years old winning a complete sprint, let alone ALL of them." said Dr. Clark with broad smile.

The scene shifted once more, Harry was running with a group of larger boys. He looked a little tired again but he was still going strong. When he went past The Watcher's, who were about to start cheering when Officer McFinn and Dr. Clark bellowed out.

"LAST LAP HARRY!"

It was as if he had kicked on some internal after burners or something, because once those words left their lips, Harry began to sprint. He was fourth in line, but he began to overtake the other runners. When he flew past each one, they stared in shock and couldn't help but slow their own pace. He met up with the leader and slowly passed him just as he went turned the finally corner. The Watchers, Dr. Clark and the McFinns all jumped up and down, cheering for him. As Harry ran
acrossed the finish line, Dr. Clark was the first to reach him and pull him into a great hug.

"THAT WAS AMAZING! YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT!"

"Hey, Doctor?" gasped Harry.

"What is it?" said Dr. Clark, holding arm’s length.

"Now, I'm tired." panted Harry with a smile, Dr. Clark laughed. Officer McFinn picked him up and hugged him tightly. Mrs. McFinn kissed Harry on the cheek.

The Watchers were cheering, dancing in the people around them and challenging Harry to a race when he was all better. The light that had brought them there, began to form again. Most of the students groaned, they wanted to see more. As the white light enveloped them. They all could hear a whisper, clear as day. It was Officer McFinn.

"I'm so proud of you Harry."

Chapter End Notes

I thought I would end this on a touching ending, at least I hope you found it touching. Reviews are always welcomed! Love getting notices of reviews in an email. Makes my day.
Chapter Summary

The Watchers finally get to see how Harry, Ron and Hermione met and their instant friendship...right?

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

The light faded and they were back in the Great Hall. The sun was beginning to set softly into the West and the people in the Hall were wiping away tears. Each one of them had heard Officer McFinns words and they looked to Harry, who was standing beside Ginny. He had a small smile on his face, and his eyes looked watery. His hand was gripping his cane tightly and he was chewing his bottom lip slightly.

Mrs. Weasely came over to him and brought him into a tight hug. Only Umbridge looked indifferent.

Harry forgot that he was somewhat angry at her, for her earlier remark from the book's last chapter. He buried his head into her shoulder. Sirius came over to him and enveloped him into a hug as well.

"I miss him, I miss him so much." said Harry quietly. Mrs. Weasely pulled him away and wiped the tears off his face.

"I know dear, We all know. He was a good man, though we only saw him twice, he was a very good man. He loved you very much. I need to say something to you, dear. I'm so sorry Harry, for what I said earlier, it was completely out of line." said Mrs. Weasely, handing him a tissue.

"It's okay, I was just being defensive. I didn't expect you to say that." he said after he blew his nose loudly.

"I never should have said that. Now let’s sit you down," she said as she helped Sirius lay him down in the bowl and this time, Lupin supported his head. "and get some food into you."
The tables of food once again reappeared and she hurried off to get Harry a plate. Sirius lifted his feet and placed them on his lap. Harry still had tears falling down his face and Lupin took out his own handkerchief and dried his eyes.

"I'm acting like a baby." Harry whispered between wipes of the handkerchief.

"No, you're just remembering how much he meant to you. There is no shame in it. Sirius and I still have breakdowns over your parents. But we make it better now by trying our best to take care of you. Do you have a way that eases the pain?"

Harry thought carefully "I guess that would be my cooking, I always feel better when I'm in the kitchen," he said quietly.

"There you go, anytime you want to cook, I'm pretty sure Dumbledore will let you, and so will we when you come to live with us." said Lupin gently ruffling his head.

Mrs. Weasely brought over a plate of food and handed it to Harry. He didn't feel up to eating at the moment, he couldn't get The McFinns and Dr. Clark out of his mind. He missed Officer McFinn and he really wanted to find Dr. Clark, But he had tried, he tried very hard, he even enlisted the help of some very powerful people in the Muggle world to help him. Not even the most powerful person in the country could help him. Not that she didn't try, much like Harry's personal endeavors, she did all she could too, but to no avail.

He heaved a sigh and took a look at the food, he sneaked a look over to Lupin and Sirius and saw that neither of them were eating, they were looking at him.

"Aren't either of you hungry?" he said thickly. His throat was hoarse from crying.

"We won't start eating till you do." said Lupin firmly.

"I'm not hungry, actually." said Harry, his brain was acting fuzzy again. He couldn't think straight like he would normally do. Madame Pomfrey had told him that he would have a problem thinking clearly sometimes, due to either the fever he had experienced, or some sort of curse he was put under during the incident.
Lupin motioned over the Snape, he begrudgingly strode across the room.

"What?" he asked with bored voice.

"Do you have a nutritional potion on you?"

"I do, why?" asked Snape with a plain look on his face.

"Could Harry have some? He's not feeling well enough to eat, and I don't want to force food down his stomach if he may throw it back up again." pleaded Lupin.

Snape thought about it for about half a second and took a small vial out of his cloak.

"Here Potter, drink it all." he said handing it straight to Harry.

Harry looked up to him, and Snape saw what appeared to be, pain. Not a physical pain, but a soulful pain. Any and all dislike he had for the boy temporarily disappeared. Harry took the vial and whispered 'thanks' and drank the potion down in one gulp.

Meanwhile, Dumbledore and Moody were in the small room off the Great Hall.

"What do you think about our chances of finding Dr. Clark, Alastor?" said Dumbledore seriously.

"Well, I still have some friends in the Rangers. They can hunt down anybody, Magical, or Muggle. They have to, being the frontlines of crime prevention, they have to be able to track people and discover their whereabouts. I can send an owl out to them right now and get them here. They would need an accurate description, if we have to, we can ask Potter for a memory of him. Without the help of the Rangers, our chances of finding the man is about ten percent. With their help, I would say, that the chances fly up to ninety-eight percent."

"I didn't know that you had friends in that secret society! How did that happen?" said Dumbledore in a pleased shock.
"Saved the life of one of English Captain’s lieutenants. He rewarded me with this eye, let me tell you, getting used to it was really trying."

"I've always wondered where you got that." said Dumbledore looking pleased.

"Yeah, they're further up on the 'Magical Knowledge' rung of the ladder then even you Albus. I'll send an owl off and get 'em here."

"Thank you Alastor, it would mean the world to Harry." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"That kid deserves a break. More than anyone." said Moody gruffly.

When Dumbledore returned to the Great Hall, he saw that Harry was taking a potion and gulping it down. He hurried over to Harry and asked.

"Harry, what is wrong?" said Dumbledore worriedly.

"He's not in the mood to eat, we asked Severus if he had a nutritional potion, and he gave Harry one." said Remus.

Dumbledore looked carefully at Harry. "Are you alright, Harry."

Harry looked down gave no reply, but Dumbledore was not to be deterred. “You miss Officer McFinn, don't you?"

Harry gulped down a few tears and nodded.

"And Dr. Clark?" added Dumbledore softly. Again Harry nodded.

"Harry, we will find him. The non-magical world may have not been able to locate him, but we will. I promise, we won't stop till we get you an answer. Alright?" said Dumbledore seriously, but with a kind tone.
Harry, looked at Dumbledore, with a mixture of hopelessness and grief, he flung his arms around his neck.

Dumbledore was stunned for a moment, but as soon as he felt the hot tears fall on his shoulder, he returned the hug.

He patted Harry on the back and soothingly said to the distraught boy, "It’s alright Harry, it'll be alright. Just let us take care of it now, we'll pick up where you left off. Moody is sending an owl to start the proverbial ball rolling."

"Can we get on with the book now?" said Umbridge in an irritated tone. "Were not getting any younger."

"That is evident just by looking at you." snarled Sirius.

"Do you feel up to continuing Harry?" said Dumbledore kindly.

"I don't see why it should be up to him!" said Umbridge, she was still glaring at Sirius.

"Harry must be present at all times, the books will immediately seal themselves if he isn't present." said one of the Unspeakables. Umbridge paled. *There goes my plan.* she growled to herself.

"Who would like to read now?" said McGonagall. Hermione looked at the next chapter and smiled.

"I nominate Ron." she said, grinning.

"I don't wanna read." he said quickly.

"Read the chapter title." she urged him.
He looked at it quickly and a smile came to him.

"Alright then, I'll read."

He cleared his throat dramatically and said aloud

**Sixth Chapter title.**

"Alright! Finally, we're getting to Hogwarts!" yelled Sirius.

One of the Unspeakables looked confused, he looked at the book with wonder in his eyes but said nothing.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

"It never is." said Fred.

"And if it was." said George.

"It wouldn't be summer." they both finished.

**First paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

The school cheered, Dudley would never bully Harry again. When one of the students voiced this, Harry only smiled sadly.

"You'd think that." that caused everyone to cease cheering.

**First paragraph, second sentence, second comma.**

"Well that's a bonus." said Dennis.

**First paragraph, second sentence, third comma, fourth word.**

"Well, at least it sounds like they didn't hurt you any further." said Lupin rubbing Harry's arm.

**First paragraph, end of second sentence.**

"Even better!" shouted a Slytherin.
"They should be!" yelled a Ravenclaw.

"Aside from getting caught trying to stash you away from this place. Why did they not want you to leave their house? It sounds like they would love to be rid of you!" asked Draco.

"They wanted to keep their butler, chef, gardener and housekeeper." said Ginny with a scowl towards the book.

"Nothing new." said Lee with a grim look. He was an only child and if he wasn't at the table for meals and making his parents laugh at his antics, they would think he wasn't well. He could hardly imagine his parent's ignoring him. It wasn't natural.

The students turned to gape at Harry, but he was currently being comforted by the two men in the bowl with him and Madame Pomfrey. Harry tried to sit up, for reasons unbeknownst even to him, but a pain shot straight through him and he collapsed almost panting in pain.

"You actually read the book, Harry?" asked Hermione with great surprise. Thankfully, due to Madame Pomfrey's timely and many potions. He was feeling better.

"Yeah, I read it a few times." he said.

"Oh Harry! HOW COULD YOU?" lamented the twins dramatically. The school laughed, even Harry chuckled a bit, which brightened the twins up quite a lot.

"Ewww." said the girls in the room, but Hedwig, who had just returned, hooted indignantly.
"I did that too!" said almost every single Muggleborn in the school as well as some Half-bloods and Purebloods.

**Third paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

"Potter! Why did you wait until the very last day to ask them." said Snape sharply.

Harry rubbed his forehead, his mind was slowly getting back to normal. "I learned that asking them right away, and having the important day so far away, they could deny that I ever ask them. By asking them the day before, they can't say I never asked."

Snape looked down, that does sound like something Petunia would come up with for an excuse not to do something.

**Third paragraph, end of first sentence.**

"Quiz show?" asked a Slytherin. "I hate tests, why would you watch a show about quizzes?"

"It’s a show where people go and stand in front of a lot of people and answer a bunch of questions, you may or may not know the answer to. The more questions you answer right, the more money you get." said Harry.

"Wow? That sounds really easy!" said a few Purebloods.

Harry looked at them, sighed and asked them, “Yellow, brown, clear, blue, green, black, pink and red is the order of rarity of this valuable object."

The students looked at him in curiosity. The Muggleborns blinked then gasped and looked down, deep in thought.

"What nonsense are you rambling off Mr. Potter?" asked Umbridge with a puzzled look upon her face.

"One American quiz show, which has some following over here, gives you the answer; you have to give the question." He then looked over to the Purebloods who had said it was easy. "You have the question yet?" They shook their heads; he then looked over to the Muggleborns. Bill had his eyes closed, and then he had a smile upon his face.

"I've got it." said Bill "How do you answer the answer?" he said with a smirk.

"If the answer was a person you would say 'Who is..' an object would be 'What is' and so forth."

"Alright then, what is a diamond?" said Bill still smirking.

"You got it." he reached into his pocket and took out seven galleons and tossed them over to Bill. He caught them and stared at Harry. "You got the answer right." he said simply.

“So why did you give me money?” asked Bill.

“When you get an answer right, you get money, you get an answer wrong, some shows take away the money you've earned.” said Harry.
“I'm going to need to look into those games.” said Ron.

End of third paragraph.

"That is awesome!" said the students. "Serves you right, you great lump!"

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

"I'm amazed you know how to speak intelligently, Potter. Especially if for the most part you had to endure these people." said Professor Flitwick kindly, but then his tone turned to a stern one.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

“Guess that means that Harry can speak troll.” snickered Fred.

Dialogue line.

"And I'm impressed that you knew manners." said Flitwick with amazement.

"You're so polite, Harry." cooed Bathilda Bagshot. "You are just as polite and sweet as when you were a baby."

Several people sniggered as Harry blushed.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I keep forgetting he's a bloody idiot."

"CHARLIE!" said Mrs. Weasely.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"Scotland." said several students.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Your Aunt Petunia is indeed a good faker Mr. Potter, she knew all about her sister going to
Hogwarts and even went with her to that platform." said McGonagall bitterly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Saner then you, Mr. Driving-Across-The-Country-To-Avoid-The-Bloody-Post."

"Molly, you just told off Charlie for saying what he did." said Mr. Weasely, smiling and shaking
his head.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"You really don't need to do that Harry," said Lupin with a frown on his face. "they don't try to
make things friendly with you."

Dialogue line.

"Good thing I wasn't that Doctor." said Hermione nastily.

"Why is that? We would have loved it, would've been great fun." said Fred and George.

"In order to see the tail clearly, he would've had to remove his trousers." said Hermione
George and Fred, plus several others, started to gag.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

"Explains what happened to you on the train." said Ron looking up from the book.
"What happened to you on the train?" asked Lupin quickly.

"It'll most likely come up. If not I'll tell you." said Ron with a secretive smile.

**Tenth paragraph, second sentence.**

"Wise move, Potter." said Moody as he entered the Great Hall, he was just in time to catch the last sentence. He bent over to whisper in Dumbledore's ear.

"They're sending someone now."

Dumbledore smiled.

**Tenth paragraph, third sentence.**

"That is some patience, you've got Harry." said Sirius.

"Too bad he doesn't have that anymore." smirked Dean.

"I use it when I really need it." said Harry absently.

People looked over to him, wondering what he meant by that.

**End of tenth paragraph.**

"'Talked' nothing, I made three batches of triple chocolate chip cookies, that morning once they all woke up. She gave him two of those three batches for him to eat on the way to London." said Harry.

"Did you at least get one cookie?" asked Mrs. Weasely.

"No, but I did have a spoonful of cookie dough." said Harry with a smile.

"Best part of baking cookies." said Ginny smiling.

"Did you say 'triple chocolate chip'?" said Lupin his voice sounded excited.

Harry and Sirius laughed.

"I'll bake you some tomorrow if you wish." said Harry laughing hard.

"Please?" pleaded Lupin.

"Us too!" shouted a majority of the students.

**Eleventh paragraph.**

"This won't end well, will it?" said Sirius worriedly.
"It's there, it's just protected from Muggles finding it on accident." said Hermione.

Madame Pomfrey and Professor McGonagall voices rang superior over Mrs. Weaselys voice.

"HE COULD'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED! ANYTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED!"

"Yeah, Harry...” said Fred.

“Be stupid on accident like the rest of us!” said George.

Snape snorted.

"You never panic, Harry." said Ron with a smile.

"I couldn't see the outside very well to tell the time on my own." said Harry.

"How foolish Mr. Potter." sneered Umbridge.

"He had no other recourse to act upon." said Snape quickly. He was going to say what she had said. But the moment she had said it, he wanted nothing to do with that thought.
"da-da-da-DA! The Weasely Calvary has arrived!"

**Sixteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

"I..am..so...sorry.." said Harry to Mrs. Weasely. She, however just smiled at him. Mr. Weasely whispered something into his wife's ear that made her giggle and blush.

“Oh Arthur.” she giggled and shoved her husband lightly.

**End of sixteenth paragraph.**

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Molly! You had five boys before this even happened! How come you still ask what platform?" asked Tonks exasperated.

"This was the first time I brought Ginny with me. Other times she would stay home with Arthur and keep him company, and make sure he didn't blow up the house." she said teasingly.

"It's kinda a tradition with our family," said Charlie.

"You get to go to King's Cross the year before you are accepted at Hogwarts, that way, you are real excited for a whole year." said Fred and George.

"All Weasely's have done it that way." said Arthur.

"Oh...sorry.." said Tonks sheepishly.

**Dialogue line.**

"If anyone 'aww's' or 'ohh's' I'm going to beat them to a pulp." threatened Ginny.

“Ginny! Miss Weasley!” said Mrs. Weasly and Professor McGonagall together.

"Thank God we broke up." said Michael Corner quietly. Harry managed to catch what Michael had to say. Ginny also heard it but was unperturbed.

*They broke up?* thought Harry quickly, did he dare to cross that line? He would have to think about it, and decide fast.

**Dialogue line.**

**Eigteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
"They love that joke." said their mother with smile. "It drives me nuts, but they love that joke."

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-first paragraph.

"Do I really look like that?" said Ron looking up from the book.

"You did when I was eleven, you don't look like that anymore." said Harry kindly.

“Yeah, you're taller, ganglier and you're growing into your nose and hands.” said Fred and George.

Twenty-second paragraph.

"And when it's solid, boy is it ever." muttered Harry and Ron.

People looked at them in confusion, when was the Platform ever solid?

Twenty-third paragraph.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

The students all cheered at this, but were temporarily silenced by pink sparks coming from Madame Umbridge's wand.

"Of course he made it! He's sitting there! Unfortunately." spat Umbridge. The last part she said out
loud on accident, but didn't make it seem like it just slipped out.

"Apologize Delores," said Madame Bones. Her wand out. Lupin and Sirius's wands were also out and pointing at her.

"No, I don't apologize to children. Children should apologize to their elders. I demand an apology from Mr. Potter."

"He doesn't have anything to apologize for! What the heck are you talking about?" shouted Bill.

Fudge was looking over to Umbridge with a raised brow. What _was_ she talking about?

"Because of him, I have been insulted and ridiculed. I demand an apology."

"Oh shut up, stupid woman!" shouted Madame Bones. "Continue Mr. Weasely, ignore her."

Ron nodded and continued.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

People cheered when Neville, good-naturedly, took a bow.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Lee then stood up and took a bow. They all knew it was him, no one else in the school had dreadlocks.

Dialogue line.

Lee stood up and took another bow.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Ron paled quickly, but recovered.

Thirtieth paragraph.

"Ooow!" moaned the students and absent-mindedly massaging their feet.

Dialogue line.
"You mean to tell me, you two actually helped someone? Without pranking them afterword?" said Ginny with a mocked look of surprise.

"Oi! We aren't hooligans! Okay, maybe we are, but we aren't all that bad!" said Fred and George indignantly. Some people snorted.

"I had no upper body strength at all, at that point." Harry said with a smirk. Sirius and Lupin smiled, he was at least feeling a little better. But then, they froze. Did he say 'at that point?' Mrs. Weasely, realizing that he was feeling a bit better, brought over a tray of food and laid it on his lap. He picked out a roll and munched on it.

"From all the attention I was getting and some of the children's books I read in Flourish and Blotts, I was supposed to be some great warrior or something. A veritable superhero. I, in my opinion, hardly fitted the description. Still don't really. And I still couldn't believe that I was the reason that Voldemort, oh will you people get over it, that he was defeated. I learned later that I was right, it wasn't me that defeated him, but my mother. I just happened to survive by chance. If my mother wasn't there, I would have been dead, just like everyone else who fell before his wand." said Harry matter-of-factly.

Lupin almost choked on his grape. He hadn't thought about that, and now, when he was forced to, he couldn't bear it. He gripped Harry's hand tightly. Everyone else looked somber, it took Ron a moment to gather himself up and proceed with the reading.
"You stalking us, Harry?" said Fred with an evil smirk.

"You reminded me of the McFinns, though they didn't have children, something about you reminded me of them." he said with a small smile. The Weaselys looked saddened but they smiled.

"Aww, Mum, don't do that in front of people!" said Bill shaking his head.

Mrs. Weasely looked over at Ron, with an apologetic look on her face.

Ron merely shrugged.

"We vow never to say 'ickle anykins' again." said George.

"Cause 'Horseface' said it." said Fred.
“Wow, you do sound like a prat.” said Sirius simply.

Percy began to turn red.

"Molly! Don't give them any ideas!” admonished McGonagall.

"Don't say that! She's our best source of inspiration!” said the twins. The school erupted in a wave of laughter.

"Aww! Come on Ron! Come up with a different name! We don't want to remember that we and Horsie think the same!” cringed the twins.

"You shut up.” returned the twins with wide smiles.

"I get the feeling that my nose is going to be a focal point of this chapter.” said Ron bitterly.

"That specky little shrimp we saw before we came on Platform Nine and Three-Quarters!” said the twins.
Someone was about to 'ooh' and 'aww' but a glare and a balled up fist reminded them of her threat.

"You've always been so polite, Harry." said Mrs. Weasley kindly.

"You two have a death wish." said Bill staring at the twins while Charlie whistled.

"He said it." said the twins pointing to each other.

"I'm warning all of you..." Ginny growled.

“And I'm warning you.” said Mrs. Weasley said to her daughter.
"Awww!"

"ALRIGHT! WHO SAID IT?" shouted Ginny standing up.

Harry smiled and slowly stood up. "I did."

Ginny came over, and reared her fist back.

"Just like you, I keep my word." she then threw her fist forward. The teachers and Sirius and Remus moved quickly to try and stop her.

Harry smacked it swiftly away from its intended course, flipped his cane and shifted her leg. She fell backwards and Harry caught her in his right arm. She looked shocked but Harry simply smiled.

"Next time, be sure to connect." he said slyly. Ginny blushed, smiled and then nodded. Before he helped her stand again he pulled her close. "You and I both need to watch our tempers, I think." he whispered. She blurred even deeper.

As he watched her walk back to her chair he thought bitterly. Why didn't I kiss her just now? What am I waiting for?

"Ginny was thinking along the same lines.

"I'm starting to think you have separate personalities." said Sirius looking at him with widened eyes.

"I'm starting to think so too, there are times that I act like I don't have a clue what is going on, and then I have my normal frame of mind back and going strong. I think that the incident is behind of my 'stripping my mind's gears' so to speak."

Ron stared at the both his sister (who was being chastised by her mother) and Harry, shook his head vigorously and continued on.

"Hell would have been better." muttered Harry darkly.

"Everywhere else wasn't, Ron, and you know it." said Hermione smiling.

"I didn't care if they were full or not. I was feeling a bit lonely." said Harry.

Ron grinned.
"Didn't work." said Harry brightly.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

"What is with you an observing things." said Ron in an irritated voice.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I wanted to tell you lot, to keep it down there and maybe have you shove it off the train." said Ron looking a bit pale.

Dialogue line.

"Short, sweet and to the point." smirked Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"No, he don't know Weasely." said Draco with a snide smile.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Can't remember much of this either." said Harry bitterly, reaching behind himself. He then looked up at from where he laid, "Dumbledore, sir?"

"Yes, Harry?" said Dumbledore sitting back in his chair, drinking tea.

"I need to talk to you, when this is done for the day. I'm remembering some things."
"Do you wish to talk now?" said Dumbledore, almost spilling his tea.

"No it can wait a bit longer." said Harry.

Umbridge looked very worried.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Seriously mate?" asked Ron incredulously, Harry smiled and nodded.

Dialogue line.

"Cause he insulted Dad in the worst way possible. Mom don't take too kindly to that." said Fred and George with a small scowl. "Neither do we, for that matter."

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

"Yeah, he was one of the families I was talking about, but not really, Potter." said Draco quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Bloody understatement." snarled Charlie quietly.

End of dialogue set.

"You've got six now, Harry." Bill called over. Harry blinked, then he smiled.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

"Why on earth were you gloomy?" asked Bill.

Dialogue set, third sentence, tenth word.
"Only cause everyone else in the year were almost as stupid as trolls." said Bill with a small smile, but still concerned over his brother's behavior.

Dialogue set, end of fourth sentence.

"Cause everyone else was a third year." said Charlie, not smiling, but looking at his little brother.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"Cause I'm a prat." said Percy kindly to Ron. Fred and George looked at each other and stared at their older brother.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

The twins said nothing, where was Ron going with this?

End of dialogue set.

His brother's paled, Ron held all this in? Even Mr. and Mrs. Weasely looked concerned. They would have to have a talk with Ron once this chapter was done.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Mr. Weasely gulped loudly. He needed to talk to Ron, very soon.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Fifty-third paragraph.

"Oi, I thought he was overdramatizing it!" he said to all the glares he was receiving.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Ron repeated this act. Harry could hardly hold in his laughter.
"One moment, Mr. Potter, tomorrow, I want to give you a quick assessment test, just so we can rate you correctly. I have a feeling you have been holding back a majority of your knowledge from your schoolwork." said McGonagall quickly. Harry looked at Hermione nervously, then looked at his Head of House and nodded slowly.

"We weren't quiet Harry, you were passed out asleep. I never met a guy in my life that didn't snore in their sleep." said Ron with a smirk.

"Explains the racket you make every night." said Harry with a smirk as well.

"I don't snore!" said Ron indignantly.

"The hell you don't!" said Harry, Neville, Dean, and Seamus. Ron looked a bit shocked and then vainly cleared his throat, to carry on.

"Hearing her talk made you almost leap off the chair." said Ron with a smile.

"They didn't feed you that morning?" asked Mrs. Weasely with a grim look.

"I spent the entire morning cooking food."

"You spent the whole morning baking cookies?" said Ginny with her eyes widened.

"No, cooking food to put in the freezer. I made enough meals to last them awhile. Remember, Aunt Petunia can't cook."

"What are Mars Bars?" asked Draco.

Lupin reached deep into his cloak and brought out a slim, slightly cylinder wrapped chocolate bar, he tossed it over to Draco. Draco caught it and looked at it.

"That's a Mars Bar, it's a Muggle candy bar. Go ahead and try it, I have twenty more in my
pockets.” said Lupin kindly.

They all watched as Draco stared at it, looked over to Lupin and slowly opened it. He looked at it suspiciously and then took a small bite. His eyes lit up, he smiled, and he wolfed the whole thing down in three bites.

Blaise Zabini nor Theodore Nott ever saw him get that way with chocolate before. They looked over to Lupin, "Where can we get some of those Mars Bars?"

Lupin had just handed Harry an unwrapped one and said "Muggle World, they sell them everywhere." Harry took a big bite of his, closed his eyes and smiled.

"I can try and make these if you really want." said Harry to them.

"How can you?" said Lupin with widened eyes. Harry smiled.

"I can taste almost all the ingredients when I bite into something, makes replicating someone’s favorite dish all the more easier."

Lupin and Sirius stared.

**End of fifty-eighth paragraph.**

"I thought I had a sweet tooth, I bow and toast to a better." said Dumbledore jovially raising his tea cup.

**Fifty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Didn't know he actually meant it." said Ron bitterly.

**Sixtieth paragraph.**

"I was wondering what I was doing with tuna." said Fred looking down.

**Dialogue line.**

"Take it Ron, not your fault he doesn't know what the bartering system of lunches is." said a Hufflepuff muggleborn.

**Dialogue line.**

"I'm sorry, Ron." said Mrs. Weasley sadly. Ron looked guilty.
"I had the McFinns and Dr. Clark to share things with, but that was years before this. I had
forgotten the feeling." said Harry, looking down with a slight smile.

Ron laughed, "We had just taken a bite out of a cockroach cluster. When he saw one of the legs
sticking out, he turned a shade of green that I never knew existed."

"Me too!" said a every student that was collecting them.

"Agrippa and Ptolemy are the two of the rarest cards in the entire world. I myself only have six of
Agrippa and two of Ptolemy." said Dumbledore serenely.

"I've got twenty of each card there is." said Lupin smiling. "Including Agrippa and Ptolemy."

Ron and Dumbledore stared at him. "Once again, I bow to sweeter sweet tooth then the one I
possess." said Dumbledore in shock.

"What do you a charge a person just to look at it?” said Ron with widened eyes.

"But what I wouldn't give for is a Harry Potter card." said Lupin wistfully.

"W-W-What?" stammered Harry.

"Your card is actually the rarest in the world. There are only seven in circulation, and I am proud to
say, that I have one of the seven."

"Holy cripes! How many Chocolate Frogs did you have to go through to get that?" said Ron with amazement.

"Seven hundred and fifty-three thousand two hundred and nineteen frogs. The chocolate from all of
those Frogs are downstairs in the kitchen." said Dumbledore simply. The students sat and stared.

"Sounds like two years’ worth of chocolate for you." said Sirius looking at Lupin.

"I melted some of that chocolate to make the Knickerbocker Glories. Sorry sir," said Harry
apologetically.

"Not at all, use what you wish, that is what they are there for." beamed Dumbledore.
Sixty-first paragraph.
"I'm intensely honored that I was your first card, Harry." said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dumbledore's Chocolate Frog card.
"What's chamber music?" asked a small Gryffindor.
"It's music played by a small group of amateur musicians in a home of a friend. Have you ever been to a child's piano recital played in their house?" said Dumbledore addressing the boy. He thought and nodded.
"That is a form of chamber music."
"Explains why he wants to have the school sing the school song almost every year." whispered Ron to Hermione who giggled.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"That frightened me for a moment." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
"So polite." sighed Bathilda Bagshot.

Dialogue set, third second sentence.

Dialogue line.
"That IS weird!" said a few Slytherins.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma.
"You got a Circe?" said Sirius in amazement. "That...that is one rare card." Harry noticed that, that was not where he was going with the conversation, but he let it go.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, end of third sentence.

"Merlin too? Wow!" said Neville.

End of sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"I sympathize with you, I've had several bad experiences." said Dumbledore, looking over to George.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dean patted him on the back, he hated sprouts too.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

"You are brave, mate." said Fred shaking his head.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Yep, that's Neville." said Seamus.

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"All the hell and abuse you went through, how did you end up so nice?" said Sirius looking at Harry.

"The McFinns and Dr. Clark helped a lot." said Harry quietly.

Dialogue line.
"Harry, you and Ron are complete opposites." said Ginny shaking her head. Ron's face darkened.

"Actually, we're pretty much the same. Only difference is, is that he speaks his mind all the time, I hold it in." said Harry smiling at Ron. Ron brightened a bit. "I actually really like it when Ron speaks his mind like that. He's insanely funny."

"Damn rat."

"That is not good. Not good at all. From now on, if anyone's core is sticking out of their wands, please raise your hands." said Dumbledore sternly.

About five people raised their hands.

"See Professor McGonagall after this chapter, she will get in contact with Ollivander and we will provide you with new wands or have them repaired." said Dumbledore nodded towards McGonagall.

"I was amazed you came back so soon, Neville." said Harry.

"You made it sound like we lied to him for fun." said Ron looking at Hermione.

"Harry!" Hermione scolded him.

"Hey, you have to admit, you were bossy back then." said looking a bit guilty.
"I would have told you to bug off." said Sirius looking at Hermione with raised eyebrows. She blushed. She finally admitted to herself that she was a bit of prat when she was younger. But she changed, didn't she?

There was silence in the school, except for the twin's sniggering. Ron looked slowly over to the two of them. Charlie and Bill nodded to each other and smacked the back of their heads.

"YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS IT IS TO DO THAT? IF WE HEAR OF YOU DOING THAT AGAIN..." they paused because the twins still looked pleased with their joke. Bill jerked his head towards Harry and smiled evilly over to Harry. "We will have Harry give you a 'dressing down'."

The twins paled considerably. Mrs. Weasely looked over at Harry, deeply impressed.

"Blimey, Hermione, you really need to learn to breathe when you're talking." said Ron, heaving a gasp. Hermione blushed slightly, while the rest of the school and the guests laughed.

"Miss Granger, you were very rude, for two reasons: you sat down, without being invited, and the other reason is the way you introduced yourself." admonished McGonagall. Hermione blushed deeper.

"Sorry, Ron, Harry." she said quietly.

"It's alright, Hermione." said both Ron and Harry.

“I was close, but not quite, I hadn't memorized the Fungi book yet.” said Harry.
"No Granger, he's lying to you." said Pansy with a smirk, to her dismay, no one laughed.

"I'll admit it, you really sounded like a stalker, at the time, I found you a little creepy." said Harry with a slight smile. Hermione blanched.

"Wow, Hermione, you really didn't know how to talk to people did you." said Lupin with concern on his face.

"No, I really didn't, now that I look back." said Hermione sadly.

"For a moment there, I thought you forgot all about me." said Neville with a smile.

The school gasped, how the heck did these three become the closest group of friend the school had ever known? What brought them together?

"And if he ever does that again, I'll have a few words with him." said Harry, following Bill's lead. The twin's eyes widened and they slowly leaned away from the raven-haired teen.
"Not that I'm good enough for that house." said Ron with a smile.
"You can beat them all in chess, that's got to count for something, mate." said Harry.

"You sound like Draco, just a little bit." said Luna dreamily.
"I DO NOT SOUND LIKE HIM!" bellowed Ron and Draco at the same time.

"Thanks mate, I needed that, actually." said Ron.
"You shouldn't be trying to make everyone else feel better, Harry. You need someone to make YOU feel better." said Lupin a little crossly.
"At that time, for the past three years, I got used to having no one to help me in the emotional or physical department. I knew Ron needed help, so I helped. Made me feel a lot better." said Harry quietly. "Besides, I don't want to be smothered."

Charlie stood up and waved, he also showed off a few burns on his muscular arms. A few girls whistled.
"Curse Breaker," said Bill. A few more people cheered and a few more girls whistled. "Sorry girls, I'm taken, dating someone." said Bill. The girls groaned.
"You want to know what happens when you rob a bank do you?" said Lupin whispering into his ear.

Harry merely smiled.

Ron stammered over the Dark Lord's name.

"You're getting better Ron." said Harry with a smirk.

"Puddlemere United!" said Harry, Dumbledore and Sirius.

"Chudley Cannons!" said Ron and Mr. Weasley defiantly.

"Holyhead Harpies!" said Ginny, Alicia, Katie and Angelina.

Other students and parents shouted their favorite teams.

"It is." said the Quidditch players and the fans.

"Oh no." said Draco, covering his head.

"How did he and the rest of the train know? We didn't mention it!" said the twins.

"I didn't either." said Neville, looking puzzled.

"Sorry, Harry." said Hermione quietly.
"They are." said Draco almost silently.

"Actually, yeah." said Ron looking up at Draco. They glared at each other, until Harry coughed warningly. Which they took to mean 'don't try it.' They stopped glaring at each other and Ron continued reading.

The Weasely children turned slowly in their seats to face Draco, shifted in his seat and apologized before Professor Snape or Dumbledore could request that he do.

"You're a prat, you know that, right?" said Tonks severely. Draco looked down in a shamed sort of way. Though his family didn't like Tonks and her mother and father, he always thought she was really pretty cool.

"Good for you Harry, stand up for your friends." said Bathilda Bagshot with a doting smile.

"You don't need to tell him that. He'll go to any lengths to protect his friends." said Dennis Creevy.

"You can say that again." said Ginny, Neville, Ron, and Hermione. Harry looked down, blushing heavily.

"You go Harry!" shouted a few students.

"For the Malfoy family, that is red." muttered Seamus.
Professor Snape stomped over to Draco and pulled him out of his chair.

"You...me...now.." he said pulling him towards the door of the Great Hall. They left, Snape, slamming the door behind them.

Dumbledore watched with widened eyes towards the door. He then looked over to Ron.

"I think they wouldn't mind if we continued." said Dumbledore quietly.

"Hopefully." said the twins sitting forward eagerly, forgetting that they knew what had happened.

"That IS bravery, Harry. The very definition of bravery." said Dumbledore smilingly.

"Greedy gits." snarled Padma and Pavarti.

"What happened?" said Sirius and Bill leaning forward eagerly.

"Ouch!" moaned Sirius and Bill, absently massaging their hands.

"The only noble thing that little bastard ever did." growled Lupin.

People who were bullied by Goyle started to laugh so hard that tears came out of their eyes.
"Good." said Lupin, Sirius, Ron, Harry and Hermione.

Nintey-first paragraph, second sentence, second comma.
"Cowards." muttered Lavender

End of nintey-first paragraph.
"Wow! They were scared of me." bragged Hermione. The students and a few Aurors laughed.
"Wait'll they get you angry in the third, they'll be downright terrified of you." smirked Harry.

Dialogue line.
"Take a guess, Hermione." said George.

Dialogue line.
"What a stupid rat!" said Zacharias nastily. Thinking this would be a good insult, but it failed miserably when he saw Harry, Ron, Hermione, Sirius and Lupin laugh. One of his housemates noticed what he was attempting to do and smacked him soundly on the back of the head.

Ninety-second paragraph.
The school laughed, what a lazy rat!

Dialogue line.

Ninety-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.
"Mr. Malfoy and his family were exonerated from all suspicion." said Umbridge smugly.
"First name on the list I gave you, Madame Bones." said Harry looking over to the Law Enforcement Head. Umbridge deepened her snarl.

End of dialogue set.
"Never saw a gray area of politeness." said Charlie with a small smile.
"You channeling Mrs. Weasely, Hermione?" smirked Tonks.

"What the...how did you two become friends? I kinda agree with Ron in this aspect, you were a bit much." said Sirius solemnly, Hermione nodded sadly.

"Hermione, I really hate to pick on you too..." said Lupin wearily

"I wasn't picking on her!" said Sirius taken aback.

"but," holding up a hand to silence Sirius. "Hermione, you're on a train with kids seventeen years old and all the way down to eleven year olds. They are going to act childish." Hermione blushed and slowly nodded.

"AGAIN, WITH THE NOSE! LAY OFF WILL YA?" shouted Ron.

"Sorry." said Harry and Hermione both smiling broadly.

"Good observations, Potter. You'd make a fine Auror." said Moody approvingly.

"Well, now I have a clue to who bought me brand new robes for my birthday." said Ron looking over to Harry, who whistled innocently while looking up at the enchanted ceiling.

"Wow, you two were scared?" said a majority of the school. They all knew that they were two of the three bravest people in the school and they couldn't picture them terrified.
"Sweets before feasts." muttered several boys and nodding.

Lupin and Sirius adjusted the blankets.

The students cheered.

"Very good Mr. Potter." beamed Professor Sprout.

"I thought I lost Trevor." Neville said blushing.

"Harry, your descriptions are positively lovely." said a fourth year Gryffindor girl Harry had never met, but she was batting her eyelashes.

"And their dead on, too." said Bill with a smirk.

"Bet Weasely was thrilled." said Blaise laughing.

"Oh, you have no idea how thrilled I was, at the time." smirked Ron.
People closed their eyes and thought back to their boat ride across the lake.

"How did he get there?" asked a few puzzled students.

"Ask Trevor, cause we don't know." said Neville and Hermione.

"Yes and thanks for asking, Hagrid." said Neville happily.

"Well, it's time for us to retire for the night, I think." said Dumbledore cheerfully.

Snape and Malfoy then came back into the Great Hall, Harry noticed that Malfoy was nursing his backside.

"You wanted to say something to Potter?" said Snape severely.

"Sorry, Potter. What I said four years ago, about your mum and dad." said Draco, wincing as he massaged his back end.

"It's alright, you were just repeating what your father said, you never knew just how bad it was till you hear it for yourself in the third person." said Harry kindly.

"Now Harry, you wanted to discuss something with me?" said Dumbledore, trying to hide his anticipation.

"Oh yeah, 'bout the incident. Do we talk here or elsewhere?" asked Harry standing up.

Snape came over and whispered into Dumbledore's ear. Dumbledore turned his head slightly towards Snape and nodded.

"I think my office might be the best place for it. Who would you like to have accompany us?"
"Sirius and Lupin, I think. Just them, sorry Ron and Hermione, it’s just..."

"We understand mate, when you're ready mate, you'll let us know." said Ron, taking ahold of Hermione's arm when she started to protest.

Snape, Lupin, Sirius and Dumbledore all helped Harry out of the Great Hall. Umbridge stared in fury at them leaving, was he starting to remember? She would have to put a stop to his remembering, now.
Harry's beginning to remember things about the incident, but it's still so fuzzy to his recollection. Dumbledore and Moody plot to bring Dr. Clark back into Harry's life, but it will take a bit of help, Ranger help...

As they entered the Headmaster's officer Fawkes swooped in and flew over Harry's head, then he landed on his perch, singing a soothing note all the way.

"Hey Fawkes," said Harry with a smile on his face.

"Would you like to take a seat Harry?" said Dumbledore kindly. He didn't motion over to the chair in front of his desk, but to the soft sofa in the corner beside the fireplace.

Harry walked over to the sofa, the cane clacking on the ground, a constant reminder how injured he was. It made Dumbledore's heart break in two every time he heard it. He laid his cane beside the couch and Fawkes flew down to the young man, landing on his knee. Fawkes nuzzled his head next to Harry's heart, suddenly Hedwig came fluttering in through the open window, and snapped her beak at Fawkes. Fawkes pulled his head back and looked at Hedwig in confusion.

"Hedwig, it's alright, Fawkes is just trying to make me feel better, ok?" he said cautiously.

Hedwig looked at Fawkes critically and then hooted in agreement. Fawkes looked between Hedwig and Harry slowly and nuzzled his head against Harry's chest again. Hedwig hopped onto Harry's shoulder and nipped his ear affectionately.

Dumbledore gazed fondly at the interactions between the young man and both of their pets. Snape was looking out the window and in the reflection of the glass, he watched as Lupin and Sirius sat beside the black haired boy.

"Alright Harry, what is it that you remember." said Dumbledore, summoning his chair from behind his desk.

"Not a lot, but you told me to let you know when I start to remember something."

"Do you remember what object caused you this harm, Potter? It would help us narrow down what is causing your wounds to not heal." said Snape turning around quickly.

Harry shook his head. "No, I don't. Not yet."

"Then why are we here?" said Snape.

"Words, I remember words." said Harry closing his eyes and thinking hard.

"What words?" said Lupin taking Harry by the hand.

Harry thought hard, "Something about the Minister, and being able to do it. And worthless. I don't know what else."

"Sir, before the Reading's took place, I saw Umbridge AND Filch look uncomfortable when the incident was mentioned. When you asked Mr. Potter if he had remembered what had happened," said Snape quietly. "They may know something about what had happened and refuse to come forward. Umbridge obviously despises the boy, and Filch, well...with Potter's rule-breaking tendencies, it's no wonder he's not a fan of the boy."

Sirius and Lupin paled, they ignored Snape's last comment, but what he had said worried them. "Was it Umbridge and Filch that hurt you, Harry?" they both said quickly.

"I don't remember, I can't even say that it might be them. It could have been a Slytherin who's really out to get me, or someone who snuck into the school. It took me a while, but I learned not to throw accusations around without some definite proof." he said a pointed look up to Professor Snape.

Snape took this subtle hint and gave him a nod.

"Well, it's a start Harry, it's a start. It'll come when it's ready, when you're ready." said Dumbledore with a knowing smile.

A knock came at the door. Dumbledore called over, "Come in."

It was Mad-Eye Moody and a tall person.

Harry couldn't see if this was a man or a woman, because there was a horrible mask covering this person's face. He immediately thought of a death eater's mask, and his hand itched for his wand, but it wasn't the same style that they wear, it was completely different yet frightfully similar.

"Here he is, Albus. Albus I'd like you to meet Lionus, he's the Captain of the England branch of the Rangers." said Moody.

"Hello Lionus, welcome to Hogwarts." said Dumbledore standing up, he tried to look at the eyes behind the mask, but they changed color and size almost constantly. "I'm sorry but I can't place the name, were you ever a student here?"

"I was, but Lionus is my Ranger name. I choose to give up my birth name a long time ago." said the Ranger with a voice that distorted with each syllable.

"Then I shall respect your name change, Mr. Lionus." It seemed that he would be able to decipher who the person was, so he felt it best to move onto what he could do. "We would like to ask you for a favor." said Dumbledore, eyes twinkling.

"Alastor already told me the reason for me being asked to come here. I just need a photo or an accurate description of him." said Lionus.

"Well, we only saw him twice, I don't think we could give a good enough description." said Sirius, sending Harry a look out of the corner of his eye.
Harry stared at the man, he had heard rumors of these men and women in the Muggle world but he never had met them. And for good reasons, they only went after massive drug dealers, mass human traffickers, genocidal maniacs, other criminals on a much larger scale. They were the front lines, any criminal that leaked through their grasp were only the smallest and the weakest of criminals. The world populace had a taste of the true criminal element that the Rangers held back, back in the days of World War II, an insane criminal deceived, Harry learned, the Rangers and took control of almost an entire continent. The Master Manipulator, Adolf Hitler. It was said that Hitler committed suicide, however, with a little digging, Harry learned, that it was the Rangers who were really behind it.

"Harry?" said a voice coming from beside him, Harry shook his head and was forcibly ripped from his thoughts. Dumbledore and the rest of them were looking at him.

"Huh?" said Harry.

"I need a photo or description, Mr. Potter." said the Ranger. Harry nodded and reached into his cloak, and pulled a worn photo.

"This was taken when I was about eight." he said handing the man the photo.

The ranger looked carefully at the picture, it was a photobooth picture, there was a man and a woman kissing each other, and a man with a child on his lap, the man and child were exchanging bunny ears behind each other's heads. "The man on the left?"

"Yes sir. Could you find him please? If he's....If he is, gone, it'll at least bring me some closure." Harry said quietly.

"I'll do what I can, I'm no miracle worker, despite what people say. I am amazed 'Kage'," he said looking over to Harry.

Harry looked at him quickly, not saying anything.

"that you couldn't find him. I will..what is that?" He turned quickly and pulled out a dark looking pistol and wand, his aim was straight on Dobby the house-elf, who looked dazed.

Harry hurried over to Dobby, kneeling in front of him, shielding him from the Ranger.

"It's Dobby, he's" Chunk "...my...fr........" Harry said quickly, but his speech slowed as he looked down, Dobby had plunged a long kitchen knife into his side and blood flowed freely from his side.

Sirius let out a yell and was about to curse Dobby into oblivion when Dumbledore, knocked Sirius aside and sent a spell towards Dobby, immediately, the dazed look was gone. The house-elf shook his head, his ears flapping on his face as he turned his head.

"What is Dobby doing in Dumbledore's office?" said Dobby blinking heavily. "Oh, hello Harry Potter, what is Harry Pot....." he looked in shock at his own thin hand holding the knife into Harry's side. Dobby, backed away slowly and squealed shrilly as Harry fell to the floor, clutching his side.

Sirius and Remus rushed to him, they took the blade slowly and carefully out of Harry's side, and they held a hand over the wound to keep pressure on it. Fawkes flew over to Harry and held his head above the wound and cried into the wound. Harry opened his eyes and his quick breathing slowed down and he sat up slowly. The wound was gone. Dumbledore checked the wound to make sure Harry was alright and then walked over and picked Dobby up into his arms.

"Dobby, he's alright, Harry's alright." he placed Dobby down beside Harry. Harry nodded smiled.
"I'm okay, I'm okay." said Harry to Dobby.

When Dobby came closer to Harry, Sirius whipped his wand out pointed it at Dobby.

“Get away from him!” snarled Sirius.

Harry ripped the wand out of his hand and threw it in the corner. Sirius stared at him.

"Knock it off." he snarled at Sirius. "Dobby didn't know what he was doing!"

"He's right Sirius, the counterspell I used, is for the Imperius curse. If he wasn't under that particular spell, then he would have been knocked unconscious." said Dumbledore sternly.

The Ranger looked down at Harry, he didn't look away for several moments, finally, he turned towards the house-elf.

"What do you remember before you found yourself here?" he said quietly.

"Dobby knows not sir, Dobby remembers cleaning boys bathroom on third floor, then Dobby remembers nothing." said Dobby looking as if he were about to cry.

"Amnesia seems to be contagious this year. It's alright Dobby, no lasting damage and it wasn't your fault. Take the rest of the night off, It seems I need to place protective charms over the house-elves." he said and left quickly. "Best take him to the Hospital Wing for the rest of the night."

Sirius and Lupin lifted Harry to his feet. Sirius mumbled an apology to Dobby and grabbed Harry's cane.

Once they left, only Moody and Lionus were left in the Headmaster's office.

"What did you mean by 'Kage?'" asked Moody.

"A name, he will tell you, if these books don't do it for him." said Lionus not looking at Moody.

Moody growled thoughtfully, then he asked, "What do think about finding this doctor?"

"Harder than I thought, I know where this doctor is."

"How does that make it harder?"

"It's WHERE the doctor is, that makes it hard."

Sirius and Remus escorted Harry and Dobby to the Hospital Wing where the Weasely's were waiting for them. When Harry changed into his pajamas, he was relieved that there was no scar and he went to go lay down in the bed. Bathilda Bagshot came over and sat beside Sirius.

"Hello, Harry dear." said Bathilda.

"Hello Ms. Bagshot." said Harry politely.

"Please, dear, call me Aunt Batty. It's what you used to call me." she said kindly.

"Alright." said Harry. He wasn't too sure what to say, he had some questions, but he wasn't sure how to go about asking her.
"I lived next door to you and your parents. Oh you were so cute, I have several baby pictures of you!"

"As do we." said Lupin and Siruis.

"Dear God." moaned Harry.

Bathilda pulled out a thick book and went to sit on the side of his bed. Sirius and Lupin eagerly clambered over the hospital bed, they wanted to see if she had any pictures they didn't.

Dumbledore, along with McGonagall, Moody, Tonks and Kingsley came in and when Dumbledore saw the book he magicked it to become large and easier to see. He smiled over to Harry when he moaned and buried his face into the pillow.

"It's not as bad as you think Harry, you were absolutely adorable back then." he said with a smile.

Tonks squealed when she saw the photo album and ran to sit next to Lupin. Dumbledore sat on the bed next to Harry and flicked his wand to turn the pages.

The first picture was one of Lily laying in a Hospital bed and James holding a tiny little baby in his arms.

"Aww! You were so tiny Harry!" squealed Hermione.

"He's still tiny." said Bill with a laugh.

And the night slowly wore on with them looking at old photos. Once midnight had arrived, Madame Pomfrey tore her eyes away from a picture of Harry being lightly tossed into the air and caught by Dumbledore himself, to announce that Harry needed rest.

Bathilda assured everyone that she would share the book with them again, and left to go sleep in her room.

"Kingsley," said Dumbledore quietly, "You and I will take the first watch." Kingsley nodded.

The next morning, Harry had woken Sirius and told him to come down to the kitchens with him, Sirius, remembering what Harry said he was going to make, eagerly waited for Harry to change and they made their way down to the kitchens.

When the rest of the school had woken up and eaten their breakfast, Harry and Sirius opened the doors and made their way to the bowl chair. When Umbridge saw Harry, she hid her scowl with a napkin and pretended to cough. She knew that damned house-elf failed her and the curse was lifted on it, she wanted to make another attempt, but that meddling old fool, Dumbledore went and placed protective charms around all of them.

Lupin turned in the chair and addressed them, "Where the heck did you go?"

"We went to the kitchens and baked some cookies, this morning." said Sirius, "Now, I know what an oven does." He added beaming good-naturedly.

"Where are the cookies?" said Ron and Lupin excitedly.

"You just ate breakfast! You'll get them at lunchtime." said Harry with a bemused look on his face.

"Have you found a suitable book yet, Delores?" said a voice coming from behind them.
Rivers was back.

Umbridge paled, as well as Fudge.

"What happened to you Mr. Potter? You weren't using a cane the last time I saw you." said Rivers looking at Harry with a frown on his face, he then slowly looked over to Sirius and his eyes widened.

"He's been proven innocent." said Madame Bones standing up quickly. He looked over to her, thought for a moment and nodded slowly.

"Back to what brought me here, did you find a suitable replacement book for your class?" He said, recovering from the shock.

"Well, we've been busy with these books, we're trying to expose the lies Mr. Potter has been telling." said Umbridge worriedly.

"I don't care. How long have you been reading these books?" said Rivers with a his eyes half open and his brows hiding in his graying hair.

"Five days." said Kingsley, counting the days.

"Out of two weeks, you've spent five days reading these books? Well, that still gave you ample time to look into finding another book for your Defense class. I see I will have to take appropriate actions, unless you wish to give me a better reason that you haven't found a book?" he said folding his arms.

Umbridge and Fudge looked at each other nervously.

"No? Well then, I will see to you in a moment." he said, then he turned towards McGonagall.

"I was asked to bring this Assessment Test." he said handing her five sheets of parchment.

"Oh, thank you. Harry, come here." said McGonagall conjuring a desk and chair. He walked slowly over. "This test isn't like your end of term exams. This test has no time limit, but you may cease whenever you feel like it. Complete the questions to the best of your ability. Take your time."

Harry looked over to Hermione and sighed. He picked up the quill that was provided and set to work.

Twenty minutes later, he leaned back in the chair and handed Rivers the five pieces of parchment.

"Couldn't finish, could you Potter?" sneered Umbridge. Fudge grinned evilly.

Rivers looked at them with confusion and unfurled the parchment, the test papers were extended by three feet each. The writing was small, tidy and the answers were long, very long. Rivers blinked in surprise. He took the papers and read the first answer. This was...was...incredible! He raised his wand and slowly brought his wand over the paper. A grade appeared on the top and he nearly dropped the paper, he had heard about this grade being given, but he never saw the grade apply to anyone personally! Not anyone living in Britain or America, anyway.

It was an 'O' and a golden star. A Star Outstanding! And on an Assessment Test! It was almost unheard of! Not even Dumbledore himself had received a Star Outstanding in anything thought Rivers.

Rivers cleared his throat nervously and addressed Fudge and Umbridge.
"You really want to know what grade this young man received." he said, doing his best to keep a straight face.

"Of course." Umbridge said sweetly. She wanted some satisfaction, because she couldn't seem to get anything done her way, and she was furious.

"He received a Star Outstanding." said Rivers softly to the people in the Great Hall.

The teachers and the Ravenclaws all gasped, minus Umbridge who snarled. Everyone else, was left in the dark, including Hermione.

"What's a 'Star Outstanding'?” said Hermione a little confused.

"A Star Outstanding, Miss Granger, is a much, much higher grade then a plain Outstanding. There is the standard scoring system, T-for Troll, P-for Poor, D-for Dreadful, A-for Acceptable, E-for Exceeds Expectations, and O-for Outstanding.” said Flitwick excitedly.

"When it comes to the Star scoring system there is only Star E-Exceeds Expectations and Star O-Outstanding. By receiving one of those grades on any test, including this one, you get the opportunity to take the W.A.N.D.S test. Then, if Mr. Potter manages to get Star Outstandings in the W.A.N.D.s test, then he will be able to take the M.A.G.I.C.s test! What the letters mean are a unknown by me, it's been so long since someone was qualified to take the test! " said McGonagall excitedly, her face broke into a proud smile.

Hermione stood up and walked over to Harry, he stood up. She asked him angrily, "Why didn't you tell me, that you were this smart? Why have I been helping you on your homework all these years, when you were obviously better than me?"

"I wanted you to stand out." he said loud enough for the people around to hear him.

Hermione looked stunned, "What?"

"I was told, by the Dursleys, that I wasn't to get better grades then Dudley was. Which was insanely difficult, might I add. Well, I just got so used to standing in the background, and yet excelling in my own way, without anyone knowing. It worked out intensely in my favor might I add."

"I really don't see how!" snapped Hermione.

"Well, I could tell, by our meeting on the train (thank goodness the books water down my thoughts, or we would still be on the second chapter) that you wanted to stand out, you wanted to be the best. I realized that I was already going to be gawked at and already, people set high expectations upon me. I also saw how Ron was overshadowed by his family, much like me. I decided to stand in the background and tutor Ron, in a secretive manner.” said Harry on a small smile.

"When we all became friends, Ron and I both agreed that we would let you tutor the both of us, because, like I said, we wanted you to stand out. Ron's the best at chess, and now some magical practices that I've taught him over the years. You, you're already the best in almost every class. It gives you pride, and it gives you joy, what right did I have to take that away from you. Unfortunately, I've already stolen that from you." said Harry with sadness on his face.

"Gee mate, you really do sound like Dumbledore when you talk like that." said Ron, gaining his speech back faster than anyone else in the school.
"I save it for when I know I can't dilute my words." said Harry sadly. Hermione blinked.

"So, you two kept this a secret from me?" she said weakly.

"Hermione, we are sorry, we can never say sorry enough. I will say it, I was debating whether to admit it or not. I did it for selfish reasons." said Harry with a sorrowful look.

"What selfish reason?" said Hermione looking confused, she was slowly forgetting to be angry.

"Both Ron and I actually really, really like seeing you so happy because you aced a paper. Because you beat everyone else in the class, we would swell with pride every time you would show us your test results, we would hold it in and Ron would act put off, he's a real good actor. Like an older brother, I wanted you to stand out. Show me all that you had in you. Be honest with me, would you have excelled in the classes as far as you did, if you knew how far ahead I was?" he said looking in her eyes.

She looked away, of course she would have excelled! She would have...wait, no. She thought to herself bitterly. The only reason she memorized the books, the only reason she answered questions first, was so she could prove she was the smartest. She wanted to prove that she, coming from an all muggle family, could be the best the school had. She looked back at him, and bit her lip.

"Now that the cat is out of the bag, I swear from this moment on, Ron and I will NEVER lie to you again. And you can choose which Harry you want to have in classes. The one I was, or the one I actually am."

"Why should it be up to me?" said Hermione taking a step back, this choice startled her.

"To slightly repay you for the what I put you through." said Harry kindly. "You don't need to make the decision now, we aren't holding classes. You can make the choice whenever you decide."

Hermione thought quickly.

"I want...the one that you are happier with, it shouldn't just be up to me." said Hermione earnestly, tears forming in her eyes.

Harry sighed, he looked over to Ron, who slowly nodded. Harry shook his head again, and sighed "I guess, I'm going to..."

He looked around and glanced over to Malfoy, he thought about Malfoy writing to his father, inadvertently reporting everything he learned from the books and what people were saying.

"hold back." he said.

Hermione blanched and Ron nodded, knowing Harry's reasons.

Harry looked at Hermione and walked over to her and whispered in her ear. "Malfoy, I would rather Voldemort not know just how much knowledge I've got stored away. I would rather have him guessing. But, if you ask me to go all out, at any time, I will." Hermione nodded, looking over to Malfoy.

That was the second reason, to hold himself back, she discovered. Take Voldemort off guard.
Hat Trick

Chapter Summary

Harry's been ousted as a somewhat of an intellectual, but he still wants to be just one of the guys, act his age...but will his godfather be supportive of him when he learns that he could have been placed in Slytherin?

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

Once nine o'clock rolled around, the book opened itself and hovered in the air.

"So who's going to read?" said Ron, looking around the school.

"I would like to." said Luna a dreamy voice. The book flew over to her and landed softly in her hands.

**Chapter title** said Luna in her trademarked dreamlike tone.

"Oh jeez." said Harry smacking his forehead. He could live his life happier without Sirius and Lupin knowing just how close he was placed in Slytherin.

**First paragraph.**

"Yet, Mr. Potter..." said McGonagall calling over to Harry.

"I keep crossing you left and right." said Harry with a small smile.

“Don't feel bad, your dad used to do that all the time.” said Sirius with a smirk.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Second paragraph, second sentence.**

"I never noticed, but, you're right, the Great Hall is about that size." said one of the third year Slytherins, remembering the Dursley's house.
"Good, Potter, take in your surroundings. Very good." said Moody, nodding his head.

The teachers and some of the Ministry workers were impressed by this. The doors were quite thick and it was almost impossible to hear anything through those doors. But Potter heard several hundred people. He must have some very sensitive ears.

“How the hell did you hear that?” asked Sirius.

“Aunt Petunia would whisper to me what she wanted me to do when guests came around, if I didn't listen carefully and got them wrong, I'd catch hell for it.” said Harry plainly.

Sirius and the rest of the adults grumbled.

"Aww, scared little first years are so adorable!" said Fred sweetly and clasping his hands and bringing them under his chin.

Ron's stomach rumbled. Ginny and Hermione slowly looked over at him.

"Ron, breakfast was fifteen minutes ago." said the both of them slowly. Harry laughed.

Several people bumped fists with their housemates and others high-fived each other.

"I heard about this so-called free time, never got to experience any myself." said Harry with a smirk. People across the hall laughed. Neither had they.

Gryffindors stood up and cheered
Hufflepuffs also stood and shouted

Ravenclaws jumped to their feet and raised their voices

Slytherins bounded out of their chairs bellowed out their support.

"See, Ron, Slytherins aren't all that bad." said Harry and Hermione. Hermione looked at Harry quickly. Harry shrugged,

"I've been trying to tell him this for years."

"Name one good wizard from Slytherin, after You-Know-Who." said Ron stubbornly.

"Alastor Moody." said Harry quickly.

"Ah. Right. Well then never mind." said Ron looking over to Mad-Eye, looking sheepish. Moody smirked.

"Whatever points we lose, cause of our male stupidity, Hermione makes up for it." said Ron giving Hermione a one armed hug. Hermione blushed.

"You guys aren’t stupid, at least I know that now." she said stifling a giggle.

“We're guys, Hermione, and we were YOUNG boys, granting us the opportunity to be the biggest prats on the planet. Ron and I would like to offer a blanket apology for everything we say to you in these books." said Harry, slightly switching back to his restricted self.

Hermione laughed and nodded vigorously. "Only if you accept mine."

"In a heartbeat." said both Ron and Harry.

"I don't know if we are, Ron, but everyone else did become a credit to their houses." said Harry.

"Even Malfoy, Harry?" said Ron with his eyebrows raised in mock surprise.
Harry looked over to Malfoy, and Malfoy stared at him.

"Even Malfoy."

Malfoy's stare widened.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

"Wow, Harry, you do notice everything!" said Neville laughing with everyone else. Harry mouthed an apology.

**Fourth paragraph, end of first sentence.**

"Again with the nose?" said Ron throwing his hands up in surrender.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

"When I said smarten up, Potter, I didn't mean you. I knew your hair was a lost cause." said McGonagall kindly down to him.

**Dialogue line.**

"Never happens." said Flitwick, looking at all the students.

**Fifth paragraph.**

"Wow, Harry, you were nervous?" squeaked a small first year Hufflepuff. "Weren't you?" said Harry with an eyebrow raised. The little Hufflepuff blushed.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

Bill stood up and took Fred by the ear anddragged him out of the Hall. “Oi!...ow ow ow ow!” shouted Fred as he was dragged out.

Luna sat and waited for them to come back. And they did, Bill was pulling Fred along by the arm, while Fred's free hand was massaging his rear.

“I didn't do that to you guys.” scowled Bill.
“We were just having fun...” said Fred easing back into his seat.

### Sixth paragraph, third sentence.

"Most kids would focus on the 'hurt' part." said Sirius sadly.

### Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, seventh word.

"Really?" said Hermione with widened eyes.

Harry shrugged, "Hagird told me I couldn't use magic, outside of school. I knew the incantations, but didn't practice it.

### Sixth paragraph, seventh sentence, first comma.

Neville smiled over to Hermione. "You tend to talk a lot when you're nervous." he said kindly

### Sixth paragraph, eighth sentence.

"Sorry Hermione, but you weren't helping anyone at all. Made the rest of us feel a little bad." said Dean.

### Sixth paragraph, ninth paragraph.

"What? Harry, how could she blame you for turning her wig blue?" said Dumbledore looking intently.

"Well, she was a substitute teacher, and she had a very high opinion of herself. She wanted to be a college teacher, not primary school. She handed out a test, it was a college level math test, just to make us feel inferior. She collected all of our papers after we were done. She saw mine, and told me that I must have cheated. Which told me that I got at least some of the questions right. She called me a cheater, and some other names, no profanities, but she got close a few times. I was ticked, all of a sudden, her hair turned blue. Looking back, it was hilarious. She danced around the room when she saw her reflection, she wanted to take the wig off, but it wouldn't budge. She glared at me and at the end of the day, she sent the letter home with me.” said Harry with a small smile, but it was wiped off at the end.

Some of the students were gaping at Harry, they knew what college was, and how hard it was. And in primary school he managed to pass a college math test! After Harry described his teacher dancing around with blue hair, more people started to laugh loudly.

Sirius then groaned, "What happened when you got home?" People stopped laughing and clapping.

Harry sighed. "That was the first time I was sent to the hospital. They waited, a day or two, then brought me. They said that a stray dog attacked me. When the hospital asked what the dog looked
like, they made it seem like they couldn't remember what the dog looked like. Though the dog part was faked."

"Wasn't the hospital afraid of you getting rabies?" said Hermione placing her hands on her head, wanting to block out his words.

"I had to undergo rabies treatments for a dog attack that never happened." said Harry bitterly.

"Didn't they have to pay for it?" said Ron and Charlie.

"No, the RSPCA, came and asked me a few questions though. Uncle Vernon kept answering them for me, saying I was too traumatized. I think he made damn sure there wasn't enough evidence to say that the dog didn't have rabies. Getting all those shots really sucked." said Harry bitterly.

"What are shots?" asked Malfoy.

"It’s a small thick needle that Muggles use to send in, how to put this, a muggle potion. They puncture your skin and push the potion into your blood. Drinking it doesn't make it work." said Hermione.

People paled. They did that multiple times?

End of sixth paragraph.

"Yeah, I know I'm a drama king." said Harry with a laugh, causing everyone to start laughing.

Seventh paragraph, thirteenth word.

"It didn't look like you jumped a foot in the air, Harry. Then again, you might have, cause if I remember correctly, I jumped three feet in the air." said Dean.

End of seventh paragraph.

"What the--?" said Lupin quickly

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph, third sentence.

"I forgot, 'The Annual Ghostly Introduction.' They do it every year." said Lupin chuckling to himself.

"I know and every time I'm in here before sorting, I hear the screams." said Harry with a smile.

"Wait, you aren't in here every year?" said Sirius questioningly.
Eighth paragraph, sixth sentence, seventh word.

"That’s the Friar!" said the Hufflepuff students.

End of eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"They say the same thing every year, never changing. They actually are very fond of Peeves, he adds some spice to their after-life." said Dumbledore smiling.

Ninth paragraph.

"That’s Nick!" said almost all the Gryffindors.

Tenth paragraph.

"Not even you, Granger?" said Pansy snidely.

"I remember you almost fainted." said Draco absently to Pansy.

Pansy glared at him and whispered furiously. "Why are you defending her?"

Draco turned and glared at her. He was getting close to snapping, and he finally did. "I'm sick and tired of being the bully my father wants me to be. I want what Potter wants, to be my own person, not a carbon copy of my father." he said loudly, getting up and moving his chair away from her and Crabbe and Goyle and went to sit beside Professor Snape. She glared at him and snarled.

Harry, surprising everyone including Malfoy and Umbridge, applauded. Slowly everyone else, beside Crabbe, Goyle and Pansy and Umbridge, clapped. To the cheers of a majority of the school Malfoy ripped the Inquisitorial Squad badge off his chest and threw it on the floor, and stamped on it. A smile, so uncharacteristically of the Slytherin bully, brightly shone on his face.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph.

"Also part of the standard "Ghostly Introduction." said McGonagall with a smile on her lips.

Dialogue line.
"That would be me!" said Seamus with a raised hand.

"Is it just me, or does Ron always have Harry's back?" said Ernie with a broad smile.

"Not always." said Ron sadly.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Weasely, a little concerned. Ron looked down in shame and refused to answer her.

"Good observation skills." mumbled Moody

"It was really scary, but I wouldn't have traded it for the world." said a third year.

"Were you watching me?" said Harry playfully.

Hermione blushed deeply, "Sort of, I wanted to keep telling you all the things I learned. Sorry about that."

"It’s alright. You don't need to say sorry, we already put in place a blanket apology remember?" he smiled broadly over to her.

"Your descriptions are quite picturesque, Harry. You should write music." said Dumbledore happily.

"I did write something once. During the summer." said Harry quietly.

"I would..." started Dumbledore.

"Trust me, you don't." said Harry quickly.
"Albus, could you make a copy of that hat? Just the appearance, I want to toss it in the holding cell of the Dursleys." said McGonagall viciously.

"I take it, it’s a muggle magic trick." said Malfoy.
"That's right." said Harry and Hermione

Luna stopped reading. She turned towards Harry and said:

"Harry can you sing the Sorting Hat Song? I would like to hear you sing again." she said looking over to Harry.

Then everyone, excluding Umbridge, began to clap and urge him on to sing, they hadn't heard him sing in such a long time, despite it only be a few days.
"I don't..."

"Come on Harry, we would love to hear you sing again." said Sirius.

Harry sighed and took the book Luna handed to him, cleared his throat and sang, his voice transcending from a soft tenor to (Flitwick was correct) a strong and vibrant baritone. People leaned forward, no one made any funny comments on the song, they just drank in music.

The school all began to clap and shout, Harry blushed, handed the book and tried to cover his face. Sirius whispered in his ear:
"You need to go into the music business. You've already got a huge fan base here." he grinned with a large evil smile. Harry took a cushion and bopped him on the head.

"As did we just now, only it was Harry and not the hat!" shouted Dennis. Harry groaned.
"Bill, you already smacked me for it!" shouted Fred after Bill smacked him on the back of the head.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.
"It was nerve racking." said Harry quietly.

End of nineteenth paragraph.
"I felt the same way, Harry, when I came." said Dumbledore kindly.

Twentieth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Hannah turned pink when her house and some of the others clapped for her.

Twenty-first paragraph.
Dialogue line.
The Hufflepuff house clapped wildly.

Twenty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
People then began to clap for her.

Dialogue line.
The Hufflepuffs didn't cease clapping.

Dialogue line.
Terry stood up and took a bow.

Dialogue line.
The Ravenclaws started clapping.
Amidst the cheering for the respective students, Fred and George did a repeat performance of the catcalling.

"You look it and you sometimes act it, but there are decencies about you." said Harry smiling over to the Slytherins. Sirius and Snape looked at Harry in the utmost shock.

Before Mrs. Weasely could come over and ask him if he really was alright, he said he was fine and to reassure her, he took a big bite of gingerbread.

"Damn straight! We saw you play football, you were the best on the field!" said Dean excitedly.
"When did you see me play?" said Harry brows furrowed.
"In the first scroll, you were awesome, we all cheered for you!" said a frail first year girl. She squeaked and blushed deeply.

Harry smiled down at her. He conjured a tiger lily and handed it to her. "Thank you."

"Why did you conjure up a lily?" asked Lupin.
"It's my favorite flower." said Harry simply. The little girl blushed even deeper.

“You're such a charmer.” said Sirius proudly.

Growls etched their ways acrossed the Hall again.

Again, cheers ran rampant across the hall, erasing the growls.
"It couldn't decide whether to send me to Hufflepuff or Gryffindor." said Seamus answering the unasked question.

"RONALD WEASELY!" screeched Mrs. Weasley. Hermione, stood up and said:

"He's already apologized, they both have. It's fine."

"Very wise thinking, Harry." said Luna.

"Oh Potter, I wished you had spoken up. I've had several students, both boys and girls tug at my robes and ask for reassurance. We've even had to administer Calming Draughts to some students." said McGonagall, feeling a bit ashamed.

"Sorry again." said Neville to Morag MacDougal.

"I wouldn't have it any other way." said Malfoy quietly. He always wanted to be a Slytherin ever since he was a child. He had heard wonderful stories that his mother had told him about her days at school.
People awaited for the reason why it took him so long to get sorted.

"Wow, that means you could have went in any house, Harry!" said Bill thinking out loud.

"He's right Harry, you have the courage and nerve that Godric Gryffindor took pride in. You have the loyalty and diligence that Helga Hufflepuff treasured. You have the intellect and wisdom that Rowena Ravenclaw held dear and you have the cunning and as I said many years ago, a certain disregard for the rules. You are quite a unique individual." said Dumbledore with his eyes twinkling.

"Don't know 'bout that." muttered Harry.

"We wouldn't have accepted you anyway, Mr. Potter." said Umbridge. Her nose high in the air, and looking down at Harry with disgust.

Both Snape and Malfoy sent her a dark look.

"Good, we'll take him!" shouted the twins.

"The hat said what?" said Lupin looking over to Harry.

"Said I could be in Slytherin." said Harry, not in a worried tone but in a calm one.

Lupin and Sirius looked at each other nodded and smiled at Harry.

"Whatever house you would have been placed in, we wouldn't care or love about you any less" they said together.

"Thanks Sirius....Remus." said Harry.

Lupin looked at Harry in shock and then he smiled. A broad and bright smile, one like he hadn't given to anyone in over fourteen years.
"You didn't look like you were walking shakily." said Hermione

They repeated their performance.

"It is a shock when they do that, but they mean well." said Justin with a slight shiver.

Hagrid smiled warmly down at Harry.

He did so again.

Dumbledore smiled brightly.

Harry, Ron and Hermione all snarled.

"Now we're the same height." said Dean.

"Thank goodness luck was on your side that day."
Percy turned pink.

Lupin reached down into his pocket and handed him two chocolate bars.

"I'm not hungry." said Harry looking at the chocolate in Lupin's hands.

"Deal with it, every time I hear you're hungry in these books, I'm giving you something to eat. Makes Sirius and I feel better."

Harry sighed and took the chocolate.

"I seem to be easy to read, to you, Harry." said Dumbledore looking over to him.

"You really like us being here sir?" said a first year Hufflepuff.

"Of course I do. Every teacher here, shares the same feeling I do." said Dumbledore brightly.

McGonagall coughed loudly and nodded towards Umbridge.

"Well...most of us" he said still brightly.

"My best speech." said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling. Students fifth year and up nodded.

"This just proves how, senile, you've gotten." said Umbridge sneering over to the venerable old man.

Students and guests turned to her with fury shooting from their eyes.

"The day he's gone senile is the day you're voted 'Best Teacher' by the students," retorted Harry. Several shouted in agreement, and only three students shouted her to be 'Second' or 'Third' best teacher.
"That was the only time that I remember calling you mad, sir." said Harry weakly. Dumbledore chuckled warmly.

"I feel that way again, now." said Percy to himself, his father gave him a one arm hug.

Ron's stomach grumbled again.

"Can't you wait, Ron?" said Neville with his eyes raised. He knew about Ron's appetite and love of food, but he never thought it was THIS big.

"You were only kidding yourself, Harry." said Sirius and Mrs. Weasley together.

"Stupid, fat, selfish, greedy, git!" snarled students across the Hall.

"Best food I've ever had, till I went to the Weasely's." said Harry looking over to Mrs. Weasley, who blushed.

"I love steak." said Lupin fondly, licking his lips.

"That's the wolf in him, he's a big meat and chocolate kinda guy. Screw the potatoes." said Sirius sniggering.

“That steak was really good too.” said Harry with a smile.
"He came up with that nickname, though." said Lupin looking thoughtful.

"No, it IS going the way he wants. He loves scaring all the first year Gryffindors like that. Peter's reaction is his favorite, fainted dead away." said Sirius smiling wickedly. "Too bad it didn't kill him outright." he added with a growl.

"See?" said Sirius gesturing towards the book.

"I would let him act any way he wanted." said Malfoy quietly.

"I wasn't either." he said even quieter.

"How much do you want to bet Ron, Hermione and Harry find out how it happened, before they graduate?" said Fred and George.

"I'll take that bet, I say they don't." said Malfoy.

"Five Galleons?" said the twins, Malfoy nodded.

"Where did you get that much money?" questioned Mr. and Mrs. Weasely.

"Ummm...savings...."they said meekly. Neither of their parents bought that excuse, but they didn't pursue it.
"I love treacle tarts. Love treacle anything really," said Harry fondly closing his eyes and smiling.

"Tell me you know how to make those!" said Lupin eagerly, he smiled broadly when he saw Harry nodded.

"I take it, that you're the designated cook at our place then." said Sirius with a smile.

"I wouldn't have it any other way." said Harry happily.

"That wasn't a funny statement." snarled Professor Snape.

"Professor Snape is right, Mr. Finnigan. Was your father abusive in any way?" said Professor Dumbledore seriously, the twinkling gone from his eyes.

"No, not in any sense of the word. It was a shock, but he got over it, we're best friends, we've always been." said Seamus quickly.

"Ron, we've talked to you about different families, including Augusta and her family." admonished Mrs. Weasely.

"I forgot, I was getting sleepy and I forgot." Ron said defending himself.

"Accidental magic doesn't work that way, Neville," said Harry, pulling out his little black notebook and flipping the pages, people waited to hear his take on it, but he said nothing.

The same growling that went on during the parts that mentioned the Dursleys, were now growling towards Neville’s Great Uncle Algie.
"Hey now, my great uncle was always an odd duck. He never tried to hurt me intentionally. He would always use his wand to stop me from getting hurt. And when my gran found out about all this she kicked him out for over a year.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"She didn't know I was there!" Neville said loudly to the growling crowd.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

"That would be the spiritual core releasing a short burst of magic. Because of the times your Great Uncle tried to get magic out of you, your core shut it self away to protect itself. Your core is still trying to start up from the forced shut down." said Harry calmly.

"How long will it take to get going?" said Neville quickly.

"Well, keep up with the D.A practices and you should be fine. I'd say a few more months and your core will open fully like it should be. Also a new wand wouldn't hurt. Wielding your father's wand wasn't and isn't helping you."

"How long did you know I had my father's wand?" said Neville, his eyes big and round.

"Quite a while." said Harry calmly.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence.**

"Wasn't after she learned what Uncle Algie did to cause me to bounce from the second floor and into the road." said Neville.

**End of dialogue set.**

"Mixed messages that is." muttered Ron. "Pleased and punishing you." he added silently laughing. Neville was listening and he laughed too.

**Fiftieth paragraph.**

"Never saw anyone so excited for classes." said Percy with a smile towards Hermione.

**Fifty-first paragraph.**

Snape glared at Harry, and was shocked to see Harry look down in shame.

"Sorry, Professor..." he said quietly.
Fifty-second paragraph.
"Say what?"
"Pain? In his scar?"
"Does that mean.."
"If it's in the books..."
"Then it's true..."
"He does get pain in his scar!"
"What does that mean?"

Snape sat in amazement, as did Dumbledore. Harry sensed Voldemort behind Quirrell's turban!

Umbridge wasn't in the least bit happy, but she shrugged it off. *Brat must already be losing whatever mind he had. Good, any more of these spasms of pain, and he will be chucked into St.Mungos before the next book is finished!*

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

"SEE! HE DOES LIE" screamed Fudge and Umbridge.

"Only when he doesn't want anyone to know he's hurting." shouted Ron bitterly.

The Weaselys, the rest of the staff, the guests, and the two men sitting in the bowl with him all turned to look at him in concern.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Now it was Snape's turn to look down in shame.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.

Snape shrugged, he did know a lot, about the Dark Arts.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.
The twins, Harry, Ron and Hermione all smiled mischievously. The adults around them all groaned.

“Hypocrit.” muttered Harry to Sirius.

“Proud of it.” said Sirius.

"Tries to enforce it, it never works." said Dumbledore still smiling.

"Or scaring your Head of House nearly senseless." said Professor McGonagall smiling at Harry.

"Huh? What? What did you say?" said Sirius looking past Lupin and Harry to look at Dumbledore.

But he wasn't listening, Dumbledore was looking down, *I should have done more than just warn them, barriers or something.* thought Dumbledore. But then the thought bitterly, *I wanted Harry to fight Him, wanted him to meet the man, the monster, that took his family. I should have been there, sooner not later. What a monstrous old man I have carved myself to be.* Dumbledore looked darkly at the floor. He looked up and saw a levitating crystal phial of Calming Draught. Dumbledore looked over at Harry and saw him waving his wand above his head and without looking at Dumbledore or the phial, lifted the Draught.

"Dead serious." said Ron.

"I didn't even let the Head Boy or Head Girl what was down that corridor." said Dumbledore firmly.
"Oh Potter, must you be so observant?" said Professor Flitwick covering his eyes. Dumbledore laughed.

"I want to hear Mr. Potter sing again!" cried Professor Flitwick. The rest of the school cheered once more.

"Do I have to?" whimpered Harry softly to Sirius.

"Most definitely." said Sirius.

"But, I already sang today!" whined Harry. Lupin smiled down at him.

"Too bad, Professor Flitwick wants to hear you sing, and so do we. Come on Harry, there's not many times we get to hear you sing."

"Come on Harry! Just this last song! We promise! No more singing today!" chanted the school.

Harry sighed in defeat. He scratched his head and thought of a tune. Nothing he could think of would fit the school song, till he thought of a song that he had heard once. He was in Mrs. Figgs and thought it was the most wonderful song he had heard. He flipped through the notebook on his lap and found the lyrics and the notes he had written down quickly when he heard it the second time. Reading the notes and keeping tempo with his thumb and forefinger, He sang the school song

School Song

When he was done singing, he blushed as the school and the guests gave him a standing ovation. He laid back down in the bowl and attempted to bury his head in the covers.

"What melody was that from, Mr. Potter?"

"Umm...Whistle Down the Wind..." said Harry quietly.

"Can you sing it for us Harry?" said Hermione excitedly.

"Hermione, you and the rest of the school promised me I wouldn't have to sing anymore today!" said Harry rolling his eyes and frowning at Hermione.

Hermione looked disappointed and pouted.

"That was very pretty Harry, you should sing professionally. I'm sure Stubby will give you some tips." said Luna, pointing to Sirius.
Sirius turned around, expecting to see another person behind the bowl. But no one was there. He turned back to Luna and pointed to himself.

"Are you talking about me?"

"Luna, he isn't Stubby Boardman. He's Sirius Black, he's always been Sirius Black." said Lupin kindly.

"We went to go see him and 'The Hobgoblins' in concert though once, if you can call it a concert anyway. Didn't you throw a turnip at him?" said Sirius.

"Yeah, I saved up money to take my girlfriend to the best restaurant in England, and she ditches me for the bloody Hobgoblins. So I took Sirius with me and I tossed the turnip. She always was a big fan of his."

"He had nothing to do with your girlfriend acting like that!" said Hermione, slightly scolding her ex-Professor.

"She was onstage with him, snogging him. Just declared that he going to take her on a date. She accepted. I tossed the turnip and broke up with her the next time I saw her. She wasn't happy."

**Sixtieth paragraph, second paragraph.**

"Why did you pick a funeral march?" asked Ron laughing.

"Cause we did Opera the year before." said Fred.

"And Yodeling the year before that." said George.

**End of sixtieth paragraph.**

"We were amazed you had the patience to wait for us, sir." said the twins grinning at Dumbledore.

"I enjoy all forms of music, if it has a melody, I love it." said Dumbledore beaming at them.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-first paragraph.**

"Hmm..you weren't too tired not to take in your surroundings. Very impressive, Potter." said Kingsley nodding approvingly.

**Sixty-second paragraph.**

"Three guesses who that is!" cried the Weasely twins excitedly.
"He always had quick wit." said Professor Flitwick, whispering to Professor Snape who snorted slightly.

"Now, now Mr. Weasely. Do try and give him a sporting chance." said Dumbledore shaking a finger at the third oldest Weasely kindly. Percy blushed.

"He never introduces himself to the first years with the rest of the ghosts. He always waits and meets them when there is no teacher present." said Professor McGonagall.

"Baron won't listen to you, Weasely, you know that. He only listens to his Slytherins. Anyone else, he ignores." said Snape giving a sneer to the graduate.

"I want in on the bet, I say Harry doesn't find out what happened to Baron! Ten Galleons." said Blaise walking over and dropping ten galleons in a tin the twins conjured up.

A few more Slytherins walked over and dropped some money in the tin. Hermione was the official wager writer.

"Oh, Neville, he didn't hurt you? Did he?" said Luna, running a hand over Neville's head. Neville blushed and muttered that he was alright.

"He has no need to listen to Prefects, only teachers and Head Boy and Girl. And barely the Head Students."
"How did you know it was silk, Harry?' asked Hermione.
"Aunt Petunia's Cocktail dresses were made of silk."

"Thanks again Ron, Harry." said Neville

"Hey, their house doesn't sound anything different than ours!" pouted a disappointed Hufflepuff.

"The only differences are: the color theme of the rooms, the location, and the odd assortment of activities," said Dumbledore.

"What do you mean, sir?" said one of the first years from the Slytherin table.
"Well, for the Slytherin house, you have quite a bit of what? Mr. Douglas?"
"W-well," he stammered, amazed he was addressed to personally by the headmaster. "there are a lot of bookshelves and puzzles."
"Very good, do you enjoy them, the puzzles?" he said nodding.
"Oh, yes sir! I love puzzles! Especially the wooden ones!"
"Wonderful! And, Mr. Baker, what happens to be the activities in the Ravenclaw house?" he said addressing another first year.
"Umm--there are books like what Baker said, and there are chessboards all over. I love chess, next week I'm gonna challenge Ron to a game!" he said excitedly. Dumbledore chuckled as Ron blushed.
"Mr. O'Reily, what happens to lie about the Hufflepuff common room?" he said addressing a Hufflepuff first year this time.
"Well, there are a lot of games about the house, and according to my dad, Gryffindor is the same way."
"Very good. There are some similarities and some differences, but nothing you would rather trade for anything. Except for those horrid Gryffindor curtains on the beds. I set fire to them once. Accidental of course." he said beaming as the students fell on the floor laughing.
Harry smiled, Dumbledore told him that story at the end of last year to try and cheer him up, it worked.

**Sixty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, fifteenth word.**

"We're in the dungeons." piped Douglas.

"We're near the Greenhouses" shouted O'Reily.

"We're in a western tower." yelled Baker.

**End of sixty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"I don't know why he would do that." said Lupin thoughtfully. People who didn't know who Scabbers really was, which was a majority of the school, looked at the man in confusion.

“He's blending in.” muttered Sirius.

**Sixty-ninth paragraph.**

"Explained why you didn't answer me." smirked Ron.

**Seventieth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Happens to me all the time." said Ron.

**Seventieth paragraph, second sentence.**

"Creepy turban." shivered Colin.

"You have no idea." moaned Ron, Harry and Hermione.

**Seventieth paragraph, third sentence, first comma, eighth word.**

Malfoy paled.

**Seventieth paragraph, third sentence, third comma.**

Then Snape paled.
Lupin and Sirius turned white and quickly turned towards Harry,

"I don't remember that dream." he said quietly.

"That explains it." said Harry with a blank expression.

"That is the end of the chapter. Who would like to read next?" asked Luna, looking around to the rest of the school dreamily.

"I'll take it!" said Bill. He stood up and accepted the book from Luna.

"This won't be good." said Snape shaking his head.

Professor McGonagall looked over to him in confusion.
Chapter Summary

Now the attention is turned to Snape, and he's beginning to wish he had just stayed in bed this year.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

Chapter title. said Bill loudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

First paragraph.

"Drove me mad, I thought I was going in circles, because I kept seeing the same people time after time." said Harry thinking thoughtfully.

A few students paled in shame. They didn't know all they were doing was confusing him.

Second paragraph, first sentence, first colon.

"Did you count them Harry?" asked Neville with widened eyes.

"Ron and I kept getting late to class, so when we had free time, we would go and explore, we climbed up and down every staircase, and traveled down every corridor." said Harry simply. "Took a long time."

“Nearly wore out my shoes.” said Ron.
"I hate that one!" said Neville bitterly. "I fell through it a time or two." said both Harry and Ron.

"Tricksy tricksy!" chanted Harry in an imitation of Peeves. The students laughed and clutched at their sides.

"Found out half a year later, that they could, it's a defensive measure. But it takes the command of a teacher to get them to move about." said Harry absently fingering his little black notebook. McGonagall smiled to herself.

"They are particularly fond of doing that." said Madame Bones, thinking back to her school days.

"It's his job as House ghost." said McGonagall. "He is supposed to guide the new students in the right direction."

"And that's being kind." said Neville bitterly.

"If I find out who taught him that little joke, I will give them something they'll never forget." said McGonagall threateningly. Lupin cringed guiltily in his seat. Only Harry, due to the fact that he was laying against him, took notice.

Sirius, Lupin, Fred and George all whistled. It took all of them a week or two to get on his bad side.
"RONALD BILIUS WEASELY! HAROLD JAMES POTTER! I FORBID YOU TO GO NEAR THAT CORRIDOR AGAIN!" screeched Mrs. Weasely.

"From now on or back in time?" said Harry calmly, raising his eyebrows. Ron was too busy trying to hide in the love seat beside Hermione.

Mrs. Weasely stuttered and stammered, Ron gathered up the courage and meekly told his mother:

"Don't bother continuing mum. Harry won't let you win, never does when he has that tone in his voice." said Ron. “But you can count on us not going near that dog again, from now on.”

"SAY WHAT?" bellowed Sirius, he turned towards Harry, clutching his leg. "He better not have."

Harry's back arched and he couldn't catch his scream behind his teeth this time.

"AAAAAAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHH!"

Lupin and Sirius both jumped. They had forgotten that his leg was badly injured.

Madame Pomfrey rushed over along with Professor Snape and McGonagall. Dumbledore came over and did his best to offer comfort.

As Snape helped Harry drink potions and Madame Pomfrey applied some healing salves to his legs, Sirius cried and screamed his apologies to Harry. Lupin tried to give Sirius some reassurance.

"You didn't mean to hurt him, I know that, we all know that. We both just sort of forgot that Harry was hurt there, I just focused on his back. Poppy, Severus, will he be alright?" said Lupin holding onto Sirius’ arms as his friend sunk to the floor in anguish.

"Yes, he will be fine, he's resting now." said Madam Pomfrey covering Harry with the red and gold blanket. Snape was putting away the empty phials in a velvet sack.

Bill looked down, in a worried fashion, and noticed: "Oi, the books not closed! I thought Harry had to be awake for us to read it."

"Not really, Harry only has to be here for the books to be read. He is more than welcome to sleep through the proceedings." said one of the Unspeakables, looking concerned at the youth.

"Well, I think that Harry should be removed to the Hospital Wing!" said Madame Pomfrey indignantly.

"Absolutely not! We've wasted enough time, lets continue on!" said Umbridge with a snarl.

"As much as I hate to agree with her, we should continue on. The students are missing valuable school time." said McGonagall, looking furious with herself. She didn't want to say it, but as Deputy Headmistress, it was her duty.
"He was not passing just on chance." whispered Ron furiously.

"I think she's particularly lovely." said Luna dreamily. "I always get along with her, I give her leftover pieces of fish."

"You're the only one." said Ginny looking at Luna with a shocked look.

"That is a very nice compliment for Argus, Harry." said Dumbledore, brushing Harry's bangs out of his eyes. Harry still slept on.

"I've given her one or two in my time." muttered Lupin. Sirius nodded in agreement, still weeping silently over Harry.

"How could you know her from your school days?" asked Fred incredulously.

"She is Argus' familiar, they are very rare. Not all pets become a familiar, so far, only Hermione, Harry, Argus and myself have found familiars. Familiars tend to live much longer than most pets. They last just about as long as the master, retaining their youth." said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling as he continued to brush back Harry's black bangs.

Sirius hiccupped a laugh and leaned over the top edge of the bowl, watching Harry sleep.

The Herbology enthusiasts and the Hufflepuffs cheered loudly.

People nodded in agreement.
"We should think about retiring Professor Binns." said Professor McGonagall.

"I'm not too sure about that. Even when we had living teachers, teaching the subject, it was dreadfully boring. But perhaps, if we could have someone a little more exciting teaching the class." said Dumbledore.

"I vote for Professor Lupin." said Dean to the applause of the majority of the school.

Lupin turned pink. He muttered something about being too dangerous, but Dumbledore stated loud and proud that he would start the paperwork immediately.

"I ABSOLUTELY FORBID IT!" yelled Umbridge. Sirius covered Harry's ears with both of his hands, making sure that Harry didn't wake up. Fudge looked from Umbridge and Dumbledore, not knowing which side to take part in.

"I would love to see you try." said Rivers firmly. “If he 's qualified, he'll have the job...regardless of personal afflictions. If you can take care of what needs to be taken care of then it's fine.”

Umbridge's screeching ceased immediately.

The Charms N.E.W.T.s students and the Ravenclaw students all gave their teacher a standing ovation.

Several students laughed at that, even a few teachers. When Flitwick would come to teach the first years, and he came to the offspring of a favorite student he would perform that acrobatic stunt.

McGonagall smiled, so pleased that tears pricked her eyes, she reached over Dumbledore's shoulder and caressed Harry's head.

"I need to warn students against foolishness in my class." said McGonagall sternly, but the sternness of her voice didn't reach the hand was touching Harry's cheek.
Many seventh years nodded.

"That was a big letdown." said Parvati.

"After class, when we were in an empty classroom, Harry showed me how to do it properly. That is when he told me that he wasn't going to go all out in class." Ron said to Hermione.

"It really was." said Neville. "Compared to Professor Lupin and Harry's teachings." he added, looking over to his old Defense teacher and his unconscious D.A. leader.

"The garlic smell was to cover something else." said Hermione and Ron.

"Garlic wouldn't have protected him." mumbled Harry, almost waking. Dumbledore waved his wand over Harry's face slowly, Harry's barely opened eyes, slowly closed once more.

"Good thinking Albus, let him rest a bit more." said Madame Pomfrey, she placed a silencing charm around him, so that no more noise disturbed him.

"No, turns out he was miles ahead. I even told him so." said Ron smiling at his sleeping best mate.

"Being friends with Harry gave me more than a head start. I had the bloody best tutor in the whole bloody world!" said Ron. His mother wanted to tell him off, but now she wasn't too sure if she
Fourteenth paragraph.
"Hey it took a while, Harry was able to find his around fine, but when he told me to lead, it kind of went badly." said Ron turning pink.

Dialogue line.
"Harry can't eat porridge without sugar. He can't stand it, without it." said Ron smirking.

Dialogue line.
"Sadly, it’s true." muttered Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
Snape looked quickly over to McGonagall and his mouth hung open.
"You don't favor them?" he said weakly.
"Absolutely not, unfortunately you will see just how much I don't favor them." she said proudly first but then she ended in a hurt tone.

End of dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph.
"It was a bit scary." said a first year Gryffindor.

Sixteenth paragraph, second sentence.
"Aww!" cooed Pavarti, Padma and Lavender.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

Letter to Harry from Hagrid.
"Oh! Hagrid, that was very kind of you!" said Tonks smiling broadly.
"'Twas nuthin, jus' knew he needed a bit o' break." said Hagrid sitting next to the bowl, keeping close, protecting Harry as he slept.
Filthy half-breed, filthy hovel, I didn't want to stay in it a second more than I absolutely had to. thought Umbridge fiercely.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph.

"I'm sure, Severus, that he meant since he had arrived at Hogwarts." said Dumbledore reassuring the Potion's Master. For Snape had turned a deadly shade of white and his mouth opened in massive shock.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Snape slowly sank into a chair that Dumbledore magicked underneath him.

"Severus, I think we need to have a chat with Harry." said Dumbledore.

"He doesn't feel that way anymore, he just makes it look like he still hates you. Harry doesn't hate anyone, except You-Know-Who." said Ron quietly. Snape looked thoughtful at Harry.

Twentieth paragraph.

"We've never used those, yet." said a seventh year.

Snape's mouth twitched. "You aren't supposed to, those are for my potions."

"Too bad, Harry isn't up, we could ask him what potions take them." said a few Gryffindors.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, Severus!" cried McGonagall and Dumbledore, covering their eyes with their hands.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.

Only Crabbe and Goyle laughed this time around. Malfoy only groaned.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Snape performed a double-take down at the sleeping form to the right of him. Harry gave him a compliment.
"That speech was actually quite nice, Severus, very impressive." said Dumbledore, clapping his hands.

"Oh, dear." said Dumbledore, ceasing his clapping and massaging the bridge of his crooked nose. "Not the conclusion to your speech that I was expecting."

"Cause I knew Harry wasn't a dunderhead, and I knew Hermione wasn't one either." said Ron firmly.

"And you aren't one, Miss Granger." reassured Flitwick.

"We weren't paying attention." said Ron a little embarrassed.

"Harry saw your hand up in the air and wanted you to take the answer and the points. He wrote the answer to me under the table, after Snape repeated the question." said Ron.

"He always does." muttered Ron, so quietly that Snape didn't hear him.
"He actually didn't know what that was." said Ron with a small smile. "He went up to the dorms and looked it up real quick."

"There isn't a book that he hasn't opened." said Ron proudly.

“You're not being fair, Severus, no other student would be able to answer those questions, not many students open their books beforehand.” said Flitwick.

"He was hoping no one did, but Harry and Hermione showed him.” said Neville smiling broadly.

"Did he know that answer?" said Terry Boot.

"Yep, I even knew that too." said Ron with a smile.

Several Ravenclaws whistled

"There you go, Harry trying to nudge you to the spotlight." said Ron smiling over to Hermione.

“He won't like that one bit.” whispered Fred looking at Snape.
"He never is pleased." said a very brave and very foolish first year Gryffindor. Snape glared at him.

Dialogue set.

"Because you didn't tell them to, to start with." said Madame Hooch angrily.

Thirty-second paragraph.

"What? What cheek did you get from him? He merely said that he didn't know, and he offered the honor of answering to someone who knew that answer." shouted Madame Hooch once more.

“Requesting me to ask Granger was cheek.” said Snape sourly.

“Though I have to admit, he didn't take nearly as much as he normally did for cheek.” said McGonagall thoughtfully.

Thirty-third paragraph, fourth sentence.

"I saw his stewed horned slugs, they were done wrong." said Hermione in confusion.

Thirty-third paragraph, fifth sentence, first comma.

"Sorry about that Seamus." said Neville sadly.

"It's alright Nev, it was just a cauldron. Someone ordered a new one for me."

"That would be Harry. He felt bad, Snape actually sent him on a bit of a guilt-trip.” said Ron with a smile.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

"Oh, are you sure, you're alright Neville?" said Luna, looking at Neville. Neville blushed furiously and smiled.

"I'm fine. Really."

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

"SEVERUS! HEAL NOW, SCOLD LATER!" shouted Madame Pomfrey. Snape looked away in guilt.
"Are you sure you're alright dear?" said Mrs. Weasely. Neville smiled at her and nodded.

"Severus..." said Dumbledore warningly.

"What on earth are you talking about, there was nothing the boy could have done!" said Professor Sprout.

"He looked over to Neville, but it was a little too late. Harry tried to say something, but then the hissing noise came from you guys and the potion was flying in Neville's face and then there was potion on the floor." said Ron, defending his sleeping friend.

"That is an understatement." muttered Ron quietly.

"Harry didn't need to worry, Fred, George, Sirius and James lost more than that in the first three seconds of their first years." said McGonagall fondly.

"Always 'appy to 'ave anyone 'round." said Hagird cheerfully. Umbridge snarled.

Hermione and Ron smiled fondly.
"Is he very vicious?" asked a nervous second year, who had never spoken to Hagrid since the voyage in the boats.

"No, he's very, very gentle." said Hermione, patting the Ravenclaw on the back.

"Harry says that it's the most comfortable bed he's ever slept on." said Ron with a smile.

"When did Harry sleep on Hagrid's bed?" asked Sirius, frowning a little.

"We were just walking around in our third year when Harry accidentally fell in a half-covered gnome hole. It started raining and with Harry's ankle all wrenched..." said Ron.

"Why didn't you bring him up to me? Despite the rain?" said Madame Pomfrey.

"Harry was in pain. He didn't want to go any further, he was gritting his teeth. And when you see him like that, you know it isn't good." said Ron, grimacing in remembrance of it. "We sat him down, and I ran and got Hagrid. It started to rain even harder when we got back to the spot where I left Harry and Hermione. Well, Hagrid picked him up and took him to his house."

"Still, why wasn't I called!" cried Madame Pomfrey.

"Hagrid had it all under control." said Ron shrugging. "Harry fell asleep after Hagrid made him some tea and while Harry slept, we helped Hagrid bind up his foot. He put some sort of salve on his ankle and his ankle stopped swelling, and it turned back to the normal color."

"What was that salve?" said Madame Pomfrey.

"T'was somethin' the centaurs gave me. Works for all kinds o' injuries, an' scrapes." said Hagrid.

"Filthy creatures." muttered Umbridge.

"He don't look at the hair, but looks for freckles." said Charlie smiling.

"FRED! GEORGE!" shouted Mr. Weasley, "YOU APOLOGIZE TO HAGRID, RIGHT NOW!"

"Sorry, Hagrid." they said quickly.
"Crikey, dad, you get scary, just like Harry!" said George.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence.

"I'm sorry 'Arry, Ron, didn' know ye didn' like me cookin'" said Hagrid glumly.

"It's just that, maybe you're used to cooking for half-giants, Hagrid. Maybe Harry can teach you to cook for humans, when he gets all better." said Dumbledore kindly.

End of forty-second paragraph.

"Sorry, but that's gross." said Lavender giving a slight shudder.

Forty-third paragraph.

"Always nice to have an adult on our side." said Ron happily.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Don't know who would win in that fight." said Fred wondering.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Not you, just you're father." said Snape quietly, to the unconscious form.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Like you too, Hagrid." said Charlie brightly.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"Hmm...Very shrewd thinking Potter." said Moody to himself.
"Cause I didn't remember it." said Ron a little sheepishly.

Was that what the thieves looked for? That grubby little package?

"I wouldn' ta minded if ya said no." said Hagrid.

"What did he learn?" said Sirius looking intently as he was brushing Harry's hair back.

"Those are very good key questions." said Dumbledore. He looked down at Harry, he was stirring again.

"Is that the end of the chapter, Mr. Weasely?" said Dumbledore quickly.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, we shall have a bit of lunch then, good thing too, Harry's wishing to wake up." Dumbledore said, smiling down to the young man.


"You did fall asleep Harry, and you missed a good chunk of that chapter, as well." said Lupin kindly. "But you've woken up in time for lunch. I'll go and get a plate for you."

Sirius slowly walked over and looked ashamedly down at the ground.

"I'm so sorry, Harry, I didn't..should've..."

"It's alright, I sort of forgot my leg was injured. With me lying here, my leg doesn't hurt as bad as it did when I sat." said Harry, sending Sirius a smile.

Lupin came back with a plate loaded to the brim with different things, including three treacle tarts.
"I love you!" said Harry grasping the plate quickly.

"He'd say that to Umbridge if she was holding treacle tart." whispered Ron to Neville and Ginny. They both tried to stifle their laughter. Ron was then hit in the back of the head with a small cushion.

"I heard that." said Harry, with frown on his face, but his eyes were lit up.

Ron noticed, there was a spark behind them, that he hadn't seen since before the incident. He was getting better, slowly but surely, *he was getting better.*
As everyone finished their lunch, and laughing as Lupin and Ron gulped down as many triple chocolate chip cookies, that Harry had baked that morning, as they possibly could. Lupin and Sirius settled themselves back into the bowl and offered Harry some comfort as best they could, once again. This time, they took precautions with Harry's legs by putting cushions down around his legs and by having Lupin sit down supporting his feet. He was the least likely one to lose his head in a fit, so, down to the more painful area he sat.

Harry was once more covered by the gold and red blanket that he became so fond of, and the everyone resumed their seats. Madame Pomfrey offered to read the next chapter, and walked back to her chair with the book.

"Comfortable Harry? I don't want...you hurting again." said Sirius quietly.

"Perfectly comfortable Sirius." said Harry, stretching slightly.

"Harry, if you feel any pain..." said Mrs. Weasely soothingly.

"Molly, we've got him, he's fine. He's not your cub, he's ours." said Sirius in a stern tone.

Mrs. Weasely's lips quivered.

"Mrs. Weasely, I'm alright. If something goes amiss, I'll let Sirius know. And knowing him, he'll panic and you'll know straight off." said Harry with a broad smile.

Mrs. Weasely gave him a smile in return and sat down while Sirius gave his ear a flick.

To be on the safe side, Dumbledore saved a little tray of food and placed it near Sirius's left side.

"Just in case he gets hungry." he explained

Madame Pomfrey cleared her throat.

"One gets the feeling this won't be a good chapter." said Sirius staring at Madame Pomfrey.
"What were you doing, dueling?" shouted McGonagall.

"Umm.."

"Er.."

"Never mind." said McGonagall.

**First paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

"Wow! There is a boy, Harry hated more than Dudley?"

"I thought I did at the time, that changed, years later.” said Harry.

**First paragraph, end of first sentence.**

"Ouch!" moaned and groaned half the school.

"That hurts." said Malfoy sadly.

**First paragraph, third sentence.**

"Not good, especially if Gryffindors groan. They can handle almost anything without batting an eye.” said a Hufflepuff whispering to her friends.

**End of first paragraph.**

"Yeah, that would make me groan too, at least when I had flying lessons, it was with the Ravenclaws." said the Hufflepuff girl.

**Dialogue line.**

"Malfoy turned out to be the fool on the broom compared to you." said Neville gleefully.

"Oh yes, Longbottom, tell us how you mastered flying in thirty seconds." said Pansy with a wide evil smile that would do Umbridge proud.

"You never left the ground." retorted Parvati. "Not even during the final class."

**Second paragraph.**

"That sounds more like Harry." said Katie.
"And was it, Ron?" said Harry, looking intently over to Ron.

"No, it wasn't. He was good." said Ron grudgingly.

"Just like he did at Madam Malkins" said Parvati rolling her eyes.

"When did you come face to face with one of those?" said Snape looking down at his prized student with a raised eyebrow and a frown on his lips.

"Well, it was when we were on holiday." he said quietly.

"And where were you when you saw this Muggle monstrosity?" he said, the eyebrow raising higher and higher.

"On the ground, hiding behind my mother." he said even quieter.

"Where?" asked Snape louder.

"On the ground." said Malfoy a little louder. He blushed when people started to snigger.

"Actually the countryside was just my backyard and the fields." said Seamus a little shamefully.

"Which was almost nobody." smirked Zacharias. Ron glared at him.

"Which was an absolute lie!" Zacharias laughed.

"No it wasn't actually. I had to go save him." said Charlie.

"And he was grounded for two months for being up there alone." said Mr. Weasely with a smile towards his youngest son. Ron looked down but smiled, while Zacharias stared.

"Your dad would take you for flights on his broom," said Sirius with a smile. "Lily made a halter so you could ride on the broom with him and not fall off. You kept wanting the broomstick to go faster, and the broom listened to you more than it listened to your dad."
"Funniest thing I ever saw." said Dumbledore chuckling loudly, "Your father trying to get the broom to slow down as you urged it to go faster."

"Look how red he's getting!" said Fred laughing loudly, pointing towards Harry.

**End of third paragraph.**

"Well, I didn't understand the game, now that I saw Harry play it, I want to see it again. Can you take me to a game sometime, Dean?" asked Ron eagerly.

"Sure thing Ron. That is actually what my mum and I had planned, the year we graduate, mum and I are going to take you guys to a game." said Dean smiling as Ron and the other boys whooped.

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

"She was afraid I'd get hurt. She worries a lot about me." said Neville with a small smile.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

"HARRY!" shouted Mrs. Weasely and Lupin.

"Yes?" said Harry calmly.

"Oh, there's that tone again, they ain't going to win this one either." muttered Ron to Hermione and Neville. Neville smiled, he couldn't wait to see Harry fight back. Even the other students listened in intently.

"He's your friend! You shouldn't be that way!" scolded Lupin. Mrs. Weasely nodded in agreement.

"I didn't say it, I thought it." he said with a small smile.

"Still..." said Lupin irritably.

"Haven't you thought about something, that you didn't want shared?" said Harry with the same smile.

"Well...yes. What about it?" said Lupin slowly losing his footing

"And whatever you thought, is it still a secret? What you thought, is it still only known to you?" said Harry still smiling.

"Yeah." said Lupin looking confused.

"Were you persecuted for your thoughts?" pressed Harry.

"Well, no...but.." stammered Lupin.

"Why should I not expect that of my own thoughts? Why should I be punished for the thoughts I have? When you yourself have created thoughts similar to my own?" said Harry looking innocent.
"We didn't...we weren't going to pun...." stuttered Lupin, looking worried.

"In short, leave me alone." he said firmly, looking up to Lupin from where he laid. Lupin looked hurt.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

"More so, I'm not very fond of heights." she said weakly.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence.

"You wouldn't be Hermione if you didn't." said Harry kindly.

Fifth paragraph, third sentence, ninth word.

"Harry you are hilarious!" said Fred and George wiping away the tears that had formed from laughing so hard.

"That would take a lot boring material to make him stupid." Rivers said quietly to McGonagall.

Fifth paragraph, end of third sentence.

"Oh Hermione! That book doesn't hold any real flying tips! For Quidditch players, yes! But not for normal, everyday flying," said Sirius laughing and smacking his forehead. Hermione blushed.

Fifth paragraph, fourth sentence, second comma.

"You're right Sirius, it didn't help at all." said Neville with a broad smile.

End of fifth paragraph.

"Sorry Hermione." said the entire group of Gryffindor fifth years.

Sixth paragraph.

SMACK!

Snape had just struck Malfoy sharply on the back of the head. Malfoy offered an apology to Harry quickly.

Seventh paragraph.
"What is that thing?" said a muggleborn second year.

Dialogue set.

"The only wrong thing about it, is that it doesn't tell you what you forgot." said Professor Flitwick said sadly.

"Harry, Hermione and Ron taught me a bunch of good ways to remember things, so I actually don't need that Remembrall anymore." said Neville beaming over to Ron and Harry.

Eighth paragraph.


"You used to call Harry a little thief, Batty. Do you remember?" said Dumbledore, trying to calm her. He knew, that when she worked herself up, she was twenty times worse than Molly or Harry ever could be.

"Indeed I do, Albus." she said, smiling all of a sudden. "The young scamp would crawl on the table, from his mother or father's lap and pilfer all the coconut macaroons, that I would bake." she chided, shaking the same finger towards Harry, quite a bit gentler though.

Ninth paragraph.

"Due to your father, James, I had to develop that ability." said McGonagall sternly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Well aren't you a tattle tale, Longbottom?" snickered Millicent Bulstrode.

"Better than losing one's property." said Blaise.

Millicent, turned red. "Why are you now sticking up for them?"

Blaise couldn't answer her. He couldn't understand it either, why was he standing up for the Gryffindors? Especially Potter and his friends!

My mother's numerous husbands. He thought to himself coldly. Many of them would smack him at almost every opportunity they had. They didn't like that she doted on him instead of them and they took their frustration out on him. Potter had the same kind of life, only his abuse was worse off.

It wasn't pity that drew him to Potter, it was....parallelism of the two of them. They were the exact same, yet not.
"Bull, you would have taken it." said Angelina furiously, not wishing to forgive the little troll for taking her three best Quidditch players away.

"Perfect flying conditions." said Madame Hooch and the Quidditch players

"I'll say it again, you should write music, Harry, or poetry." said Dumbledore smiling over to Harry.

"Ruddy brooms." mumbled Fred.

"School needs new brooms." muttered George.

"Not really, those are the best brooms to learn from." said Harry brightly. "Not too fast, slow enough so we can learn the basics all right. As long as one doesn't panic." he added and sending an apologetic look to Neville.

“Yeah well, new brooms would be nice.” said Fred and George together.

"I like your description of me, Mr. Potter. Very nice." said Madam Hooch, trying to hide a slight twinge of pink in her cheeks.

"You were being modest Mr. Potter. Your broom was off the ground at least two minutes before anyone else's did." said Madam Hooch looking at him proudly.
"I found out right quick after that, just how much I wanted to stay on the ground." said Neville trying not to laugh at himself.

"It worked before I got to Hogwarts." said Draco a little stubbornly.

"It wouldn't have, if you have flown for longer than an hour. Your hands would have been stiff and sore, you'd fallen off easily." said Madam Hooch simply.

Draco uncrossed his arms slowly.

"Oh, dear. I hope you don't get hurt Neville dear." said Mrs. Weasely. Neville looked a bit taken aback.

"She worries about everyone, Nev. Everyone and anyone who needs it." whispered Ron. "I just tell people to go with it."

"You can even judge distances, at such a young age? Is there anything you can't do?" asked Rivers.

Harry gave it some thought, then he smiled. "I'm a ruddy awful dancer, and I can't lie to save my life." he then thought once more. "and I wouldn't be able to do all I do, without my friends, and lots of outside help."

His friends smiled and many adults, including Rivers, nodded.

"Not even on a broom yet and you still had Seeker's Sight." said Angelina happily.

"Oh you poor thing." said Luna patting Neville's arm.
"Well that explains how we lost one." said Dumbledore kindly over to Neville. "Were you alright?"

"Yes sir, I only hurt my wrist. I'm sorry about the broom, sir." said Neville nervously.

"Oh don’t worry about it, you should have seen all the brooms that I have seen banished into Forbidden Forest. Your father, if I remember, sent two or three into the woods a week until he got the hang of it. Mind you, it took several months."

Neville beamed immensely.

"What was I thinking? Leaving the Gryffindors and the Slytherins alone with a bunch broomsticks all over the place! The Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs together are one thing, but those two! What was I thinking?" said Madam Hooch looking up into the sky.

"I feel kind of like a big baby and a big wuss now." said Neville sadly.

"Why do you say that Neville? Having a broken wrist is quite painful." said Mr. Weasely smiling down at him.

"Yeah, but..that was only time I broke a bone in my life. Harry...the scroll...." he said almost in a whimpering tone.

The school, which was in a reasonably good mood, despite the fears that Neville had really hurt himself, all of a sudden turned very somber and sad.

"Neville..." started Harry, but he stopped. How should he go about this, without sounding like a prat. He gave up, rather reluctantly. He wanted him to feel better. But nothing, absolutely nothing could he think up.

"Of course you would." said Ginny rather fiercely.
"Didn't know Dudley was there." said Harry with a smile. People started to laugh.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Good for you Pavarti, stand up for your fellow housemate" said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

"Still don't know what you see in fat cry-babies." sneered Pansy.

"Thinking back to that day, he was only five pounds overweight. You on the other hand, were at least ten pounds over." Harry said maliciously.

Pansy blanched.

"And as for the here and now. Neville has gotten taller and is dead on with the weight he should be. You haven't changed, still ten pounds over." he added snidely.

Pansy turned even whiter.

Sirius tugged at the top of Harry's head, "That was a very low blow to say to a girl. Normally I say don't pick on 'em, cause they'll mess you up something fierce. But right on, good show." he said wickedly.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"That's right, get Neville's Remembrall back for him." said Sirius looking at the book.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"And how are you going to get it up there? Madam Hooch said no flying?" said Percy looking confused.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"You expected him to follow the rules, Percy?" said Sirius with his eyebrows raised.
"Wait, what? What did that book just say?" said Malfoy, thinking that he didn't hear right.

"It said, that I thought, that you could fly well." said Harry repeating it for Malfoy. Malfoy looked shocked.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"I really hate to say this Potter," said McGonagall, whispering in his ear while leaning over to him. "I'm sort of glad you did. But you still shouldn't have startled me so."

Twenty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.

The students cheered, this was the start of the school's star Quidditch player's career!

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

"I appreciated that." said Harry over to Ron.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

"I wasn't expecting anyone to follow me. Thought I was the only one who knew how to fly well."

Dialogue line.

"AHA! Violent tendencies!" bellowed Umbridge and Fudge.

"I'll show you 'violent tendencies' if you interrupt with your nonsense again!" said Sirius and Madam Bones loudly.

The Minister and Umbridge cowered slightly.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"That is what you used to do on your father's broom, with him. Just like I said a moment or two
ago." said Dumbledore brightly.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He's right, Malfoy will have to deal with you on his own." said Kingsley with a smile.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

"Coward." muttered Kingsley.

End of dialogue set.

"Oh, dear. It's going to break!" said one of the third year Hufflepuffs.

Thirty-first paragraph, first sentence.

"Slow motion? Just how finely tuned are your senses?" said Sirius quickly.

Thirty-first paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma, seventh word.

"If it weren't for that first scroll, I would say I'd beat you soundly for giving me a heart attack." said Sirius, accepting a Calming Draught from Dumbledore.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

People that hadn't heard this story, clapped wildly.

Dialogue line.

"Oooh, way to kill the moment!" shouted the twins.

Thirty-second paragraph.

"Diving from a fifty-foot dive doesn't scare you, but my coming after you causes you to tremble in fear?" said McGonagall said with her eye open wide.
Harry turned and blushed.

"Very, very wise." mouthed Lupin.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

Sirius whistled, "That's a first." McGonagall rewarded him with a face full of cake, from the table of snacks for Harry, at his elbow. She smirked as she put her wand away.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Why didn't' you ask people to find out what had happened?" asked Tonks questioningly.

"I didn't need to ask, I've already seen what happened from the window in my office." said McGonagall.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

"Oh, Potter, I'm sorry I frightened you." said Madam Hooch. "We wouldn't expel you for flying, we would've given you a month's worth of detention, maybe, but not expel you."

Thirty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

"I wondered why you weren't talking, I've pulled students out of class before, and they've always defended themselves." said McGonagall.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Harry gave a full-body shiver. Sirius and Remus looked at him concerningly.

"What's wrong, cub?" said Sirius.

"I was thinking what would have happened if I got expelled then, I'm not too sure how it would have gone. Very badly I suspect."

Growls rippled through the Great Hall.
"Don' need an assistant 'Arry, but t'was nice o' you ta think o' me." said Hagrid kindly.

"Felt ta same way, when I was expelled, bit depressin'." said Hagrid, but strangely he didn't have a sad look on his face. "But, I got ter stay at Hogwarts when they had ter leave. So I got the best lot." said Hagrid beaming.

"We don't use that sort of punishment here. I won't stand for it." said Dumbledore firmly.

Harry on the other hand wasn't listening. A flurry of recollections of the incident came to him once again, it was a thick cudgel and it was smashing into his chest. Was that what happened to him? No, he thought, that wouldn't explain the lacerations on his legs and chest. But that would explain the cracked and broken ribs he gained from the incident.

"He wasn't the only one, you looked absolutely perplexed, Harry." said Professor Flitwick.

"We didn't teach him that!" said Fred, George, Lupin and Sirius loudly.

"Wait, you didn't give him a detention?" said Professor Snape incredulously.

"Well, what did you give Mr. Malfoy?" questioned McGonagall

Snape said nothing.
"That I could remember, apparently." said Harry gaining his voice back from his thoughtful ravine.

"You and I will have to play sometime, Harry." called Charlie.

"Too light, STILL too light." mumbled Madam Pomfrey.

"Too right!" said Ron, thinking of the second scroll.

"Cor, Harry!" said a first year Hufflepuff.

"Flying flobberworms would have been better than that year." said Snape quietly with a large smirk on his face.
"Excellent' is an understatement." whispered Sirius. "And he would have been extremely proud."

"Wow, Ron not eating? Rita, are you writing this down? This could be the biggest news you've ever written. The only news you've ever written." said Bill smirking over to the paper correspondent. She only scowled, dang blasted quill wouldn't work for her and she to just sit and try and remember all she was hearing. Which was becoming, quickly, an impossibility.

"Oh, dear! Don't choke!" said Madam Pomfrey worriedly.

"I taught Ron The Heimlich, 'cause I had to do it on him one or twice." said Harry laughing hard.

"It lasted a lot longer than I thought it would." said Harry chuckling.

"What? I left two years before that! What the heck..was going on, with you lot?" said Charlie in shock.

"No seekers, no winners." said Fred shrugging.

"Traumatizing, that was." said Fred faking a shiver.
"You could've let me know you knew about that one!" said Lee a little hurt.

"Never, he's never going back." said Sirius, Lupin and Dumbledore together.

"Very brave to say that in front of them, Potter." said Snape, with a very impressed sound in his voice.

"Thank goodness, you were there. Our faces, probably, would have been rearranged." said Ron.

"Hmph, that's not likely." scoffed Ginny.

"Of course not!, Living in the Muggle world, how was he to know what happens during that?" said Seamus.

"It's like a muggle duel. Only wands, instead of guns or swords." said Harry.
"Yeah, don't go with smarts or anything. And why are you sizing them up? You said no contact!" scolded Tonks.

Malfoy didn't answer her.

Dialogue line.

"You knew this how?" asked Snape looking at him in amazement. But Draco didn't answer, he only shifted nervously in his seat.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"You say that while you are eating? Are you outta your mind!?" said Bill.

"I didn't think anything could happen." shrugged Ron.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

"He looked at me like I was insane. Kinda funny really." said Ron with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

"Not really, was hoping you took it." said Draco.

"Why?" asked another Slytherin.

"You'll find out, fast." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"Throw it on the ground and punch him in the nose." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.
"Right on." said Sirius with a high five to Ron.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

"Honestly Hermione, every single time I looked up, there you were. Staring at me." said Harry with a laugh.

Hermione smiled and blushed deeply.

Dialogue line.

"Apparently not." said a Slytherin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, Hermione! You really have to learn to mind your own business." said Lavender laughing.

"Oi! Leave her alone!" said Ron and Harry. Lavender looked taken aback.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Who were you addressing that to?" asked Ron.

"Umm, Harry..." said Hermione quietly.

"Are you nuts?" said several different people.

"No, I wasn’t’ thinking of the good of the House, I only wanted to kick Malfoy's ass." said Harry defending Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, Ron. Could you at least, try and be nice?" admonished Mrs. Weasely.
"Hey I tried! Then I gave up." Ron said defending himself.

**Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence.**

"Why weren't you in bed, Longbottom?" asked McGonagall.

"Umm...I forgot the password" said Neville quietly.

**Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence.**

"Sage advice, Mr. Weasely." smiled Dumbledore.

**End of fifty-third paragraph.**

"I thought of it, like, facing all the bullies that had messed with me in the Muggle school I went to." said Harry with a satisfied smile.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.**

"That makes the Gryffindor common room seem creepy." said Dean shaking slightly.

**End of fifty-fourth paragraph.**

"You are stalking him, aren't you Hermione?" said Lupin, laughing out loud.

"I just thought he was interesting person! Not at all like the books I read." she said with a defeated voice.

**Fifty-fifth paragraph.**

"You sound like a wife, waiting for her drunk husband to come home." said Sirius almost falling out of bowl.

Hermione chewed her lip.
"Good luck with that." said Hermione starting to fight back. However, her voice was weak.

"Now, that is one of the qualities that I find so endearing about you." said Harry with a broad smile.

"You act like boyfriend and girlfriend." said Charlie.

"More like brother and sister." said Harry and Hermione quickly.

"I didn't sound like that did I?" said Hermione fearfully.

"Well, sort of..." said Harry and Ron feeling a little bad.

"Hermione, don't ever let me catch you saying that again." scolded McGonagall.

"I won't, I promise I won’t." said Hermione shamefully. Ron patted her on the back.

A few sixth years whistled, "How many points did you give her?"

"Sixty." said McGonagall.

More people whistled.

"I'm real sorry Hermione, but thank goodness Ron and Harry calmed you down. You were a bit much." said Neville. Hermione smiled sadly and nodded.
Well that sucks." said Fred and George with shocked looks on their faces. "Oh, wait a bit...what time did he say it was? Half past eleven? She's out visiting her friends then, you've got to wait about thirty minutes then to get back inside." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Not their problem." said Moody, he was not happy with the young lady. The way she acted, it was wrong. Though he was anxious to know how she changed for the better.

"ARE YOU FLIPPING PSYCHO? Why the heck would they defend you? No sane person would defend you?" said Fred and George staring at her. Hermione stood up and ran out of the Hall, crying.

Harry shook his head and began to stand. "Harry, you should rest." said Madam Pomfrey. "I'll go find her." Harry ignored her and finished standing "When she gets back, you all lay off, understand? If you've got a beef with her, you go through me." said Harry firmly and walked slowly out of the Hall.

His cane clicked heavily on the stone floor as he exited the hall. He closed the door behind himself and heaved a sigh. He then listened carefully, he heard sobbing coming from outside. He hobbled out to the grounds and there she was, underneath a tree to the right of the door.

Harry sighed again and walked over to her, he handed her a handkerchief. "I told them to lay off of you." said Harry leaning with his back against the tree heavily.

"Thanks, how much longer are they going to hate me?" she said desperately, crying into the piece of cloth.

"Only till the troll. Then they are going to love you, they will be worried sick about you." he said.
with a smile.

"Oh, Harry, you and Ron, you…” she started, wiping her eyes.

"We wouldn't be here without you." said Harry seriously.

"You would have thought of escape routes. You always do." hiccupped Hermione.

"There were times that I was a little slow on the uptake, and you rose to the occasion." said Harry, pulling her into a tight hug.

They stood there for a good three minutes or more, Hermione, slowly calming down.

"Let’s go back, Umbridge must be having a fit." he said with a smile. "On second thought, let’s go for a walk. My leg could do with some stretching and it being a nice day and all."

Hermione laughed and she and Harry walked along the path nearest to them, leading down to the Greenhouses.

It was an hour later, when they arrived back into the Great Hall. Umbridge was shrieking and caterwauling, if she was trying to deafen everyone near her, she was doing a bang up job.

"Where were you? We've been waiting for you to stop your crying and get back!" she screamed.

"I needed to stretch my legs a bit, and it took a long time for me to find her, ma'am." he said with innocent eyes. "Remember what I said." said Harry sternly to the people around them.

Several people walked up to her, including the twins and apologized profusely, didn't mean to hurt her.

Hermione sat down beside Ron, "Sorry I didn't come looking for you, but I had a feeling he would do a lot better talking to you then I would." said Ron with a smile.

"How did you two become friends? She sounded like an absolute horror." said Zacharias, he was the only non-Slytherin to not apologize to her.

Harry ignored him, and Hermione and Ron were too busy talking to each other to take notice of him.

Dialogue line.

"I still can't believe you said that, Hermione." said Ron quietly to Hermione.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, crud. What is there now?" asked Katie fearfully.
"Was it?" asked the twins
"Nope, thank God." said Harry and Ron.

"What the..." said Lupin.

Some people laughed but that stopped when Harry glared at them.

The other houses tried to stifle their laughter, what kind of password is that?

"Your so kind, Harry." said the fourth year Gryffindor that kept batting her eyelashes at him.
"Who's that?" asked Sirius quietly.
"Beats me, never met her before." said Harry plainly.

"Well, what were you doing out of the tower then? Why weren't you in bed?" asked Percy.
"Madam Hooch just said that he couldn't remember the password." said Sirius.
"Oh, right." said Percy quietly.
"Is he even scarier at night?" asked a first year Ravenclaw.

"Yes!" said Neville and the entire Slytherin house.

"After I heard that, I refused to teach him that curse. You don't use magic like that." said Harry looking over at Ron, sternly.

"It took me three months to learn it on my own." said Ron shaking his head.

"Oh, no! Does that mean you got caught?" whined Sirius sadly. Harry and Ron pretended to look ashamed.

Sirius groaned, until he saw Hermione laugh and shake her head. Then he bopped Harry on the head with a cushion, and threw one at Ron.

"That would have been a very bad move, Hermione." said Dumbledore said with a smile.

"You mean to say, that you, at eleven years of age, were already training yourself for an attack?" asked Moody, both eyes staring at him.

Harry looked down scratching his head.

"Good work, boy! CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" bellowed Moody. Several students shrieked and fell off their chairs.
"Or, he never intended to come." growled Sirius.

"Oh, sweet Merlin!" cried Fred.

"This is not good!" said George, covering his eyes.

"You're horror-struck, and you can still think enough to get the bloody hell out of there?" asked Lupin staring at the young man.

"I think when that happened with James and I, we stood frozen. Filch had to drag us out of the room he caught us in." said Sirius laughing.

"For being petrified, you were moving very well." Snape sneered.

"Oooh! Not good, not good at all." said the students.

"I thought that was Peeves making all that racket." said Professor Snape bitterly, the other teachers nodded.
"Small wonder he was in the lead." said Sirius with chuckle.

"Ever get the feeling Harry, kinda knew where he was going?" whispered Ron to Hermione.

"I didn't have a clue, I was just trying to get us the hell outta there." whispered Harry to them. The three of them laughed.

"Oh, really?" said Pansy sarcastically.

"About one and a half miles, actually." said Harry with a smile.

"How in the world do you know that?" she sneered.

"I felt it in my legs." said Harry simply.

No one contested that.

"That means...whoa....the other guys must have been wiped out." whistled several different people.

"You are too flipping fast, Harry." said Hermione.

"Did you know that Draco wouldn't show up, Hermione?" said Luna, looking dreamily over to the Gryffindor Prefect.

"Well...no...but I knew that they were going to get in trouble." said Hermione quietly.

"Well, then you did know something would happen." said Luna happily.
"Good thinking, go back to bed before anyone sees, you." said Tonks quickly.

Hermione sent him a glare.

"Boys don't tell girls they're right." said Ron and Harry.

Every male, even Dumbledore, in the room nodded, it was true. Boys, especially adolescent boys, never let on that a girl was right.

"Just went from worse to even more worse." moaned Fred and George.

"Telling him to shut up isn't a wise thing, trust me." said Lupin sadly.

"Saying 'Please' to him will get him talking like that." said Sirius shaking his head.
"Very big mistake." moaned Ron.

Harry laughed as well as the rest of the school. "I bow to a greater 'Drama King'."

Ron waved his hand around regally, which set everyone off laughing again.

The teachers paled, wasn't that the.....oh Lord.

"That singsong voice of his is very annoying." mumbled Harry.

"We taught him that!" said Fred and George raising their hands.
"I heard swear words, that I had never even heard of." said Harry laughing quietly

"Oh, Merlin! What now?" groaned Lupin.

"That can't be good, if Harry is thinking that." said Dean, getting a little scared now.

"Take a breath guys, cause all hell is going to break loose." said Harry to Ron, Hermione and Neville.

"Oh he ain' monstrous!" said Hagrid, feeling a little hurt.

"He was to four, frightened first years." said Harry.

"Can we get on with the story!" said Sirius nervously.

"OH MY GOD! GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE!" screamed Sirius and Lupin.

"Didn't need to hear that, didn't need to hear that." said Lupin rocking back and forth, holding onto one of Harry's hands tightly. Sirius was hugging the young man, just as tightly as could without hurting him.
Dumbledore paled, as did the rest of the regular staff.

"Live to sneak another day, very wise decision." said Snape, handing Calming Draughts to the staff and guests.

A collective sigh rushed through the Great Hall.

"Don't tell her, she's the biggest gossip in the school." said Bill.

"It takes a lot for Harry to start trembling." said Neville a little proudly.

"That only lasted till morning." he said smiling.

"Ron! We didn't know you could be funny!" said the twins proudly, rebounding quickly from hiding their eyes behind their hands and leaning heavily against each other.

"The floor? Why were you focused on the floor?" said Justin in amazement.
"I couldn't look up, I was too scared." said Hermione.

"You made us think that you were the most observant one, Hermione." said Harry beaming. Hermione blushed heavily.

Dialogue line.

"Us too," said Neville and Ron.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"We helped her prioritize her life a little bit." said Ron with a laugh.

"And she helped us prioritize our homework schedule." Harry laughed back.

"Not that you needed it." she said with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

People looked at the book in earnest. Where was eleven year old Harry going with this?

End of chapter.

"You figured all that out, that quickly?" I am intensely impressed, Harry." said Dumbledore proudly.

"Harry, I don't want to hear you going near that dog again, not it this lifetime, or the next!" bellowed Sirius, causing Harry look up quickly.

"I had no intention of going near him again." said Harry looking up at his godfather.

"Good! Cause if you do I....wait a minute, d-d-did you s-say that y-you HAD no int-intention?" he said fearfully.
"It's kinda towards the end." said Harry guiltily.

"You are SO grounded when I get you home." said Sirius with fear-ridden eyes.

"I'm not afraid of what you'll do for my groundings." said Harry with a slight smile.

"Why is that?" said Sirius with furrowed brows, he had never been a parent, but he knew that a grounding is something to be feared, not smiled at!

"I've gone fourteen years of 'Dursley Groundings' the Cruciatatus Curse is better than what they did half the time." said Harry with a smile. Then he paused and smacked his forehead with his palm. "I need a filter for my mouth."

"Harry.....I...I won't...ever....EVER...hurt you! Your....your leg...accident...I...didn't mean it. You've got to know that!" wailed Sirius. He started to cry hold him tightly. Harry, feeling the full repercussions of his words and a fresh wave of guilt, he allowed Sirius to hold him just as tightly as he dared and whispered to his godfather:

"I know, I know. I trust you, you and Remus. It's just, I keep forgetting that, you all know, now, parts of what I've been hiding. I'm sorry." said Harry trying to calm Sirius down.

Trying to steer the attention away from the two of them, to give them privacy. Dumbledore asked: "Who would like to read now? I think we can squeeze another chapter in, before dinner."

"May I sir?" asked Charlie.

"Of course, here you are." smiled Dumbledore, magicking the book down to the Dragon Tamer.

"All right then, the title is 'Halloween.'" said Charlie loudly.

"Bloody Hell." said Ron, Hermione, and Harry, the other students looked at them in wonder.
Trick or Treat, Smell a Troll's feet...

Chapter Summary

Once again, Harry and Ron get in big trouble, and McGonagall finds out that she was lied to.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

First paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"I really was, I had hoped that Filch caught you." said Malfoy quietly.

First paragraph, end of first sentence.

"You had bags under your eyes and big smiles, I was so pissed." said Malfoy smirking over to them.

"Your shocked face was what made us smile." said Harry in a cutesy voice.

The school, even Malfoy, started to laugh.

First paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"In retrospect it was an excellent adventure, not then and there. At the time, it was an absolute nightmare!" said Ron shaking his head, Harry nodded in agreement.

First paragraph, end of second sentence.

Under the glare of the adults in the room. Ron and Harry shifted uneasily in their seats.

End of first paragraph.

"I was absolutely floored when he told me. I could hardly believe it." said Ron shaking his head again.
"Or both." said Sirius and Lupin.

Sirius kissed the top of Harry's messy head, and Lupin gave him a broad smile.

Harry smiled, this was the kind of attention he liked, attention from a family, HIS family.

"Harry must've came up with about two hundred things that would fit that size. And what it really was, was the first ruddy thing he said." said Ron looking a little irked.

"What is it?" asked a second year, quickly.

"Not telling, you'll find out when first-year Hermione does." said Ron and Harry.

Several people groaned.

"Neville's smarter than the three of us in that aspect." said Harry happily over to a grinning Neville.

"Ouch, sorry about that Hermione." said Ron and Harry.

"It's alright guys." said Hermione.

"I really, REALLY don't mean to be mean, but, how in the BLOODY hell did you guys become friends. Because you lot are like enemies in this book." said Bill with widened eyes.

"WILLIAM! WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE!" admonished Mrs. Weasley.

"What happened?" said Sirius, getting excitedly.

"We know what that is!" cried the Gryffindor Quidditch team.
My second letter and my first parcel!" said Harry, beaming broadly.

"Very lucky that you read the letter first." said Lupin hiding a laugh.

"You got a Nimbus? Who paid for that?" asked Charlie incredulously.

"That would be me." said Dumbledore proudly.

The school went silent.

"What made you take it upon yourself to buy the broomstick, with the school funds?" said Umbridge angrily.

"I didn't spend a knut of the school's money. I spent my own. I missed out on several birthdays and several Christmas' presents and I thought I should get him his very first professional broom." said Dumbledore proudly.

Harry looked at him, and gave him a large grateful smile.

"You were ecstatic, mate." said Ron.

"Since then, I've ridden one!" said Ron remembering Harry's first broom.

"Several times, actually." corrected Harry.

"Which was wishful thinking." said Ron sadly.

People slowly turned and faced Malfoy with angry looks on their faces, who cringed slowly in his seat.
"You're brilliant." said Bill rolling his eyes, "a thin, long parcel and you needed to feel it to make sure?"

"Hey, we finally had something that Malfoy didn't, after all the crud we had to put up with, Harry deserved some bragging rights." said Ron defending himself against the condescending smiles sent his way.

"And I wasn't saying a word, I was letting Ron take the ball." said Harry brightly, trying not to laugh.

"Not a bad broom, but those aren't nearly as good as a Cleansweep or Nimbus, in the way of speed. Comet's are used mostly for just showing off with their extra features and colors." said Harry absently.

"How do you know?" asked Malfoy curiously. "You've only had the best racing brooms."

"I subscribe to a few Broomstick magazines." said Harry.

"How about 'Moonlit Flight'?" asked Sirius with a wicked grin. Lupin smacked Sirius' head roughly and turned to look over to Harry.

"If I catch you with that, you aren't going to be able to sit for a month." said Lupin quickly.

Harry laughed loudly. He could guess what that particular magazine was all about.

"Hey! The articles are great!" said Sirius indignantly.

"I'm sure, but you never read those articles, have you? You focus on the other part of the magazine." said Lupin with the sides of his mouth twitching.

"So do you." whispered Sirius to his friend. That statement earned him several smacks with cushion by the reddened face man.

"Coward." growled Moody.
"Ron aimed a swing at him, Malfoy stepped back and put Goyle in front of him." said Harry

**End of dialogue set.**

The Weasely children sat and scowled over to Malfoy.

**Tenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"We wouldn't do that! Not in a million years!" said Harry, Ron and Malfoy together sarcastically.

The entire school laughed.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"I'm just a big Quidditch enthusiast as Severus, Pomona, and Minerva." said Professor Flitwick.

**Dialogue line.**

"That was a low blow." said Sirius trying not to laugh out loud.

**Eleventh paragraph.**

"Funniest face I had ever seen since Dudley got that pig tail." said Harry laughing hard.

The school was reminded of the tail and they couldn't contain their riotous laughter.

**Dialogue line.**

"Give credit, where credit is due." said Dumbledore smiling.

Malfoy blushed heavily.

**Dialogue set.**

Hermione gulped loudly as McGonagall blinked at her in shock.

"Sorry, Professor. I-I-" she trailed off.

"She wasn't aware of the facts." said Harry quickly.
McGonagall nodded, Hermione mouthed 'thanks' to Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph.
The three friends looked amongst themselves and mouthed an apology.

Thirteenth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.
"That tells you that he's excited about something really, really good." said Ron.

End of thirteenth paragraph.
"I thought you were going to open it before the first class." said Angelina
"I never got that far, Malfoy and Hermione stalled me way too long. I would've been late to class." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.
Harry sighed in remembrance of his very first racing broom. His very favorite broom.

Fifteenth paragraph.
Mr. Weasley eagerly explained what the book was talking about. Hermione and Harry had to correct him a few times, however.

Sixteenth paragraph.
"God, I miss that broom." said Harry, wiping the moisture from his eyes. Sirius patted his arm as Hermione rolled her eyes.
"What is it with boys and toys?" she whispered to Ginny.
"They love to go fast, they're crazy like that. But then again...I'm a Quidditch player too Hermione." she smiled widely.
Both girls laughed.
"Those were the good old days." said Alicia, Katie, Fred, George, and Harry. Angelina huffed playfully and crossed her arms.

"I'm not that bad!" she pouted.

"Close." said the Gryffindor Quidditch team.

First year Muggleborns, who were confused at the very first game, listened intently.

The Chasers of the Hogwarts' Quidditch teams stood up to the loud cheers.

"What's basketball?" asked Malfoy.

"I'll explain at another time." said Harry.

The keeper's then stood and took a bow, even Ron, though he was blushing and looking down.

"Best one we've ever had, that is why we judge you so harshly Ron, it's nothing personal. We want you to be the best you possibly could be." said Angelina kindly.
So were some of the first years.

"Yeah, you are really going to need that." said Fred warningly.
"If we are right, on what he's about to set loose." said George quietly.

"They've broken those straps before." said Fred, rubbing his arm.
"Right after a game too, when we tried to put them away." said George rubbing his chin.
"Took us off guard." they both said.

"Wow. Nice shot!" complimented Fred and George.

The Beaters from each house stood up to the sound of cheers. Fred and George graciously allowed their replacements stand up.

The twins stood up quickly to the furious round of applause.
"I don't think I sounded offhand, I heard myself squeak." said Harry snickering.

"We can add broken arms to that, numerous cracked bones from falling from more than fifty feet in the air, and the wind being knocked out of someone." said Madame Pomfrey darkly.

"They had better not have all been from you” said Sirius warningly.

"Yet he could never compliment us to our faces." huffed Fred and George.

"Only cause you could barely fly with your heads being already swelled by your egos." said Angelina laughingly.

The seekers of the school began to cheer loudly this time.

The Seekers stood up and received the loudest cheer and applause yet. Harry remained seated and applauded his replacement, Ginny. Ginny stood and pulled Harry gently to his feet and when he did. The sound of clapping and cheering was almost deafening. Umbridge scowled.

People stared at Harry, he was nervous about playing? The star Quidditch player?! They couldn't believe it.
The Seekers all whistled, including Sirius and Lupin.

"Your dad did that little practice exercise, but he missed four of them!" exclaimed Sirius.

"Hey, now." said Charlie, pretending to look hurt.” I wouldn't give up my dragons for nothing," he said defiantly.

"No one should really say that, but I am glad that you can call this a home." said Dumbledore, his eyes brighter than usual.

The teachers smiled.

"Kinda warns you that something is going to happen. Learned that one real quick." muttered Harry. Hermione and Ron both nodded solemnly.

"Trevor's still afraid of heights." whispered Neville to Ron, who snorted.

"Sorry about that." Harry said looking over to Neville, he smiled and nodded in response.

"I don't mind being paired with her/him anymore." they both said absent-mindedly.
Dialogue set.

Several people turned to look at Harry, he looked back at them.

“What?” asked Harry curiously.

“I think they are wondering if you have some revelations about what Professor Flitwick said.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“Saying the word properly is very important, pronouncing it, can vary the spell’s results. I’ll explain later, I think I know where this is going.” said Harry, slowly taking out his little black notebook.

Umbridge looked longingly at that notebook, how she wanted it!

Twenty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“You didn’t even wave your wand. You let me go first with the feather, you never even got a chance.” said Seamus.

“Yeah I did, I just didn't really care.” said Harry.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

“The only good use for those hats.” said Harry and Seamus.

Ron, at the next table, wasn’t having much more luck. Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“There is no real way to say that particular spell wrong, Hermione, the only thing he was doing wrong was the impression of a spinning wheel.” said Harry flicking through the pages.

End of dialogue set.

“Not necessarily. It’s the swish and flick and saying the word that gets it done. Making the ‘gar’ nice and long, will make it hover four feet, no more, no less. When Ron does it now, he can make it climb to about seven to eight feet.” said Harry calmly. Hermione nodded and Ron beamed at the compliment.
“It’s kinda cool challenging her, and seeing her prove you wrong.” said Ron smiling broadly.

“Four feet, no more, no less.” said Harry looking kindly at Hermione.

“That was a major understatement.” said Harry and Ron.

“Sorry, Hermione, I didn’t really mean it.” said Ron sheepishly, before any adult could tell him off.

“It’s alright Ron, I forgave you years ago.” Hermione smiled brightly.

“That is all you could say, Harry?” asked Sirius in shock.

“That wasn’t all that I said.” said Harry quietly.

All of a sudden a several small balls of light erupted from the book, which startled Charlie.

“What are those, usually its scrolls!” shouted Charlie.

“Those are called Scattered Shots, they show some small part that pertains to the part of the book at hand. The Scrolls show’s Harry’s past, but those are longer bits. The Scrolls are long, the Shots are short.” said an Unspeakable.

The balls of light then circled around Great Hall and then they broke apart into hundreds of pieces. Each piece flew into a different person. Once it entered a person’s body, their vision blurred and then turned to darkness.
Then they found themselves in the corridor right beside the Charms’ classroom. They saw younger Harry and Ron come out of the Charms class. They heard Ron say:

“It’s no wonder no one can stand her, she’s a nightmare, honestly!”

They then saw Hermione run right into Harry and speed off.

“I think she heard you.” said younger Harry with a shocked look on his face.

“So? She must’ve noticed that she’s got no friends.” said Ron shifting slightly.

The Watchers then watched in shock as Harry looked over to Ron and then grabbed him by his ear and dragged him over to a deserted, empty classroom.

He just about threw Ron bodily into the room. The Watchers stared in amazement, what was going on?

“WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU? WHY ARE YOU ACTING THIS WAY?” shouted Harry.

“You know what she is like!” Ron shouted back. “She’s overbearing, a know-it-all!”

“THAT DOESN’T MEAN YOU GET TO SAY THINGS LIKE THAT!” shouted Harry again.

“Ron, she’s new here, she doesn’t know anybody. It’s hard to make friends in a whole new world.”

“You managed.” said Ron shortly.

“You wanted to sit in the same compartment as the ‘famous Harry Potter’, Ron. I know, I sound like a hypocrite talking to you like this when I don’t even watch my own mouth around her. But I saw her crying as she banged into me. You went too far, I went too far. We need to apologize to her in the next class. Alright?” then they heard Harry’s voice break. “I know what bullying can do; I know what it feels to be on the wrong side of the punch, be it physical or verbal. I don’t...I will not...allow the Dursleys affect me.”

Dumbledore paled, as did a majority of the other Watchers, but not nearly to the same degree.

“What do you mean?” asked Ron nervously.

“It’s nothing, just Dudley. Listen, we’ll both apologize, alright?” said Harry shaking his head and then looking at Ron.

Ron nodded.
The balls of light left their bodies and there they were back in the Great Hall. The students looked around to the three friends.

“So they apologized and you all became friends right?” said Lavender towards Hermione.

“Umm....more or less.” they said shifting about a little.

“How come I have the feeling it’s leaning towards the ‘more’ part.” said Lupin with a raised eyebrow.

“If it happened the way I suspect, it’s A LOT more.” said Snape drumming his fingers against each other.

“Thanks for agreeing to apologizing, Ron, means a lot actually.” said Hermione with a smile.

Ron blushed and gave a half shrug.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“So you didn’t just apologize and become friends then.” said Ginny.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“I felt real, REAL bad.” said Ron

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Hermione put her hands on her hips and opened her mouth in mock indignation.

“Hermione, I was hungry.” whined Ron.

“When are you not hungry.” said Ginny and Hermione, both were smiling.

“I was hungry too, actually.” Harry pouted, playing along.

“Oh well then, that’s fine.” said Hermione, Ginny and Sirius who caught on quickly.

The school laughed at the look of pretend shock on Ron’s face.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Sorry I missed it now.” said Hermione sadly.

“Compared to where you were, yeah, I would be upset if I missed it too.” said Ron trying to cheer her up. Which amazingly worked.
“Oh no, what is it now?” groaned Remus.

“HOLY CRAP!” shouted Sirius

“Useless piece of garbage.” muttered Moody and Tonks.

“First there was dead silence.” said Harry with a smirk.

“THERE IS A TROLL IN THE DUNGEONS! THERE ISN’T ANYTHING FUNNY ABOUT IT!” shouted Sirius wringing his hands. Lupin was dead pale. “KNOWING YOUR LUCK, YOU’RE GOING TO MEET IT!”

Harry didn’t say anything. Sirius groaned even louder.

"Go figure." said Bill whispering to Charlie.

“What are you supposed to be able to do?” asked a first year. Percy blushed.

“Hex me if I start acting like that.” said Ron quietly to Neville.
“He wouldn’t do that, Peeves loves almost all the students. He enjoys bringing excitement into children’s life. But he wouldn’t do anything life threatening.” said Professor McGonagall.

“OH MY GOD! HERMIONE!” screamed Mrs. Weasely.

“I’m fine Mrs. Weasely, I’m fine!” reassured Hermione.

“Good reflexes, Weasely.” said Moody approvingly.

“Learned to dodge Percy all the time at home.” muttered Ron.

The guests and the students slowly turned to look at the man. The regular staff knew what he was doing and weren’t concerned. They were more worried about the three first year Gryffindors.
“One of only times I noticed something, before Harry.” said Ron brightly.

Students cringed, in their seats. They weren’t sure if they wanted to eat again.

“Don’t tell me what you saw was the troll.” begged Sirius.

“I don’t ever want to see it in person, ever.” said a group of first years.

“I found out later, much later, that what that means is that they hear something.” said Harry sadly.

“Sorry, Hermione, it was my idea.” Harry whispered to Hermione. She sent a reassuring smile over to him.

“Good! Now get the hell out of there! I don’t want you any nearer to that troll then you’ve already been.” said Lupin worriedly

“Then go get a teacher!” yelled Sirius.
“CRAP! WHAT NOW?” yelled Bill. He didn’t want his little brother getting almost killed by a fully grown mountain troll!

“Dear lord, that room,” said George weakly
“It was....” whispered Fred, even weaker than his brother.

They hurried over and pulled and hugged onto Hermione tightly.

“What the...” said Ron

“We aren't leaving till we know she's okay." they said quickly.

Sirius and Lupin looked over to Hermione worriedly.

People who didn't catch on nearly as quickly as the twins, started to scream:
"HERMIONE IS IN THERE!" screamed Ginny.

People screamed even louder.

"Do...not....tell...me....you....went....in....there!" moaned Lupin weakly.

"NO! DON'T GO IN THERE, GO FIND A TEACHER!" screamed Mrs. Weasely.

"I don't think they would've gotten there in time. From the dungeons to the girls’ bathroom, not even I could fast enough to be in time to help her.” said Harry quietly.

The teachers clutched at their throats, if they had gone for a teacher, would Miss Granger still be with them?
"OH, HERMIONE!" wailed Lavender.

Dialogue line.

"You look like a weak shrimp, but you are really strong when the need arises Harry." said Ron quietly to Harry.

Fifty-third paragraph.

"NO! NOT TOWARDS HARRY! NO!" screamed Sirius.

He stood up quickly and shielded Harry with his own body. As if the troll had made a repeat performance.

"Sirius, I'm fine, it's not here." said Harry looking up at his terrified godfather.

"Sirius, calm down!" yelled Lupin.

Snape hurried over and pulled Sirius' head back by the hair and poured a Calming Draught down his throat.

Sirius started breathing deeply, he was calming down, but he wasn't going to move from where he was kneeling.

Dialogue set, second sentence, third comma.

Bill ran over and embraced his younger brother now. "Don't get hurt, don't get hurt." he whispered over and over.

Mrs. Weasely and Mr. Weasely were practically sobbing into each other's shoulders.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Bad time to freeze Hermione." whimpered Tonks.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Charlie then rushed over and hugged Ron tightly as well. He threw the book to Moody, who continued on for him.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first colon.
"I think, all hell is going to break loose again Harry." said Ron sadly from the cocoon of his brother's arms.

Harry nodded, looking a little warily from Remus to Sirius who was still kneeling in front of him.

**Fifty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.**

Sirius moaned piteously and sank lower onto the floor.

**End of fifty-fifth paragraph.**

"Ewww..I forgot all about that, Harry." said Ron with a sickened look on his face.

"Tell me you cleaned your wand after words." said Hermione a little pale.

"I borrowed Ron's wand and used a disinfecting charm on it." said Harry with a laugh. Which shocked Sirius and Remus, Dumbledore chuckled as well.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" bellowed Sirius to Dumbledore. "Harry going to get killed by a bloody troll!"

"What year was he in, when this occurred, Sirius?" said Dumbledore brightly.

"What? Oh, um....first year....my godson was eleven..." he said, then erupted into tears.

"How old is Harry now?" said Dumbledore calmly.

"Fifteen...." said Sirius looking up slowly.

"So, that means he didn't get killed, he's right here. Now calm down, if you don't I won't let you take him for the summer. I won't have someone so high-strung taking care of such a rambunctious teen. I will care for him myself." he said firmly.

Sirius worked hard to calm himself down.

"That's better, now Alastor, continue please." said Dumbledore looking quite pleased with himself.

"Gladly." said Moody gruffly.

**Fifty-sixth paragraph.**

"Keep calm, Sirius, keep calm. He's just fine, he just fine." said Sirius grasping Harry's hands and holding them close to his chest.

Harry had no notion of what to do to calm him down. He was hoping the Troll bogies on his wand would have made him laugh at least. Harry placed his forehead on Sirius's forehead. His eyes fluttered open and his dark eyes, met Harry's green.

"I'm fine, I'm right here. I'm not gone." he said soothingly.
Sirius stood back up and sat back in the bowl. He laid Harry's head back on his lap and grasped one of his hands.

"Once again, you're so grounded when I get you home." he muttered into his ear.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

"The only spell you can't do, you pick that one." said Malfoy, shaking his head.

"I think it was nice, Ron was so worried about Hermione that he used a spell that he associated with her. Shows that he learned something from her." said Luna serenely.

Hermione and Ron both blushed deeply.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, fifth comma.

"Kinda describes the noise you made when you straightened your nose, during the scroll." said seventh year Hufflepuff to Harry.

Harry looked at him in confusion. Lupin quickly told him what the seventh year was talking about. Remembering, Harry nodded.

End of fifty-eighth paragraph.

"Tell me it didn't land on anyone." said Mr. Weasley weakly

Fifty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"Thank goodness, It didn't get Hermione or Ron and Harry didn't get hurt when the troll hit the floor." said Mr. Weasley, heaving a giant sigh of relief.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

"Hey I was in shock." he said to the people sniggering.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Good show, Potter, don't let your guard down. Could wake up at any moment." said Moody nodding.
"I didn't need to hear that." said Sirius weakly.

Sixty-first paragraph.

"Didn't need to hear that, either." he said chuckling a little.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

"Not too sure if that would have made it better or worse really." said Harry.

Sixty-third paragraph.

"Plan didn't go too well for him did it?" whispered Hermione to Ron

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

"Don't ask me where that thought came from. Cause I won't be able to tell you." he said waving away the incredulous looks.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

"I wanted to use Legilimency to find out what had happened, but he looked down too fast." whispered Snape to Dumbledore.

End of sixty-fifth paragraph.

"I thought my wand was down." said Ron sheepishly.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

"Bout time." muttered Moody. He wasn't pleased with Hermione, freezing like that.
"What did she say?" said Lupin weakly.

"Miss Granger! You lied to me! You and I are going to have a little chat once this chapter is done." said McGonagall sternly. Hermione looked down and nodded slowly.

"Only truth to that story it seems." muttered Snape, looking over at McGonagall. "And it is the more important part of the story, how she came to be there, is not so significant."

"She still lied to me." she muttered McGonagall firmly. "All the same, I guess, I cannot blame her, but I will still have a talk with her about lying to me."

"As long as it has nothing similar to Harry's detentions with Umbridge, I'll take whatever she gives me," muttered Hermione seriously to Ron who was going to speak up against Hermione getting detention.

"We failed miserably, I think." said Ron with a smile over to Harry.

"Turns out she didn't think she could." said Tonks giving Hermione a wink.

"Good thing too. Freezing up like that, foolish girl." said Moody shaking his head.

Hermione smiled broadly over to Harry.

The school laughed loudly, but silenced immediately when Snape threw a glare at them.
Seventy-first paragraph.

"I didn't want to look at that troll anymore." she said blushing.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Now we know all the facts." said Dumbledore brightly clapping his hands together. "I was a little concerned; I felt that I wasn't told everything."

"Why didn't you let me know that?" said McGonagall incredulously.

"I thought you were the one holding back." he said with smile and the twinkling in his eyes were going strong.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I could've taken points, Mr. Weasely if you prefer." said McGonagall stiffly.

Ron quickly shook his head.

Dialogue line.

"I wasn't complaining." said Harry quickly to his Transfiguration teacher.

Dialogue line.

"Wouldn't need saving if you lot didn't make fun of her and lock the troll in there with her." said Lupin sternly.

Dialogue line.

"Spot on." said Lupin.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

"Bit anticlimactic, isn't it." said Fred, pulling himself away from Hermione. George did the same
"I think we'll have to take your word for it." said Bill with a smile untangling himself from Ron. "You better hope, you don't get into any more dangerous situations, or I'll do to you what Snape did to Malfoy." he said sternly.

"It was embarrassing coming back in here, after that." said Malfoy quietly.

"Don't feel too bad Malfoy, I'm guessing, that if I wasn't laid up, I'd of been paddled several hundred times by now." said Harry kindly. "Besides, not many people noticed you coming in."

Several people nodded.

"Oh," said Malfoy, feeling a bit better.

Charlie held the book out at arm’s length.

"Whatcha doin', Charlie?" asked Bill with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, every night, we have that scroll come popping out of this thing. I thought it would happen again." he said meekly.

"If a Scattered Shot happens during the story, there will not be a Recollection Scroll that day. It takes a lot of magical energy to produce both of those." said an Unspeakable.

"Thank goodness, if it was a bad Recollection Scroll today, I don't think my heart could take it." said Sirius brushing his lips in his godson's messy locks.

"Well, now I think we better have some dinner. Before we all perish from hunger." said Dumbledore brightly.

The tables of food appeared once again and plates of food were magicked over to the trio in the bowl again. Harry helped himself to a piece of chicken, he munched greedily at it.

Umbridge, who was quiet for a large portion of the chapter, sat glaring at the three in the bowl. She was about to lose her teaching position, and her power over the Ministry personnel is fading fast. Even her hold over the Minister is waning, she needed to act! Last night's attempt went wrong somewhere. House-elves are supposed to go about unnoticed, how did that stupid house-elf get caught before he could slit the boy's throat? At first, she wanted nothing more than to discredit him, show he was a liar. But now, she wanted him to...suffer...yes that was it. She wanted nothing but screams of pain coming from that wretched boy! Now, how was she to go about it?
Bathilda pulled out the photo album from her bag and began to thumb through it once more.

"Oi! Don't hog that all to yourself Batty, let us see it too!" whined Sirius.

"Hey, not in front of everybody!" cried Harry.

"Harry, I want to see more of your baby pictures, we don’t have any of you growing up." said Sirius gleefully.

"Doctor Clark has pictures of me, about a year's worth." said Harry quietly.

"When he gets here, then we will ask him for some. But for now, we are happily stuck with your baby pictures." said Lupin consolingly.

The pictures were magnified to an extremely large size and it showed a tiny version Harry chomping down on a chocolate chip cookie, the cookie was the same size of his head.

"Did you finish, that thing?" asked Malfoy, laughing out loud.

"Oh no, his father finished it for him." said Bathilda, smiling over to Harry, who was blushing.

The next picture was one of baby Harry, fast asleep, snuggling against a giant stuffed dragon.

"Awwww!" cooed the girls in the Great Hall.

"I got ya tha'!" said Hagrid proudly. "I even remember wha' ya named it. You named it..."

"Scorchie..." said Harry quietly, staring at the picture.

People cooed even louder.

Umbridge stole out of the room silently. No one even took notice of her leaving, their attentions lying on the pictures hovering in the air. She hurried up to the library and crept into the Restricted Section, she opened one book after another. Searching for something, anything, finally she found it. It was perfect, a delightful mix of emotional and physical pain. The only problem was, it required a potion, and from she noticed from the readings, Snape would never agree to making it. She would need another Brewer.

She knew just the man. She copied the spell and potion formula down and stole her way out of the castle.
As everyone was still in the Great Hall looking at the pictures, Umbridge made her way to the gates, after she stopped in her office for just a second. The moment she stepped outside the gates, she apparated. She came to be in a very dark and dirty street, with mice and rats squeaking and skittering across the path. She looked up and saw an ancient warped sign saying "Narrowmoor" moving slowly back in forth in the autumn wind. Smiling widely, she walked down the way and passed several shops with a different assortment of things. Blood quills, burning necklaces and other forms of subtle means of torture.

She stopped at store where a large cauldron, that had something that looked like bloodstains on the side, sat beside the door. She entered the store and a cackle went through the store as the door opened. She looked about the room, cudgels with small spikes or knobs sitting along the wall, rows and rows of glass phials of liquids levitating in a glass case with large sign plastered on it saying 'DON'T DRINK'. A pale man came from the back of the store, carrying a tank of green liquid and knives hovering over it, the tips of the knives slightly submerged.

"Oh, good evening Delores, how'd those whips turn out?" said the man, laying the tank gently down on the counter.

"It worked out fine, he's not healing and its causing him pain every time he's moving." said Umbridge brightly.

"Good, good, is he remembering anything?" asked the man.

"....yes, he's starting to remember, is there something wrong with that?" said Umbridge, her smirk sliding off quickly.

"Yeah, not for you, but for him. If he remembers anymore, the pain will grow and grow until it may be more humane to just kill him outright. Your ex-lover must have some mentality strength about him. Now what can I do for you tonight?" he said adjusting the knives.

"I need you to brew a potion for me, this one." she said uncrumpling the parchment.

He took the parchment and looked it over. "Hmm...the Leechhold potion...that's a bit drastic for your 'ex' isn't it? You know what this will do don't you?"

"I do, and I cannot wait to see the look on his face, every time it takes effect." she said gleefully

"You are a sadist, aren’t’ you?" said the man with a raised eyebrow. "Well, let me go brew it up, do
"Yes, I do. I'll get everything ready on my end." she said. The man went towards the back of the store, Umbridge took out a small phial with a black strand of hair, took it out and wrapped it around a piece of black onyx. Out of a small pouch, she removed a single emerald and an snowy owl feather, she took out a white bit of string and tied the both of them to the onyx piece. She then took out another phial, this one held a thick red liquid. She poured the contents of the phial onto the oddly decorated onyx piece. She laid the onyx and all its additions on top of a black cushion and waved her thick wand over it, muttering quietly.

An hour or so later, the man came back with a small, bubbling black cauldron. He placed down in front of her.

"Alright, drop in what you've got. I already spoke the incantation. Be warned, there is no going back. Not even I can remove it." he warned.

Without a hesitation, before he even finished his warning, she dropped the contents of the cushion in the cauldron. It bubbled and frothed, then a thick bit of golden smoke bellowed out of the cauldron.

"That's strange, from what you said about your 'ex', the smoke should be as dark as the cauldron. Gold smoke, means..." his eyes widened in shock. "means....he's a.....kid....."

The smoke parted and it showed Harry's face, he was laughing in Sirius' arms and smiling brightly, laying in the bowl.

"That's....that's Harry Potter!" said the man, falling back against the wall of his shop.

"What of it?" she asked with an air of superiority.

"YOU TOLD ME THIS WAS YOUR EX-BOYFIREND! THE PERSON, THE MAN ALL THIS WAS FOR!" he yelled pointing to the figure in the golden fog.

"You weren't supposed to ask who it was for." she said majestically. "What's done is done, as you said. Now, I thank you for your help. If I need any more help, I 'll come back." she said as she laid a large bag of galleons down on the counter and taking her leave.

The man sat down, touching his pale, and sweaty face with his now clammy hand. He was looking at the boy through the cloud of smoke. He was so carefree, all of a sudden, he saw the boy twitch and grasp his stomach absently.

"Dear, God. What have I done?" he said weakly, He slammed down his fist on the counter and covered his eyes.
His devices, and those of the other shops, were all supposed to be used by adults, on adults. They had an unspoken code of honor, not that many people knew. But they didn't hurt children, no one under twenty was to be a victim of their craft...If he had known, he never would have done it. Especially not to Harry Potter himself! Forget Dumbledore's rage if he ever found out that he was in on an assault on his favorite student, but he had a great-nephew in that school, and he always talked of Harry Potter and all the good he's done. He went to his crow's cage, brought it out, and carried it to the table. He took a quill and parchment and wrote swiftly:

Albus Dumbledore:

I am sorry I cannot tell you who purchased my services, and I cannot tell you all I know, but the young man known as Harry Potter is in grave danger. I was asked to make a Leechhold potion and it was fixed to the boy. You currently have Severus Snape in your employment, he can make the necessary potions to make the poor boy's suffering a little easier. Also, stop him from remembering anything more about the cause of his injuries. Urge him to forget, it is imperative! When you get this, do not bother coming, I will no longer be here. I'm sorry. Please, tell the boy, I'm sorry.

Sylvester Hexting

He sent the crow off and looked around his small place of business. He raised his wand and was about to bring it down and blow his place and himself to kingdom come, when a black-gloved hand clamped down on it. He turned and a terrible mask met his eyes.

The moment that the crow had reached the Great Hall and Dumbledore had read the letter, he had rushed out of the school. To the bewilderment of the students who were listening to him tell a story of Harry's first trip to Hogwarts as a baby.

The moment he had turned down Narrowmoor Street an explosion met him, he ran forward after the blast had concluded and saw the remains of Hexting's shop. And there was no sign of life left in the building. Aurors swarmed the street and Dumbledore told them what had happened. They went inside the destroyed building and searched around, but they couldn't find anything. Except for what seemed like a full-grown man's body. Charred and unrecognizable. Then they found another body, this one had burnt robes and the gold fastenings almost melted into its flesh.

Dumbledore looked at one of the half-melted golden buttons on the corpse, He had seen that button before. In his office a night or two ago. It was from the Ranger Lionus' jacket! Could this be
him? And if so, what was going to happen to Harry's Dr. Clark? How could he possibly tell Harry?

He clutched at his heart and gritted his teeth with almost unbearable pain as he made his way back down the street. Then, as if to add another shock to the evening, a hand reached out and pulled him into the shadows, one arm around his waist and the other firmly placed over his mouth.

Dumbledore tried hard to get free of his captor, he reached for his wand but the hand, that belonged to the arm around his middle, gripped his wand hand and pulled it away.

"Ssshh. Dumbledore it's me, Lionus." said the man whispering into Dumbledore's ear. Dumbledore tried to look behind him, he saw the same mask that he had seen in his office. The Ranger spun him quickly around.

"Lionus! What...isn't...wasn't that you in there?" Dumbledore said pointing back towards the charred remains of the Hexting shop.

"No, that was one of my corporals." said Lionus, he slowly took his mask off, to reveal that he was a young blonde haired man, with face that bore several different scars.

Dumbledore stared at him, "I know you, you're..."

"Please, Dumbledore, I told you that I gave up that name years ago. Let it go."

"Sorry, but the explosion, your corporal, I'm sorry. What happened?" said Dumbledore, almost stumbling over his words.

"I had a private and a corporal keep an eye on your High Inquisitor." said the Ranger, very fluent in nervous and shocked ramblings. "Since I went to your office, I decided that she wasn't to be trusted much, I won't confuse you with how I got to that conclusion, but I decided to put a tail on her. And I received mixed results.

"They followed her here and they learned what was going on, and what she had done. After she left, Hexting wrote you the letter that brought you here. He then decided, for some ridiculous reason, to end his life. My corporal hurried in and stopped him from blowing up himself and the building."

"But he didn't, the explosion happened!" said Dumbledore, slowly getting his wits back.

"Not the explosion that Hexting was going for. My corporal stopped him, but my private decided to show his true colors there and then."

"I don't understand." said Dumbledore still confused.

"My private was a Death Eater." said Lionus bitterly.

Dumbledore paled, "What?" he asked weakly.

"You heard me." he snapped. "He used his position to get close to the boy. At least that was what he was aiming for. It didn't work obviously. My corporal was going to send 'Doc' to Hogwarts to take care of the Leechhold potion, however my private had other ideas. They got into a raging battle, it didn't agree with some of the potions and artifacts in that shop and that caused the explosion."
"Your private? Oh, dear. What about Hexting? They only found two bodies so far." said Dumbledore, keeping his voice low as a group of Aurors carried the charred remains away.

"Hexting is safe at Devil's Garden." said Lionus plainly.

"Devil's Garden? That's your prison, isn't it?" said Dumbledore, gaining some ground at last.

"That's right, we offered him a job. Told him the kind of people he would use his craft on, he didn't take it right away, then I told him it would make up for what he just did. Took it right after that."

"So both your private and corporal are gone." said Dumbledore.

"Yeah, my corporal was a good man, we'll have to get the both of them out of the Ministry. The Corporal will get a Squadron funeral, the Private will be given to the 'Wolf and Raven Squad'." he said with a snarl.

"What is the 'Wolf and Raven Squad'?" asked Dumbledore.

"It's our Elimination squad, any criminal that dies before he goes to 'Devil's Garden' gets handed over to them, as well as any rotten apple we have in our ranks. They use wolves and ravens and any other animal they see fit to....devour the bodies."

Dumbledore paled and clutched his stomach and moaned.

"Going off-track," said Lionus.

"Thank you." said Dumbledore weakly.

"We've got Dr. Clark." said Lionus with a smirk.
Dumbledore had not returned till the next morning, he was alone and he couldn't answer anyone's questions of where he rushed off to. He rushed over to Professor Snape and whispered hurriedly into his ear. Snape paled and ran as fast as he could out of the Great Hall.

Harry walked down to breakfast with Sirius and Remus half an hour later. When he entered the Great Hall he doubled over, teeth gritted with pain.

"Harry! What is it?" asked Sirius quickly.

"My...stomach..." he moaned.

"Here, let's sit you down in the bowl quick." said Remus picking Harry up gently and hurrying to the bowl.

Dumbledore rushed over and enlarged the bowl to twice its size, he then arranged the cushions and blankets.

Remus carried the suffering boy over to the bowl, Harry was gripping Remus' collar tightly and growled in pain. He laid Harry gently down in the bowl and Sirius sponged Harry's forehead. Ron and Hermione were looking at Harry anxiously, both of them were clutching at each other in fear.

Snape ran back into the Great Hall and hurried over to the bowl. As Harry gasped in pain, he helped Harry drink the potion completely. He continued to gasp in pain, until finally he opened his eyes.

"What..what happened?" he asked weakly.

Dumbledore threw a murderous look up to Umbridge, who sat with her sickening toad-like smile. He turned back to Harry and grasped his hand.

"It's a Leechhold potion, Harry. It's a vile poison that doesn't need to be drunk by the victim. Every hour on the hour, you'll be racked with pain in your abdomen, as if you had drank some strong poison. You'll get weaker and weaker until, you can no longer even get out of bed." he said grief-stricken.

"Isn't there an antidote." asked Hermione and Sirius quickly.

"No, there is nothing that can remove it." said Dumbledore sadly.

"How long will it last?" asked McGonagall fearfully.

Dumbledore looked away, tears falling freely from his eyes.

"Dear God." said Mrs. Weasely clutching her throat.
Suddenly, the doors opened and a man walked into the Great Hall, it was Lionus, unmasked. He was leading an old man towards the bowl. When he arrived he held out a hand.

"Here you go, Doc. Leechhold potion." said Lionus

"Alright lad, have you had any pain yet?" said the old man, opening a small doctor's bag.

"Just now." he said weakly.

"Well, this will take care of it." he said taking out a small needle with blue liquid inside.

He quickly stuck it in Harry's skin and pushed the liquid into this bloodstream. Sirius who looked down at the little needle in Harry's skin, turned pale and passed out on the floor. Harry and the Doctor looked at him and then each other. Harry tried not to laugh, the Doctor was too busy shaking his head.

"Alright boy, you're all done. It will take two days for it to take effect I'm sorry to say. So you will have to endure the pain for just forty-eight more hours, thankfully, you've got a Potions Master here, who can make the pain-relieving potions to help you through this." He put his syringe back into his bag.

"Will the pain get worse?" said Lupin while he was slapping Sirius' face to wake him up.

"Fortunately, it won't get worse than it has already and you won't get weaker. That's the small comfort the antidote will give you."

"I thought Dumbledore said there wasn't any antidote for the Leechhold potion." said Hermione suspiciously.

"Not to you, but to us, yes. We use it on some of our prisoners. Now," said the Doctor quickly, not completely answering Hermione's question, not to her satisfaction anyway.

"I want that woman." said the Doctor looking up a Lionus.

"Done, Madame Umbridge consider yourself in custody."

"What charges?" demanded Umbridge and Filch. 

"Well we can start with 'Conspiracy to be a b*^$$%', but if you want more than that, then we've got the following: We've got torture on a child, person being eighteen years or younger, wrongful use of Dementors, person being eighteen years or younger."

"I did no such thing!" said Umbridge loudly.

"Oh get off it, we've got the paperwork you used to sign out the Dementors and send them to Little Whinging. Good Lord woman, if you're going to commit a crime, don't evidence like that laying out for anyone to see it. Pathetic really. Now, I would normally just ship you off to Devil's Garden, but I'm going to let you stay here, and listen to the books. If you're a good girl and you remain silent, you may stay, if not, off you go."

"She's entitled to a trial!" bellowed Fudge.

"Not with us, she doesn't, we don't make an arrest unless we have all the facts. Her goose is cooked. Oh, and your Caretaker Filch, he was in on it as well." he said matter-of-factly.

"WHAT?" yelled Dumbledore furiously.
Filch who was just entering, turned deadly shade of white.

Dumbledore made to leap and throttle the old caretaker when Lionus held him back. "Sir, allow me." he said with small smile.

Filch turned and began to run out of the Great Hall, but Lionus hurled a small pin-like object toward him, it struck him in the back and suddenly, he was gone.

"What happened to him?" shrieked Umbridge, afraid that, that was what was going to happen to her.

"He was just sent to Devil's Garden. He'll be there for maybe five or seven days." said Lionus.

"Why such a short stay?" asked Sirius baring his teeth, he got tired of Lupin slapping him.

"You'll see if it was enough or not when he gets back. Hey, Doc, about his prior injuries."

"Already seeing to them. There you are lad, it'll be a few more weeks with that cane, but it'll be a lot easier on you." said the Doctor.

"That's all then." said Lionus. "Thanks Doc, you can go back to torturing the other Rangers now." he finished with a smirk.

"If you all weren't such weaklings, it wouldn't be torture. And no, I'm not going anywhere, I don't see many 'Kodak moments' I'm not about to miss this." said the Doctor with a knowing smile.

"What's a 'Kodak moment'?" asked Ron.

"'Kodak' is a camera!" said Colin excitedly, "I asked Dad for one for my birthday this year! A Kodak Moment is a touching and special moment!"

"What moment are you talking about?" asked Harry.

"This moment." said Lionus walking toward the door exiting. He then came back, with a man with graying hair who bore an eye patch over his right eye. Despite the patch and the mass of the gray hair, Harry knew the man all too well.

"D-D-Dr....Dr. Clark!" screamed Harry. He stood up suddenly and hobbled as best he could over to the man. The man stared at him, and slowly moved forward. He then broke into a run and engulfed the young man in a embrace.

"Harry! My little Harry! Oh, I've missed you so much! Look how big you've grown." he said laughing holding Harry out at arm's length. He laughed and brushed back his hair, to look at his eyes. "Every night, I thought about those eyes of yours, the only thing that kept me going." he said hugging him once again.

"Where were you? I looked everywhere for you!" Harry sobbed, tears of joy rushing down his cheeks, like two small waterfalls.

"I'm not too sure where I was, to tell you the absolute truth. I just remember it being dark." said Dr. Clark tears streaming down his own face, he didn't care about the past, now that he had his little Harry back.

"And I'm not at liberty to say where he was, I've already said too much, and just about our prison system." said Lionus with a small smile.
Umbridge wanted to make a comment on how Muggles shouldn’t be at Hogwarts or know of its existence, when she was soundly smacked in the back of the head by a lieutenant who was standing beside her. Making sure she didn’t get away.

"Be silent." he hissed.

Sirius looked at Harry and Dr. Clark his smiled faltered a little. He looked down and slowly walked away, into one of the antechambers off the hall.

Sirius gripped his shoulders and leaned heavily against one of the pillars. He cried silently.

"Padfoot?" said Lupin coming in moments later.

"What, Moony?" said Sirius, quickly wiping his eyes.

"What's wrong? You should be happy that Dr. Clark is back! Harry doesn't have to worry about him anymore." said Lupin with a smile.

"I am, but, what if Harry wants to go live with him? Instead of us? I don't know if I could actually take it." said Sirius brokenly.

"Actually..." said Lupin quickly

"I KNEW IT! HARRY WANTS TO GO LIVE WITH HIM!!" wailed Sirius.

"Settle down! Geez, I thought I was high-strung. Harry isn't going to live with him, I asked Dr. Clark if he could live with us. He agreed, he lost his practice, being gone so long. And his apartment: given to another, his stuff: sent to charities, his money: lost in the system. Harry asked me if he could stay with us, And well, I said it was alright with me, and that I would come and ask you. Harry was a little scared when he wasn't seeing you in the Great Hall. Now, can Dr. Clark stay and live with us? With what Harry has shown us this far, on what he's like, we need all the help we can get." said Remus with a broad smile.

Sirius stared at his old friend and slowly grinned.

"I'll take that as a yes." he said clapping his friend on the back.

They both walked out into the Great Hall and saw Harry talking frantically to Dr. Clark. When Remus and Sirius came closer, he looked over to them quickly. Remus nodded and Harry's smile got bigger.

"Should we abandon the books, seeing as how the woman that orchestrated this event is in custody?" said McGonagall.

"No, that wouldn't be a good idea. You stop know, you could have some irreversible consequences. Best to continue on. Oh, speaking of the past, Dumbledore, you better tell Harry about the incident."

"That's right, Harry," said Dumbledore, walking over to the bowl, "about the incident, don't try and remember it. We don't need to know anymore, and if you do try to remember anymore, it would only cause you more pain. It would be best to just forget it, alright?" he said quietly.

"I'll try sir." he said honestly. Dumbledore smiled and patted his head.

"Well, let’s continue on the with the books then. Sirius, Remus aren’t you going to take your
“seats?” said Dumbledore gesturing to the bowl.

Sirius hurried over to the bowl and sat on Harry's immediate right and Lupin sat on Dr. Clark's left.

Dumbledore picked up the book and looked at the next chapter. He read it quickly and laughed. "Mr. Jordan, you may be the perfect person to read this next chapter."

Lee frowned and walked over to the Headmaster and looked at the chapter title. He grinned broadly, Dumbledore handed over the book and went to go sit down, to the left of the bowl.

Lee took a deep breath and shouted: "The next chapter is Quidditch!"

The Quidditch players and fans all cheered, as Harry quickly told Dr. Clark what Quidditch was.

"I've got a lot to learn, I see." said Dr. Clark smiling down to Harry.

"So did I. When I first came here." said Harry brightly.
Lionus and the Doctor took seats beside Dumbledore, who conjured up the chairs for them.

"You always could describe things beautifully" said Dr. Clark giving Harry a one armed hug.

"I always wondered what you were doing, Hagrid." said Percy looking thoughtful. He wasn't upset that Umbridge was now in Ranger custody, he never really liked her at all. And he was glad he wouldn't have to look at her any longer. She was a severe strain on his eyes.

"Very fashionable, as always." sneered Pansy.

"Don't get me started again." said Harry warningly.

Pansy turned pink and scowled at him.

The Gryffindors, fifth years and up all groaned in memory of their devastating loss at the end of that year.

"Something tells me you didn't make it to the Championships." said Sirius consolingly.

"We made it to the Championships, but we didn't win." said Ron sadly.
"Some secrets are not very well kept in this school." said Harry wisely. "And this was one of those times."

"Um, yeah, that would be me." said Ron meekly.

"Oh, Ron! We wanted to keep Harry's playing a secret!" chided Katie.

"Sorry, I just bragged to a few people." said Ron sheepishly.

"Who then told a bunch more people." said Harry kindly.

"The mattress one was probably the one that made me feel worse." said Harry.

"I can understand that one." said Dr. Clark and Sirius.

"With all the Quidditch practice, he almost forgot to do his homework. You kept reminding him, and me for that matter." said Ron putting an arm around Hermione.

"Now I know neither of you needed it." she huffed.

"I did! I was still a nitwit then!" said Ron laughing.

"I thought you would like that book." said Hermione brightly.

"After he took it back, I went and checked it out too." said Ron.

"That is a lot of fouls, and all those happened in that one game?" asked Dr. Clark.

"From what I hear." said Sirius with a smile.
"That must have been one hell of a game." said Dr. Clark laughing quietly.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"Well then you were perfect for the position." said Dr. Clark fondly.

Sirius looked on jealously as Harry smiled and leaned heavily against the Doctor.

Dr. Clark and Remus both saw the look on his face. Remus leaned over slightly and whispered in his ear "He's a little possessive of his cub." Remus had a slightly apologetic look on his face.

"I've noticed, Jim was the same way. Anybody who messed with his 'Sport' was asking for a fist in their face. If he could have gotten away with it, Vernon Dursley wouldn't be around for as long as he has. Speaking of which..." said Dr. Clark, his face growing dark.

"He's in Auror custody." said Lupin quickly. Dr. Clark smiled broadly.

End of fifth paragraph.

"And people still sign up for that job?" asked Dr. Clark.

"It pays pretty good, about two thousand galleons a game." said Sirius, he still was slightly put off by the Doctor.

"I take it that's a lot of money." said Dr. Clark with raised eyebrows.

"Hell, yeah." said Malfoy.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"Like we said, we ruined you." said Harry and Ron brightly.

The whole school laughed.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence.

"That's a third year spell!" yelled the third years.

"And she used it in our first year." said Ron proudly.

Sixth paragraph, third sentence.
"Who's Snape?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Professor Snape," corrected Dumbledore absently. "is the Potion's Master of the school."

Harry let out a small gasp as the pain once again claimed hold of his body. Professor Snape hurried over and helped Harry drink the same potion as before. Dr. Clark held Harry's hand and Sirius took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat that had appeared from the strain of holding back a scream.

Once again, he gasped and weakly laid his head down with his head in Dr. Clark's lap. Sirius picked up his legs and cradled them in his own lap.

"He seems decent enough." whispered Dr. Clark to Remus.

"He's gotten a lot better. He used to be a holy terror." said Remus with a small smile.

"Haven't we all?" said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

**Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

"Potter, you're too observant for your own good." said Professor Snape sharply.

"You can blame that on Jim, he wanted Harry to become a police officer. Trained up his observations skills, Harry's so good that he could tell you what you had for lunch, just by looking at your footprints in the mud." said Dr. Clark proudly. Moody looked up quickly with excitement in his eyes.

**Sixth paragraph, fifth sentence.**

"Normally yes, but if it used to keep a student warm, outside, then you are permitted to use it." said McGonagall looking over to Snape. "You better not have taken points away from the fire." she warned.

"Not the fire, no." muttered Snape quietly.

**Sixth paragraph, sixth sentence.**

"Half the time, Severus, you LOOK for the guilty faces in the halls." squeaked Professor Flitwick.

"How else do I stop the students from destroying the school and it's integrity?" he snarled.

**End of sixth paragraph.**

"Go figure, Harry is over there, why shouldn't he look for a reason to tell them off?" said Fred
"Potter! Five points from Gryffindor for breathing too loud!" said George imitating Snape.

"I can't take points away, but that doesn't mean I can't give the two of you detentions!" snapped the Potions Master. Fred and George immediately silenced themselves.

"Severus! There is no rule against taking the books out of the school!" shouted McGonagall.

Snape shifted in his seat, "sorry." he muttered quietly.

"He most certainly did." said McGonagall furiously.

"RONALD!" screeched Mrs. Weasely. "YOU APOLOGIZE RIGHT NOW!"

"Sorry sir," he said just as quiet as Professor Snape's apology.

"When isn't it?" said the Gryffindors in unison.

"Very good Miss Granger, don't let them cheat." said Professor Vector.

"But it seems that Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasely already knew the answers." said Professor Sprout.

"I didn't, Harry was tutoring me when Hermione wasn't around, so in a sense, I had two tutors." said Ron
"You'd be a great teacher Hermione, you should look into that." said Harry gaining back some strength.

"You're a better teacher, Harry." she replied quickly, thinking of the upcoming and previous D.A. sessions.

"I can give forty reasons, Harry!" whimpered Colin.

"I can give you fifty." said Neville looking warily over to Professor Snape. Snape was trying to hide a smirk behind his hand.

"Nice to know that your friends have your back." said Dr. Clark with a small smile.

"We do, though!" cried Hermione, Ron looked ashamed.

"I was teasing, honey." he said with a warm smile. Hermione blushed.

"Sound reasoning." said Professor Flitwick.

"Ever think no one is in there?" shot Zacharias.

"I heard voices in there, there was someone in there." said Harry quickly.

"Oh no! Now what?" moaned Sirius and Remus.
"Things didn't go well for you earlier?" said Dr. Clark looking down at Harry.

"You could say that." said Harry carefully.

Twelfth paragraph, first sentence.

"Worse than I thought." said Sirius trying to hold in a laugh.

Remus was shaking with silent laughter.

Snape was snarling immensely.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.

More people sniggered slightly, with their hands over their eyes. Snape's eyes were almost bulging out of their sockets.

Twelfth paragraph, third sentence.

"What happened, sir?" said Malfoy, trying to recover from his silent laughing fit.

Snape refused to say.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Wait a minute...you went to that monster's corridor?" asked Sirius quickly.

Remus quickly explained to Dr. Clark what Sirius was talking about. Dr. Clark gripped Harry tightly.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You've got some massive amount of guts to ask him for the book." said Charlie shaking his head.
"And some stupidity." said Bill shaking his head as well.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

"How many floors?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Seven." said Hermione.

"Well that should have only taken you at the most seven minutes, unless you put on some of that speed of yours." he said proudly.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"Thanks for watering that down, mate." said Ron gratefully.

Dialogue set.

"If you want my broomstick, sir, the Whomping Willow is currently borrowing it right now. Feel free to try and go and get it." said Harry with a playful smile.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Thank you for the vote of confidence, Miss Granger." muttered Professor Snape with a smirk.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"We know that ain't true now." said the three of them.

End of dialogue set.
"Can't you tell us?" whined Dennis.

"Nope, you'll find out just as soon as our younger selves do." said Harry, holding a hand up to stop Hermione.

Eighteenth paragraph, second sentence.

"Yeah, remember when we read about you in that hotel? You never could sleep if you're worried about something." said Dean.

"Miss. Granger, Mr. Weasely, if Mr. Potter isn't able to sleep for any reason, you go and get Madam Pomfrey. Understand?" said Professor McGonagall quickly.

To Harry's dislike, Hermione and Ron quickly nodded.

Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence, sixth word.

"So you do know how to close your mind!" said Dumbledore happily.

"Yeah, but it didn't work much that night." said Harry glumly.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Ninteenth paragraph, second sentence, twelfth word.

"Ron.." said Hermione when she heard Ron's stomach growl.

End of ninteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"The same thing goes for him not eating!" said McGonagall sharply. Harry groaned.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.
"I guess I could've put that a little better." said Seamus a little embarrassed.

"Gee, you think?" said Charlie rolling his eyes.

"I'm amazed I didn't throw up, there." said Harry quietly.

"You like them too, eh?" said Dr. Clark to Dean. Lee coughed as they were going into their eleventh minute of discussing the finer points of the team and their games.

"Quidditch now, West Ham, later." he said with a regal look.

"Stupid thing, he chewed them all to hell." muttered Ron.

"Don't tell me you can draw, as well!" said Hermione exasperatedly.

"Only floor plans." said Harry vaguely. “Thankfully that’s only squares.”

"Why would you draw floor plans?" said Hermione quickly.

"Never mind." said Harry. Hermione huffed.

"Oooohhh!" said the students impressively.

"That would have been cool to see!" said one of the small first years.
"Notice we said 'Oliver's SPEECH.'" said Fred, shaking his head.

"He never changes that speech, at least Angelina changes it around a bit." said Katie. She turned to look at Angelina, and was surprised to see her grinning maliciously.

"Why are you grinning like that Angelina?" asked Alicia. "It's a little scary."

"Because, Harry, Fred and George can play Quidditch again, Umbridge is gone! Her ban is lifted!"

The Gryffindors sat in shock, then they raised the roof with their shouts.

"Finally!" sighed George, Harry and Fred, all three of them were looking up at the ceiling.

"Nice guy." said Sirius with a chuckle.
"I take it she doesn't get paid the two thousand galleons a game." said Dr. Clark to Lupin.

"No, she is the flying instructor and the best one on a broom. She automatically gets to referee. She does get a bonus though for doing it." said Lupin smiling.

**End of twenty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Yeah, he was a real nasty and mean player." said Alicia furiously. "One time he actually picked me off my broom and dropped me in the stands. He wasn't allowed to play for the rest of the season."

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"Explains a whole lot." said Alicia venomously.

**End of dialogue set.**

"We could see your grin all the way from up there." said Hermione smiling and laughing.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

Lee looked over to Angelina, and smiled as she blew a kiss to him.

"Now I wish I asked you out before George got ahold of you." said Lee grudgingly.

"Sorry Lee, but I ain't letting go." said George slyly.
"I have to, goodness knows if anything would have been commented on if I didn't try and keep him on track." said McGonagall massaging the bridge of her nose.

"And not a bad looker either." said Lee. Alicia winked at him.

"Must been a good day for him, cause normally he flies like a drunken seagull." said Lee under his breath.

"another beauty of a flyer, on and off the field." said Lee looking at Katie.
"LEE!" shouted McGonagall. "Enough! Proposition the girls another time!"
"Yes ma'am." said Lee quickly, moving on with the book.

"It did, I saw stars for a while." said Katie.

Dr. Clark looked slowly at Harry.
"I didn't get hit, least not that year." said Harry quickly.
"That doesn't make me feel any better." said Remus, Sirius and Dr. Clark in unison.
"Oh, we are going to get along splendidly." said Sirius brightly, clapping Dr. Clark on the back.

"Still can't half the time." muttered Lee.
"Nice save Lee." said George and Fred laughing.

Dialogue set, first sentence, eighteenth comma, first word.

People who were fourth years or younger sat forward in their chairs.

End of dialogue set.

The Gryffindor House erupted in cheers.

Thirty-second paragraph.

The Slytherins moaned once more.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That was nice of you Hagrid, coming to Harry's first game." said Luna dreamily.

"Well, I used to see 'Arry's dad play, all the time." said Hagrid.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"How high up in the air were you?" asked Dr. Clark.

"About sixty feet or so, I think." said Harry.

Dr. Clark whistled.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.
"I think we would rather you not be attacked at all." said Remus, the two other men nodded.

"I actually saw that Harry, and so did a bunch others. They couldn't wait to have Gryffindor score again, just to see what you would do." said Angelina.

Harry turned red.

"Kinda explains why you smacked us later on that day." said Fred, absently rubbing the back of his head.

As well as the crowd in the great hall.

"Oliver kinda yelled at us for that, but he was watching too." said Katie with a pout on her lips.

"And he gets it!" said Sirius excitedly.

"Not really." said Harry sadly, then he paled, he knew what was coming in a moment. He readjusted himself so he was leaning against Sirius now and held tightly onto his hand.

"You okay, cub?" said Sirius, with a worried look on his face.
"After last chapter, I think you need me over here," he said quietly.

"Not a wise idea, Harry." said Dr. Clark, who helped Harry pick his legs up and lay them on his lap.

"Why not?" said Harry confused.

"From your Rehabilitation days, I remember that you are ticklish...here" he stared digging his fingers into the back of Harry's leg.

"AAAAHH! NO PLEASE!" he said laughing and trying to squirm away.

Sirius laughed loudly.

"Dr. Clark, I mean, Sam, careful. His legs still hurt from a month ago." said Madame Pomfrey, not wishing to intervene. He stopped quickly, but smiled over to Harry.

“Gee, your mean.” said Harry shaking his head.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

"What the..? THAT DIRTY LITTLE..." Sirius stopped when he saw Mrs. Weasely glower he swallowed his curse.

But other people were shouting as well, including a few younger Slytherins.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

The Gryffindors groaned.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Good question." said Lee, looking confused.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, well in that case...RED CARD!" yelled Lee.

People around the hall sniggered.
"Who cares?" said Lee and Dean.

"And if he had, I’d bust him right in the mouth." snarled Sirius.

"Sirius! He's a child!"

"Not anymore, Molly, the book said he was sixth year. He's twenty now." said Remus darkly.

People started to giggle.

Then they were laughing.

Then they were rolling on the floor laughing hard.

"Huh?" said most of the students.
Forty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

"What?" asked Sirius, getting more and concerned by the minute.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

“What’s going on?” asked Dr. Clark fearfully.

Forty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“They most certainly don’t! What in the hell?” asked Remus, he was quite pale.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

People who weren't at the game, stared in fear. What was going on? Sirius, Dr. Clark, and Remus were holding on to Harry tightly.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“I didn’t know all that was going on.” said Lee a little shamefully.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma, first word.

No one laughed, they wanted to find out what was going on with Harry’s broom.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

"Get to the ground Harry!" yelled Dr. Clark.

"He can't, the broom's jinxed!" said Sirius fearfully.
"Well thank Merlin Hagrid was watching out for Harry." said Mr. Weasely, his face was white. "Goodness knows what could happen if no one noticed." he patted his wife on the back supportively.

Forty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.

Several girls screamed.

Sirius and Dr. Clark's grip tightened on Harry's hands.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

Dr. Clark screwed his eyes shut. He wasn’t sure if he could take it anymore.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

"What are you doing?" asked Remus, gray-faced.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Several people turned in their chairs and glared at him. Snape merely ignored them. He knew he was innocent, but proclaiming it now, would not help in him in the slightest.

Dialogue line.

Sirius snarled in Snape's direction and was about to pull out his wand.

"Sirius! It wasn't him." yelled Harry, gripping the wand.

Sirius looked at him in shock.

"Remember what I said in Dumbledore's office, about accusing someone without definite proof?
He was one of the four people I was talking about!” said Harry, eyes flashing.

"Who were the other people?” said Remus, his wand was almost out of his pocket as well.

"You'll find out later.” said Harry tiredly.

"I'm starting to hate that sentence.” said the two Marauders.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"When you get like that, you remind me of Harry.” said Ron shaking his head.

Fifty-first paragraph, third sentence.

Mrs. Weasely was pale and sobbing into her husband’s chest, who was also pale looking. The men in the bowl were holding onto Harry just as tightly as they dared.

Fifty-first paragraph, fifth sentence.

"We felt completely useless. It sucked. We didn't want you riding a broom after that.” said George gravely.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

"Professor McGonagall noticed, she gave him five weeks of detention for that stunt of his.” said Lee, trying to lighten the mood, he failed miserably.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence.

"Well that explains how his jinx broke suddenly.” said Snape to himself.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

Hermione took one of the blankets from the floor and tried to cover herself up, away from
Professor Snape's glare.

"You....were...the......one...who...set...fire...to me?" he said slowly, but his voice was loud and thunderous.

"Severus, she was trying to save Harry, you can understand, I hope?" said Dumbledore carefully.

"I DIDN'T JINX HIM!" he shouted.

"We know that now, but she didn't, not at the time. I will not allow you to punish her longer than two nights of detention. I'm sorry Miss Granger, but not even I can eradicate the whole." he said to her sadly.

"No detention, but she's buying me a new robe." he said, calming himself down.

"Yes sir, I will." she said quickly, still hiding herself.

"After this, we're throwing her a party, setting fire to Snape! She rules!" whispered Fred and George to Ron. He nodded furiously.

Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence.

"It’s a special potions robe, I had saved up money for it." he said still looking over at Hermione.

"Umm....how much were they?" asked Hermione nervously.

"They run about three hundred galleons." said Harry calmly. Noticing her stricken face, he added. "I'll pay for it, it was because of me that you 'lit him up'."

End of fifty-third paragraph.

"Till now anyway." said Neville.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

There was a collective sigh of relief. Even the Ranger's Doctor was patting his chest, to steady his heart.

“The boy is worse than the lot of you.” he said towards Lionus.

“I’m more impressed with the fact that he could stay on for that long. He does have Ranger tendencies, very strong ones.” he said looking thoughtfully over to the bowl and its inhabitants.

Dialogue line.
"Sorry Hagird," said Neville sheepishly.
"S'all right Neville." said Hagrid kindly.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, first dash.

"I think I would have gotten sick up in the air, I wouldn't be waiting till I got to the ground." said Dr. Clark, looking slightly green. Sirius nodded in agreement.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, third dash.

"However, holding your hands out to catch the sick wasn't a good idea." said Dr. Clark flinching a bit.

"It wasn’t sick I was catching." said Harry with a cunning smile.

End of fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dead silence.

"What?" said a first year.

“You didn’t!” said Charlie laughing.

“You caught the thing in your MOUTH?” yelled Sirius joyously.

"That sounds like the weirdest game ever to be played at Hogwarts. " said Remus shaking his head and laughing.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

"Suck it up, he didn't break any rules." said Sirius grasping Harry's shoulder and shaking it happily.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"Dear lord, what now?" groaned Dr. Clark.
"Thank you Hagrid, strong tea is what he needed after that little episode." said Mrs. Weasely, wiping her eyes quickly on her husband’s handkerchief.

"Counter-curses sometimes use the same method, but you didn't know that then." said Harry looking over to Hermione and smiling.

"Cause he hated Harry since day one!" shouted Ron.

"Ron! Why would he, really?" said Mrs. Weasley.

"I used to think that it was just because I existed." said Harry with a small smile, unseen by him Sirius and Remus clutched at their chests, and Snape flinched.

"Only your monster of an uncle thinks that way." said Dr. Clark running his hand through the teen's hair.

"Like he always does!" shouted Ron and Hermione up to Fudge and Umbridge.

"Which he wasn't, by the way." said Harry loudly to the crowd.

"What did he just call that three-headed dog?" said Sirius with widened eyes.

"Fluffy." said Harry with a smile.

Sirius blinked several times at Hagrid, he then mouthed 'Fluffy?' to Hagrid with a disbelieving look on his face.
The students shot straight up in their chairs.

" Damn! " said the twins.

" Too bad the other person couldn't take a leaf out of Snape's book. " said Harry quietly.

" Never stopped us! " said Ron with a wide grin.

The teachers groaned and smacked their foreheads.

" You let something slip again, Hagrid. " said Harry with a smile.

" Never meant to " said Hagrid turning red.

End of chapter.
"We love you, Hagrid." said Harry with a laugh, and then, to his friends and newfound family’s horror, his laughs turned to cries of pain. Snape ran over, as well as the Ranger’s Doctor. They poured more and more potions down his throat. When he opened his eyes weakly, he gripped the Doctor’s collar, standing beside the bowl.

“Isn’t there anything you can do? To make it hurt less?” he begged. Sirius, Dr. Clark, and Remus looked up quickly.

“There is, but it will stop the readings for a the next forty six hours.”

“Please, I can’t take it anymore!” he said whimpering. Ron and Hermione looked at each other in fear. Harry was admitting he was in pain?

“Let’s see how much pain, your actually going through..” he said placing a small button-like object on his chest. A dummy then popped out of thin air. He pushed the button on Harry chest. The students and the guests watched in horror at what had happened to the dummy. Even the Doctor quickly turned it off.

“Alright, Lionus clear an area, we need to use a pod.”

Lionus whipped out a gold handled wand and cleared the chairs away from a section towards the back of the Hall.

The Doctor then walked over and placed a small box on the ground and pushed the top of the cube. It started to glow, slowly at first until the glow of the box grew to an immense size. In the box’s place stood a coffin shaped...thing....they couldn’t describe it. It looked like a coffin, but there was pipes curved over the edges of the sides. The lid was made of glass there were buttons all over the bottom and side.

The Doctor went over and opened the pod as the Ranger went and picked up the ailing boy.

“What are you doing? What is that going to do?” asked Sirius quickly.

“It will make him better, no side-effects. It will even heal the injuries from the incident.” he said, not bothering to turn around, he continued on walking and placed the young man in the pod.

The students started to crowd around, the Doctor was being bombarded with questions and first years were trying to get a closer look at the pod. Lionus had had enough, he whipped out a small black ball and immediately, the Hall was engulfed in darkness.
A moment later, they saw the pod was now filled with a sort of liquid, water it seemed, and inside......was Harry......asleep. His shirt was gone and they could see different coated wires attached to his chest and reporting their findings to a small monitor to the left of the unconscious figure. What stopped him from drowning was an oxygen mask attached to his mouth.

“What....WHAT DID YOU DO?” bellowed Sirius, flinging himself at the Doctor.

Lionus caught him by the throat and held him in the air, with one hand.

“Relax, Harry is fine, what he is right is an intensive care pod. We use it for serious cases, he’s not one of those, but it was quicker this way. He will sleep for two days. Take this time to think about what you learned about the boy and take this time to rest.” said Lionus sternly. He then lowered the man slowly to the ground.

“There is nothing you can do now, just wait till he wakes up. Then you can roughhouse with him all you want.” said the Doctor kindly.

Sirius glared at the Ranger and walked forward, before the Ranger could grab him again, Sirius took a chair and placed it next to the pod.

“I’ll stay till he wakes up, don’t even think about moving me.” said Sirius angrily. Lupin and Dr. Clark looked at each other and grabbed chairs to sit beside Harry as well.

The Doctor smiled. “He could use the company.”

“The rest of you might as well go off and relax, no readings till Sunday afternoon.” said the Ranger plainly. When no one moved, he shook his head. “There is no point you being here, go on and git!” he said sternly.

Dumbledore had to reassure that nothing would happen to Harry and that they should leave and let Harry rest. Slowly people left the hall.

“These books will take forever to go through!” whined Umbridge.

“What did we tell you, woman? Be silent!” said the lieutenant sharply.

“Deal with it, you stop reading now, as in permanently, it could cause some harm.” said Lionus tiredly.

“You said that earlier, what could happen?” asked Sirius

“Potter will lose all his memories, that’s where these books come from. You stop reading, he won’t remember who he is, and there will be no recovering from it.” said Lionus seriously.
Over the next two days, people were permitted to wander about as they saw fit. It was just as well, because there was a gaping hole in everyone's schedule. Umbridge was removed as a teacher, unable to be let go from Ranger custody, not to mention not being able to leave the Great Hall, and Lupin wasn't about to leave Harry's side for anything. People wandered aimlessly, discussing the books and all that Harry had seen and done. Some people even went to Hogsmeade to do a bit of shopping, to get their minds off of Harry's horrible home life and all the danger he seemed to find himself in, but found themselves buying something from Honeydukes for Harry when he woke up. The pile was growing steadily larger with each passing hour. As well as the numerous vases of get well flowers from female admirers.

Seeing Harry in that coffin-like pod was a little frightening. His hair was suspended by the water and his eyes were always closed, but they twitched if you looked close enough. And if you had the misfortune of watching too long, a yellow light would come on and Harry, inside the thing, would have his whole body twitch violently. Sirius just about lost his mind when he saw it for the first time.

In the meantime, while he was sitting beside the pod, Dr. Clark met and acquainted himself with the rest of the teachers of the school, as well as some of the guests. He was very popular with the Muggle Studies students and especially with Mr. Weasely. Despite Dr. Clark being worried about Harry, he couldn't help but laugh good-naturedly at Mr. Weasely’s enthusiasm.

It was lunchtime when the constant red light turned slowly to green. The Doctor hurried over and pushed several different buttons. Keeping a close eye on the monitors. The water slowly left the container, and when it was gone, the Doctor opened the chamber, he took the wires and other monitoring paraphernalia off the boys chest. Harry's eyes flickered and slowly opened. The Doctor removed the oxygen mask and helped the boy out of the pod. Harry was almost completely limp, he was so weak that he could barely stand.

"Alright lad, take a deep breath, how do you feel?" said the Doctor supporting his full weight.

Harry gulped in breaths of air. "A lot better than I did before I went in there. But I'm still so tired."
he gasped almost collapsing to the ground.

“I thought you said he wasn’t going to have any side-effects!” shouted Ron.

“So I did, ask the woman what she used for the Leechhold potion.” said the Doctor to Lionus.

“Why doesn’t he ask her, himself?” whispered Blaise to Draco.

“He’s the most lethal member of the Rangers. You say the wrong thing to him, and you’re a criminal, you’re dead in five seconds. No warnings.” said Lionus, catching Blaise’s question. “We like them to see Devil’s Garden before they die.” he said with a smirk.

Lionus then walked over to Umbridge, “What ingredients did you use in the potion, woman?”

“What if I don’t tell you?” said Umbridge smugly. Lionus didn’t answer, but he did take out a small object out of his pocket, it was a circular device with a giant glowing button. He pushed it and a thin needle shot out and embedded itself in her arm.

Immediately, she writhed in agony and the Great Hall was filled with her painful screams. He pushed the button again after five minutes.

“You’ll get that again if you don’t tell me and again if you lie to me. What were the ingredients?” She gasped, “What was that?” she said weakly.

“I don’t answer your questions, you answer mine. What were the ingredients?” he said quickly.

“All right, all right, it was one of his owl’s feathers, a strand of hair, and an emerald.” she said quickly.

“Is that all?” asked Lionus.

“Yes.” she said, then without warning, she began screaming.

“I told you, don’t lie to me! What else was there?” he said dangerously.

“...huff...huff...hair,” she gasped. “a....huff.....phial.....of....his....blood....huff.” No more screams came.

“See how easy that was?” said Lionus with an evil smile. “Well Doc?”

“Well in that case, he’ll be weak for an hour or so. Let’s let him rest a bit more, he’s all yours gentlemen.” said the Doctor, who was kneeling on the ground, Harry’s head resting against his chest.

Sirius hurried over and picked him up. The three men walked over to the bowl and sat down in it. Snape was about to hand them a strengthening potion to Remus when the Doctor stopped him.
"He won't need that. Give him some time, he'll be right as rain momentarily." said the Doctor kindly.

Harry was fast asleep, the Doctor said that he needed plenty of rest, but moving him too far would have been a bad idea. So, while everyone finished their lunch, Harry slept soundly in Remus' lap.

After lunch, it was decided that while Harry rested, the rest of the school would continue on with the book. Dumbledore volunteered to read the next chapter. He cleared his throat and stated loudly.

"The next chapter is Name of Chapter.

"What is Erised? Is that a place?" asked Dennis.

"It's 'desire' spelt backwards." said Luna serenely.

"Oh." said Dennis, he leaned towards his older brother and whispered. “She’s smart.”

First paragraph, first sentence.

"I remember the first Christmas we had with Harry, we had to do it a two weeks after December the twenty-fifth, just so he could come.” said Dr. Clark with a small smile.

"Why was that?" asked Blaise.

“Something about his cousin’s aunt. She didn’t like him being out of her sight. Then we found out that anything he got for Christmas we would have to keep it at Jim’s house or my apartment.”

“Why? Why wasn’t he allowed to take his stuff home?” asked Ron.

"His uncle threw away all of his presents, new clothes, toys, everything. Tried telling the proper authorities, never got anywhere. So we just decided to keep next year’s Christmas stuff at Jim's.

"Well, the that year, Holly built a small gingerbread house with him, he had a lot of fun dismantling it afterwards. I took him out to build a snowman and Jim got to play Father Christmas for him. Never saw a kid so happy.” said Dr. Clark smiling down at Harry with suspiciously wet eyes.

"You guys did a lot for him.” said Sirius quietly, feeling a little guilty for not being there.

"He deserved it, every minute." said Dr. Clark.

Sirius and Remus smiled down at Harry. He certainly does.

First paragraph, third sentence.

Ron blinked, he walked up and looked at the book in Dumbledore’s hands and reread the last part. He looked over to Hermione and started snorting with laughter. Hermione also tried hard to hold in
her laughter.

"Hey! It wasn't funny! Quirrell almost killed us! Never saw him so angry, kinda out of character for him," said Fred indignantly.

“I think he would have hexed us if it weren't for Professor McGonagall stepping in and giving us detention." finished George.

"Remember that later. The whole 'out of character part'." said Hermione clutching the stitch in her side from her held in laughter.

End of first paragraph.

"Hedwig wouldn' let me touch ‘er, Harry had to come calm ‘er down." said Hagrid with a slight smile.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

Dumbledore took the blanket and lightly tossed it over the sleeping figure.

End of second paragraph.

"Why don't you put up some warming charms?" asked Professor Flitwick.

"You know that large hole I covered with a new bookshelf in my classroom?" said Snape calmly.

"Yes?" said Professor Flitwick.

"That's why." said Snape plainly. “Last time someone used a warming charm, they ended up in the dungeon down the hall.”

“I remember that, almost all of his bones were broken.” said Madame Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.

People turned to stare at Malfoy, who was shifting uneasily.

“How did you know he wasn’t welcomed at home?” asked Colin suspiciously.

“I didn’t really.” he said shamefully.
“Good Harry, don’t give into people like that, it only gives them satisfaction.” said Dr. Clark with a broad smile, ruffling Harry's messy locks.

“How would that make people laugh?” asked Fred.

“Beats me.” said George.

“Good! We were afraid someone actually found that funny.” sighed George.

“I didn’t see it, and I’m impressed, was scared out of mind, but impressed.” said Lupin smiling down at Harry.

“He had one, it was just a bit....scattered.” said Dr. Clark sadly.

“And you never will again.” said Dumbledore looking down at the sleeping form.

“Almost knocked into me, he was running so fast.” said Percy thoughtfully.

Professor McGonagall looked down. “I should have noticed.” she said bitterly.

“Don’t blame yourself Minerva.” said Professor Sprout kindly. “He hid his life away from even his closest friends.”
"That hurts." said Dr. Clark sadly.

"You were gone, and I couldn’t go to Mrs. McFinn’s, I was trying to forget.” said Harry sleepily.

"Mornin’ cub!” said Sirius brightly.

“What do you mean? I thought you said that you still saw Mrs. McFinn!” said Hermione quickly.

"Let me guess, It’s Holly’s mother, right?” said Dr. Clark solemnly. Harry nodded.

“What’s her mom got to do with anything?” asked Ron.

"Holly’s mom is on the fast-track of the elite social circles. She never approved of Jim, thought her
daughter should have married someone of equally high breeding, or of royal blood. I remember the
time Harry met her. Right before Jim passed away, the Queen threw a Garden Party, and she
selected decorated Police Officers to be honored guests.

“Jim was one of the most decorated officers on the force at the time and so he received an
invitation. Holly thought a really nice party would be wonderful to take Harry to, so we rented a
small suit for him, Jim and I and we all went.

“Well when we got there, Holly saw her mother and wanted to run for it, she didn’t know that she
was there and wanted to leave almost immediately. However, Harry saw the lilies and took off like
a shot. You always had an attachment to those things, especially the Tiger Lilies.” he said down to
Harry, who was yawning hugely.

“It was too late anyway, Holly’s mother saw her and walked straight over. Ignoring Jim and I she
tried dragging her over to talk to some rich, single, male friend of hers. I will never forget this for
as long as I live: Harry came running up and held out a lily for Holly. Her mother FREAKED,
started shrieking about ruining the royal flowers and summoning the guards as if she owned the
place. Who’d a guessed, that the Queen herself came up from behind him and told her that she said
it was alright. That it was a gift for Holly. Holly’s mother looked as if a train had hit her dead on.
Holly took the flower, she was nervous as hell. Holly’s mom wouldn’t look at Harry at all that day.
Or any other day, that I remember.” said Dr. Clark laughing.

The school stared at Harry. “You met the Queen? Face to Face?” said Hermione weakly.

“Accidentally,” said Harry modestly.

“Do we get to hear about this, so called ‘accident?’” said Ron slowly. Harry looked away, his face
red. “Guess not now anyway. You keeping track Hermione, of all the things he’s gonna tell us
later.”

"That one is going on the top of the list." said Hermione writing quickly on a long piece of
parchment.

"At least you got to come visit me two years later.” said Bill smiling.
Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“What could you do to help?” asked Zacharias snidely.

“Ron’s really good at the Levitation spell, he can lift things over eighty pounds with no strain, or have you forgotten the troll already? He was more than capable then handling a tree.” said Harry stretching his thin frame.

Zacharias gave a small snarl. “What does weight have to do with anything?”

“Try lifting something.” said Harry simply.

Zacharias looked around and smiled, he stood up and swished and flicked his wand toward the loveseat that Hermione and Ron sat in, it trembled a bit, but it wouldn’t move. His smile faded quickly.

“Hagrid, do you mind if we use you for a demonstration?” asked Harry.

“Nah, I don’ mind.” said Hagrid, a little confused.

“Ron?”

Ron, without standing up, used the same movements, and Hagrid’s chair levitated five feet off the ground. He then set the chair down gently.

“The more you practice that spell, lifting different things, the heavier the object you can lift. Most things require two wizards to lift, Ron’s worked so hard that he can lift things all on his own. No help required.” said Harry proudly. Ron blushed.

Dialogue line.

“T’was nice o’ you ta ask tho’” said Hagrid, still looking over at Ron with some pride.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Aren't you the polite one?” asked Katie with an upturned nose.

End of dialogue set.

"Can I offer a blanket apology too?” said Draco warily. Harry had to look up to look over him, he nodded.
"For what though?" he asked.

"For all the things I say about his family." he said quietly.

"Go for it." said Bill plainly.

"I apologize for every mean thing I say about your family." he said humbly.

"All right. We accept your apologies. Unless there is a big one that needs some considering, then we'll let you know." said Charlie wisely. Draco agreed to the terms.

Sixth paragraph, fourth word.

"Get him Ron!" yelled the twins.

End of sixth paragraph.

"AACCK! NO! ABORT! ABORT!" they cried after what Dumbledore had read. They covered their eyes and dived for the floor, even Snape couldn't suppress a chuckle while everyone else laughed.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

"Wasn't quick enough." the twins whimpered.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"It is against the rules, but what do you expect an eleven year old boy is to do, when someone insults his family?" asked Tonks with a look of disgust on her face. Her usual bubblegum pink hair had turned red and wavy.

End of dialogue set.

"And for insulting Ron's family, what did Draco get as punishment?" asked Luna serenely.

Draco and Snape didn't answer.
"You say that the other teachers are unfair towards the Slytherins, but you seem to be the only one who is unfair." she said calmly.

Snape stared at her with a frown on her face. Luna, however, switched her attention to something invisible flying over her head.

**Eighth paragraph.**

“And the sick thing is, you are so blind to that.” said Tonks angrily.

Snape folded his arms and looked at the floor.

**Dialogue line.**

"Ron, don't make threats like that!" chided Mrs. Weasely.

**Dialogue line.**

Dr. Clark looked down at Harry. "Harry....we talked about hate. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I do." said Harry guiltily.

"Then why do you hate them?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Right now they sound like really stupid reasons." said Harry honestly, but not meeting Dr. Clark's eyes.

"Do you still hate them, then?" continued Dr. Clark. Harry shook his head.

"Good boy. You can dislike people all you wish, but someone so young shouldn't be hating people already." he said with a smile.

"I hate Voldemort." he said simply looking up at him.

"I don't know who that is." said Dr. Clark, with a confused look on his face.

"He was the one who killed my parents." he said.

Dr. Clark stared at him, then looked over to Sirius, who nodded. "......you can hate him all you want, then." he said rubbing Harry's head.

"You love contradicting yourself, don't you?" said Harry with a small smile.

"From where I am sitting, I can reach behind your knee still."

"Point taken, please continue reading." said Harry quickly. Dumbledore tried not to laugh.
"Will the Great Hall be decorated for Christmas this year?" asked a first year Hufflepuff excitedly to his friend.

"It's decorated every year. You'll love it." said Sirius smiling broadly.

"I hope I'm around here to see it too." said Dr. Clark hopefully.

"You are always welcomed here, Dr. Clark, a gift, for taking care of Harry." said Dumbledore kindly.

"Yeah, like Harry and Ron are going to want to go to the library a DAY before holidays." said Charlie and Bill, shaking their heads.

"What the...who are you and what have you done with our little brother." said Bill standing and pointing his wand at Ron, who started laughing.

"That reminds me, Harry do you know any decorating spells? Cause I'm a Prefect, I have to help decorate the school." he added glumly.

"I know a few, write down what you had in mind and I'll come up with something."

"Thanks, mate. I think Hermione would like to sit in with that little tutoring class as well." said Ron looking at Hermione, who appeared very excited.
"I thought you knew some decorating spells already?" said Harry stunned.

"I want to know if you have some decorating spells I don't know!" she said quickly.

Dialogue line.

"I was thinking along the line of possessed." said Bill with a laugh. Harry heard Ginny groan, since his second year, she was always a little nervous around that word. Harry sent her a reassuring smile over to her.

Dialogue line.

"Okay, I can understand that then." said Bill brightly. "You had me scared there for a moment."

Dialogue line.

"It's only to satisfy our curiosity." said Harry brightly over to Hagrid.

"We weren't even thinking of invading that dog's personal space again." said Ron with a smile.

"You had better not." said every single adult in the school. Except for the Rangers, who weren't around soon enough to hear about the dog, and the Teachers, because they knew that they indeed go visit that dog again.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I can't believe it was right FREAKIN' there and I didn't see it." said Harry angrily.

"Mate, I had been looking at it for years, never dawned on me either." said Ron consolingly.

People looked at them wonderingly. What were they talking about?

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Sorry, Hagrid." said the three of them.
"Nothing, as it turns out." said Harry looking over to Snape.

"Looking back, there was no way in," Ron looked over to his mother quickly. "blazes, he would be in in there." he said shaking his head.

"It’ll take you forever to find him!” cried one of the second year Hufflepuffs.

"Wise decision Mr. Weasely. He is mentioned in several different books, you could get lucky." said Professor Dumbledore.

"However, we didn't get lucky." said Ron glumly.

He is, in a majority of those books actually, he is mentioned." said Dumbledore approvingly.

"However, I fear you aren't able to go examine those."

"Not until second year anyway." whispered Ron to Hermione, who giggled.

"Actually Mr. Potter, with you taking your W.A.N.D.S test, you have free access to those books now." said Professor McGonagall.

Harry's eyebrows raised, " Really?"
"Nice to know we can just browse and find something new to learn." said Ernie with smirk.

"She would tell people what you were looking for. If she feels that it isn't part of your curriculum, she will ask teachers what you needed it for. Unless you have a note." said Professor Sprout.

"Nice of you to have faith in us." said Ron smirking.

"Won't happen, she never leaves those books, except to eat, sleep, or to use the restroom." said Professor Flitwick.

"I was hoping they would keep looking." said Hermione with a small smile.

"We did, for a while." said Harry guiltily.

"Nicolas is known in both the wizarding world and the muggle world. They could have heard of him." said Dumbledore helpfully.

"Wish I did ask them, then." said Hermione, pouting.
"Okay, so we didn't look much longer." said Ron shifting uneasily.
Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Now, that's where you can always find them." whispered a sixth year Gryffindor.

Malfoy, as well as everyone else turned and stared at Harry, who was looking innocently up at the ceiling and whistling.

"Well seasoned." said Harry loudly with a smile.

"We had cousins and uncles that wanted that chess set, Grandpa wouldn't give it to them, they had to beat him in order to get it. Ron was the only one, and he was eight years old!" said Bill proudly.

"What made that old chess set so special?" asked Colin excitedly.

"It's The Chess Master chess set. It's the oldest chess set in the world, and the most valuable. If you wished to purchase it, instead of winning it in a Chess Master Duel, the board and the pieces are worth about twelve million galleons." said Harry, flipping through his little black book once again.

People stared at Ron. Ron and his family were staring at Harry, his mouth agape.

"W-W-What?" said the Weasely family, their voices combined were barely over a whisper.

"He's right," said Dumbledore with a broad smile. "That board is the most sought after chessboard in the world. It's a priceless treasure. Your Grandfather Bilius won it from me, almost three-quarters of a century ago. It was my most prized possession, and I lost it. He was a marvelous player, and for an eight year old to beat him, and, in a certain aspect, myself, you must be incredibly skillful." said Dumbledore beaming over to him. Ron blushed and scratched the back of his head.
"I always wondered why he made a speech the every time we played, especially after I beat him that one time."

"That's right, beating you in a friendly game won't get you the chessboard, you have to win it in a proper Chess Master Duel, and you have to make the traditional challenge. Your Grandfather always was one for the theatrics." said Dumbledore fondly. "Despite it's worth, I don't recommend selling it."

"We'll never sell it." said the entire Weasley family proudly.

Eighteenth paragraph, fourth paragraph.

"They never are." said Ron proudly.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

"That in itself is a great feat, Mr. Weasley. It took myself ten years for them to trust me. Even longer for your Grandfather." said Dumbledore.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"They just barely trust me." said Seamus quietly.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence, seventh word.

"I still suck at the game." said Harry with a smirk.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

"I had to tell my chess pieces to shut up a few times when I first got them. They learned real quick that my plans were better than what they had in mind." said Ron with a snigger.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

"Why not?" asked Draco.

"Well, the only time I received any real presents were when I still had the McFinn's and Dr. Clark around, ever since I lost both them, I didn't have anyone that cared about me. So I didn't expect
anything." said Harry. A few people looked towards their Housemates sadly.

End of twentieth paragraph.

The students began to cheer, but Harry stared at them.

"What got into the lot of you?" asked Harry in confusion.

"You got presents! After so many years of nothing, you got presents!" said a first year excitedly.

"You lot are mental." he said shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

A few girls wolf-whistled and then giggled madly. Sirius couldn't hold his laughter in.

"What's so funny?" said Harry with a low growl.

"You're starting to be a chick magnet with the girls." said Sirius in a giggling whisper.

"Do yourself a favor Harry, don't take any advice from him, in the ways of women. Unless you like getting slapped." said Remus muttering over to Harry. Sirius frowned and crossed his arms

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I think a turnip from the Dursleys would be a bit much, compared to their past presents." said Harry with a small smile. Some of the school students, teachers, and guests growled when they heard that. Sirius and Remus made a mental note to make his next Christmas better than ever before. Dr. Clark gave Harry's hand a gentle squeeze.

Twenty-first paragraph.

"I still have it." said Harry, reaching into his knapsack, that was sitting on the floor, and pulling out the flute. It was indeed hand-made, and the bottom of the flute was carved in the shape of an owl. He put it to his lips and began to blow. He was right, it did sound like an owl, but it had a tune to it.

Out of nowhere, Hedwig fluttered down, and landed on his knee and hooted along with the flute. The females in the Great Hall, except for Umbridge who was too busy glaring at Harry, cooed. It went on for a good three minutes till Harry finished with low note. The school applauded. Dr. Clark stared at the bird, "I had never seen an owl act like that." he said to Remus in a whisper.

"She's special." said Remus simply.
"You're telling me." he said keeping an eye on Hedwig.

"She won't bite, Dr. Clark. Hedwig, come here." he said holding out his arm. Hedwig fluttered up to the held out arm and nipped his finger affectionately.

"Hedwig, this is the Dr. Clark I told you about." said Harry. Hedwig, hopped over to Dr. Clark's leg and looked up to him. She got very close to his face and he leaned back a bit. "Hedwig, give him a bit of space." said Harry laughing quietly. "He's never met a owl before, let alone a beauty such as yourself, you are a bit overwhelming," he added silkily.

She puffed up importantly and settled herself down on his knee. Waiting for him to stroke her feathers.

"Stroke her head, that's what she's waiting for." he whispered to Dr. Clark. He slowly moved his forefinger down her feathers and she hooted happily. She turned her head around and nipped his fingers.

"So far she likes you." said Harry with a smile.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Note from the Dursleys.

"What message did you send?" asked Sirius and Dr. Clark incredulously.

"I just wished them the best of the season." said Harry simply.

"How can you wish them anything after all they've done to you?" asked Bill in shock.

"I just thought....." he said helplessly.

"You really are too noble." moaned Remus smiling.

Present from the Dursleys.

The Muggleborns stared at the book. Even Dumbledore mouth was distorted into a scowl.

"That's not a Christmas present! That's a five year old's allowance!" cried Hermione.

"It's more than what Potter's worth." said Umbridge loudly.

SNAP! CRACK!

Umbridge was on the ground clutching her cheek and the Ranger, who was standing guarding over her, was clutching a blood red whip.

"I told you once before. Be silent."

Harry nearly wrenched his neck as he snapped his head up to where the sound came from.
"Dumbledore, sir?" said Harry quickly.

"What is it, Harry?" said Dumbledore, a frown still on his face.

"I know what she used, during the incident, besides the cudgel." he said earnestly. The school became quiet, then students began to mutter and growl.

"Harry, I told you, try not to remember..." started Dumbledore soothingly.

"It was a whip." he replied quickly. After he said that, he rubbed his back suddenly, it felt as if something were slowly cutting into back. But nothing was there, and his back didn't feel as if there were any open wounds.

The school became as silent as a tomb. The three men in the bowl and Dumbledore stared in horror at Harry. He then turned towards the Ranger standing over Umbridge. "Would it be possible to hit her a thousand more times?" he snarled angrily.

"Not in front of the students we won't, but I'll add it to the list I'll give to Hexting." said Lionus with a sneer. Dumbledore nodded and continued. Remus pulled Harry back down, so that he was lying across the men's laps again. Hedwig flitted up and landed on Harry's knee again.

"I'm fine, I don't hurt anymore, Remus." Harry said indignantly.

"Don't care. You aren't moving out of arm's reach anytime soon." he said firmly.

Dialogue line.

"You've got to be kidding me." moaned Hermione.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You are so your father's son." said Mrs. Weasely fondly. Ron beamed and accepted the hug from his father. Malfoy looked on, with a peculiar expression on his face.

Dialogue set, first sentence

"Do you still have it?" asked Mr. Weasely. Ron dug into his pocket and pulled it out.

"I keep it for luck." said Ron.

"May I borrow it?" said Mr. Weasely to his son. Ron nodded and Mr. Weasely walked back to the sofa he shared with his wife.
"So you knew he hadn't received anything, in the past?" said Hermione looking at him in anger.

"I...he told me....I didn't know it was that bad." Ron said in a defeated voice.

"What is wrong with them?" asked Bill wonderingly.

"Just... didn't know if he would like something homemade."

"I was happy just to see a parcel with my name on it to be perfectly honest, I didn't care what was in it. Turned out to be a wonderful gift." he said happily.

Mrs. Weasely blushed.

"MOM! Green isn't a Gryffindor color!" scolded Charlie.

"It went so beautifully with his eyes though!" said Mrs. Weasely defensibly.

"It still does." said Harry absently.

"What?" asked Dr. Clark.

"I still wear it." said Harry.

"This was when you were eleven, how can you still fit into it? Wait a minute, never mind, I forgot how skinny you are. That damned pod showed me just how thin you are. Harry, I could see your ribs!" admonished Dr. Clark fearfully.

"Looks like you will have to make some the ribs you made the summer I last saw you. Those 'stick to your ribs’ ribs.' Harry said brightly.

"I think I'll have to make you your own batch." he said with a small smile.

"The fudge was delicious by the way Mrs. Weasely." beamed Harry.
"I thought you liked maroon." said Mrs. Weasely, a little confused.

"Um....mom...I like maroon." said Charlie.

"Oh dear, Ron, what color is your favorite?" said Mrs. Weasely sheepishly.

"I like red." Ron said quietly. Mrs. Weasely quickly wrote it down on a piece of parchment.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

"Those didn't last long when Ron found them." said Harry laughing.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"What, wait...is that..?" asked Lupin quietly.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

"It is..!" whispered Sirius.

"I'm lost." said Dr. Clark. All the other students in the school, as well as a few guests were as well. Those that knew James Potter personally, knew what it was.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

A gasp breezed through the hall. "Those things actually exist?" breathed Dr. Clark.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Who gave that to you?” asked several students in amazement. Harry didn't answer them. He looked over to Sirius and Remus curiously and saw that both of their eyes were shining and tears were trickling down their cheeks.

Dr. Clark also noticed the current emotional state the two men beside him wore. "What is wrong with them?"

"The cloak belonged to my father, they were his best friends." whispered Harry. Dr. Clark nodded and patted both of them men on the back.

"So would we!" said the Twins.

"Yes...yes it did." said Sirius faintly.

"Gee, thanks for sharing. We would have liked to use it a few times, would have made pranking so much more awesome." said Fred and George with a pout.

"Thank you Mr. Potter for not sharing it with them." said Professor McGonagall.
"Oh I do not!" said Mrs. Weasely.

"It was thicker than ours." said Fred.

"Well...he was so skinny...I thought he would get cold." she said quietly.

"Oh...well...then...never mind." said Fred.

"They are." said the Weasely children and Harry.

"They love that joke as well." said Mrs. Weasley shaking her head.

"Who are we disturbing? There was nobody else there besides us!" said Ron throwing up his arms.

"That must have been embarrassing for you." said Luna dreamily.

"Like you haven't embarrassed us when we were younger." said George to Percy. "God, you would try and pull us all around the place when we were at other people's houses and telling people we were holy terrors."

"Well, you were!" said Percy defensively.
"Yeah, but mom at least let them figure it out for themselves. More fun for us!" said Fred indignantly.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"Don't be insulted, wait till you hear about it." said Harry quickly up to Dr. Clark.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, third sentence, third semi-colon.

"I remember when you made them with Holly on when we celebrated Christmas. Those were the best chipolatas I had ever had." he said licking his lips. "Never thought sausage and bacon could taste so good."

Thirty-seventh paragraph, end of third sentence.

"Wizard crackers? They anything like normal, um.....Muggle?..Christmas crackers?" asked Dr. Clark.

"These are way better." said Hermione excitedly.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Yeah, that sums it up about right, you mean that wizard crackers have something else inside?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Yeah, they have a lot more." said Harry brightly.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, fifth sentence.

"Yeah, that is a little more than what our crackers contain. They don't carry live animals." said Dr. Clark with his eyebrows raised as he stroked Hedwig's feathers.

"Hedwig was happy, she caught a few of those" said Harry smiling.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

"I'm finding out very quickly that you march to the beat of a different drum, Professor." said Dr. Clark laughing over to Dumbledore.
"I pride myself on that, and please, call me 'Albus'." said Dumbledore reaching over and shaking Dr. Clark's hand.

"Then you can call me 'Sam'." said Dr. Clark.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

"Ouch!" said a few students.

"After I saw that, I cut my turkey into very small pieces." said Harry trying not to laugh.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

All the students gasped. McGonagall....giggled? Professor McGonagall blushed, as did Hagrid. The people who weren't there, and those that were there, but didn't notice, pouted. They would have killed to have seen that!

Thirty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, fifth comma.

"What did you do with that stuff?" asked Hermione.

Harry smiled mischievously, "I used both on Uncle Vernon."

The whole school sucked in a lungful of air.

"Harry, he beat the living S*&^ out of you! Why would you even think of using that stuff on him?!" asked Sirius staring at Harry in shock.

"I had a secret weapon at the time." said Harry with a smirk.

"What weapon could you possibly have against a man that almost beat you to death!" asked Dr. Clark worriedly.

Harry slowly took out his wand twirled in around his fingers. Not saying a word.

"Oh....that is a suitable weapon. But Petunia did grow up with Lily, she would have known that magic can't be used outside of school." said Sirius warningly.

"Lily never told her." said Snape plainly.

"How does he know?" asked Harry.

"Beats me." lied Remus, he hated to do it, but he promised Snape that he wouldn't tell Harry anything about Severus and his mother.
"They're starting to trust me, cause they know that Ron's too good for me to handle. Sometimes they help me narrow the score a bit." said Harry.

"And Hedwig's apparently." said Dr. Clark, warming up to the owl at last.

"Which we won." said Fred and Ron at the same time. They glared at each other.

"I think Hagrid won that one." said Harry smiling over to Hagrid.

"That wasn't fair, his snowballs just about knocked us out of our socks." said the Weasley's pouting playfully.

"Just about? I had to actually dig for one of mine!" said Harry laughing. The school joined in.

"No offense Percy, but never let him help you play, he's the worst one in the family." said Bill fondly.

"That was one of the funniest things I had ever seen." said Harry thinking fondly back to that evening. "Never knew that Fred and George were such acrobats."

"I guess I can let that one go." said Dr. Clark. "We didn't have you on Christmas day."
Forty-fourth paragraph.

"It's the first thing I had of my dad's." said Harry quietly.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Part of Christmas note.

Forty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.

"If it's the excitement I know it is, this is isn't the first time you've had it." said Ranger Lionus.

Harry looked over to him quickly. People looked at him in puzzlement, what was he talking about?

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

"I wouldn't have woken me either, mate." said Ron understandingly.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

The students yelled out several different places at the school he should visit. A seventh year boy yelled out a certain place and got smacked soundly by the women around him.

Forty-ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Oohh! Good choice! Find out who Nicolas Flamel is!" yelled a few first years.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Fiftieth paragraph.

"Just thinking of it gives me the creeps." said a second year.
"I say, pick up any book but that one." said Colin looking a bit green.

"Harry, I want you to take a 'Sensing' test sometime soon, you show amazing promise." said Dumbledore, looking over to Harry.

"Oh he'll take it." said Lupin smiling down at Harry, who nodded.

"Bad feeling alert." said Ginny almost completely covering her eyes.

"OH S%^$! GET OUT OF THERE!" shouted Dr. Clark. Harry stared at him.

"You cursed, you never curse!" said Harry with his eyebrows raised.

"Hey, I'm human." said Dr. Clark shrugging.

Sirius, Harry, and Remus stared at him.

"What?" asked Dr. Clark.

"You sound just like me." said Remus while Sirius was trying not to laugh.

"Harry, you panicked?" said Dennis in disbelief.

"I was eleven and the book was screaming at me! I think panicking would be the logical response to this scenario." said Harry defensively.

"That was a close one!" moaned George.
"I take it there's no window near you." said Ron.

"Why do you say that?" asked Hermione.

"He can tell where in the castle he is exactly by looking outside." answered Ron.

"Why did you want Filch to come straight to you?" asked Sirius questioningly.

"You'll find later." said Harry, before Snape could answer.

"Glad you learned that right away, wish we did." said Sirius pouting.

"We kinda ran right into a suit of armor and nearly got ourselves caught." said Remus, answering Harry's unasked question.

"Trust me, Harry, you're so skinny, you could fit in a keyhole." said Tonks plainly.

"You must have been freaking if you now decided to look around the room." said a third year Ravenclaw.

"Kinda like the corridor with the dog." said her friend.

"I would rather forget that dog." said Sirius, turning pale.
Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Very astute, Harry. I was just preparing to put it down in the chamber, thought Dumbledore.

Sixtieth paragraph.

"What does that mean?" asked Fudge absentmindedly.

Dr. Clark looked down at Harry and noticed, he was fingering the small glowing phial around his neck.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, just remembering," said Harry, still fingering the phial absently.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph, first sentence.

There wasn't a head that wasn't facing Harry and staring at him. Harry didn't take notice of them, but was focusing his attentions at the ceiling.

"Harry, what the hell made you almost scream! You don't even flinch when we set off Filibuster fireworks!" said George.

"And right beside you," said Fred.

"Without you noticing!" they said together.

"You'll find out soon enough." he said calmly, his fingers never left the phial.

End of sixty-second paragraph.

"You got caught? That's what made you freak?" asked Fred in disbelief.

Sixty-third paragraph, first sentence.

"Huh?" but you said that the mirror showed a whole bunch of people." said George, looking confused.

End of sixty-third paragraph.
"Who were they, Harry?" asked Ginny looking over at him, she had a look of worry on her face.

"If they hurt you, I'll hunt them down myself." snarled Sirius.

"They would never hurt me. Even if they were able to, they wouldn't." said Harry calmly, he had a small smile on his lips.

"If they were able to? What are you talking about." asked Sirius.

Mrs. Weasely dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief, she had an idea of who it was.

Snape paled, while Remus's hand flew to his mouth in shock. It's Lily, he's seeing Lily for the first time.

Sirius' mouth opened in shock.

Sirius then pulled Harry up by the arms and pulled him into a hug. "It's okay. I've got you." he whispered.

"I know, I'm alright." said Harry allowed himself to be dragged over to Sirius' side and buried himself Sirius' arms.

Sirius and Remus bowed their heads. Dr. Clark looked on in confusion.

"It's Harry's dad, their best friend." whispered Ron to Dr. Clark. He nodded and gripped Harry's free hand.

A few girls blew their noses quickly.
"It's okay Molly," said Mr. Weasely, trying to console his wife who was crying into his chest.

"Your mother's family." whispered Lupin.

"I think the man you're seeing is your grandfather." said Sirius putting his head on Harry's. “Your dad had knobby knees too.”

"Harry...." said Ginny quietly. Harry smiled at Ginny from the arms of his godfather. "I'm alright, Ginny."

Sirius gripped Harry tighter. "Harry....don't think about it. I'm begging you, don't...even...think about...it" said Sirius almost bawling.

"Think about what?" asked Harry curiously.

"Ki.....hurting yourself." he said changing the direction in which he was going, swiftly.

Harry shook his head. "I gave it a thought once, but I can't even contemplate it now."

"Harry!" wailed Hermione and Mrs. Weasely. Dumbledore gripped at his heart and almost dropped the book. Dr. Clark looked grief-stricken over at Harry. The students stared at Harry in disbelief. Some were holding each other in fear.

"I just said that I wouldn't do it! I only gave it a fleeting thought, that's why I won't sing you the song, I wrote That is what it was about.” he said looking over to Dumbledore. The teachers and the guests looked horrified over to the teen.

"Harry," croaked Dumbledore. "do you wish to talk to someone about this?"

Harry shook his head. "I'm feeling a lot better, this was months and months ago."

"I would feel a lot better if you would talk to someone about this." he said earnestly. Harry thought
carefully and then nodded.

"I guess I could use a bit more venting." he said with a smile.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

Remus buried his face in his hands, Dr. Clark patted his back gently.

Seventieth paragraph.

"Oh! Harry don't! Please!" moaned Mrs. Weasely.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You can see us any old time." said Bill with a smile.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Bill high-fived his youngest brother.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"That was a gentle way of putting it." hissed Hermione.

Ron looked down shamefully.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-first paragraph, first sentence.
Remus picked up a large chocolate bar from the small stand beside their chair, which was overflowing with all the chocolate from his fellow students, and passed it over to Harry.

"Where did those come from?" asked Harry taking a bite of the bar, while he was still in Sirius' arms.

"Admirers." said Remus simply.

End of seventy-first paragraph.

Neville blinked heavily. "You actually gave up trying to defend something or someone?" he asked in a hushed voice.

Dialogue line.

"You were staring into space and getting paler and paler. You looked as if you were losing weight right in front of my eyes." said Ron looking over to Harry sadly.

Madam Pomfrey looked over to the boy devastated.

Seventy-second paragraph, first sentence.

"I didn't know you were that enthralled with the mirror." said Dumbledore a tear sliding down his crooked nose.

End of seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Yes! Go back to bed!" moaned Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"That sounds like Helena." said Luna dreamily.

End of seventy-third paragraph.
Seventy-fourth paragraph.

"Usually he looked around the place, doesn't matter what room. He didn't care if someone else was in the room at all." said Ron.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Ron can't see them? Why is that?" asked Ginny.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"What?" asked the students.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

"Not if it showed Potter's family, it doesn't" said Blaise quietly.
"Kinda reminds me of 'Return of the King' said Hermione quietly.

"What do you mean?" asked Malfoy. "What 'King'?"

"It's a Muggle book. It's part three of 'The Lord of the Rings'." said Hermione.

"What does that have to do with Weasely and Potter fighting over the mirror?"

"Two of the characters fought over a ring. One person ended up getting his finger bitten off." she explained.

"A ring? They fought over a ring?" said Malfoy in disbelief.

"The ring was the deciding factor between a world full of peace, or a world full of slavery and war." explained Harry.

"You read that book, Harry?" asked Hermione smiling broadly.

"I did, that trilogy was some of the other books in my room. My favorite character was Aragorn."

"I like Legolas!" said Hermione.

"Go figure." he said with a smirk, Hermione blushed.

"It wasn't a discussion, it was borderlining fistfight." said Harry with a laugh.

"It does." said Remus.
"He wouldn't move, not for anything." said Ron quietly.

**Eighty-second paragraph.**

"That tells you just how upset he is, he isn't describing what is going on outside as much as usual." said Neville.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

"Listen to Ron! Don't go back." said Fred.

"That thing isn't good for you!" said George.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

**Eighty-third paragraph.**

Remus groaned again, and Sirius held onto Harry tighter.

**Eighty-fourth paragraph.**

**Eighty-fifth paragraph.**

"Please tell me someone stopped you soon, and that you still aren't seeing that mirror." Dr. Clark pleaded.

"Someone did." said Harry with a smile.
"Who the hell is that?" asked Mr. Weasley.

"Thank goodness!" yelled a few students and some of the adults heaved a sigh of relief.

Dr. Clark looked over at Dumbledore, and raised an eyebrow. "I think I would have noticed you immediately, Albus."

Dumbledore chuckled.

"I don't think it was him being invisible, that made him miss you." said Kingsley.

"You went and sat on the floor, Sir? said a first year staring at the Headmaster. "That is why he's the best Headmaster, ever." said the people taught by the venerable old man.

Dumbledore smiled appreciatively.

"I actually meant 'delights' in a sarcastic way," he said quietly.
"It slowly kills you." whispered Sirius hugging Harry.

"Good question. How did you know?" asked Bill.

"You were there, then?" asked Ron.

"I was, I placed an 'Alerting Charm' on the room, and I came swiftly when you entered the room. I thought it was someone who wished to view the mirror for another purpose. I breathed a little easier when I saw it was just two students out of bed." he said with a very small smile.

"I show not your face but your heart's desire." said Luna and Harry, though he spoke very quietly.

"How do you know that?" said Terry Boot to Luna, he didn't hear Harry say it as well.

"The mirror said it. On the top. Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohshi. Write it out and look at it." said Luna dreamily.

Terry wrote it down and looked at it hard. Then his eyes grew large.

"Holy...." he whispered.

"And yours is your family? Oh, Harry!" whimpered Mrs. Weasely.
The Weasely children all looked at Ron in shock, Ginny patted her brother's back. "You are the best, Ron. Remember when I was getting picked on when I was six? I came running to you and you socked that bully right in the jaw." she said brightly. "And you always have my back, when I really, really need you." she added happily. Ron smiled.

"It gave me some truth, though. I got to see my family. And I even saw Officer McFinn in the back." Harry said, looking over to Dumbledore.

"Yes, but it showed them, physically, around you. That is not a truth." said Dumbledore sadly.

"Harry was almost done wasting away." said Remus.

"I'm begging you not to go looking for it again." said Sirius crying silent tears.

"He planned on it happening again?" said Hermione whispering over to Ron angrily.

Dumbledore hung his head in shame. “Never again, never again.” he muttered to himself.

“One gets the feeling he gave it to Harry.” said Professor McGonagall to Professor Flitwick.
“It’s....” started Umbridge but flinched and silenced herself when the Ranger held up his hand and was prepared to backhand her.

“Good, you’re finally learning.” he said with a low growl.

“That’s a personal question, Mr. Potter.” drawled Snape.

“I was curious.” Harry said simply.

“What?” said the students trying to hold back a snigger.

“So since then, have you gotten socks?” said Dr. Clark.

“As a matter of fact I have, another anonymous gifter has sent me socks ever since as well. Would that possibly be you, Harry?” said Dumbledore.

“Boys don’t knit socks.” said Draco with smirk.

“Holly taught you how to crochet, did you make the socks?” asked Dr. Clark with a smile over to Harry.

“Maybe...” said Harry with a blush.

“Yes it was.” said Mrs. Weasely.

Sirius released Harry from the embrace at last and Harry leaned heavily on Sirius.

“That was a hard chapter to read.” said Remus, wiping the moisture from his eyes.

The afternoon was waning on, but the sun was far from ready to set.

They all looked over at Harry in a worried sort of way, but Harry ignored them.
“Are you sure you are alright. Do you want to stop the readings for the rest of the day?” said Madam Pomfrey hurrying over to the people in the bowl.

“No, I’m fine, I’ve slept enough this week.” said Harry with a slight smile. “I’m fine.” he stated once again when she leaned over and peered into his eyes.

“So do we continue on then?” asked Charlie a little hesitantly.

“I think so.” said Dumbledore looking over at Harry. “Who would like to read next?”

“I’ll read sir!” said Neville.

“All right then, I hope you have a better time of reading it then I did.” said Dumbledore kindly, levitating the book over to Neville.
Alright, these were the most recently typed up set of ten that I've done, you're going to have to wait for the next ten, but with this set, we are done with the first book! Best get or go out and buy the next book!

I don't own Harry Potter.

Chapter title said Neville excitedly when he read the title aloud.

"Bout time!" yelled the students.

"While we had the break, we looked all over the place trying to find where Nicolas Flamel was!" shouted a fourth year.

"No dice." said a muggleborn third year.

"What does that mean?" said a pureblood.

"It means no luck." said the muggleborn.

First paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"Thank you!" said Sirius and Remus gratefully.

First paragraph, end of first sentence.

"I would say that is a little disappointing but you've had enough excitement to last my lifetime." said Sirius wiping the worried sweat off his brow.

"Good idea to stick it on the bottom of the trunk, boy. Don't want people just reaching in and grabbing it." growled Moody approvingly.

End of first paragraph.

"I still have that one every once in a while." said Harry leaning against Sirius.

Sirius gave his godson a reassuring squeeze.

Dialogue line.

"You never told me about that dream." said Hermione looking at Harry.
"You were worried about the dreams I have now, I don't want to think about how you would have reacted back then." said Harry with a small laugh.

**Second paragraph, first sentence.**

"She always does when it considers breaking the rules." moaned Fred.

**End of second paragraph.**

"Well, at least she has her priorities straight. She was thinking about Flamel." said Neville with a smile.

**Third paragraph, first sentence.**

"At the time, we didn't believe you." said Ron and Hermione honestly.

**End of third paragraph.**

"ALRIGHT!" yelled the Quidditch fans and players. Another game, as seen through the eyes of the Seeker!

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Why? They did so good during the last game!" said Charlie incredulously.

**Fourth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.**

"Little did we know, he could get much worse!" said Fred shaking his head.

**Fourth paragraph, end of third sentence.**

"Traitor." said his Quidditch teammates. Harry couldn't help but laugh.

**Fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

"Holy....was it that long of time?" asked Charlie.

"Yes." said Snape with a small smirk.
"Maybe you'll have less nightmares now that you're back on the team, Harry!" said Neville hopefully.

Harry hoped so too, but he wasn't all together sure.

"Hey, he said we were done for the day. We were just letting out some energy." said George, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yeah, right. If messing around lost games, your dad would never have won a game in his life." said Remus shaking his head.

"Your dad hardly ever practiced, except for three days before a game, then he would fly around like a madman from dawn until dusk." said Sirius.

Sirius looked up quickly and stared at Neville, then Snape.

"You're refereeing? You've never even played Quidditch!" shouted Sirius.

"It doesn't taste nearly as good as it sounds." said George with his tongue sticking out.

"Yeah!" said Sirius looking suspiciously over to Snape.

"I can't say that we always play a clean game, to be honest, but we do play fairly for the most part." said Harry plainly.
Eighth paragraph.

"I wouldn't either." said Lionus leaning back in his giant wooden chair.

Snape wanted to send one of his famous glares at him, but he didn't want to pick a fight with the Ranger.

Ninth paragraph.

"Works wonders for me." said Harry with a smile. "Getting my butt handed to me."

Hermione huffed and crossed her arms, Harry and Ron couldn't help but laugh.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma, fourth word.

"You were being kind." muttered Hermione.

End of dialogue set.

Tenth paragraph.

"Nice way of putting it." said Ginny, trying not to laugh.

Dialogue line.

"Can't he's the only one to play Seeker." said George.

Dialogue line.

"I can't fake sick to save my life." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

"How would he do that? It would kind of be obvious." said Dr. Clark.

"Besides, three seconds with Madam Pomfrey and your leg is all better." said Sirius.

"Are you serious?" asked Dr. Clark with widened eyes.

"In both senses, yes!" he said happily.

"What?" asked Dr. Clark missing the joke, much to the dismay of Sirius.

"Don't dwell on it, or he'll use it every single time." warned Remus.
"I'm going to advise against that." said Dr. Clark quickly. "You've had enough damage done to your legs."

"There wasn't a replacement? Good lord, no wonder you haven't won in seven years." moaned Charlie.

"I sat on the edge and pulled my feet up after me. It was a little harder to stand up, though." said Neville.

"It was a really embarrassing." said Neville quietly, Luna patted him consolingly on the back.

"Sorry Neville." said Ron, Harry and everyone else who was in the dormitory at the time.

Malfoy shifted uneasily in the gaze of angry Gryffindors.

"I would have put you in detention faster than you could even say *Locomotor Mortis.*" said Professor McGonagall. Draco squirmed even more.
"That doesn’t just apply to Malfoy, Neville." said Remus kindly.

"You're more than brave enough, to be in Gryffindor." said Harry.

I managed to save that one from Ron." said Harry with a laugh. Ron crossed his arms and pouted.

"I didn't know that was your last one Harry!" said Neville looking up from the book.

"That was really nice of you, Harry." said Luna over to him.

The three men in the bowl looked down at him proudly.

"You looked like you could've used it." said Harry simply.

"So that's where he got that statement from." said Malfoy mumbling quietly.

"Sorry!" Harry called over to the Slytherins quickly.

"What would have happened if Neville had just kept that card?" asked Hermione in a hushed voice.

"Dang, we never would have found out till we got another Dumbledore card, and his aren't all that common." said Ron.
"Ah!" said Dumbledore with a broad smile on his face. "I sense an epiphany coming."

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

The school and some of the guests cheered loudly.

"Finally! Now we get to find out who he is!" shouted Dennis.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.

"He kept telling us, we kept not believing him." said Ron with regret.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second comma.

Dumbledore looked down and at his knees, looking slightly ashamed, when people began to cheer for him. Harry, Remus, Dr. Clark, and Sirius were the only ones close enough who caught his odd behavior. They wanted to ask, but felt it was not the right time.

End of dialogue set.

"So he's a alchemy...person..."said a first year.

"I think the term you're looking for, Mr. Stapleton, is Alchemist." said Dumbledore kindly, rebounding from his sullen mood.

The first year blushed.

Eighteenth paragraph.

"You were way too excited." said Ron shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Light?" asked several people in the hall.

"Saw that coming." said Harry chuckling to himself.

Dialogue line.
The twins clutched at their sides and nearly fell over laughing.

"What else is new?" shrugged Ron with a small smile.

"What is that?" asked a seventh year. Hermione stared at her.

"See, Hermione, she doesn't know either." said Ron pointing to the seventh year.

"We honestly didn't know." said Harry and Ron together.

"Harry does." said Ron.

"He must love his wife very, VERY much to spend over six hundred years of living with her." said Lee quietly.

"She is a wonderful woman." said Dumbledore fondly.

"I thought your card said that you worked on the Stone with Flamel, Sir. How could you have helped him on it if he was already six hundred something?" asked Seamus.

"It was an imperfect stone, it created the Elixer of Life, but it didn't turn metal into pure, solid gold. It was transformed into a thick gold-plated metal. It wasn't a perfect transformation. So I helped
him complete the stone." said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling madly.

Dialogue set.

"Very good, Miss Granger. I also wished to confront the person trying to get it. But I unfortunately had another idea. A very cruel idea." said Dumbledore almost silently.

Dialogue line.

"Almost everyone." said Harry and Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

"He's more renaissance." said Blaise with a chuckle.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

"The only proper way is to treat the bite is to kill the thing that was bit." said Umbridge loudly before the Ranger could turn towards her and stop her. She smirked in a sort of a superior way.

Lupin made to stand up quickly when the Ranger cracked the whip and struck her with it heavily.

"Nightstrike! That's enough." shouted Lionus. Immediately after Lionus shouted Nightstrike stopped.

"My apologies sir, but I felt the need to be vindicated." said the Ranger who, the school now realized, was called Nightstrike.

"I didn’t' say that you shouldn't have done it, but this man wants a shot as well." said Lionus with a grin, nodding over to Lupin.

"Whip, club, sword, what do you want to use?" said Nightstrike down to Lupin.

Lupin walked slowly over to Umbridge and watched as she cringed on the ground. He picked her up off the ground and looked towards the Ranger.

"I've never hit a woman." he said nervously.

"She's not a woman anymore, she's in Ranger custody, she's no longer even a person. Do what you will." said Nightstrike with a smirk.

Without hesitation, Lupin reared his fist back and punched her soundly in the face. Nightstrike laughed.

“That felt really good.” said Remus rubbing his knuckles.

"As one werewolf to another, nice shot.” Lupin stared at him.
"You're a werewolf? And a RANGER?" his voice trembled.

"There is a whole squad of werewolves and vampires at Headquarters, not to mention centaurs, merpeople and giants. We don't go into the muggle world, we stick mostly to dealing with the criminal element of the magical world. I'm the only werewolf in my squad." he said proudly. "Handpicked by Captain Lionus, himself."

End of twenty-second paragraph.

"That's a massive killjoy." said Katie.

"What would you do with a Sorcerer's Stone, Harry? It doesn't' say." said Colin excitedly.

"I don't remember what I said I would do with it." said Harry thoughtfully.

"I think you wanted to use the money to find someone, Harry. Looking back, must've been Dr. Clark." said Ron.

"Oh, that's right." said Harry quietly.

"You couldn't remember wanting to spend the Stone-made gold to find him?" asked Sirius looking down at Harry.

"He found another way to raise money." said Lionus. Harry looked quickly over to the Ranger again.

"How do you know so much about Harry?" asked Sirius suspiciously.

"You'll find out how and why I know so much about him soon enough, I believe." said Lionus with a cryptic smile.

Dialogue line.

"I like how you said the word 'IF'. " said Dr. Clark fondly. "Don't get a swelled head."

Dialogue line.

"....no offense, Ron, but I would have expected something like that coming from him, not from you, Hermione." said Tonks, with a disappointed look.

Hermione looked down at her feet.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

"We could see it in your eyes, that you were nervous, just about scared out of your mind." said Ron.
Snape shifted a little in his serpentine chair.

"That's one of the reasons why Madame Hooch is the referee, she isn't the Head of any House." said Professor Sprout.

"Were you?" asked Bill inquisitively.

"I don't need to answer your questions!" snapped Professor Snape, he was turning a little red.

"I take that to mean 'yes'," said Bill with a frown.

"Torture? TORTURE!? You have been beaten, nearly to death, starved nearly to death, and various other things that we haven't gotten to as of yet, AND YOU VIEW MY CLASS AS TORTURE?" shouted Snape loudly, standing and gnashing his teeth towards the youth. Harry almost jumped right into Sirius's lap, and scrambled out of the bowl. He drew his wand, and was about to mutter a curse, until he caught himself.

"Harry, are you alright?" asked Remus while Dr. Clark and Sirius shouted at Snape.

"I'm fine, I haven't been yelled at like that for so many years, I overreacted, I'll apologize." he said quietly.

"Don't bother, Snape's getting a lesson in when not to overreact, as well. I think you were justified just a bit." said Remus, throwing an arm around the young man's shoulders and guided him back to the bowl. Once Sirius and Dr. Clark were done yelling at Professor Snape, and Mrs. Weasely was able to put her two knuts in, Neville continued.

To the astonishment of Harry, the normally mellow Dr. Clark started to growl once again.

"One does not 'read' minds. The mind is not a book." said Snape quietly, he didn’t' want to speak too loudly, he wasn't too sure what would set off Potter's 'uncles'.

"It wasn't a comforting thought." said Harry, leaning against Sirius. Sirius whimpered quietly, it wasn't a comforting thought to him either.
"Duh." said Harry dully.

"Wood never was much of an 'Inspirational Speaker'." said Angelina with a smile.

"I do now," said Neville quietly.

Harry looked over to his two friends quickly, they simply waved back.

Professor Snape glared over to them and snarled. "I wasn't trying to hurt him!" he growled.
"We know, but you were the one most likely one responsible." said Harry apologetically.

"Just like an old married couple." said Harry and Ginny at the same time. Ron and Hermione blushed.

"He did more than that in the next year." said Fred angrily. He never forgave Wood for saying what he did to Harry in the first game of his second year on the team.

"Oliver couldn't believe that those words came out of his mouth." said Katie, giggling.
"Your heart does some odd things Harry, maybe it's Rumplepoufs, they like playing with hearts, making them dance around." said Luna dreamily.

"You doubted me?" asked Fred pretending to look hurt.

"I thought it was too good to be true." said Harry honestly.

"That's how I knew it was him." said Fred to his twin.

Harry sent a smile over to Dumbledore, Dumbledore however was looking down, a tear sliding down his crooked nose again. "See how much he trusted you, how much he depended on you to keep him safe? And you threw him into fire time and time again! Do you really deserve to know someone so...good, so pure? Do you have any real love for the boy? You say you do, but do you really?" he thought to himself bitterly. He could never make up to Harry enough, he would continue to repay for all his past cruelties, of course but could he ever forgive himself?

Harry saw darkness overtake the old man's eyes, and hopped out of the bowl, took a Calming Draught off the table and held it in front of Dumbledore's eyes. Dumbledore blinked and looked up at Harry.

"You're starting to scare me again." said Harry with a smile. "Don't make me do a repeat performance with the knife and the wire." said Harry still smiling.

"No one would dare hurt you in front of me." said Dumbledore sternly, as he took the potion.

"If I had some notion of him coming, I wouldn't have bothered of refereeing the match!" muttered Snape over to Dumbledore.
"One of the only redheads in your school, at least one and a half heads taller than you, and you don't see him?" asked Ginny with a scowl.

"Gambling is prohibited on school grounds!" said Professor McGonagall.

"There goes Poker Night." said Harry over to his dorm mates.

"What?!" screeched McGonagall.

"We play poker on Friday nights. Instead of money, we use candy. five beans are worth one galleon, licorice wands are worth five galleons, pumpkin pasties are ten galleons and chocolate frogs are worth twenty. We never cash in the candy, we just eat it when it's all said and done. And Neville whups us every dang week! We're lucky if we get some licorice wands for ourselves!" said Harry with a laugh.

Neville blushed.

Fred and George looked at each other and then Lee.

"Can we get in on this action?" all three of them said, Ginny also looked eager.

Professor McGonagall looked over to Dumbledore who smiled.

"Minerva, it's only gambling if they use money, but if it's for candy, I see nothing harmful about it." he said with twinkling eyes. McGonagall looked shocked for a moment, but nodded.

"Poker Night's back on then." said Seamus happily.

"The Hufflepuff Chaser was there! He flew right into the path!" shouted Fred, defending his twin. Snape scowled at Fred, but, amazingly, the combined snarls of the twins overpowered his own.

"You looked really cool." said Dean.
"They take only the best?" said Luna curiously. It didn't seem like she knew Malfoy was being sarcastic. The Gryffindors cheered her without restraint.

"There was a reason!" said Snape angrily.

"And that would have been....what?" asked Madam Hooch.

Snape only grinded his teeth.

Sirius and Remus started to growl.

The Weasely family ignored it, Malfoy already said he apologized for all the mean things he was going say in the books.

"Mr. Malfoy, please apologize, for the curse from before, and for this current development." said Dumbledore to Malfoy.

"Sorry, Longbottom." said Malfoy quietly.

Neville nodded, hesitantly.

Harry looked up to Neville quickly. Neville, meanwhile, blushed.

"Thanks Ron." said Neville with a smile.
"Sorry, again." said Malfoy.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Harry scratched the back of his head embarrassingly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Dear Lord, what now?" said Dr. Clark worriedly.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

"Oh no! Is there something wrong with your broom again?" Dr. Clark asked nervously.

"I don't think so, what he's doing is one of the Seeker plays that I've seen James do." said Remus leaning forward.

Dialogue line.

"Okay, that's going too far." said Charlie angrily.

"I'm sorry." said Malfoy, looking down.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, third sentence.

"GO RON!" yelled the twins excitedly. "Wish we didn't miss that." the added sadly.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

"GO NEVILLE! Really wish we hadn't missed that." said the twins even sadder.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma, twelfth word

"You aimed right at Snape?" said Sirius with a shocked look.

Harry smiled slightly. "I only saw the Snitch."
"Gee thanks," said Ron and Neville with smirks on their faces.

"You took on Crabbe and Goyle?" asked Harry with a stunned look on his face. "I wouldn't have done that at eleven!"

Neville stared at Harry, paling slightly.

Ron laughed, "See Neville, we told you, you were brave enough to be in Gryffindor!"

"I wouldn't be surprised if he tried fouling you just then." said Dr. Clark calmly.

"He wouldn't have been able to. Once the Snitch is caught, game is over, no matter what." said Madam Hooch.

"He did break the previous record for the school, the prior record was ten minutes and forty-two seconds. That was set by your father." said Madam Hooch.

Harry stared at Madame Hooch a moment, then looked down, closed his eyes and smiled.

"The new record, set by you, is four minutes and twenty-four seconds." said Madame Hooch.

"I was dancing around too!" said Parvati.

"Most likely ticked off, 'cause you flew so close to him and he couldn't nail you with a foul." said Sirius with a grin.

"Quidditch and cooking always takes my mind off of things." said Harry thoughtfully.

"Quidditch and cooking always takes my mind off of things." said Harry thoughtfully.
"What would happen if someone tried taking a broom that doesn't belong to them?" asked Ginny.

"Some students place protective charms on their broomsticks." said Dumbledore.

"Harry put a charm on his broom, he made it so that if anyone else, besides him try and take it out of the broomshed, it starts beating them about the head and then it will fly to Harry." said Ron with a smile. "It actually was almost taken one day, the broom came right up to him in Charms class, never did find who tried to take it."

McClaggan rubbed the back of his head, making sure no one could see him. He just wanted a ride on it. Potter shouldn't be so selfish, not sharing his broom with other experienced Quidditch players.

Several people flinched and cringed in their seats. They were believers of Umbridge and Fudge, now they were quickly falling behind Harry.

"The last time that happened was at the Track Championships." said Harry remembering fondly.

"I couldn't figure out how that happened." said Harry with a laugh.

"Hmmm...very impressive...." said Moody and Lionus.

"Oh Harry, don't go in there!" cried Mrs. Weasely.
"Very good." said the two seasoned warriors.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Students leaned forward in their chairs.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius and Remus looked quickly over to Snape with suspicious eyes.

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence.

"Crud, Harry! Hang on!" shouted Lee.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

"You must realize, Severus, you don't put yourself in a good light." said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

People started laughing loudly. "Hey, I was excited." said Ron defensively.
Ron's brothers and his sister all gave him a high-five and pats on the back.

People who were bullied by Crabbe and Goyle all stood up and cheered for Neville. Neville blushed and continued on.

"Awww....that sucks." said Lee, shaking his head.

"You did good Neville." said Harry.

"Did you give me that large box of Frogs, Harry?" asked Neville.

"I take it you got them, then?" he said with a smile.

"Not much danger in doing that, as it turns out." said Ron a little disappointed.

"That was wrong." muttered Harry.

"Very, very good!" muttered Dumbledore smiling broadly.

"It'll be gone by next Monday." said Arthur shaking his head.
"You were being kind, Ron." said Arthur with a smile.

"That's the end of the chapter. What now?" asked Neville.

"It's almost time for dinner, so I think we should take a bit of a break." said Dumbledore.

Harry stood up and walked towards the Great Hall door.

"What's up, Harry?" asked Remus looking concerned.

"I don't know, I just have the urge to go down to the kitchens and make something. Anything." he said looking back, smiling.

"If you're going to be cooking anything, make that 'Italian Night Pizza' you made for me before I left for the army," said Dr. Clark, licking his lips.

"Alright then, I'll make enough for everyone then. See you in a bit." said Harry as he left the Great Hall.

After Harry left, Sirius turned towards Dr. Clark. "Is the pizza really that good?"

"You have no idea, how good!" said Dr. Clark with a smile. Before Dr. Clark could elaborate on the pizza, a shout rang out.

Neville was staring at the book and the giant glowing scroll that came out of the book.

"Hope it's a good one." said Hermione hopefully.

"What is that thing?" said Dr. Clark.

"It shows us the times that aren't shown in the books." said Sirius looking warily at the scroll.

The scroll unfurled itself and blackness began to enveloped the entire room once again.

"Oh damn, this happened the first time and it didn't go well!" shrieked Ginny.

Darkness over took them all.
They landed in the middle of the Dursley's living room and judging from the outside, it was in the middle of the afternoon. They heard some noise coming from the kitchen and they all started to move towards the sounds.

They saw Harry, standing on a small little step stool and reaching for little jars and small canisters of spices, he had to stand on tiptoe just to reach the things he needed. He was shaking a canister of spice over a boiling pot when they heard the doorbell ring.

"BOY! GET THE DOOR!" shouted Uncle Vernon from the living room, which was, maybe, ten feet away from the aforementioned door. Harry turned the stove off, placed a lid on top and wandered out to the front door.

They followed him, so far this wasn't so bad, was this really a bad memory? Harry opened the door to find a much younger Dr. Clark he had reddened eyes. The present day Dr. Clark's hand flew to his mouth.

"I know what day this is. Oh......Harry......." said Dr. Clark weakly.
"How do you know?" asked Ron worriedly.
"This is the only time I came for Harry, alone." said Dr. Clark.

"Hello, Dr. Clark! What can I do for you?" said Harry brightly.
"Take them outside!" shouted Uncle Vernon, not knowing it was only Dr. Clark. "I don't want them in here!"
"Yes, sir." said Harry, he shut the door behind himself and The Watchers found themselves outside.
"What is it, Dr. Clark?" said Harry happily.
"Harry...um....let's...let's go for a ride." said Dr. Clark finally, his throat seemed to be constricted by something. He picked the smiling young boy up and took him to his car.

The scene shifted forward and they found themselves in a park. They watched as Dr. Clark, with Harry in his arms, came walking towards the bench The Watchers were standing in front of.

They watched as Dr. Clark sit Harry on his lap. Dr. Clark looked tired, and very upset, while Harry was bouncing around, excited to get out of Privet Drive.

"Harry I need to talk to you, about something." said Dr. Clark.
"What is it? Is Officer McFinn and Mrs. McFinn coming? Are we going somewhere?" said Harry
"Excitedly.
"No, Harry, James and Holly aren't coming. I need to tell you something, very important."
"What is it?" smiled Harry.
"Dear God, I can't watch this." said the older Dr. Clark. He turned his whole body to face away from his past self, and little Harry. But he slowly turned back to face the scene before his eyes. "Harry, I'm.....Off......." he stammered, he looked up into the sky and tears began to well in his eyes. He was used to telling people bad news, but to someone he knew, and loved, it was very difficult.
"Harry....you know....uh....how...Officer McFinn had to....work today?" said Dr. Clark thickly.
"Yes, sir." said Harry nodding eagerly.
"Well Officer McFinn got called to a store today, and...well...he was met with some very bad people. They were taking things that didn't b-belong to them, and they were using guns to try and hu-hurt people..." said Dr. Clark, trying to explain to Harry what was wrong. He had to be very careful about how he put things, but he wasn't too sure how to go about it.
"And Officer McFinn got them no problem!" yelled Harry happily throwing his arms into the air in victory.
"There was a problem, Harry." said Dr. Clark sadly, Harry's hands slowly lowered. "They came out shooting their guns at anything and everything. There was......a little boy in the street, Officer McFinn saw him and tr....tried to get him out of there. Officer McFinn got hurt, very badly. They had to bring him to the hospital."

Harry had a look of the utmost horror. "Officer...." he hopped off Dr. Clark's lap and wanted to run back to the car and go to the hospital. But Dr. Clark caught him before he could touch the ground. "Let me go! I wanna see him, LET ME GO!" yelled Harry, kicking in the air.
"Oh, Harry!" moaned Mrs. Weasley.
"Harry," said Dr. Clark, he grabbed Harry's legs and cradled the little boy. "Harry, I'm sorry, we didn't want to tell you, until we had no choice, Officer McFinn is.....he's......gone....." he said, stray tears falling from his eyes.

Harry stared at him, it was several minutes before Harry even moved. He started to shake his head, "No....he can't....he...." Harry started to cry, uncontrollably. Dr. Clark hugged him tightly, Harry screamed and pounded his small fists against the man's chest. Passersby were standing around staring, some were even dialing 999* to get the police to come and get the boy away from the man, they suspected, was hurting him.

Several minutes later, police officers came out to the park and saw who it was, and who he was consoling. The officers reassured the people around that Dr. Clark was breaking really bad news to the little boy. Some people weren't convinced, especially when Harry gave a soul-wrenching scream.

When Dumbledore and all the other Watchers heard the scream, they all flinched, and covered their ears. Almost all the adults wanted to just pick Harry up and hold him tightly, whisper to him that everything is going to be alright, but they knew they couldn't.

Harry couldn't be consoled by anybody, he cried, screamed, and beat his small fists into Dr. Clark for twenty minutes more, until finally and unwillingly, he cried himself to sleep. Dr. Clark continued to hug him tightly and rock him back and forth gently. He looked up to the one of the officers that stayed behind.

"I'm going to take him to Holly's, don't know if that will help, but she wanted to see him." he said standing up.
"Okay, you want me to drive you? So you don't need to put the little guy down?" asked the officer.
"No, I'm fine. Thank you for coming by." said Dr. Clark standing up carefully.
The scene shifted forward once more and they found themselves in a very nice and tidy little house. They saw Harry laying on a sofa and the same lovely woman that was at the Track races. Instead of smiling and laughing, she was crying into Dr. Clark's shoulder.

"Oh...Sam.....what am I going to do? He was my world, my best friend!" she cried.
"I know Holly, he was great man. God!" he said bitterly. "I can't believe it, I still can't believe it!"
"Do you know if he was in any pain?" she asked after a half an hour of crying. "I don't think I can.."

"No, he didn't feel a thing, it went straight through his spine. Do you need help with any arrangements, Holly?" asked Dr. Clark carefully.
"No, no, Chief Harrison and his wife are helping me take care of things. I would like some help with Harry though." she said looking back towards the small figure on her couch.
"You've got it, I could never abandon him now." said Dr. Clark sadly.

"How did he take it?" she asked, walking over to him and brushing the bangs out of his tear-laden eyes, and throwing a fluffy blanket over top of him. She gently pulled the thumb out of his mouth.
"Really, really bad. The way he screamed, it tore my heart right out of my chest. Little guy's been through hell, and he's being thrown into a repeat performance. I don't know who has it in for this kid, but whoever it is, demon or human, they'll have me to deal with." said Dr. Clark, sitting beside the couch and rubbing Harry's little head.

Harry whimpered and opened his eyes, he looked at Mrs. McFinn, who still had some evidence of crying, then he started crying again. She sat one the couch and pulled him into a comforting embrace.

The scene shifted once more and they were now standing in a church cemetery. Harry, Dr. Clark, and Holly were standing in front of a large crowd and facing towards a dark brown casket. They saw Harry, dressed in a little blue suit and holding a lily, while Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn held a rose, each. Harry walked up and placed the lily on the casket and backed up slowly, not taking his eyes off the coffin, tears still flowing from them. The Watchers stared in amazement, as people walked past and give Mrs. McFinn hugs and reassuring words of sympathy, the Queen herself, came and placed a blue rose on the casket offered her condolences to Holly, taking her by the hand, and giving her a medal, in honor of Officer McFinn for saving the little boy. She then went over to little Harry and gave him a hug, wiping his eyes with her own handkerchief.

"Why was the Queen there?" asked Hermione, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief.
"She sort of took to Harry after the garden party I told you about." said Dr. Clark sadly.

Once again, the scene shifted and they saw, Harry, it was the same day, but his clothes were once again the same oversized ones he normally wore around the Dursleys. He was carrying pots and pans from the sink to the cabinets, when Dudley shoved him roughly into the stove.
"Oi!" shouted Ron moving forward, but Hermione held him back.
"You can't do anything remember?" she reminded him.

"Dad says that police officer won't come by anymore. Says that he got shot." said Dudley with a wicked grin. Harry looked down in grief.

Uncle Vernon then came in the kitchen, with a broad, demonic grin.
"See, boy? See, what happens? You're jinxed, anyone that even remotely cares about you, dies. Your parent's died in a car crash, now your precious Officer McFinn was gunned down."

Harry fell to his knees and cried, Uncle Vernon pulled him off the floor by his arm, dragged him to the cupboard under the stairs picked him up and threw him inside the cupboard, like bag of unwanted rubbish.
The scene rushed once more this time, it looked like a few more months had past. They were back in Mrs. McFinn's living room, only this time, it was a sort of party. A giant banner was draped across the southern most wall. "COME HOME SOON!" There were several people that the Watchers didn't recognize, but they saw Dr. Clark in full ceremonial military apparel. "This was the farewell party for me," said Dr. Clark sadly.

Holly McFinn was walking around with a tray of drinks, the Watchers tried to find Harry but they couldn't. Then Harry came out with a freshly baked pizza. People turned to look at Harry and then they noticed the pizza.

It was a very large pizza, with a golden crust. It's cheese was still bubbling a little bit and steam rose languidly from the pizza. Ron started to drool when he saw it. "That is one tasty looking pizza, Harry! I've never a pizza with actual meatballs on it though, what do you call it?" said Dr. Clark, throwing an arm around Harry's shoulders. "Italian Night Pizza," said Harry quietly, he didn't look as happy as some of the other people. "It's got meatballs, pepperoni, mozzarella, parmesan, and asiago cheese, marinara sauce drizzled on top," said Harry just as quietly as before.

Dr. Clark took a slice of the pizza and smiled broadly as the cheese stringed itself between the liberated slice and the rest of pizza that was woefully left behind. "Looks like the pizza's you see on television commercials." said one of the partiers excitedly.

Harry moved away from the table of food and went to go sit on the sofa. Dr. Clark noticed this and went to go sit on the sofa with him, he continued feasting on the slice of pizza. "What's up, bud?" asked Dr. Clark. "Normally you're prouder than a peacock when you bring out something you cook."

Harry, leaning back into the sofa, heaved a sigh, "Now you're going away, Officer McFinn is gone, now you are going away too." tears began to form in his eyes.

Dr. Clark put the pizza down on the nearby table and brought him into a large hug. "I won't be gone for long. I'm just going to be gone till they get more doctor's in the area, I'm going to. I'm only going to be gone for a year, I promise, I'll come home, I'll be back by your birthday."

"I didn't keep that promise," moaned Dr. Clark woefully. "You didn't have much choice, Dr. Clark. You would have, had you of been able to." said Lionus helpfully.

The scene shifted once more to a bawling Harry seated in Mrs. McFinn's house once more and a highly decorated military officer was looking down at them, Harry was being consoled by Mrs. McFinn.

"That was when he was told you were missing, most likely." said Lionus. Dr. Clark placed a tightened fist on his chest and grimaced in pain. The darkness ebbed away and they all found themselves back in the Great Hall. "That was horrible." said Dr. Clark faintly. "The first one was much worse." said Bill he then added. "No offense." "I didn't know." said Dumbledore quietly.

Suddenly, the table of food came back and there was dozens of the same pizzas from the Recollection Scroll and other tasty dinner entrees. People didn't want to eat, not so soon after hearing Harry's scream like he did, and seeing Harry so upset. But the aroma of the pizza's was just too overpowering, Ron was the first one to go over and take a piece of pizza. "The cheese's just as stringy as it was in the scroll!" he said loudly. He took a bite of the pizza. "Mmmmm....this...is...really, REALLY good!"
People slowly made their way to the table and they helped themselves to a piece of the pizza. Harry came back to the Great Hall, after everyone had one piece at least. Dr. Clark and Ron each had three pieces to themselves.

"What did you think about the pizza's?" said Harry brightly.

Dr. Clark put his piece of pizza down and walked over to Harry and held onto him tightly.

"What the....what's wrong?" said Harry wonderingly, when he felt tears start to soak his shirt, he began to pat Dr. Clark on the back. "What is it? Can't you tell me?"

"We......we saw...." choked Dr. Clark.

"Was it another one of those scroll things? Good or bad?" asked Harry over to Dumbledore.

"It was a bad one. You just found out that Officer McFinn was gone and that Dr. Clark was going away." said Charlie quickly.

"Good thing I missed it, then." said Harry calmly.

One of the Unspeakables had a sudden thought, but he decided to let it go, for now. He would wait till he had some more evidence.
It was stormy weather that visited the school the next day. The students, teachers and the guests assembled themselves in the Great Hall to satisfy their hunger with a hearty breakfast. Harry walked through the Hall's doors with Remus, Sirius and Dr. Clark and they helped themselves with plates of fruit and toast.

“Sleep okay?” asked Sirius to Harry.

“Yeah, I slept fine, how about you?”

“No worse than normal, nightmares about you getting hurt...normal.” said Sirius with a smile.

After everyone had finished their tuck-in, Mr. Weasely decided that today, he would like to read. So he picked the book up off the dais and read the title to himself, he smiled to himself.

"I think Charlie should have requested to read this one," he said with a laugh.

"Why's that, dad?" asked Charlie.

"The title is Chapter fourteen."

Charlie paled, as did Hagrid, Ron, Hermione and Harry, who stood up quickly and unceremoniously took Madam Bones and Dumbledore by the hands and pulled them out of the hall. Causing Mr. Weasley and the rest of the people in the Great Hall to stare.

“Is there something wrong?” asked Mr. Weasley.
Harry pulled them almost to the Great Staircase when he finally stopped.

"What is wrong, Mr. Potter?" asked Madam Bones curiously.

Harry looked between the two of them, both of them could either protect Hagrid, or ship him off to Azkaban again, he hoped he could strike a deal if the worst came to pass. "I wanted to ask, if something happened four years ago, can one be held accountable?" Harry asked quickly.

"You don't need to worry, Harry, no student will be in trouble." Dumbledore said kindly.

"It's not a student I'm worried about." said Harry, "It's a teacher."

"I can't press charges against someone if I find out about it from these books." said Madam Bones gently.

"That obviously didn't stop you from arresting the Dursleys," said Harry with a raised eyebrow. "You carted them off, after hearing about...stuff...from the books."

"Child abuse is another matter entirely, and we had your physical evidence to back it up." said Madam Bones. She didn't press into why the boy didn't say 'everything' she would all she needed from these books.

"There may be physical evidence here to." said Harry carefully.

"I'll think about it, unless someone gets killed, I won't pursue anything." she said kindly. "Or if it was malicious in nature."

"I promise, it wasn't. Thank you Madam Bones, it's a weight off my mind." said Harry heaving a sigh, he walked back to the Great Hall.

"He shouldn't have anything weighing on his mind, in my opinion." said Madam Bones.

"I agree as well." said Dumbledore seriously. "But I fear, that he may have to at some point, this
"Can't you leave it for when he's a bit older?" asked Madame Bones sternly.

"I don't think I can. He's deserving of some knowledge, especially that which I have been keeping from him." said Dumbledore sadly.

When they reentered the Great Hall, Dumbledore looked over to Charlie Weasely.

"Mr. Weasely, may we count on your expertise in this chapter? I think the students would absolutely love to hear some interesting facts about Ridgebacks and other species of dragons." said Dumbledore, eyes twinkling towards Charlie.

"Sure thing, sir, be happy to." said Charlie with a wide grin.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"Yeah, not nearly chicken-hearted." said Fred with a laugh.

"More like...turkey-hearted." said George.

"I don't get it." said a first year.

"Well...it's...sigh...nevermind." said Fred.

"Sometimes we're way advanced for our peers." said George.

"Advanced....sure..." said Bill.

End of first paragraph.

"I would have given him a day, to crack." said George with a smirk.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

"As long as you don't go in there, I have no problems." said Sirius, looking at Harry sideways.

Second paragraph, second sentence.
"Wow, is the stone STILL safe?" asked a brave first year, Snape heard it and sent a reproachful look towards the foolish young Gryffindor.

**End of second paragraph.**

"Pardon us, I think we're going to be sick." said Harry and Ron, shaking their heads.

**Third paragraph.**

"I don't nag!" said Hermione in a hurt voice.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

"That is over two months, Hermione!" said Sirius staring at fifth year girl.

"I just wanted them to be prepared." she said shuffling her feet.

"Trust us, we were fine." said Ron shaking his head. "Harry was tutoring me in the evenings. I needed a lot of work, but he and I were doing our best."

**End of dialogue set.**

"You aren't six hundred years old, Miss Granger." said Dumbledore kindly.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

"It appears that Mr. Weasely and I agree on that." said Dumbledore smiling happily. Ron had a pale tint in his cheeks as he smiled broadly.

**End of dialogue set.**

"You never know, I might have forgotten something!" said Hermione.

"You failing a test is like Harry screwing up a recipe, doesn't happen." said Ron with a broad grin.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"We've never had a student fail their tests so badly that they didn't pass into the next year." said McGonagall. “Some have gotten close...but it has never happened.”
"cough....Nicolas Flamel....cough..." Harry coughed into his hand.

"When don't they?" asked Neville to Ron in a whisper. Ron snorted

"They never are." moaned a majority of the students.

"That is not on your first year tests, Miss. Granger." said Professor Flitwick.

"Some movements are required on the tests." said Professor Vector nodding.

"We managed to get through it, too bad it took a long time." said Ron moaning.

"Harry helped me a bit with that, it was for Herbology class." said Ron quietly.

"You really like colors don't you, Harry?" asked Luna serenely. Harry groaned.
"I wasn't looking forward to that." said Harry quietly.

"I wouldn't either if I had only the Dursley's to look forward to." said Sirius giving Harry a squeeze as the young man lounged against him. "But look on the bright side, you don't have to go back there anymore!" said Sirius brightly.

"I know, I'm looking forward to summer now." said Harry happily.

"That was one weird coincidence." said Harry calmly.

"What do you mean?" asked Charlie.

Harry got up and walked over to Charlie and whispered into his ear. "Dittany makes dragons sneeze."

"Oh! Duh!" he said smacking his forehead "That is one odd coincidence." said Charlie with his eyebrows raised. "Why not say it out loud?"

"Don't want to ruin the surprise for everyone." said Harry with a malicious grin.

"Sorry Hagrid, but you look out of place everywhere." said Harry fondly.

"Oh that's not fair." said Dr. Clark trying to stifle a laugh. "He can't even keep a secret to himself, without you three pestering him."

Ron, Hermione and Harry shifted their feet guiltily, but Hagrid laughed. That made them feel a bit better.

"Nope, they moved onto greener pastures." said Fred.

"Yeah, they want to know what else is going on that doesn't concern them." said George
"Exactly." said a voice out into the Hall. People looked around keenly, trying to find the speaker. If they had looked over towards Professor Snape, they would have seen him an amused look on his face, and his hand covering his mouth.

**Dialogue Line**

"Oh, don't say it there! Go somewhere else, if you must!" moaned McGonagall slapping her forehead with her hand.

**Dialogue Line**

"Thank you Hagrid, for having sense!" she said shaking her head.

**Dialogue Line**

"I feel real ashamed of myself now." said Harry shaking his head while it was in his hands.

**Dialogue set.**

"And you didn't, least not in so many words." said Ron with a sheepish grin.

**Dialogue Line**

**Dialogue Line**

**Dialogue Line**

"Looking back, it couldn’t have, he didn't really care about what was down there, he knew what it was." said Hermione thoughtfully. Harry smiled over to her. She saw his face.

"You knew it didn't have anything to do with it!" she said with a shocked look on her own face.

"I had a feeling." said Harry with a sly smile.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

"Good thinking." said Dumbledore approvingly.
"Hope Madam Pince didn't hear that, she'd skin you alive for slamming the books down." said Terry Boot with a slight cringe.

"Huh?" asked a few students in confusion.

"Were you sleeping when I read the chapter?" asked Mr. Weasley with a laugh.

"Those are both really good Dragon books." said Charlie absently.

"Good memory there, Potter." said Moody approvingly. "Only heard it once and you memorized it."

Lionus's eyes twitched excitedly. **Very good memory, that.** He thought to himself. He had been toying with the idea to recruit Potter for several years now. Ever since he attracted their attention. But his age always made Lionus take a step back in that decision. But now, Potter was becoming more and more appealing as an agent, despite his age. The only downside he could foresee is that he may have a furious battle with the wizened old Auror over who got to take him under their wing.

"Ummm...not everyone...." said Seamus.

"Huh?" asked Ron.

"You only know that as common knowledge, because Charlie, here, wouldn't ever shut up about dragons." said Bill clapping a hand to his younger brother's back.
"Just misunderstood." said Hagrid defiantly.

**End of dialogue set.**

"They get pretty bad sometimes. I landed myself in the Romanian branch of St. Mungo's a few times. Nuthin' serious, Mum!" he said quickly seeing the shocked look on his mother's face.

**Dialogue Line**

"There are quite few dragons, still soaring about." said Charlie fondly, but then his face fell. "I just wish that we could at least tag them. That way, we don't have to worry about them so much. But we can't get near enough to do so."

**Dialogue set.**

"That spell does more harm than good, in my opinion." said Harry fiercely.

No one, aside from Dumbledore, McGonagall, Ron, Ginny and Hermione could understand why. However, a slight nagging happened in the back of Harry's mind, what was he trying to remember? And what did it have to do with memory charms?

**Dialogue Line**

"Good question! C'mon dad! Continue reading so we can find out!" said Fred.

"I would have continued on, if you...hadn't....had......interrupted...me." said Mr. Weasely sternly, but he said it with a smile.

**Eighth paragraph.**

"Sorry if I was a bit rude." said Hagrid a little guiltily.

"Don't be, Hagrid, we were imposing on you." said Harry with a smile.

**Ninth paragraph.**

"I'm all better now, Hagrid, when do you want some cooking lessons?" said Harry happily. He had
heard from Dumbledore that Hagrid wanted them, and he was more than happy to help out, especially if they were going to get back to normal classes at any point and he, Ron and Hermione were going to go back to Sunday tea with Hagrid.

"Whenever is good." said Hagrid with a smile, "Sorry if I ain't much of a student." he added with a bit of worry in his black eyes.

"If I can tutor Ron in magic, I can teach anybody, anything." he said with a grin.

"Can you indeed?" said Rivers with a small smile. Harry turned over to him quickly. He had forgotten he was there. He wouldn't have said that if he had remembered he was there.

"I might want to talk to you at some point, Mr. Potter." he said drumming his fingers on his chair.

Moody and Lionus looked over to him quickly, as did the Unspeakables. They all wanted Harry to join their ranks. Harry saw the looks in their eyes. Picking his career might not be as easy as he thought. Especially if they wanted to put their two knuts in.

Dialogue Line

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"You never do waste time, when you want information." said Hermione with a grin.

End of dialogue set.

"No, he can't." said Professor McGonagall sternly.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Very good, Hagrid." she said approvingly.

End of dialogue set.

"They're just too nosy for their own good." said Remus trying not to laugh.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"When you need information out of a guy, and he ain't giving it, always send in a girl. They'll spill
their guts in a heartbeat. Especially if you use flattery." said Harry with a laugh.

"Did this little talk with Hagrid teach you that?" asked McGonagall sternly, crossing her arms and peering over to him.

"No, he's known that for a while." said Lionus with a laugh. Harry looked over at him again, how much about him did that Ranger know?

End of dialogue set.

"That was playing dirty." said Dumbledore, the sides of his mouth twitching.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first dash.

"Yes it will! But I guess," said McGonagall to Professor Flitwick, "we should be thankful he told them, goodness knows if they went down there and they didn't have any idea of what was there."

"Oh dear, I really don't want to think about it." squeaked Professor Flitwick, covering his eyes.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth dash.

"We volunteered, we didn’t want anyone getting ahold of the Stone either." said Professor Sprout quietly.

End of dialogue set.

"He helped?" said Fred in disbelief.

"That's unbelievable!" said George loudly.

Snape snarled at them

Dialogue Line

Dialogue Line

"The same can't be said for someone else." said Hermione to Ron.
"Just switch Snape's name with someone else's and you've got it right." muttered Harry.

Dialogue line

"He told a student, what is so far-fetched about him telling a stranger?" said Pansy nastily.

"Were you conscious at all before this?" asked Harry, snapping out of his calm ravine.

"What are you talking about, Potter." she snapped.

"Hagrid didn't tell us how to get past the dog, just accidentally let on some clues as to what was down there. Everything else we found out." he said sternly. "So, unless you have an intelligent, or a half-way decent, witty remark, keep your forked-tongue behind your teeth." he hissed.

Pansy stared at him with pursed lips.

"I know where that statement came from." said Hermione with a broad grin.

"My favorite line from those books." said Harry with a large grin. "Gandalf rules!"

"Amen!" said Dumbledore broadly.

"You've read them too, sir?" said Harry and Hermione together.

"Oh, yes. I was good friends with Tolkien, I believe he said once that I was the inspiration for Gandalf."

"I can buy that." said Harry quickly but quietly.

"Though I don't see it myself." Dumbledore added.

"He's the only one." muttered Hermione.

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Hagrid! The past neglect and malnourishment left him with a very weak internal system! He's very delicate! He must be handled carefully." said Madame Pomfrey angrily.

"I'm not delicate!" said Harry shortly, people were trying not to snigger or laugh out loud.

"Of course not dear." said Madam Pomfrey absently. Harry gritted his teeth.
"Never look at anything that you don't want him to know about." said Dumbledore a large smile.

"Wait a minute, wasn't he looking up dragons in the library?" asked Ernie.

"Yeah, so that means.....that's a dragon egg?" said Hannah.

Madam Bones looked to Hagrid quickly and then to Harry.

"That is what I meant." said Harry with a sheepish smile.

"An egg, especially what breed it is, is worth over nine hundred thousand galleons." said Charlie with widened eyes.

"How do you win something like that?" asked Charlie. "Where can I get in on that game?"

"Hagrid! That should have been your first clue! If he wanted to get rid of it, (though I hate saying that) he could have just sold it in Knockturn Alley! There are several different people that would have given you the full nine hundred thousand galleons!" said Charlie shaking his head.

"That is a very good question." said Remus carefully.
"That's a horrible book!" said Charlie angrily. "But it does have some helpful info on raising young hatchlings." he added rather half-heartedly.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second comma.

"Thank God I'm not a dragon. I'd be burnt to a crisp before I was even a year old." said a first year.

"Dragons have fireproof scales, their mothers strengthen them up by breathing fire on the eggs. The scales start to harden themselves as the heat builds inside. Unfortunately, sometimes the scales are too weak, and they don't form as fast. Some hatchlings don't even make it out of the egg." said Charlie sadly. "Survival of the fittest, right off the bat."

“Wow, that's a rough life.” said the first year.

Dialogue set, end of third sentence

"Why? Sounds nasty!" said Neville shuddering.

"It's a perfect mix to imitate the mother dragon's milk." said Charlie. "It's got the proteins and the burning taste it wants."

"That's disgusting." said Parvati faintly.

End of dialogue set.

"More than rare, there's only thirty left in the world. They're barely hanging on." said Charlie sounding even more depressed.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line

"Yeah, that could pose a really big problem." said Tonks, with a small smile

"Why are you smiling?" asked Remus looking at her.

"His house is still standing, so nothing bad happened." she said shrugging.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.
"Harry lost a few night's sleep worrying about it." said Ron out loud.

Hagrid turned to look at Harry with a look of intense guilt on his face. Harry glared at Ron, as Remus and Dr. Clark swung his legs up onto their laps and covered him with a blanket.

"And I thought I needed a filter for my mouth." Harry said with a frown on his face.

Sirius made a 'shh' ed sound. "Hey, we want to know these things."

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

"Wish I knew." said Harry wistfully.

Dumbledore closed his eyes and bowed his head slowly.

**End of dialogue set.**

"We already had a study time, and you giving us more was...yeah it was driving us nuts." said Ron trying to explain to Hermione, who was looking insulted.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

Charlie leaned forward in his chair eagerly.

**Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

"I would too!" shouted Charlie, Fred, George and Lee.

**End of eighteenth paragraph.**

"Awwwww! Come on, Hermione! How many times are you going to be able to see a hatching?" asked Lee disappointedly.

**Dialogue line**

"Not many times, I work with dragons, and I've never seen one up close. The mothers tend to scorch things that try to come in within visual range of their eggs." said Charlie.
"How did you manage the First Task, last year?" asked Harry.

"We had to knockout the dragons before we got too close." said Charlie.

Dialogue line

"I'm don't think that keeping an illegal dragon is the same as not doing your homework, Miss Granger." said Madam Bones seriously.

Dialogue line

Ninteenth paragraph.

"Your face is no better Potter!" smirked Pansy.

"Explain then, the Valentine you sent me in our second year." said Harry with a sneer.

Pansy whitened and stuttered.

"Did she really?" asked Lupin.

"Yeah, but it was more a hate-tine then a valentine." said Harry with a smile.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

"Like I really would have missed it." said Hermione.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line

Twenty-first paragraph.

"That would be the claws against the shell of the egg." said Charlie earnestly.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.

Charlie turned to stare at Harry. “Sorry, but, um...it was just a shock." said Harry smiling a little bit.
"Just hearing the description, she was a beautiful baby Ridgeback." sighed Charlie quietly.

"Aww!" said Charlie.

Bill slowly turned to look at his brother. "You're.....freaking....insane."

"Nice baby." said Blaise chuckling.

" 'Mommy'? Why not 'Daddy'?” asked Dennis curiously.

"Male dragons don't stick around for the baby dragon's life, once they mate with the female, then they take off again. Never to be seen by the baby dragon, unless either they fight over the same female, or they mate with each other." said Charlie matter-of-factly.

Several students stared at him, "They mate with their kids?" said Lavender faintly.

"Sometimes the Norwegian Ridgebacks have to, not enough young females to go around, after a female dragon lays eggs about three times, they can't lay anymore." said Charlie.

"They're the fastest growing species of all the dragon species." said Charlie. “And yet we still can't keep their numbers up.”

"Oh no." moaned Sirius, "What now?"
"Well that's not good." said Dr. Clark.

"That would be your seeker sight, right there." said Fred proudly.

"Oohh, not the person you want seeing something like that." said Tonks worriedly.

"Back when I was here, any smile on a Slytherin's face was never a good thing." said Sirius, "And we had Bella in there a few years ahead of us. You never wanted to see her smile."

"He's too young, he could die before he's even a week old." said Charlie.

"At the least the internal flame is going, that means the dragon is so far really healthy," said Charlie thoughtfully.

"That would explain why the grounds' flora were looking so decrepit." said Snape.
"And that means that the dragon is eating all right." said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

"Umm....we kinda needed to change the name, Hagrid." said Charlie looking up at Hagrid.

"What? Why?" said Hagrid. "What did you change it to?"

"Norberta. He's a she." said Charlie with a smile. Hagrid stared at Charlie, but then smiled.

"Didn't you people ever think to check?" asked Ernie.

"Dragons don't develop reproductive organs until they are at least seven months. So Hagrid would never have known in such a short amount of time." said Charlie.

"You, Mr. Weasley, are a fountain of knowledge, especially where dragons are concerned. Hagrid, perhaps you should have a Dragon Week for your class, Mr. Weasely here or one of his friends could come and give lectures. I think people would find that immensely fascinating." said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling. Several students talked amongst themselves excitedly.

"If Charlie's up to it." said Hagrid smiling down at the Dragon keeper.

Charlie beamed.

Dialogue line.

"He lost them when he got that dragon." whispered Snape to McGonagall.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Actually that would need to take five weeks for that breed." said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

"No, I never did." said Malfoy regret filling his usual drawling voice.

"Why not come to me?" asked Snape.

"Didn't think of it." said Malfoy sadly.
"Harry....I'm Charlie, he's Ron." said Charlie, pointing to himself and then to Ron.

Fred and George snorted.

"How often had you told him about me, Ron." said Charlie curiously.

"Actually, I only told him once about you." said Ron with a small smile.

"And months later.....HE REMEMBERED?" said Charlie in shock.

"Yeah...shocked me too..." said Ron smiling over to Harry.

"Where was Ron?" asked Ginny

"Who would have been out and about at that later hour?" demanded McGonagall.

"That's gross!" said Padma cringing.
"Oh, CRAP! That's not good! Ridgebacks have venom in their teeth!" said Charlie loudly.

Mrs. Weasely turned and stared fixedly over to Ron, "I'm fine mom." he said quickly.

"Tell me that you went to the hospital wing right away!" said Charlie weakly. “Please tell me you did.”

“Ah...I went to the hospital wing.” said Ron.

“But...not right away...” groaned Charlie.

"Sorry, Ron." said Hagrid shamefully, after Mrs. Weasley shouted at him.

"Don't be, I'm fine." said Ron graciously. "I was just ticked that Norbert...ta, bit me."

“You don't go anywhere near anything that bites.” said Sirius to Harry.

“Yeah...I'll get right on that.” said Harry and then he shifted away slightly.

“What are you doing?” asked Sirius.

“You turn into a dog and they bite.” said Harry with a smile.

“Not what I meant!” said Sirius.

McGonagall paled, that day, that Saturday, so there really was a dragon in the school!
“Normally Hermione puts up a bit of a fight.” said Harry with a smile.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, third sentence.

"CRAP! Go to the hospital wing!” moaned Charlie.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Not then anyway." said Madam Pomfrey angrily. She hated the students being subjected to dangerous situations. And last year was full of opportunities for the students to get hurt. "Also, I have a no questions asked policy. That way, if the students really wanted a teacher to know what was going on, they could just ask. But if I see something horrible, I ask. The bite was bad, but not nearly bad enough for me to ask questions."

“Why have such a policy?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It's either that or children being too scared to come to me, for fear of being interrogated.” said Madam Pomfrey.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

"They are, oh please go to Hospital Wing!” said Charlie trying hard to keep his mother in her seat.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

"I don't know why I bought that.” said Madam Pomfrey to the angry looks that she received.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second dash.

"I didn't, but I stuck to my policy." said Madam Pomfrey.

End of dialogue set.

"He would have come up with reason, even if you hadn't struck him, I shouldn't wonder.” said Mr. Weasely towards his son.
Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Oooohh!" moaned the students.

"That was stroke of luck for Malfoy, wasn't it." said Dr. Clark, clapping a hand to his good eye.

Forty-first paragraph.

"You did, you looked really tired and worn." said Hermione.

Dialogue set.

"He knows now." said Tonks with a singsong voice.

Forty-second paragraph.

"Norbert, er...Norberta nipped his tail a little too hard." said Hagrid scratching the back of his head.

Dialogue line.

“What was he doing?” asked Charlie.

“He was attackin' me tea kettles and the change that would fall out the pockets in my coat...anythin' shiny he would pounce on it.” said Hagrid.

".....that was a good idea to keep them out, Hagrid. If anyone especially Harry had gone in there, They would almost had been ripped to shreds." said Charlie heaving a sigh of relief.

"Why would Harry have been in the most danger?" said Sirius worriedly.

"At that stage, they grab and latch onto anything shiny. Jewels, pearls, beads, stuff like that. They tend to like green things, we found that out in a behavior study. With Harry's emerald-like eyes....." Harry blushed a deep red.

"I think Norberta would have killed him. Despite Hagrid being there." said Charlie seriously.
Sirius gripped Harry tightly, Harry's breath hitched up, Remus had to smack Sirius's shoulder to release Harry just a bit so he could breathe.

"Thankfully the stage only lasts a day or two. But it is a dangerous stage to be around." said Charlie, continuing on.

Forty-third paragraph.

"I was sad! I was gonna lose 'im!" said Hagrid.

"Hagrid, it was either Norberta or Harry, you really couldn't choose both. Despite the stage ending, Harry's eyes would always attract her attention and she would always claw her way to him." said Charlie honestly.

Hagrid looked down sheepishly. "I would've picked 'Arry."

"There you go." said Charlie. Charlie then smiled over to Harry who looked at Hagrid with a small smile.

"Thanks, Hagrid." he said quietly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

George laughed loudly. "Nice, Harry."

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

"Peeves?" asked Dr. Clark.

"He's the ghost that stole one of your eye patches and did a pirate impersonation." said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Oh, I thought he was kind of funny." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

"You'll want to smack him about, soon enough." said Sirius.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

"Good, then he can't see Harry, He might bust right through the crate." said Remus worriedly.
"His teddy? You packed his teddy?" said Draco with a laugh.

"Remember when we would take Harry for an outing? And we forgot Scorchie? He was not a happy little camper." said Lupin with a laugh.

"Oh lord, you screamed, cried. Nothing we gave you would make you happy, We had to finally go home and grab your stuffed dragon. Then you were all smiles. Only time I ever called you 'Brat'." said Sirius to Harry, laughing so hard he was crying.

People in the Hall began to laugh, even Hagrid.

"Thankfully," said Remus wiping a tear away from his eye, "you never tried to destroy Scorchie."

"That explains

"Neither will we." said a few students. "And we didn't know her nearly as long."

"It weighed about as much as I did." said Hermione.

"And twice Harry's weight." muttered Madam Pomfrey darkly.

"If that's the shortcut I think it is, that takes away the need to go up seven sets of stairs." said Ron.

"Where is that one?" said Neville.

"Is that one besides the tapestry of Merlin and Morgan Le-Fay? asked the twins.

"No, this one is next to the statue of Hogwarts founders on the second floor." said Harry.

"Whoa, might have to look for that one." said Seamus and Dean.
"We had to stop a few times to catch our breath." said Hermione.

"Can't be too careful." said Moody approvingly.

Several snickers rang through the hall as they imagined that picture in their minds.

"I apologize for accusing you of lying, but you should not have been out of bed." said McGonagall fairly.

Draco stared at her, and nodded slowly.

"I want Harry to sing again." said Hermione with a laugh.

"I would rather not." said Harry.
"I'll tell them you said that. They liked the two of you, a lot." said Charlie with a smile.

"They were sort of hoping you would have another dragon soon. They loved the excitement." said Charlie with a laugh.

"Sounds like a baseball game." said Colin.
"What's baseball." asked Ron.
"I'll show you sometime." said Harry.

"Famous last words." said Tonks, covering her eyes.

"Well at least he can't see you." said Sirius.

"What? How can he see you?" asked Remus questioningly.

"Oh no! This isn't good!" moaned Remus. "I'll read the next chapter, Arthur. I want to know what is going to happen, right now!" he said quickly.

He stood up and took the book quickly, he then walked over to the bowl and sat down.
"All right, let's see how much trouble you get into." he said turning the page.
Chapter fifteen title.

Remus stared at the chapter title. "It just went from bad to worse." he said looking deathly pale.
"Now I'm thinking I don't really want to read this one." said Remus looking over to Sirius.

"What makes you think I want it?" said Sirius leaning away from him.

"I think you are stuck Remus, you'd better just start right now." said Dumbledore with a saddened expression on his face.

Remus chewed his lip but cleared his throat loudly and bravely continued.

**First paragraph.**

"We were so wrong!" moaned Harry and Hermione.

“I don't want to hear that.” said Sirius.

**Second paragraph, first sentence.**

"Remember the first time we got caught, Moony?" asked Sirius, trying to lighten Remus' mood.
"We spent a majority of the time, before she got there and when she was there, bickering about who did what to get us caught."

Remus' mouth twitched slightly. "You got us caught, you stepped on Mrs. Norris' tail." he said with small smirk.

"No I didn't, I shoved Peter and HE stepped on Mrs. Norris' tail." said Sirius defensively. “I would have kicked her, not step on her.”

“Oh, that's not nice.” said Luna.

“Hey, she always stalked us, even when we weren't doing anything wrong.” said Sirius.

**Second paragraph, third sentence.**

"I wouldn't have been in the mood to hear excuses at the moment." said McGonagall sternly.
“Especially after Mr. Malfoy...and the other one I caught.”

“Someone else was out?” asked Charlie.

“They picked a bad night to go wandering.” said Bill.
"Very good question." said Sirius shaking his head.

"Stuff it, Paddy." said Harry.

He paid dearly for his cheek when Sirius reached down and tickled him mercilessly. “Keep pushing your luck, Junior.” sneered Sirius.

"At least you knew enough not to give me a cock and bull story." said McGonagall.

"Not that he doesn't try." said Snape with smirk on his lips.

"Hey now, I only remember lying to you...maybe...three times." said Harry ticking off the incidents that he could recall.

Snape snorted in disbelief. “I'll believe that....never.”

"We wouldn't have been surprised if you did send us home packing." said Harry and Hermione.

“If I had known about the dragon, you would have been close to being sent home.” said McGonagall.

"It was going to get even more worse than what happens next." said Harry.

“So he was the other one you caught!” said Colin.

"How does that make it worse?" asked Kingsley.

"Wait for it." said Neville sadly.

"Never mind." said Kingsley shaking his head.
"Sorry, ma'am." said Harry sheepishly.

"Don't be, Mr. Potter, nice to know that I'm like an enraged dragon when I get mad." said McGonagall with a smirk.

"I'd rather tackle a Hungarian Horntail than her." muttered Charlie. "They're safer."

Dialogue line.

"I don't think I would have believed you, even if you told me under Veritiserum." said McGonagall shaking her head.

“Well, then we were safe.” said Harry with a chuckle.

“It's not funny.” said Remus.

“Oh stuff it Remus, we did much worse when we first got here.” said Sirius.

“We're suppose to set an example.” said Remus.

“Pshh, you want a good example, Harry should have been the parent.” said Sirius.

Fifth paragraph.

Several students stared at Hermione in shock. How could she not answer a question?

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Pansy snickered loudly. Harry looked over to her quickly.

"You want to have a go? I can take you on with wands or insults. Choose your weapon."

"Wands then, cause I've had enough of your mouth." she said sneering and slipping the wand from her robes.

"Mr. Potter, don't make me give you a detention." smirked Professor Snape.

"You actually can't, sir, I'm defending the honor of my Head of House, school rules state that I can, it actually encourages it." Harry said standing up and flicking his wrist. His wand came swiftly down his sleeve and lodged firmly in Harry's grip.

“Whoa.” said Sirius under his breath.

“Harry...” said Remus warningly.

“Let me blow off some steam, I promise not to hurt her...just...stun her.”

He and Pansy raised their wands.
The battle was over in an instant, and Pansy's friends were trying to pick her up off the floor. Harry, unharmed and unphased sat back down in the bowl. "You and another fellow Slytherin should learn not to pick a fight with me. I took you on alone, with him, I have lots of backup." said Harry.

"Try to refrain from doing so again, Potter." said Snape darkly. He had tried several times to intervene, but Flitwick held him back, saying that it was indeed in the rules.

"Don't ruin it, Severus, besides, your student will never live it down that you had to save her." said Flitwick.

End of dialogue set.

"We didn't....we wouldn't...." said Harry a switching from a taunting behavior to a fretful one, looking between McGonagall and Neville. Sirius gave his arm a squeeze.

"We know, cub, we know. She didn't know at the time though, she does now, I'll bet." said Sirius with a smile.

McGonagall shifted nervously. “I do.”

Sixth paragraph, second sentence, first dash.

Remus turned and looked at Harry slowly. Before he could fully turn around, Harry quickly apologized to a Neville who just smiled back.

End of sixth paragraph.

"We appreciated it, Neville, but.....you shouldn't have risked expulsion just to find us." said Hermione kindly.

"You guys are worth risking that for though!" said Neville happily. Ron, Hermione and Harry turned a bright pink.

“Don't let your Grandmother hear that.” said Emmeline.

“Never.” said Neville nervously.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Oh sure you have. said Sirius.

You four were in your own category, I'm talking about amateurs. said McGonagall.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.
"That hurts. Bad form, Professor." moaned Charlie.

"Indeed, Minerva, not even I would say that to my Slytherin students." said Snape looking at her with widened eyes.

Professor McGonagall looked over to Harry, she had an apologetic look on her face.

**Dialogue set, sixth sentence, fifth comma.**

"What was going on in those days?" asked a fourth year Ravenclaw.

"I think the reason will make itself known in this chapter, Mr. Tomen." said Dumbledore addressing the student

**End of dialogue set.**

"Fifty? For being out of bed? And getting someone else out on a prank?" asked Sirius and George incredulously. "What were you playing at? You never took that much off of us for being out of bed and flooding the lower dungeons/setting off fireworks in the corridors!" they shouted. Then they looked at each other in shock. "You did what?"

“You've only taken twenty-five points off for us... granted you gave us two weeks of detention... but still, fifty is a lot.” said Fred.

“You're lucky, she gave us three weeks for the flooding incident.” said Lupin. “My hand still cramps up when I pick up a piece of chalk.”

"I... I didn't want Potter to be as much of a troublemaker as his father was." said McGonagall, trying to defend herself.

"One has to look at him, listen to him talk, and watch him walk and see he isn't going to be anything like his dad!" said Lupin sternly.

**Dialogue line.**

"Oh, come on, Professor!" moaned Charlie.

**Dialogue line.**

"Each?" asked Remus faintly.

Sirius let out a breath of air. "McGonagall, that was going overboard."

"Amazingly, I agree with the mutt, Minerva." said Snape quietly.

**Dialogue line.**
"If you think you were upset, I wonder if it will say how upset we were." said Neville wonderingly.

"I really hope it doesn't." said Harry sadly.

Seventh paragraph.

Harry looked down in shame.

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.

McGonagall looked a little upset, but she still held onto what little ground she had.

End of eighth paragraph.

Several balls of light popped out of the book in Remus' hands and began to spin around. Lionus, Rivers, Nightstrike and the two Doctors stared in amazement.

"What are those things?" asked Lionus quickly.

"They're called Scattered Shots, they reveal a past event, it's not like a Scroll though. But why would it show us this part, I don't know." replied Sirius quickly. The balls shattered and each of the fragments shot straight into each person in the Great Hall. The slightly familiar darkness claimed their sight for a brief instant.

They found themselves in the Gryffindor Dormitory, where Dean and Seamus were found to be fast asleep. Members of the other houses looked around the dormitory eagerly.

"This is a little different than ours are." whispered Ernie. "They have different color curtains on their beds."

They watched as Neville and Harry both came in, Neville was bawling while Harry was looking as white as Dumbledore's beard.

Neville fell heavily onto his bed, without undressing and cried loudly into the pillow. McGonagall looked at the sobbing boy in shame. It seemed like forever that eleven year old Harry stood in the corner, beside his bed and watched Neville, with regret and deep emotional pain radiating off his body. Sirius wanted to go over and hold him, tell him everything was going to be alright, but he knew he couldn't. Neville stopped crying and turned his head.

"What...what...what are we going to do, Harry?" he said tearfully.

"I don't know...I do know what I'm going to do now, though." said Harry weakly.

"What is that?" asked Neville.
Harry stood up and walked into their dorm's bathroom and closed the door behind himself. The dorm was silent, until they heard a retching sound. Madam Pomfrey, and most of the adults turned towards Harry and stared at him.

"I want an honest answer, Potter," said Madam Pomfrey angrily. "Did you make yourself sick."

"No, I didn't. I know better than to do that on purpose, it sucks when it comes about on its own." he said looking down sadly.

The Harry of the past came back, several minutes later, and laid down on the bed. His face, drawn, pale and sweaty. He clutched at his stomach and whimpered slightly. Neville continued his crying while Harry got up several times, and repeated the actions that he had done behind the closed doors.

Sirius hugged Harry tightly and whispered in his ear, "I don't want you getting that upset again."

"Neither do I." said Dr. Clark with a shocked face.

"I don't get that upset on purpose," said Harry quietly. He thought back to the past summer and flinched, if it showed them that summer, they would be seeing another repeat performance.

The balls of light left their bodies and they were back in the Great Hall. Remus sent Harry a worried look and sent a scowl over to McGonagall, who looked devastated. Reluctantly, he continued on reading.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"We actually went and grabbed Professor Flitwick and asked him if it was malfunctioning." said a sixth year Gryffindor.

"It was very hard trying to explain to them what had happened." said Flitwick sadly.

End of ninth paragraph.

"We didn't know all the facts, now we did." said the sixth year apologetically.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

"That almost seems to happen at least once a year," said Harry absently. Several students cringed in their seats.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

Tonks and Rivers looked sternly at their two houses.
"Hufflepuffs are supposed to be loyal!" she growled to her House.

"And I would have expected more of my fellow Ravenclaws." said Rivers sternly.

**Tenth paragraph, third sentence.**

"Harry......" said Dumbledore quietly.

"Yes, sir?" asked Harry looking over to the Headmaster.

"Have you told a teacher about this?" asked Dumbledore seriously. The teachers sat up.

"No sir, I felt that I deserved what I was getting." said Harry quietly.

Most of the teachers and guests groaned at that statement. "No Harry, you most certainly did not deserve that kind of treatment from your fellow students." moaned Dumbledore.

_Damned Dursleys_ thought Sirius and several others.

**End of tenth paragraph.**

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark snarled over to the students of Slytherin House.

**Eleventh paragraph.**

"Good for you, Ron!" said Charlie. But Ron only stared at his knees, remembering his behavior last year.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"No, no we haven't." said Fred and George quietly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twelfth paragraph, first sentence.**

" Seriously? You were _that_ upset?" said Dean with his mouth hanging open.

"At the time, I had had it." said Harry bitterly.

**End of twelfth paragraph.**
The Quidditch members of the other houses all gasped. Potter.....*quitting*? Professor McGonagall's hand flew to her mouth and horror. She almost caused her star Quidditch player to resign!

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

The Gryffindor Quidditch team shuffled their feet miserably. Fred and George turned and scowled at the chasers.

"We didn't turn our backs on them." said Fred.

"Yeah, we figured that a prank went wrong and we thought nothing of it. We knew that with Hermione answering all kinds of difficult questions and Harry's flying, we'd get back on top in no time flat." said George.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence.

"We didn't have a bad time at all, compared to you." said Hermione sadly.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

The teachers all looked down slowly, they remembered her keeping her hand down. They hurried to Professor McGonagall to tell her, they were shocked to learn that she was party to the massive loss of points for Gryffindor.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence.

Dean, Seamus, Neville, and Ron turned to stare at the black haired teen.

"It said 'almost'" said Harry without looking at them.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

"I hate end of term exams!" moaned Ron. Almost all of the students nodded their heads in agreement. Hermione and a few Ravenclaws however looked slightly irritated.

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"One gets the feeling you didn't pass." sneered Snape.

End of sixteenth paragraph.
“What the..? Who is talking to him?” asked Dr. Clark.

"Harry's there! He'll find out!” said Dennis quickly.

“He'd better not get seen.” said Lupin turning to look at Harry.

“No one saw me.” said Harry with a smile.

"Why would he be straightening it?” asked Tonks loudly. "Did he get in a fight with someone?"

"Well, well, you did fail miserably, didn't you?” said Snape with a smirk.

"Wait for it.” warned Harry.

"I stopped myself before I could even begin to meddle," said Harry with a small smile. "But you are right, I did just about fail." continued Harry, giving Snape (surprisingly) some credit.

Snape slowly extended an open palm to Harry, "I'll take the stones now," he said with a smirk.

Harry looked down, thinking deeply. He then stood up and walked over to the Potions Master. He reached behind his neck, appearing to unfasten something. When he pulled his arms back, in his hands was a fine golden-wrought chain. He held it out for the Professor to take.

"It's not a Sorcerer's Stone, but it's the most valuable thing I have." he said seriously.

Snape slowly took it, he was only kidding about taking anything from the boy. He didn't want anything from him...he preferred to keep his distance. He looked at the small charm in his hands. It was small locket, ornately decorated with a delicate gold flower, a lily.

"What is this?" he said, he wanted to sound snarky, but it only came out in a pale whisper.

"I bought this last year, it’s nothing special to anyone else but me, so I'll do anything to win it back.” said Harry looking down at the golden bauble. The phial that Luna had captured his tear in, was still glowing silently.
"What's this inside?" said Snape opening it. It held a small, glass bead, with a lock of red hair inside.

"I had to go to Godric's Hollow just to get that." said Harry quietly. " Took me some doing to find it."

"What is it?" pressured Snape. He had a feeling what it was, but he needed to know for sure.

"It's a lock of my mother's hair. I scoured all over the remnants of my parents' house just to find it." said Harry with a small smile. " Took me all day."

Dumbledore sat forward in the chair and stared, as some of the other teachers started to blow their noses loudly.

Snape held it out for Harry to take it back. "I can't take this." he said in a hoarse whisper.

"Take it, till I win it back." he said finally.

He left the chain with Professor Snape and went to go sit back down. Snape couldn't take his eyes off the locket, or the lock of hair resting inside.

"But Harry you be your broomstick! And you didn't give it to him!" said Zacharias loudly, he had to dodge a smack from Hannah.

"The broom is there for him to grab, the remnants anyway." said Harry with a smirk. "Though I think the tree might make a grab at him first."

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence, third comma, first dash.

"That's a horrible picture, right there." said Ron to Neville, who chuckled, but looked nervously over to Professor Snape. But he wasn't listening, the locket captured his attention for the time being.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

"He lasted longer than what I gave him credit for." said Bill.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

"He wasn't doing too badly." said Hermione honestly.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"His what?" said Draco with a smile.

"Hey, I was panicking a little." said Ron defensively
Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Actually, there is no book that states how to get past Fluffy. That's a special quirk only he has." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Unless you count any Greek Mythology book in the Muggle World." muttered Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"I don't want to hear it!" screeched Mrs. Weasely.

Dr. Clark looked over to her. "I wish some parents were a lot like her. Protective, instead of neglectful."

"Have you seen many parents like the Dursleys?" asked Hermione.

"Quite a few, but none nearly as bad as the Dursleys." said Dr. Clark with a dark look.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"Very true, it would have been almost impossible to explain." said Dumbledore wisely, he didn't however smile. Professor McGonagall looked down in shame.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Yeah! That will help you guys figure it out!" said Colin excitedly.

Dialogue line.

"Wow, he was still staying true to his word?" said Dennis in wonder.

Twenty-third paragraph.
"That must have taken a lot of self-control, Harry." said Dumbledore over to him.

"It was either that or giving up and poking around." said Harry quietly.

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

*Note From McGonagall.*

"Eleven o'clock? You are going to give first year students detention at eleven o'clock?" shouted Sirius.

"It was a Friday night!" she said defending herself.

"I DON'T CARE IF IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE! YOU...." shouted Sirius, but stopped when Harry, and Dr. Clark gripped his arm and shoulder, trying to calm him down.

"Since then Sirius, I have placed into teacher/detention policy that no detention should start past nine o'clock, especially for students under fourth year. Having a detention starting that late is very excessive." said Dumbledore sternly, while looking over to McGonagall.

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

"You didn't deserve that many points lost, or that late of a detention!" snarled Sirius.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

"Seeing Malfoy down there made me feel a lot better." said Neville quietly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"Exactly." said Umbridge quickly.

"I don't normally bite garbage, but if you don't shut up soon, you're going to be in a lifetime worth of hurt." snarled Nightstrike.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.**

Harry blinked heavily and then turned to Dumbledore, before he could say anything, his wrists and ankles began to slowly burn.

"Sir?" said Harry rubbing his wrists.

"Yes, Harry?" Dumbledore looked irate, but Harry bravely continued to speak.
"I think I remember something from the incident," said Harry quickly.

"Harry we discussed this three times now, don't try to remember, it only hurts you further." said Dumbledore worriedly.

"There were chains, on my wrists and ankles." said Harry quietly.

Dumbledore paled, "Are you sure?"

"I think so, I remember that I marked the chain on accident." He looked down at his hand, several nails were jagged, "I dug my nails into the steel so much that I broke several of them. They should have some scratches on the cuff."

Dumbledore left the Great Hall quickly, his robes fluttering angrily behind him. Suddenly, the students heard several deafening 'bangs' and then Dumbledore returned, with a satisfied yet grim look on his face.

"He doesn't have them anymore." he said fiercely. "And he better not catch me in a bad mood, because I will not be kind."

"I just had a thought," said Bill quickly. "When does he get back?"

"Today." said Lionus, "I have one of Hangman's crew bringing him."

"Who's Hangman?" said Charlie.

"She's the Chief Jailer. Warden, as it were." said Lionus.

**Dialogue set, end of fourth sentence.**

"They won't be." snarled Dumbledore.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

Sirius clutched Harry to him tightly.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Well, at least if it's with Hagrid he won't make the detention too hard. Hell...if you start falling asleep, he'll take you to his hut and let you sleep." said Charlie with a fond smile up to Hagrid.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

"The forest? You're taking them into the forest?" growled Sirius threateningly. McGonagall and
Hagrid both shuffled their feet nervously.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"There aren’t any werewolves in there. Who told you that?" asked Remus looking over to Malfoy.

"My father." said Malfoy, a little indignantly.

"There was a werewolf in the forest when he was there. But not now, right Moony?" said Sirius with a grin. Remus almost heaved the book towards his head.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

"I was about to either faint or start bawling." said Neville.

"Or wet your pants." said Draco quietly with a smirk.

"You DID the last time I saw you in the forest." said Harry when he heard that.

Draco blushed heavily as Ron sniggered.

**Dialogue line.**

"How can they think of them, when they aren't there, and...." said Sirius with a dark look. "you should never have thought that the teachers would send you in there."

McGonagall gave up trying to defend herself.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"At least he wanted to see if you two were alright, seeing as how it was sort of his fault you got in trouble." said Mrs. Weasely.

Hagrid shuffled his feet.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Let him have it, Hagrid." said Fred and George.
"More than what's going to be left of you when I get ahold of you." muttered Dumbledore darkly.

End of dialogue set.

"Let’s see how far that statement takes you." sneered Angelina.

End of dialogue set.

"Why?" asked Dr. Clark.

"It was his fault he was there. He wanted to get us three in trouble, and instead, he pulled himself down in the muck." said Harry with a smile.

"Wasn't talking to the you three, just Malfoy." said Hagrid quietly.

"We knew, Hagrid." said Harry and Hermione, Neville just nodded.

"Tell you that is how it is done, if you're out of bed, you don't just copy lines. You work." said Sirius and Remus.

"I didn't want to leave, really." said Malfoy quietly.

"D-D-Dangerous?" squeaked Sirius. "Just how much danger were you in?" he said weakly. Harry didn't answer, he merely squeezed Sirius' hand. Remus gulped but continued on.
"Unicorn b-b-blood?" whispered the students crossed the hall.

Everyone, including the Rangers, paled and had a sorrowful look on their faces.

"That is what danger was lurking about Hogwarts, Mr. Tomen. Something was killing our unicorn herd." said Dumbledore sadly.

“And you send kids in to find it...what the hell is wrong with you people?” said Dr. Clark pulling Harry a little closer to himself.

"I hope you don't." said Tonks faintly.

"That is a very good question to ask." said Bill, looking pale.

"That is true." said Charlie. "Hagrid has earned the respect of the creatures in the forest, and if they see him, or if they see Fang. They won't come near you guys. The centaurs may come and visit a bit, but only if Hagrid is with you."

"You split them up?!" moaned Sirius weakly.

"If Fang or Hagrid was with them, they would have been fine." reminded Charlie.

"That poor thing." moaned Lavender and Parvati.
"That wasn't comforting." said Malfoy quietly.

"Pairing me with Malfoy wasn't a very good idea." said Neville shaking his head.

"I wasn't about to put him with 'ermione." said Hagrid gruffly. "And 'arry had the sharpest eyes. I wanted him to help me with findin' the unicorn."

Several people flinched, and others were trying to stop crying.

"That's not good." said Charlie.

"Since Malfoy brought it up, I was concerned." said Harry defensively.

"Werewolves aren't fast enough." said Remus looking down at him.

"So what could be killing them?" asked a first year nervously.
Lionus and Moody were getting more and more impressed by the minute. Despite the danger, and the late hour, he was taking in his surroundings. They wanted him badly now.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"She was shiverin' somethin' awful." said Hagrid looking down at Hermione.

Dialogue line.

"Oh F#@&! WHAT NOW?" bellowed Sirius pulling Harry up to his lap and twisting his body around as if to protect him from an invisible foe.

"Sirius, I'm fine!" said Harry quickly.

Not till you're out of this damned forest, you're not! thought Sirius frantically, not willing to untangle himself from his godson.

Fortieth paragraph, fourth sentence.

Sirius screwed his eye shut and hugged Harry tighter. Harry couldn't breathe, he wanted to whisper to Sirius to let him go, but couldn't. He was about to pass out from lack of oxygen when he felt Sirius grip lessen considerably.

"SIRIUS! HE CAN'T BREATHE!" shouted Dr. Clark. Harry fell back into Sirius' outstretched arms and breathed deeply.

"I-I'm sorry Harry." whimpered Sirius.

"I'm fine, just relax, I'm right here. Nothing major happens." said Harry weakly, but smiled up to his godfather, massaging his ribs. Sirius stretched Harry out crossed his and Dr. Clark's lap and held onto Harry's hand as he tried to control his breathing. Remus had to be reassured that Harry was okay before he would continue.

End of fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.
"A centaur! Oh...." moaned Charlie.

"Disgusting half-breeds." snarled the ever ignorant Umbridge.

A flying disc zoomed over people's heads and crashed right into Umbridge's chest. It flew back to its owner, who was standing in the doorway.

It was a centaur woman, she had light blue eyes and long flowing white hair, her humanoid torso was covered in what would have passed for an Amazon woman's battle armor, intricately designed, and very well kept. The rest of her body, the body of a Irish Cob horse, was a sleek white, the shade of which matched her long hair perfectly.

"I would prefer that you keep your filthy mouth shut, woman." said the centaur.

"Ah! Tempest, how kind of you to stop by, did you bring Filch?" said Lionus innocently.

"I did, little pest barely lasted the two days, and we kept him in Isolation." said the centaur named Tempest. She reached behind herself and Filch came stumbling out from behind her.

He was horribly sunburnt, but behind the burns, you could see that he was pale, his whole, now extremely gaunt body trembling. He didn't hold that malicious look in his eyes anymore, now they were filled with an almost ever present fear.

Tempest smacked the back of his head and he slowly hobbled over to Harry. He whispered, for he could barely talk, an apology and then backed away very slowly.

"You can go now." said Tempest in a warning tone. Filch hurried out of the hall and went to barricade himself in his office.

"What you do with him is up to you, he's paid his debt. What do I take back with me?" she said at first to Dumbledore, but then addressed Lionus.

"You take the thing you just smacked, back with you. But I, unfortunately, I promised it that it could sit and listen to the books, if it behaved." said Lionus with a smile.

"Has it?" said Tempest with a raised eyebrow.

"Not really, but it's making other people feel better." said Lionus turning his smile to a smirk. "They get the opportunity to smack the living daylights out of it."

Remus shuffled his feet guiltily. Tempest caught sight of it.

"Seems one person regrets it." she said with smile.

"Why is that 'cousin'?" asked Nightstrike with a smile.

"So he's a werewolf, eh?" mumbled Tempest to herself.

"I don't know what came over me..." whispered Lupin.
"Full moon is in a week, could be that." said Nightstrike plainly. Remus' head snapped up, his eyes widened with fear.

"Don't worry lad," said the Ranger's doctor. "I can give you the same medicine I give all the other werewolves. Makes them as innocent and gentle as lambs."

"Why not..." said Hermione.

"Not many people have earned the right to that medication. Mr. Lupin has." said the Doctor.

With a slightly new spring in his step, Remus continued on with the reading, as Tempest went over and stood beside her new prisoner. But before Lupin could start. Sirius had a question to Lionus.

"Why are you calling Umbridge, 'it'?" asked Sirius.

"When we take a criminal in custody, they aren't people anymore. When they get out, after they serve their sentence, we give them back their humanity. They learn to appreciate being a person more, and not likely to commit another crime." said Lionus with a smile. "Umbridge won't have that luxury, she's never getting out. So she better appreciate the readings, because if she pushes her luck, off she goes. And when it's all done, off she goes." said Lionus with an evil grin.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"I wouldn'ta shot unless I was sure of what I was shootin'" said Hagrid.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Nice manners that girl has." smirked Tempest. Hermione blushed heavily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"One of the reasons I left my herd, they all want to preoccupy their times with the stars, when actions are called for!" said Tempest pawing the ground waringly.
Tempest gasped and clutched at her heart.

Sirius gripped Harry a little tighter, but making sure he didn't hurt Harry this time.

Tempest rolled her eyes. "He sounds like an elder, you won't get anything out of him."

"He better hide himself, he's not helping that unicorn, or helping you find it! If I catch him..." Tempest pawed the ground again.

“Already she's wound up in the story.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

"Bane's no better than Ronan." muttered Tempest angrily. No one else dared make a comment
while she was here.

"Ronan wasn't so bad." said Harry absently. People looked up and saw Tempest staring at him. Lionus looked at Harry with a sort of new interest. No one would have dared spoken to her while she was commenting on something, let alone tell her she was mistaken on something!

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Not all of them, it seems." said Dumbledore, smiling up to Tempest. Tempest looked down at the Headmaster and gave him a smile. If one thought no one could possibly improve on her beauty, they were sorely mistaken.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"I was clutching at straws." said Harry to himself.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

"Knowing your feelings, you are being watched." said Tonks with a shudder.

Forty-ninth paragraph, fifth sentence.

Dialogue line.

Snape turned swiftly and looked at Malfoy, while Mrs. Weasely looked over to Neville in horror.

Dialogue line.

"Don't leave them!" cried Dr. Clark.
Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"We weren't." said Draco, sheepishly.

Dialogue line.

"Thanks Harry." said Neville quietly.

"Yeah, thanks Potter." said Malfoy rolling his eyes.

Fifty-first paragraph, third sentence.

"Yours maybe, not mine, I was too busy panicking." said Hermione.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

Fifty-second paragraph, third sentence.

"Not a good idea to piss off Hagrid." said Fred

"You won't like it." said George.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

"Either you apologize right now, or I'll drag you out of here by your ear again." muttered Snape in Draco's ear.

Draco hurriedly stood up and apologized to Neville for scaring him.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"You kind of made it sound like you all were fishing." said Kingsley with a small smile.

"We were going to take you fishing, sadly that never happened." said Dr. Clark with a frown.

"We can go fishing this summer. No harm in it." said Lupin and Sirius with bright smiles.
"Apt description." said Lionus with a frown over to Draco, who flinched horribly under his stern gaze.

"It's almost impossible to scare him, we've tried." said George shaking his head sadly.

"You're a good tracker, Potter." said Madam Bones, she, like Moody, was dead-set on having Harry join her Aurors.

"Wow, you were shielding Malfoy?" asked Neville in a hushed voice. "You'll protect anybody, won't you?"

A sorrowful moan crept through the students of the hall. People began to dab at their eyes, and cry into their neighbor's shoulders.

"You have such a horrible way of putting things, boy." said Tempest, flinching a little.
Fifty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.
Dr. Clark now tightened his grip on Harry's right hand and wasn't about to relinquish it's hold.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Several people screamed as well. They weren't even aware of the fact that someone in the book had screamed as well. Though, Lupin may have just screamed for his own purposes.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.
"It doesn't say that you ran as well." said Dr. Clark worriedly
"Umm....cause I didn't." said Harry quietly.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

"DON'T FREEZE, NOT THERE! RUN!" screamed Sirius. Several other people were hollering too, but not nearly as loudly so they were drowned out.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.
"It picked a bad time to start hurting." said Remus worriedly, his hands were trembling horribly.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.
"No....no...." moaned Sirius hugging Harry tightly. "Someone....anyone....save him....save my cub....please...."

End of fifty-eighth paragraph.
Sirius sighed, "Someone came to save you, thank Merlin."
"I was afraid that you were hurt before I had time to arrive." said a voice towards the Great Hall doors.

The crowd in the Great Hall turned quickly in their chairs and saw the centaur from the book, standing in the doorway, as real as anything.

"Ah, Firenze, what can we do for you on this," Dumbledore looked at the sky, "dismal day."

"I come bearing a message, and, though it hurts my pride, a request. The message is, due to the Ministry cutting our access to our land, the centaurs are refusing to allow any wizard, or witch allowed in the forest." said Firenze solemnly.

"Oh, dear. Well, I don't blame them for wanting to protect their land, until the Ministry relinquishes their hold, I will comply with their wishes. Now, what is your request?" said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Firenze took a deep breath and asked with great dignity," May I seek refuge here? I spoke in your def....."

"Of course Firenze, we would be most honored to have you in our company. Please, make yourself comfortable, and help us worry about the events of the past. Dear...me...Firenze...you have an arrow sticking through your arm!" he stated quickly as Firenze came over slowly and knelt beside Dumbledore's chair.

"It was Bane's, you don't have any ginger root, do you?" He asked calmly. "It's an old centaur remedy. Ginger heals most of our ailments, and Bane poisons his arrows."

Harry reached into his knapsack quickly and pulled out a thick tan cookie slab.

"Will gingerbread work?" he said standing up and handing it to Firenze. The centaur looked at it cautiously but took it. He bit into the side of it slowly, when the taste filled his mouth, he ate the rest quickly.

While Firenze ate, and before Hagrid or Madame Pomfrey could hurry over. Harry snapped the side of the arrow and pulled the broken shaft and tip out of Firenze's arm. He took a bottle of healing potion out of his bag, and a thick, long bandage. He wrapped Firenze's arm and tied the ends.
"Feeling better?" asked Harry carefully.

"Much, it seems you've grown up, and learned much since our last meeting Harry Potter." said Firenze with a smile. "And seen much more than foals your age should." said Firenze sadly, looking into Harry's eyes.

"You rest Firenze, while we continue on with the story." said Dumbledore smiling.

“How do you know how to treat an arrow wound?” asked Sirius accusingly.

“Never you mind.” said Harry sitting back down.

Dialogue line.

Sixtieth paragraph.

"I needed no introduction to know who you were." said Firenze calmly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Tempest whinnied suddenly, Firenze, had not noticed her, but when he did, he stood up quickly.

"You let him ride you?” she asked incredulously. Firenze nodded defiantly. People thought she was going to be upset, but she merely smiled. "Finally, a male centaur with some sense." Firenze blushed.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"Bane's a genius." said Tempest rolling her eyes.

Firenze couldn’t’ t take his eyes off her, he had never seen such a lovely centaur woman. His heart pounded madly beneath his chest.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Nothing! You old nag!” snarled Tempest. Firenze was quickly starting to like her.
"I have never forgotten, but that doesn't mean that I allow foals to die, just because the stars say it is so." he said bitterly. "And I have seen that your time, Harry, has yet to end."

"That's welcoming to hear." said Sirius with a small smile.

"At least Ronan was kinda on your side." said Ron.

"He wasn't today." said Firenze, sadly.

"We'll get everything sorted out soon Firenze. just you wait." said Dumbledore kindly.

"It's our duty!" shouted Tempest. "We are the guardians of the woods, caretakers of the unicorns and all creatures. If there is a stray child in the forest, we abandon our current activity and attend to the child!"

Firenze looked towards her, and she looked back. They stared at each other for a moment. Then broke apart, looking away.

"Bet you a galleon they get together." said Ron to Hermione.

"My apologies." said Firenze looking over to the boy.

"Very noble of you, Firenze. And thank you for saving Harry. I don't want to think what might have happened to him, had you not been there." said Dumbledore gratefully.
"I was scared, I didn't really want to think at that moment." said Harry honestly.

"I was debating how to tell you." said Firenze quietly. "One so young shouldn't be burden with such horrific facts."

"No, I was just thinking, and I am so used to not speaking to many people, that I remain silent for a majority of the time." said Firenze.

"We don't use it for anything." said Snape coldly. "No potion uses it."

"At least you remember something from the classes, Mr. Potter." sneered Professor Snape.

"Oh, dear....who would ever want such a life." whispered Mrs. Weasely.

Remus groaned while Dr. Clark cringed. Sirius tugged at Harry and looked at his green eyes.

"I don't want you to say that...ever again." said Sirius warningly.
"What? I only said that I wouldn't want to be cursed forever." said Harry in confusion.

"You mentioned death, you'd rather die than be cursed." said Lupin fretfully.

"I'd rather die, then kill a unicorn." said Harry finally. “I didn't say I'd go and jump off the astronomy tower, in ten minutes.”

Lupin blinked, "Sorry, I'm getting really jumpy."

"You're telling me." said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

"How did you know about its whereabouts?" asked Dumbledore curiously.

"The stars tell us many things, also we could sense the arrival of such a magical object." said Firenze. He would have left it at 'the stars' comment, but saw the look on Tempest's face and decided to elaborate quickly. Not wanting to incur her wrath.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Were you talking about You-Know-Who?" asked Parvati, who couldn't help but sneak glimpses at the centaur.

"Indeed I was." said Firenze simply.

"Must I say it again? HE...ISN'T...BACK!" shouted Fudge.

"Must I say it again? We will find out the truth in due time!" said Madam Bones crossly.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

"Like I said Potter, you have one hell of a memory." said Moody quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventieth paragraph.

"Where was Neville and Malfoy?" asked Fred.
"Hagrid sent them back with another centaur. I wouldn't go, I wanted to make sure Harry was alright." said Hermione.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"It now seems to be that you use that statement for just about anything. I think those around you should take careful warning if you ever say it again." said Dumbledore with a small smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"You left them alone, AGAIN?" moaned Mrs. Weasely.

"He had to go and see to the poor, innocent victim, Madam. For if any creature were to inadvertently start feasting on it, though highly unlikely for any decent sort of creature, the results would be disastrous." said Firenze calmly.

"What would have happened?" asked Dennis.

"I would rather not say." said Firenze quietly.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"It was, and I was very glad." said Firenze with a smile.

Seventy-second paragraph.

"Once Hagrid came back and saw Harry shivering like that, he picked Harry up, wrapped him in his coat and carried him to the castle." said Hermione thinking back.

"Hey! Hagrid gave me his coat to wear in my first year, too!" said Dennis excitedly.

"Harry didn't wear it, he was wrapped up in it." said Hermione, explaining it a bit further to the small Creevey brother.
"It was a dream about the Chudley Cannons." said Ron defensively. "The other teams always smack them about."

"You looked like you had a run in with a banshee, mate." said Ron.

Every time that Remus said "Voldemort" the crowd in the school would flinch and cringe. Except the Rangers, Dumbledore, Harry and a select few members of the Order.

"HE'S..." said Fudge angrily.

"I'll give you the same treatment I gave Umbridge, unless you be silent. I'm getting tired of you." said Tempest, fingering her disk.

"Not quite, but close." said Firenze quietly.

"What are you talking about?" asked Sirius looking down at him.

Sirius and Remus both went silent, and then they both looked over to Harry, staring with widened eyes.

"One so young shouldn't be dwelling on death." said Lionus darkly. "It's too bad you grabbed his
family before we had a go at them."

"How does he know?" asked Harry.

"While you were sleeping in that thing he asked a lot of questions." said Bill.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"That part made me feel a lot better." said Harry quietly.

End of dialogue set.

"Very rarely does it actually prove itself to be even remotely useful." growled McGonagall.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

"I hope nothing bad happens." said Sirius. Remus read a head quickly.

"It all depends on how you look at it, I guess." said Remus with a frown.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Note on the cloak.

"'Just in case'? Just in case of what?" moaned Sirius.

"Just in case he has great need of it." said Dumbledore simply.

"Who wants to read next? Because I don't want to." said Remus with distaste.

"We will!" shouted the twins. They hurried up to him and grabbed the book. When they turned the page and read the next chapter title, they paled.

"Oh...." said Fred.

"We picked a doozy, didn't we?" said George.

"Chapter Sixteenth." said the twins.

"WHAT?" shouted some of the adults and some of the younger students. Ron and Hermione huddled closer together while Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark took hold of Harry tightly.
"Before we read, I think we should have a bit of lunch." said Dumbledore, hearing, not Ron's stomach, but Harry's.

"Really, Albus, you want people to eat, especially after what the chapter title is?" asked McGonagall in shock.

"I heard something that tells me it is time for lunch." said Dumbledore, nodding slightly in Harry's direction. McGonagall caught the subtle hint and nodded in agreement.

So the table was magicked back to the center of the room and people began to fill their golden plates with sandwiches and fruit. They wanted to eat quickly and get back to the readings, only the Rangers were refraining the repast. While everyone, (other than her comrades), were eating, Tempest was turning her gaze from Umbridge to Firenze.

It was Dr. Clark's turn to fetch their food this time, he chose only the choicest morsels of everything for Harry. He came back with three moderately full plates and one towering one for Harry. Harry stared at the mountain of food coming his way.

"If you don't finish it, you can snack on it as we go, and if you do finish it, you're gonna have one hell of a stomach ache." said Dr. Clark with a teasing smile.

"I think if I polish off a fourth of that, I'll have a stomach ache." said Harry staring at the plate.

When the twins finished their lunches, they tore open the book and jumped into the reading.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"It wasn't very easy to concentrate when you're worried about getting killed before you finish question fourteen." said Harry with a small smile.

Sirius groaned and pulled Harry tight to him. "I could have gone my whole life without hearing you say that, and I would have been happy."

“Well, we can't all be happy.” said Harry.

End of first paragraph.

"We kept checking on him to be safe." said Hermione.
"Good idea, whoever is after the stone, could have snuck down without you knowing," said Tempest approvingly.

Second paragraph.

"Your father, Lupin and Black tested them personally." said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

"What happened?" said Dennis eagerly.

"It sprayed their parchment with ink, Mr. Creevey. They had to start all over, with a whole new question layout." said McGonagall with a smirk.

"Well that just ruins all the fun." pouted George.

“I wasn't even cheating, they were looking at my paper, I had everything detailed and explained and they go and ruin it all.” said Remus nudging Sirius.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

"His tests are always so much fun!" said Lavender happily. The rest of the students nodded in agreement and smiled at the blushing Charms professor.

Third paragraph, third sentence.

"I still have mine!" said Hermione happily. Several other students nodded.

"Pitched mine." said Ron shrugging. Most of the students nodded in agreement, they also threw theirs away.

"I don't think I got mine back." said Harry thoughtfully. "Moment I did mine, she took it."

"I have it Mr. Potter, here," said McGonagall, reaching into her cloak. She walked over to Dumbledore and showed it to him. “I use it to hold my mother's ring.” whispered McGonagall.

"Oh my! Harry.....you do have a fascination with lilies." whispered Dumbledore. Harry's cherry-wood snuffbox had a single lily decorating the top. But what the lily was composed of was what made it absolutely exquisite.

The stem of the lily was made up of tiny emeralds each one the size of the head of a pin. The petals, that crowned the emerald stem, were made of minuscule rubies glittering with a hidden fire in each stone. The lowest ruby-encrusted petal had a single dewdrop, clinging to the petal a dewdrop in the form of an almond shaped opal. However, the dewdrop resembled more of a tear drop than anything else. The entire flower glinted and glimmered in the candlelight.

"I've never seen a seventh year, let alone a first year transfigure jewels on anything!" said McGonagall eagerly.
Snape stood up and looked over Dumbledore's shoulder. His breath was snatched clean out of his body, and his hand tightened on the locket in his cloak pocket.

Dumbledore passed it to the three in the bowl. Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark stared at the box. They marveled at it and handed it between themselves.

Harry looked at it, "I didn't even get to really see it when I made it. If you want, Professor McGonagall, you can keep it."

"I would love to, Mr. Potter. I've grown quite attached to it, and had forgotten to give it to you. That snuffbox should have told me that you were ready to take the W.A.N.D's tests." said Professor McGonagall shaking her head.

Hearing the word 'wands' a light clicked on in Hermione's head.

"Oh! I found out what W.A.N.D.S. stands for!" said Hermione quickly after examining the snuffbox eagerly. "It took me so long to find it, but I finally did! It stands for 'Warlocks Accomplishments Nearing Dusk's Set'. But I don't really know what that means." she said dejectedly.

"What that means, Miss Granger, is that the person taking the test, is almost completing his academic learning. 'Dawn' would be considered when you arrive here at school, 'Dusk' is when you have mastered what there is to master. Once he passes his W.A.N.D.S' test, he has the opportunity to take his M.A.G.I.C.S test. Once he takes the W.A.N.D.S. test, he is a full fledge scholar. In which grants him immense privileges, such as visiting other schools and having full access to their books and secrets" said Dumbledore with pride. "Despite not passing my W.A.N.D.S test yet, I've been given some privileges, due to my past experiences. By the way, have you discovered what M.A.G.I.C.S means yet, Miss Grangers." he asked with a smile.

"Not yet, sir." said Hermione sadly.

"Fortunately, I have." said Dumbledore with a smile. "It stands for Magicians, Alchemists, Gnostics, Illusionists, Conjurers, and Sorcerers."

"It doesn't spell out what the test is like the other three." said Terry thoughtfully.

"Actually, it spells out what wizards who typically take that test becomes. Magicians are your most common type of wizard, they can do everything fairly well, compared to the Alchemists, Gnostics, Illusionists, and Conjurers who only focus on one or two practices. Alchemists deal mostly with potionereing and, obviously, alchemy. Gnostics deal mostly on spiritual matters, religion and such. Illusionists, well..they deal with illusions of course. Conjurers mostly forge things out of thin air with much more precision than most wizards can. Sorcerers are the most powerful of all, there is nothing they cannot do."

The students stared at their old Headmaster in shock. They thought their tests were hard, but if their headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, couldn't pass this test, what hope did Harry have to even think about passing!

"I think I will give the W.A.N.D.S another try this year, care to study with me Harry?" said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

"I would be very grateful sir, that test is starting to freak me out." said Harry honestly.

Fred and George had to slap themselves to get back to reading. They couldn't freak Harry out, but a test was going to?
"You always did love irony." said Remus looking over to Snape, who scowled.

Harry absently rubbed his scar, it was hurting all the time again, but when he blocked his mind to the fullest extent, it didn't hurt much at all.

Sirius pulled Harry towards him a little further and Dr. Clark adjusted the blankets.

"If you want to take a nap, cub, you can." said Sirius quietly.

"I just might at some point." said Harry with a yawn.

"Children shouldn't be worried about anything except tests." said Tempest looking haughty. The adults nodded in agreement, while Harry rolled his eyes.

"I would love to only have to worry about tests, but with my life, that doesn't happen." said Harry bitterly.

"Careful lad, you don't want to pick a fight with her. She's a jailer." said Lionus warningly.

"They're the most vicious."

"Kinda gives you a clue that Harry doesn't find the tests all that difficult. He wasn't worried about the tests at all." said Ron.

The students, nor the staff and guests couldn't keep themselves from laughing. It was an apt description of the class, to be perfectly honest.
"He never notices that we're cheering, just ignores us." said Fred shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

"I should hope not Miss Granger, those are learned in your third year." said McGonagall with her eyes wide.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

"Not really." said Ron with a small smile.

End of seventh paragraph.

"A what?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Yeah, Octavius is awesome! If someone falls in, he'll go right over and save you!" said Dennis excitedly.

"And Oct loves being tickled. Just a big lovable lug." said George.

"Take a guess who trained him." said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

"I'm guessing Hagrid." said Harry snuggling down in the covers.

"Very good, Harry...oh!" said Dumbledore, seeing Harry almost falling asleep. "Why don't you take a rest, we'll carry on."

"Sounds..." he yawned hugely "...good to me." he said, finally succumbing to sleep.

"You'd best give those three a strong calming draught, so they don't awaken him." said Dumbledore to Snape, tilting his head to the three in the bowl.

Each of them were given the strongest calming draught Snape had. Dr. Clark wasn't too sure what to make of himself drinking a potion, it wasn't the most pleasant thing he's ever tasted, but it wasn't all that bad. He felt himself become more easygoing, and calmer.

Dumbledore gave the twins the go-ahead to continue on with the story.

Dialogue set.
"You weren't worried about your exams at all were you?" said Hermione shrewdly.

"Nah, I knew I did alright. We both knew you knocked it out the window, Harry was kind of aiming to get an 'E' in everything." said Ron.

"And so he did if I remember correctly. A dead-on 'Exceeds Expectations' in every class." said Dumbledore thinking back.

"Very impressive, aiming for a certain grade at the age of eleven." said Nightstrike. "Remind you of anyone, Captain?"

"Indeed, Nightstrike. He is much like myself." said Lionus with a cryptic smile.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"SILENCE!" shouted Tempest, backhanding Umbridge who had mumbled something.

"Now see here!..." shouted Fudge, he had had enough.

Nightstrike whipped out a long sword and placed it to Fudge's throat. "Sir, Tempest and I have authorization to kill anyone we see fit. We've been very meek so far. Don't push your luck."

Fudge gulped loudly and felt his throat move against the cold, sharp steel.

"I really like those two." mumbled Fred to Lee.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Not even she can help, I'm sorry to say." said Dumbledore with a downcast look.

Dialogue line.

"Very astute." said Dumbledore to the sleeping form.

"I still can't get over the fact he doesn't snore." said Sirius.

"Why is that?" asked Ron.

"His dad sounded like a bloody, roaring dragon when he slept." said Lupin, shaking his head.

Ninth paragraph.
"All Weasely men are like that." said Mrs. Weasely shaking her head, while Ginny rolled her eyes. "When it gets to be hot, they can't seem to work."

"Or much of anything else." said Ginny.

The Weasely men all pouted playfully, while the two Weasely women laughed loudly.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"That had happened months ago though, so he could have been ready for another go." said Ron quietly.

End of dialogue set.

Several people laughed.

Tenth paragraph.

"He doesn't often forget things, especially important things, but when he does, he'll freak out until he remembers." said Ron.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

"Nothing escapes those brilliant green eyes." said Dumbledore beaming.

"Is that the letter...?" asked Hermione.

"It was indeed, Miss Granger." nodded Dumbledore.

End of eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph.

"And here is the...what did you call it sir...epiphany?" said Ron excitedly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"The smallest thing will set him off like that, some little fact or phrase. Bit annoying really, cause we can't see the connection till he explains it fully." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"Wow....he put that all together by watching an owl fly overhead?" said Ernie stunned.

Dialogue line.

"He was so fast, even faster than what the scroll showed him!" said Hermione thinking back to that day.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"It was pumpkin juice, mom." said Ron exasperated, before his mom could accuse Hagrid of anything.

Dialogue line.

"Good question, and good job keeping your visit straight and to the point." said Moody approvingly.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

"Who plays cards with someone they can't identify?" asked Hermione rolling her eyes. The adult males in the room, except for Dr. Clark, raised their hands, shockingly even Tempest raised hers. She stared at each of them.

"You're all mental." she scolded.
"If you want a quiet drink, you go there, anything else, you better go to the Three Broomsticks." said Sirius with a wink over to Hermione, who shuffled her feet.

"You never know, it could have been, but I kinda doubt it, if Harry's this concerned." said Charlie.

"That should have been your first clue to bail on that guy, Hagrid." said Tonks carefully.

"He just happened to have a dragon egg on him, and he would play cards for it?" said Charlie weakly. "Man, Hagrid, you must have been tanked to agree to that."

"So that's the second clue to bail, third if you count not seeing his face." said Tonks keeping track.

"Most dragon dealers don't give a damn about the dragons, Hagrid." said Charlie faintly, shaking his head.

"Clue four." said Tonks.

"Oh, crap." moaned Fred.

"You did tell someone how to get past Fluffy." groaned George slapping his forehead.
"And now these three know." whined Fred.

"And now they need to save the world." sighed George.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Off to save humanity and small animals from a fate worse than death." said George dramatically.

Firenze looked at them questioningly and whispered to Dumbledore.

"They are very.....odd." said Firenze quietly.

"So they are, so they are." said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Don't be offended, Hagrid. You can just about anything out of anybody when they're drunk enough." said Lupin reassuringly. "Right, Sirius?"

"Shut up." said Sirius quickly.

"What did he tell you?" asked Dr. Clark with a smirk.

"He'll kill me if I tell you." said Remus quietly.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"He would have stopped me. And I suppose I would have....'backed you up'." said Firenze calmly.

"Good, I knew I liked you." said Tempest with a broad smile.

Firenze jumped slightly and beamed towards Tempest.

"Ever notice that when she speaks, he switches from calm and bored, to happy and excitable?" said George to Fred quietly.

"Yeah, flipping hilarious, that is." said Fred trying not to laugh out loud.

End of dialogue set.
"Gee, we don't even know. We always draw the line just before we get into really big trouble." said Fred looking over at George.

“No, we've been there.” said George, “They just sent us through the Floo so we don't get away and try and hide.”

“Oh, that's right.” said Fred. “All our mischief making runs together sometimes.”

**Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

"You never can tell with Hogwarts." said Lupin with a smile.

**End of eighteenth paragraph.**

"We really should show the first year students where my office resides. That way if they have an issue, and they wish to talk to me directly, they can come and see me." said Dumbledore to McGonagall.

"I think that is a very good idea, Albus. It would put some of the students' mind at ease, knowing they can come to you if they have a serious problem." said McGonagall.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Ninteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Normally you say 'please'." said Ron to Hermione.

**Dialogue line.**

"Fishy? To want to come and speak to me?" said Dumbledore with a confused smile.

"Well...I..." said McGonagall trying her best to explain, but sadly, she was failing.

**Twentieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"She hates it when students keep things from her." said Sirius with a smile.
"The owl Harry saw must have been the one with the letter!" said Dean quickly.

"Harry told us that too, after we talked to McGonagall." said Ron.

"But none as important as the students of my school." said Dumbledore sternly. Professor McGonagall looked down.

"Anything he has to say is more important than the Ministry of Magic." said Sirius importantly.

Fudge wanted to speak, but was silenced by the look in Madam Bones' eyes.

"That'll get her attention." said Fred with a smirk.

"It most certainly wasn't! No one, let alone three first years were supposed to know about it!" said McGonagall.

Fred and George stared at Harry.

"We've said about a thousand things, trying to get a response out of her..." said George.

"And you say what," said Fred, looking at the book and counting the words. "seven words and you get her so stunned that drops her books?" finished Fred looking insulted.
"We hate you." said George simply to Harry, who didn't hear him, on account he was still sleeping.

"That look didn't make us feel any better." said Hermione.

"That's what you think." chanted Ron and Hermione.

"How can we, if we're worried about the Stone being stolen." said Ron rolling his eyes.

"Duh!" said the people who knew the trio personally, the number of people who knew them so well was growing with each passing chapter.

"It was." said Dumbledore and Fudge together.

"Oooh! Not good." said the twins wincing.
"Pfft, when does he say that and mean it?" said Dean to Neville.

"He never said that to us before, didn't really know what to say." said Ron.

"What are you going to do?" asked Sirius leaning forward, being careful not to wake Harry up. "Take points off for not being outside during free time?"

Snape only snarled back at him.

"You can't hide that if you're Harry. He's so damned pale that it shows up easily." said Sirius caressing Harry's cheek with a finger. Still asleep, he moved his hand to swat Sirius' finger away. The ones who saw it, laughed and cooed quietly.

Snape stared at Sirius, turning a pale white. He had been in the same room with that blasted dog before, he did not wish to make it's acquaintence again.
"You wouldn't look out of place, asking questions about the tests." said Moody looking over to her.

"I didn't say it like that! It was more like this..." and Ron repeated his falsetto voice and the rest of the school could hardly contain their laughter.

"Harry didn't plan on her coming to check on Fluffy." said Ron loudly.

McGonagall wringed her hands nervously. She feared, that by not believing him and not taking him seriously, she had ruined whatever trust she was building with the young boy. But they did rattle her something awful.

"Harry knew you meant well, Minerva." said Dumbledore, knowing her fears. "And he does trust you."

"She's not on his tail anymore." said Tonks.
"I wondered where you went to." said Flitwick with a chuckle.

"That's his, 'My life be damned' look. He's planning several different things in his head, all having
to do with saving someone, or something." said Ron with a grin.

"His life be damned?" said Remus grasping Harry's hand.

"Ah..." said Ron looking a bit nervous.

The Calming Draught was really kicking into high gear now, the three in the bowl were frightened,
but they merely accepted the fact that, Harry was lying on top of them, and he was perfectly fine.

"Shoot!" said Fred reading on.

"I want to leap into this book and join him." said George, reading ahead as well.

"He has a wonderful way of drawing you in." said Fred.

"Don't interrupt us, until we give you the go ahead." said George to the rest of the hall.

"There you go. What do you think of that?" asked Fred.

Dumbledore stared at the sleeping form. "You are right, you do want to leap into the book and join
in the battle."

Sirius bent low and kissed the top of his messy head. "At least you got out of this mess in one
piece."

McGonagall stared at the three in the bowl. Her heart was going about a mile a minute, and
yet.....they sit there, as calm as could be. "I take it, the Draught you gave them was amazingly
"Delayed reaction one, makes it last longer, and yes, it was one of the strongest ones I had." said Snape with a smirk. "I didn't want to go another day with that mutt howling and moaning."

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He's more than right." said Moody approvingly.

"He'd make a wonderful Minister." said Madam Bones with a bright smile.

"Here now!" said Fudge irritably.

Dialogue line.

"Or planned." said Lupin, his now calm eyes were flashing from serenity to anger and fear.

"Severus, I do believe that they are inadvertently casting off the Calming Draughts." said Dumbledore, noticing the same occurrences in the two other men's eyes.

“I didn't figure Black to have more than mediocre mental abilities.” said Snape folding his arms.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He always thinks he going to go on alone. Never thinks we intend to stick by him." said Ron and Hermione.

Dialogue line.

"Thankfully I went through those books, that's where I read about the second obstacle." said Hermione quietly to Ron.

Dialogue line.

"Why does he have to be so selfless?" moaned Hermione.
"I fear that living with the Dursleys have given him the feeling that his life is worthless, as opposed to how we feel it to be most valuable." said Dumbledore sadly. "We must do what we can to rectify that, but not in a way that makes us appear to merely just pity him."

"Yeah, that's one of things he hates the most, pity." said Ron quietly.

Dialogue line.

"If you take part in something bad enough, you could be expelled, Miss Granger." said Dumbledore kindly. "But no, chances are, that Professor Flitwick would defend you to the very end."

"I would, too." squeaked Professor Flitwick with a smile. “I defend every student that is in trouble, especially the studious ones.”

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, second word.

"None of you ate very much, you two picked at your food, but Harry was eating a lot of bread though." said Neville thinking out loud.

"The carbs in the bread would have given him energy to burn for whatever he planned on doing." said Dr. Clark to Neville.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

"I was crying almost every night, so was Hermione, Harry didn't have a single tear coming down though, I heard some of the sixth years call him 'heartless.'" said Neville.

"Give me their names, if you can, and I'll set them straight myself." said Dumbledore with the twinkle gone from his eyes, now they held a sort of fiery power behind them. He despised bullying and hearing about it, set his pulse racing with anger.

"Well, after this all ended, they went up and apologized to him, he ignored them though." said Neville with a smile.

"Hmmm..." said Dumbledore thoughtfully, then smiled. "Giving them a taste of their own medicine."

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

"Harry was giving me some small notes, with plans on them. Like what to do if something specific were to happen. Like if there was a troll or something like that. He had about forty plans or so. At least those were the ones he told me about." said Ron with a smile.
"Lee, Fred and George were the only ones who even remotely nice to us." said Hermione bitterly.

"That's too bad." said Luna sadly, yet serenely.

"That would be a very bad thing." said Fred with a smile.

Neville laughed along with most of the other students.

"Very good! Nev, you win a Kewpie doll!" said Fred he took a cup and transfigured it into a small, winged, baby-like doll.

Neville took it graciously. “Thank you, thank you...but this thing's a little creepy.”

“Yeah, Muggles come up with the creepiest things.” said George.

“You should see Cabbage Patch dolls, those will give you nightmares.” muttered Lionus.
"It actually is, it's really important." said Fred.

"Say what? You were going to fight them?" asked Tonks incredulously.

"I don't think they meant that you fight them!" moaned Bill.

"No offense, Neville, but I'd love to see you or anyone try and stop one of Harry's kicks." said Ron with a smirk.

"Kicks?" asked Kingsley curiously.

"Kicks like a hippogriff, he does." said Ron rubbing his chin. "Says he's been strengthening up his legs for running and other things."

"If he had the spare time, he could win some major awards in kickboxing." said Lionus with a smirk.

"Have you been stalking him or something?" asked Tonks scrutinizing the Ranger Captain.

"You'll find out later." said Lionus with cryptic smile.

"I'm getting tired of that statement and that smile." whispered Tonks to Remus.
"Why did he want her to do something?" asked Lavender indignantly.

"Harry didn't want to hurt Neville, and we really didn't learn any charms or hexes in our classes to knock him out with, he didn't want to let on that he knew a lot more than what Hermione thought he did." said Ron quickly.

Hermione stepped forward. Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

"So you were the one who did it? I would have thought Harry..." said Percy thoughtfully.

“Harry would never hurt Neville.” said Hermione stiffly.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

"I didn't expect you to stand up to me!" said Neville with a small smile. "I wanted you guys to just listen to me and go back to bed."

“Neville...” said Fred.

“They don't listen to teachers...” said George.

“They certainly won't listen to another student.” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

"That's what you get for attacking people." said Fred with mock dignity. "Paranoia."
Forty-seventh paragraph.

"Oh, give her a good kick." moaned George eagerly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"He really is a gentleman." said Alicia sighing.

“No, he just didn't want Filch to come tearing after anyone who would dare touch his cat.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

The students released a long sigh of relief.

Suddenly crackles and pops could be heard from the bowl. Everyone looked over and saw that there were small sparks coming from the men's heads and their bodies. Finally a loud bang was heard and the bowl overturned itself. The bowl was covering the three men and the sleeping teen, like a retreated turtle.

The bowl, suddenly flipped itself right and Harry stood, his wand pointing straight ahead of him looking quickly from side to side.

"What happened?" asked Harry quickly.

"It seems your 'uncles' fought off their calming draughts unintentionally." said Dumbledore with a smile. He magicked the bowl back to where it was, while the men scrambled to stand. "It was an odd time to do it though. I would have thought that it would have happened during a more hazardous part."

"Him almost getting caught might have been the twig that broke the hippogriff's back." said Luna dreamily.

"Sorry about that." said Sirius scratching and rubbing the back of his head, looking embarrassed.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

"Nice." said Dr. Clark smiling and shaking his head and rubbing his now bruised side.

"You still like him don't you?" said Sirius, looking at him in wonder. He conjured up an icepack and placed it lightly against the bump on his head.

Dialogue set.
"He always had a fascination for rhymes." said Remus shaking his head and massaging his shoulder.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

The entire school went quiet.

"That....is....AWESOME!" yelled Fred.

"Why didn't we think of that?" said Sirius angrily.

"If your father were here, he'd be doing backflips. His son, a true prankster." said Remus a tear in his eye.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Geez, I really wish we had thought of it." pouted Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"More than just brilliant." said Sirius proudly.

Fifty-third paragraph.

"Oh yeah, Stone's safe alright." said Dean rolling his eyes.

Dialogue line.
"Don't you dare leave him alone." said Remus growling. "Better yet, don't go in there."

"Should I break the news to him?" said Harry to Ron and Hermione in a serious tone.

"What?" said Remus hurriedly.

"We go in there." said Harry teasingly.

"I don't need to be teased right now." said Remus angrily.

"Just thought I'd raise your spirits, can't happen now I guess." said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Well, at least you don't get killed right on the spot." Seamus laughed weakly.

"Definitely wasn't Snape then, he's not a harp kinda guy." muttered Sirius with a small smile.

"Definitely not." drawled Snape.

"Actually that was the first time I played the flute, I've played it almost once a week ever since." said Harry with a large smile.

"Well that was kinda easy." said Dennis eagerly.

"Yeah...easy..." groaned the three fifth years rolling their eyes.
"Didn't need to tell me twice." said Harry with a smile.

"Be careful now." moaned Mr. Weasely, who was consoling his wife, who was crying loudly once again.

"I think 'Ladies first' doesn’t apply to this, Mr. Weasely." said Dumbledore with a small smile.

"Don't blame you." said Ginny.

"Oh, no!" moaned Mrs. Weasley.

"Don't tell me you volunteered to be the first one to drop!" groaned Dr. Clark.

"You were doing pretty good about being in charge, Ron." said Harry with smile.
I wouldn't fall down that." said Fred with a shudder.

"You that's some upper body strength, Harry." whistled Lee.

"It's just he's so light." growled Madam Pomfrey.

Several people gasped loudly. Mrs. Weasely took a tighter hold of her husband and moaned.

"Flump?" asked Sirius, who was covering his eyes, peeked through his fingers.

"Hey," said George.

"We didn't write it." said Fred defensively.

"Oh dear." whispered Professor Sprout in horror, she knew what it was that Harry landed on.

"Oh dear, oh dear." moaned Professor Sprout.

No it's not! thought Professor Sprout frantically.
"Good idea to ask, once you've already landed in it." said Charlie with a small laugh.

"How did you get the flute back?" asked Luna.

"I had to go back several days later and get it." said Harry simply.

"What did you use to put the dog to sleep?" asked Luna.

"I sang that time." said Harry with an embarrassed smile.

"What song?" asked Cho eagerly.

"I don't want to say, you lot might ask me to sing it." said Harry quickly.

"Dear lord, now what?" cried Tonks.

"What the hell is that thing?" yelled Bill.

"It's Devil's Snare!" cried Professor Sprout.

"What the....dear god...." moaned Charlie.
"Well, Harry wasn't too nervous about being in that predicament." said Luna calmly.

"How do you know?" asked Hannah anxiously.

"He was still examining his surroundings." said Luna dreamily.

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times. Then she looked over to Harry slowly.

"Could you have saved us?" she said faintly.

"Only if you couldn't." said Harry quietly. "And only in the beginning."

"Bill! I'm fine!" shouted Ron as his oldest brother enveloped him in a tight hug.

"FIRE! LIGHT A GOD-DAMNED FIRE!" shouted Remus.

"HURRY UP! HARRY'S GOING TO DIE!" shouted Dr. Clark.

"SO IS RON!" yelled Bill.

"It was the only hint I could cough up." said Harry simply. "And I'm not too sure I would have been able to help at that point." he said humbly.

"Have you gone mad? Are you a witch or not?" shouted Malfoy loudly.
Ron and Malfoy groaned loudly. The school, despite the danger happening in the book, couldn't help but give a small laugh.

"At least that obstacle is conquered. Please tell me that is the hardest one." pleaded Sirius.

"Um...one of the five hardest ones." said Harry carefully.

"Five?" said Sirius, then he ticked off the challenges that he remembered Hagrid mentioning earlier in the book. "Out of seven challenges? Well, the odds aren't with you at all then." he finished, his face was ghostly pale.

"Lucky you don't lose your head when you're in danger, boy." said Lionus with a smile.

Lionus laughed out loud while Ron blushed.

"Seems like the some children aren't completely hopeless." said Lionus with a laugh.

"Not much choice in direction." said Harry with a smile.

"Wondered why you told us to walk quieter, and why you kept putting you hand down on the ground....why did you put your hand on the ground by the way?" asked Ron questioningly.

"I was feeling for vibrations, if something large was stomping around down the way, I wanted to know about it. BEFORE we stumbled on it." said Harry calmly.
"Who said what?" asked Ginny inquisitively.

Harry, Ron and Hermione looked between each other.

"Ron said the ghost one I think." said Harry thoughtfully.

Hermione paused. "Harry said the one about the wings."

"And Hermione," said Ron. "noticed the light."

"What the heck are you supposed to do with the birds?" asked Blaise curiously.

"They aren't birds." said Harry with a pensive look.

"Why do you keep insisting on going first?" said Remus with a large sigh.

"Thankfully." sighed Sirius.

"Go figure." said Angelina.

"Alohomora Charm should open it up!" said Colin excitedly.
"Oh, never mind then." said Colin sadly.

"That challenge is designed to keep them there forever, until they give up completely." said Flitwick.

"That is the one thing about humans that I cannot possibly understand. Flying, I like to keep all four hooves on the ground." said Firenze.

"I find flying invigorating, actually." said Tempest with a smirk.

"How can, um....you fly?" asked Ernie, hoping not to sound insulting.

She gazed at him, then snapped her fingers. A large pair of white, feathered wings emerged from the sides of her Irish cob body. She smiled smugly at the shocked looks on students, and other guests.

"Where did you get the wings?" asked Firenze weakly.

"Rangers, who take the rank of lieutenant or higher, have the option of undergoing surgery. Some have their bodies altered, things taken, or added. My wings are invisible for the most part." said Tempest caressing her wings. "Took seven months of painful training to get my wings strong enough to lift me off the ground. I don't stop training them either, they can now take me on flights that last more than twelve hours at a time."

"Wow..." said a few students.
"Hmmm....maybe I should have changed the color of the key." said Flitwick thoughtfully.

"That complicates things a bit." said Dr. Clark with a worried look.

"That seems to be the one." said Charlie.

"Seems my challenge didn't slow down the villain at all." said Flitwick sadly.

"Well that didn't work very well." said Remus with a small smile.

"You looked like a flipping comet chasing after that thing." said Ron, cheering along with the rest of the school.

Harry stood up and walked over to Dumbledore and whispered in his ear: "How did you get past all the challenges so quickly, sir?" Harry asked.

"I didn't need to complete any of them, I merely radiated my aura and made all the enchantments, flora and fauna shrink back." whispered Dumbledore back, smiling brightly.

"Cheater." said Harry with a fake pout.
"They normally have faces." said Ron quietly.

"Oh dear! If it's Wizard Chess...." moaned Mrs. Weasely.

"I hate to tell you this ma'am, but that definitely means it's Wizard Chess." said Lionus to Mrs. Weasely carefully.

Professor Snape had to hand Mr. Weasely a calming draught for his wife.

"Trust me, we weren't offended. Neither one of us could ever hope to beat you in chess, we were happy to let you take over." said Harry and Hermione with broad smiles.
If I knew more about chess, I could figure out if Harry was in a good position or not. thought Dr. Clark fretfully.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You always loved that piece, you always have him win the whole game." said Bill with a smile.

"Not always." said Ron carefully.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

"Sorry, Ron. I should have had more faith in you." said Harry apologetically.

"Don't worry mate, it's one thing to play Wizard Chess while you are just directing them where to go. It's another thing competely to be one of the pieces." said Ron wisely.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-ninth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasely whimpered. The Calming Draught was working hard to keep her quiet.

Dialogue line.

Nintieth paragraph, second sentence.

"Oh, no..." moaned Mrs. Weasely into her husband's shirt.

Nintieth paragraph, third sentence.

"At least you were keeping track of them. You must have had several things attracting your attention." said Dumbledore approvingly.
"Just barely got to them in time." mumbled Ron humbly.

End of nintieth paragraph.

"GO RON!" cheered the twins, Ron's ears went a bright red.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"WHAT? NO, RON!" shouted the twins when they reread the last thing Ron had said.

"Ronald Bilius Weasley, Don't you dare!" shouted Mrs. Weasely crying loudly. Her Calming Draught breaking down at last.

Professor Snape looked at his phials of remaining Calming Draught. "I'm going to have to rebrew more. These aren't as strong as I thought they were."

"How can you even think about letting yourself be taken!" shrieked Ginny. "You're going to get hurt!" she clamped her hands together in a pleading way.

"It's chess! You've got to let pieces get taken, that's the only way you win!" said Ron loudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, Ron." moaned Remus. "I'm going to say the same thing to you, I have the unsettling feeling that I'm going to say to Harry about a hundred times. Please don't do anything dangerous ever again."

"Um...from now on? Or from this point in the book, on?" asked Ron innocently.

Remus groaned. I don't need to hear that." he said shaking his head. Mrs. Weasely wimpered again.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"Harry would have come up with a plan!" said Colin eagerly.

"Not really, I suck at chess. If Ron couldn't figure out a way to save all three of us. What hope did I have?" said Harry plainly.

"Oh, Ron! You're so noble!" cooed Lavender.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasely stood up quickly and took their youngest son into a great hug. Bill was rocking back and forth his arms clamped together, knuckles whitened. Charlie was staring at Ron, making sure that Ron didn't suddenly disappear, or fade away. Fred and George gulped loudly and kept looking at their brother, with new respect in their eyes. Ginny started shaking so horribly that Harry had to get up out of the bowl and wrapped an arm around her.

"Get back here." said Sirius, who was pale.

"What about Ginny?" asked Harry, a little short-tempered.

"Bring her over." said Sirius simply.

Harry helped Ginny to her feet and while the men in the bowl shifted themselves. Sirius moved over so Harry could sit beside him, and Ginny sat beside Harry.

"You two dating yet?" asked Dr. Clark, with a mischievous smile, but like the other three, he was still pale.

"When have I had time to ask her out?" said Harry with raised eyebrows.

"What's stopping you from asking her now?" said Sirius with a small smile.

Harry stared at him, and then picked up Ginny's hand. It was trembling. "I'll wait till after this book is done."

Harry magicked the phoenix blanket over to him and he draped it over her and himself. Ginny didn't even notice Harry pulling her close. When she did take notice, she gave Harry a weak smile and they both held hands under the covers.

"You mess with her...." warned Fred, noticing where his sister was sitting.

"I wouldn't dare, I actually like living." said Harry with a smile. "But let's get back to Ron."
The good mood was immediately squashed. Mrs. Weasely moaned in her son's red hair.

"That was all that was wrong with him." said Madam Pomfrey. "A slight concussion, and a bruise or two. He was all right after an hour of sleep in the hospital wing, Molly." She succeeded in trying to calm the woman's fears.

"I remember Harry having to shout at me, I wanted to go and see to Ron, but he reminded me that we were still playing." said Hermione quietly.

"You didn't even check to see if he was alright?" screeched Mrs. Weasely. Hermione and Harry shuffled their feet guiltily. Ron quickly came to their defense:

"Mom! I was fine! I told them to leave me and go! If they hadn't I would of been pissed at them. We needed to save the Stone." said Ron angrily

"At least they just didn't take off, mom and not give him a second thought." said Fred, trying to calm his angry mother.
Ninety-seventh paragraph.

Ninety-eighth paragraph.

Sirius sighed with relief, "Well, that was easy, whoever is..........", he suddenly stopped. "The person after the stone is still ahead." he finished quietly.

Fred and George just about dropped the book. They hadn't thought of that.

Ginny looked up at Harry quickly. "Do you get out of it alright."

"I get out just fine. I'm right here, aren't I?" he said with a smile.

Two pairs of eyes stared angrily at the two of them in the bowl. Not so much towards the young man, but the young girl with him. Cho and a fourth year Gryffindor were far from happy.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

One hundredth paragraph, second sentence.

"That's a Teleportal fire. Step in that, without the proper potion and you'll just be dropped right back into that same room. Only you'll be dropped from a height of ten feet." said Bill quietly.

One hundredth paragraph, third sentence.

"Don't touch that one! Touching that fire will kill you! Unless you have the proper potion, but you guys didn't know that was down there! How can you possibly get through?" cried Bill loudly.

“How the hell do you know what the fires are?” asked Fred.

“How common are purple and black fires?” said Bill impatiently.

End of one hundredth paragraph.

"You really are!” moaned Charlie, his brother Bill was shaking violently.

Dialogue line.

Potion riddle.

"Wow! I don't think I can figure it out without looking at the bottles!” whistled Terry.
"Who figured this one out?" asked Neville.

"It'll tell you." said Harry with a smile.

One hundred and first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I may be slightly book smart, I have no logic skills. I'm good when it comes to practical obstacles, I'm good. Words on paper however....leave me out of it. I tried my hand at it before she answered. I would have killed us both I think." said Harry with a weak laugh.

"Which ones did you pick out to be the ones that would send us on?" asked Hermione.

"Middle one and the first one, I think it was." said Harry thinking back.

"We would only have had a bottle of nettle wine each to drink with you choosing." said Hermione with a smile.

"PARTY!" yelled the twins. They began to dance in place, however, their mother glared at them so fiercely that they ceased immediately.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Took me a whole month to come up with that riddle and an eleven year old girl solves it, in under a minute!" snarled Professor Snape.

"Don't be too upset, Severus. If you remember, you handed that puzzle and a photograph of the potion bottles to myself, Minerva and Filius. None of us could get the correct answer in less than two days," said Dumbledore with a smile. "Miss Granger just has a very logical mind, and she was twelve, not eleven."

Hermione blushed heavily.

“Makes no difference.” spat Snape.

One hundred and third paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"My escape plan for her and Ron kept changing with each passing room." said Harry with a slight smile.

"What about your escape plan?" asked Sirius quickly.

"I thought I could hold him off from using the Stone. At least until Dumbledore would arrive." said Harry honestly. "And I would leave with Dumbledore."

"Did he leave with you?" asked Remus.

"He did." said Dumbledore choosing his words carefully.

Snape stared at him, Snape knew it wasn't him that was after the Stone, of course. But Potter....despite knowing that he couldn't contend against a Dark Wizard (as Potter thought he was) he still went on alone. Not, taking Miss Granger so that he may show off in front of her, but sending her out of harm's way. He had seriously misjudged Harry Potter.

Dumbledore looked down sadly. He knew Harry didn't mean that.

"What the...?" said George looking between the two of them.

"Read on." said Harry.

"Aww tender moment, before more horrible things happen." said Fred.
"Sounds like a plot to a play doesn't it?" smiled George condescendingly.

**Dialogue line.**

"She can never be as good a wizard as you." said Ginny brightly.

"Why do you say that?" said Harry confused.

"She's not a boy." said Ginny with a smile. Hermione laughed loudly, as did the rest of the girls in the Great Hall. Even Tempest laughed gaily, she laughed harder when she saw Harry blushing heavily.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

"I didn't catch on to what you realized, Ginny!" said Hermione still laughing.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence, eighth word.**

"She has a point, Harry. You knew more about friendship and bravery than any other eleven year old I had ever seen. And more importantly, you were never taught those things." said Dumbledore happily.

"I was shown what both of those things." said Harry quietly. "Officer McFinn showed me."

"It's one thing to be taught, another thing entirely to put it into practice." said Firenze wisely.

**End of dialogue set.**

"Worry wart. Harry's always careful!" said George.

"Except for when he's in danger." added Fred.

"Which is all the time." said George.

"So....nope your right, better warn him to be careful." said both the twins with large grins on their faces.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**
"So Potter, you knew the potion required to get past the purple flames has a twenty second time limit." said Snape with widened eyes.

"I had read about transporting flames." said Harry with a smile. "And not the Floo Powder kind."

"Yeah, yeah, we already established the fact that I was Drama King." said Harry with a smile.

"Who was it?" asked several fourth years and under gasped. The adults leaned forward in their chairs and eagerly waited for the twins to say who it was.

"It doesn't say. It's in the next chapter, I guess." said George.

"So who wants to read it now?" asked Fred eagerly.

No one wanted to read, they didn't want to be the one reading what might happen.

"I think I will read." said the Ranger Doctor.

He walked over and took the book from the twins.

He walked back to his chair and read the chapter title aloud.

"Chapter Seventeen."

"Two, what?" asked Sirius. He stared at 'Doc' and then looked to Harry and Ginny. "I'm sorry, but I may be pulling him over here without warning."

"I may be holding onto him too." said Ginny.
"Great, I've always wanted to be used for tug-of-war." said Harry rolling his eyes.
The Ranger Doctor read the first sentence of the chapter and smiled.

“Saw that coming.” he smirked.

First paragraph.

"Him?” said several students and guests.

"It was.” said Dumbledore quietly.

"He helped protect the stone! Why?” shrieked Mrs. Weasely.

"I think it will all become clear in due time.” said Dumbledore.

"If he hurts you, we'll kill him.” growled Sirius and Remus.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

"What? He wasn't twitching?” said Fred in amazement.

"It can't be him.” said George.

"It was him.” said Dumbledore just as quiet as before.

Dialogue line.

"So he was waiting for you.” said Sirius worriedly.

“But, how could he been waiting for him?” asked Remus.

“It appears, that he knew Harry and his friends were piecing the puzzle together.” said Dumbledore.
Snape scowled at the book. Dumbledore didn't mention that Quirrell had mocked and insulted him. He wished that he himself were down there to greet the Defense teacher. He would have hexed him until he was a quivering mass.

There was so much evidence against Professor Snape, it didn't even register that someone else could be the one behind it all." said Harry.

“It must be easier when you read it instead of living it.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“You knew?” said Professor Lupin.

“It’s what we get paid to do. See things that go unnoticed.” said Nightstrike.

Lionus chuckled to himself. *It also helps that we were monitoring the school.*

"No I didn't." said Snape tiredly.

"He was trying to *save* Harry?” said Sirius stunned.

"That he was." said Dumbledore.

"I wouldn't believe it either." said Sirius with a small smile.

"To take the Slytherin opposition out?" said Fred innocently. Trying to lighten the mood, but he failed.
Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"I always feel safer knowing Dumbledore is nearby." said Harry with a small smile.

"Yet, he's the one that puts you in danger." said Remus with a scowl.

"That was the only time, Remus, that I actually gave him the tools and the means of doing something dangerous. I think you will realize that." said Dumbledore.

"What about last year then?" said Remus angrily.

"That was a magical contract." said Harry loudly. "There was nothing he could do. Trust me; I pleaded with him to get me out of it."

End of dialogue set.

Sirius gripped Harry tightly about the shoulders, while Ginny squeezed Harry's hand.

Mrs. Weasely looked over to Harry in horror.

Fourth paragraph.

"NO!" yelled Sirius and Dr. Clark. Remus clutched at his throat.

Dialogue line.

"He was going to save a friend from a stupid troll!" yelled Fred.

Dialogue line.

"He let it in?" asked George weakly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"That isn't a special gift, all you did was knock the stupid thing out." snarled Charlie.
"Wow, you go, Professor Snape!" said a small first year Gryffindor.

"Yeah! You're so cool!" said another first year Gryffindor.

Professor Snape stared at the two first years, eyes wide and mouth slackened.

Dumbledore smiled brightly over at him.

"Thanks to Ron." said Harry with a smile.

Snape growled threateningly.

"What mirror?" asked Dr. Clark.

"OH, SHIT!" yelled Bill. "Harry! Don't look at it! You'll get distracted again!"

"I don't get distracted this time, I don't even see my family this time." said Harry with the same small smile that he had had on his face since the beginning of the chapter.

"That's true, who else would use a mirror that drives you nuts?" said Sirius shaking his head, but pulling Harry close to him.

"That's what you think." said Dumbledore and Harry at the same time.
"No! Don't do that!" moaned Mr. Weasely.

"Why not, dad? If it keeps the Stone away from him..." said George curiously.

"He's dangerous! If Harry ticks him off, or distracts him too much, he could just kill him outright!" cried Tonks answering for Mr. Weasely.

"Harry....don't distract him!" moaned Sirius. "I don't want him to hurt you!"

"So....He WAS in on it..." said Madam Bones quietly,

"NO, HE...." shouted Fudge, but was silenced by Nightstrike fingering his sword.

"He's starting to be enthralled with the mirror." said Tempest wisely.

"You know of it?" asked Charlie stunned.

"There is no magical object that we don't know about." said Lionus calmly.

Ginny whimpered slightly. Harry had to lean over and whisper in her ear. "I'm alright; I get out of it ok."

"No you don't!" said Katie shrilly.
"That seems to be true." said Neville. "He picks on you more than he picks on me."

"They most certainly did." said Remus thoughtfully, yet still panicking. "Though I can't remember what really made them hate each other, right off the bat."

"Sometimes, I wonder though..." said Harry quietly with a faint smile.

"Why do you say that, Potter?" said McGonagall taken aback.

"You'll find out in the fourth book, I think." said Harry.

"That's what I thought too." said Seamus.

"He was in the room with him?" asked Moody quickly.

"Thank god you didn’t go through that ajar door, then. If you had..." said Angelina faintly.

"Going through that door wouldn't have done anything." said Harry with another small smile.

"Say what?" asked Bill.
"There is good and there is evil. Sadly, some people sit in a gray area, in between the two." said Dumbledore quietly.

"The Dursleys are evil." muttered Katie.

"I think they fit in the gray area." said Harry absently.

"Bull." said the three Gryffindor Chasers sharply.

"I agree with the girls." said Dr. Clark sternly.

"How were you to know he was the one after the Stone?" asked Hermione. "He was right! Who would consider him a threat?"

"If he breaks it, the Stone is lost forever. Never to appear in this world again." said Dumbledore. “Break it then.” said Sirius.

"Wow, Harry. That was some fast thinking!" said Tonks.

"Good luck with that." said Fred.
Fred and George snorted loudly.

"What's so funny?" shrieked Mrs. Weasely.

"The mental picture of Harry tied up and falling over." said Fred quickly, he began to laugh out loud.

"Sorry, Harry. But it sounds hilarious!" said George wiping a tear from his eye.

"I almost started laughing when I fell actually. I had to stop myself." said Harry.

“So you weren’t, all together, that much worried?” said Remus his eyebrows raised.

“I was worried, but I knew there was help coming.” said Harry honestly.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Don't tell me he was there." moaned Remus standing up and walking behind the bowl. He placed a hand on Harry's right shoulder.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"No...no...don't...." moaned Remus again.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"RUN!" yelled the inhabitants of the Great Hall.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"What made you walk towards him?" yelled Sirius.

"I'm not too sure." said Harry thoughtfully.
"You can't lie, we already established that! You're a horrible liar." said George clapping his hand to his forehead.

"If he does anything...." snarled Dr. Clark.

"What do you mean?" said Harry curiously.

"If he molests you down there..." said Dr. Clark darkly.

Harry turned and stared at Dr. Clark, “No…no one touched me, not him, not anyone. I didn’t need that image in my head, thank you very much!” he shook his head furiously.

But Dr. Clark only looked at him with a confused look. Why did he say that? He had an episode years ago, sure he never touched him but....did he forget about it?

The Ranger's doctor looked at the pair of them, his face unreadable.

"Oh...that was a bad move, Potter." said Lionus looking over to Harry.

"Why?" asked Ron quickly.

"It makes him a target, all it would take now to get the Stone is to either incapacitate or kill an eleven year old boy." said Tempest plainly.

Remus' nails dug into Harry's flesh. When Harry flinched, Sirius shoved the hand off Harry's shoulder.

Remus looked at Sirius quickly, Sirius pulled Harry’s shirt down a little and he saw the marks dug into the alabaster skin, and the small crescent moons of blood that showed. Remus blanched, and then whispered an apology to Harry. Harry merely waved the apology away.
The twins stared at the book. "...that was actually a pretty good lie..." said Fred.

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Don't turn your back on him, boy." said Moody quickly.

**Twenty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Oh, crap." moaned Mr. Weasley.

"Is he a ventriloquist or something?" asked Dr. Clark.

"No, the voice belongs to someone else." said Harry plainly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

Ginny gave a small squeak, while Sirius yelped as if someone had stamped on his animagus form's tail.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.**

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, MOVE!" yelled McGonagall. She had been silent for a majority of the time, wringing her hands and turning paler and paler.

**End of twenty-fourth paragraph.**

**Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.**
"When Harry tries to scream and doesn't. You know that if you were to see it, you'd faint dead away." said George carefully.

**End of twenty-fifth paragraph.**

"Dear...God...." said Dr. Clark.

"That's Lord Voldemort." said Dumbledore to Dr. Clark, "The....one...who killed Harry's parents."

Dr. Clark sent a distraught look over to Harry, who sat looking forward, not noticing the looks he was receiving.

"What do you have to say now, Minister?" said Harry quietly, eyes closed.

Fudge was sitting and staring at the book in shock. Umbridge merely sniffed and turned her nose upwards. That action earned her a sharp slap to her face.

"Sit and don't make a nuisance of yourself." snarled Nightstrike.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

"I'm guessing you told your friends that you were standing your ground, bravely staring him down." said Professor Snape with a smirk.

"No, he did not!" screeched Hermione.

"He told us he couldn't move he was so scared." said Ron.

**Dialogue set, fifth pause.**

"That was him?" whispered McGonagall. She and Hagrid both paled, they had taken first year students into the forest, where Lord Voldemort himself was hunting and killing unicorns!

**End of dialogue set.**

"Oh no...He knows..." moaned Charlie.

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**
"LIAR!" shouted Sirius and Remus. "THEY DIDN'T BEG! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!"

"I know they didn't, trust me, I know." said Harry quietly.

"How could you know?" said Fudge suspiciously.

"The Dementors you sent to the school two years ago." said Harry plainly.

"Him smiling, is not a good thing." said Flitwick faintly.

"That's a lie, if he did, he'd like Harry." said Neville jokingly. Instead of laughs he received only stares.

"Don't do it, Harry!" shouted Bill.

"Good lad!" said Lionus, the Doctor, Tempest, and Nightstrike. The Aurors nodded in approval. "You'd make a fine Ranger, boy." said Lionus with a smile.

"Or Auror." added Madame Bones quickly.

"If he touches the flame now, what would have happened?" asked Colin.

"It would have sent them straight to Dumbledore's office. And placing them in a full-body bind." said Snape. "You only die if you wish to go forward without a potion, not backwards."
"Wha’ happened?" asked Lee in shock.

"How the hell did that happen?" asked Terry.

"NO!" yelled Sirius.

"GET OFF HIM!" shouted Remus.

"NO! NO, PLEASE!" cried Dr. Clark.

"HARRY!" shouted Sirius. 

"I'm right here!" said Harry turning Sirius' face to look at his own. "I'm right here." he said quietly. He took ahold of Remus' hand with his other hand, letting go of Ginny's hand, and gave it a squeeze. "Both of you need to settle down, you too." he said including Dr. Clark in his scolding.
"Good instincts." said Kingsley wiping the sweat off his brow.

Thirty-second paragraph.

"Alright! Harry can fight back!" said Fred excitedly.

"Why didn’t you use your wand?" asked Moody.

"I didn’t think I could beat him with what spells I learned. To be perfectly honest, I was scared." said Harry quietly.

Thirty-third paragraph, second sentence, third dash.

"Hold on, Harry!" shouted George.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

"What?" asked George looking confused.

Harry looked to Dumbledore who smiled, and nodded.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

"Oh no, Harry..." said Mrs. Weasely faintly.

Sirius and Remus stared fearfully at the book in the Ranger’s hands.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

"What’s the Snitch doing there?" asked Seamus.

"It wasn't the Snitch." said Harry.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

"What?" What are you going on about?" asked Zacharias.
Thirty-sixth paragraph.

"Are you stoned or something?" asked Dean wonderingly.

"No, he wasn't." said Dumbledore with a smile.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"The way I woke up that afternoon was a lot better than the way I would wake up at the Dursleys'." said Harry brightly.

"Getting ice cold water dumped on you at three in the morning is a better way of waking up, then what your Aunt Petunia does." said Fred shaking his head.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

"You just about climbed out of the bed and lunged yourself at me." said Dumbledore with a small smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"So does that mean he's in the hospital wing?" asked a second year Hufflepuff.

"Yeah, and you don't want to tick off, the school nurse, just agree with whatever she says." said George warningly.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

"I didn't expect to see candy." said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Ain't that the truth." said Lee with a broad smile.
"FRED, GEORGE! I SAID: DON'T BLOW UP TOILETS!" yelled Mrs. Weasely.

"But, mom!" whined George.

“We wanted to make him feel better!” whined Fred.

"Dang, so you never did get it." said Fred disappointed.

"What did you think of the toilet seat we sent you, Ginny?" asked George, walking over and whispering into her ear.

"It's hanging in my room. Right behind the door, so mom doesn't see it." said Ginny, trying not laugh out loud.

Sirius and Remus moaned, whined, groaned and held onto Harry tightly.

“Why are you upset now?” asked Harry.

“Three days with Madam Pomfrey means that you were really bad.” said Sirius. Dr. Clark paled.

They were three very long, and very agonizing days. thought Dumbledore.

"Not nearly as worried as Dumbledore was." said Ron quietly to Hermione.

"He never is when he's worried about something." said Neville.
"At least before he passed out." said Dumbledore quickly to the furious glares sent in his direction.

"Oh! So the person yelling 'Harry' was you, sir?" asked Colin eagerly.

Dumbledore merely nodded.

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark were completely silent.

"What do you mean, 'effort nearly killed him'?" asked Remus in barely a whisper.

Little balls of light came popping out of the book in the Doctor's hands.

"Didn't we already do one of these today?" asked Lionus, slightly confused.

"Scattered Shots can sometimes happen multiple times in a day as the books progress. Scrolls only happen once every twenty four hours, at this point anyway, as the books progress they will become more numerous." said an Unspeakable.

After the now familiar spinning and shattering was completed and the balls found their way into each reader's chest, they found themselves down in an open, yet frightfully dark chamber. In the center of the room, they saw Harry holding on tightly to the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher of four years past.

Sirius rushed forward and tried his best to grab ahold of the man who dared to hurt his cub. But his clawing hands fell on empty space.
They all saw the face behind Professor Quirrell's own burnt face give him orders to kill the boy hanging on for dear life. All the students and a few of the guests screamed when they saw it, while Mrs. Weasley just about fainted dead away.

"Don't you dare!" shouted Dr. Clark to Professor Quirrell.

"We've already been through this part." said Harry quietly.

"Yeah, well, we weren't standing here watching it happen!" said Sirius loudly.

Younger Harry's head was hung backwards, his eyes were squeezed tightly shut and his teeth were gritted in pain. They heard a loud bang and saw another Dumbledore come running down the stairs and shouting Harry's name.

"So that was you, sir." said Colin, staring at his wounded and blinded hero.

He disarmed Quirrell and wrenched the man's arms away from Harry. As if in slow motion, Harry fell to the ground, his hand limply holding the much sought after stone.

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark clutched at the present-day Harry, and not relinquishing their hold.

Quirrell screamed as Harry's hold on him was removed, and then some sort of mist came from his mouth. As the mist left him, his skin began to dry and cling to his bones. His eyes bulged out of their sockets and his hands flew to his throat.

"That's disgusting." said Fred and George weakly.

The Watchers and the Dumbledore of the past stared in horror and shock as the mist left the poor man's body completely. Quirrell crumpled to the ground his arm slowly raised and tried to reach out to the vapor above him, but his arm fell and his breath was reduced to a weak shudder. The vapor hissed at him, and then tried to waft quickly over to the fallen first year. Dumbledore casted a spell over Harry, covering him with a shimmering veil of light. Try as it might, the vapor couldn't penetrate the veil.

"You will never have him Tom." said the Dumbledore of years past, the twinkling lights in his eyes gone. "Not so long as I live."

The vapor hissed viciously, it then disappeared out the door and through the flames.

Dumbledore dispersed the veil and bent low over the unconscious child, the boy looked as he was merely sleeping on the cold stone.

"Harry? Harry, it's over, wake up." said Dumbledore, giving the boy's shoulder a shake. The moment he touched him he pulled back slightly. "Why are you so cold, Harry? Harry? HARRY!" yelled Dumbledore shaking Harry harder.
"Oh, no!" moaned Sirius. Mrs. Weasely came rushing over to the present day Harry and held onto him just as tightly as the three men were.

The scene shifted forward and they saw Madam Pomfrey covering Ron, who had fallen asleep, with a warm blanket. The door to the Hospital Wing burst open and Dumbledore came running towards the Medi-witch with Harry hanging limply in his arms.

"Poppy! Poppy, Please!" cried Dumbledore hurriedly. "It's Harry, he's...." he laid the pale and lifeless body down on a nearby bed.

"I didn't hear all this, must've been the potion she gave me." said Ron quietly.

Fudge merely stared in shock down at the injured boy of the past.

Madam Pomfrey quickly rushed over and examined him, as she did, her face turned from worry to absolute horror.

"Poppy, please, please don't tell me..." said Dumbledore weakly. "Don't tell me he's gone."

"Not yet, but I don't know how much longer he's going to last." said Madam Pomfrey, waving her wand over the boy and letting the magical waves wash over his body.

"Is there anything I can do?" said Dumbledore quickly.

"No, there's......what is that thing?" said Madam Pomfrey looking under Harry's eyelids, then looking to the stone, which caught her eye, laying on the table.

"It's the Sorcerer's Stone." said Dumbledore bitterly.

"Give it here!" she quickly, taking it off the table. She took a large glass and placed it down on the side-table, picked up the stone and between her two hands, squeezed it.

Soon, a small trickle of golden liquid fell from the Stone and began to pool into the glass. When the glass was almost a fourth of the way full, she stopped squeezing and placed the stone back down. She picked the glass up and lifted Harry's limp head.

"Open his mouth!" ordered Madam Pomfrey to Dumbledore. He stood up and gently opened the boy's mouth. Madam Pomfrey poured the liquid slowly into the boy's slightly opened mouth, a faint breath escaped but it was labored, and shallow. With the help of Madam Pomfrey's wand, the liquid was swallowed down.

"Now what?" said Dumbledore anxiously.

"You really are shaken up, aren't you? You should know what that was." said Madam Pomfrey with a dry chuckle. "Now he rests, he's going to be just fine. He'll be sore and very weak for a while, and magically drained for a month or two, but fine. Good thing that stone is here, without it..." she said wiping her wet eyes on a handkerchief.

"Thank goodness....thank goodness." whispered Dumbledore, burying his eyes into Harry's messy
The balls of light left their bodies and they once again found themselves in Great Hall. They all turned and looked at Harry, who felt his abdomen.

"I drank Elixir of Life?" he said weakly.

"It was the only thing that kept you from dying that night." said Madam Pomfrey sadly.

It was several moments till 'Doc' cleared his throat and continued on with the reading.

End of dialogue set.

"Destroyed?" asked Fred and George quietly in unison.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"It only took us about three-quarters of a year." said Ron with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

"Little chat?" said Dr. Clark. "How do you have a little chat with that topic? 'Sorry Nicolas, someone tried to steal the thing you spent so long to create, so you're going to have to destroy it and die'?"

"It didn't quite go like that, Sam," said Dumbledore with a small smile. "more along the lines of just showing the disastrous effects of protecting a stone such as that."

"What did you show him?" asked Tonks questioningly.

"Harry, unconscious in the hospital wing. Once he saw you Harry and heard what had placed you in that condition, he destroyed it right then and there." said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

"You're in the hospital wing, and you don't even give a damn about what is wrong with you?" said Charlie stunned.

"I was more concerned about someone dying because of me." said Harry sadly.

"It wasn't because of you, it was because of Voldemort that Nicolas had to remove that path of empowerment." said Dumbledore giving Harry a reassuring smile.
"And you were the last person to drink straight from that stone," said Dumbledore with a small smile. "Speaking of their affairs, I fear that I have not told you, though it was my duty to do so as the executor of his will, they left all their wealth and possessions to you."

Harry looked quickly over to Dumbledore. "What?" he said in barely a whisper.

"They had no children and obviously, no living relatives. They had no one to give their assets to. Also, it was Nicolas' way of apologizing, for being the cause of someone almost taking your life. Also, there is a trust fund for Mr. Weasley and Miss Granger, about a million galleons each."

"Huh?" said Ron staring at Dumbledore. Hermione's mouth slackened and hung loosely open.

"It will be available to you the year after you graduate from Hogwarts. Giving you a large head start in your future careers," said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

"Why? Why did he give us..." said Hermione weakly.

"For your participation in trying to save the Stone as well." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Wonderful Ron! You'll be financially secure for many many years." said Mr. Weasley patting his son's back. "I wish I could thank them."

"He'll be secure," said Fred.

"So long as he doesn't blow it all." said George.

"You know, you should invest it." said Percy helpfully.

He flinched when all of his younger brothers and sister turned and glared at him.

"To anyone but you, I think, it's incredible." said Bill shaking his head.

"That's an odd way of looking at it, but then again, being a doctor, I don't always see people die peacefully." said Dr. Clark thinking carefully.

"Who do you mostly treat, Dr. Clark?" asked Hermione, extremely interested, Mr. Weasley also turned and looked over excitedly.

"I'm an E.R. surgeon." said Dr. Clark with a smile.
“E.R.?” said Mr. Weasley confusedly.

“Emergency Room.” said Dr. Clark.

"So you ARE one of the muggle nutters that cut people open? OUCH!" said Ron and then yelped as Hermione elbowed him hard in the ribs.

Dr. Clark, was not insulted however, he merely laughed. "Yeah, Ron, I guess you could call me and my profession that. Especially after what I've seen of magical healing." he said with a smile.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"Except for the part about it saving Harry's life, correct?" said McGonagall.

"I didn't think that Harry was up to hearing that tale just yet." said Dumbledore sadly.

"I really wasn't, after a while, I just wanted to go back to sleep." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first dash.

"Not all of us." said the Rangers, Aurors, and Harry.

"We want it so that there is no more need for us, so we can take it easy." said Lionus, as the other Rangers nodded.

"Same thing with us." said Moody.

Harry said nothing, thinking of his parents, Officer McFinn, Cedric and the end of Voldemort.

End of dialogue set.

"That's true." said Firenze and Tempest together.

Forty-first paragraph.

"You do love to have people think about what you say and then try and come up with a rebuttal.” said McGonagall with a smile.

"And I didn't have one." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.
"How come you don’t stutter over his name, like everyone else?" asked Percy suspiciously.

"We don't worry about him, he's not on our radar." said the Doctor, shrugging.

"He's on our radar now, Doc. He used my squad to try and get the Potter boy. It's personal." said Lionus with a snarl.

"Oh, well, killing him won't take too long now." said Doc shrugging.

"Why didn’t you take him out if he’s no problem?" said Sirius angrily.

"You had the means to take him out, you didn't need us." said Lionus simply.

"Wise words." said Tempest nodding approvingly over to the Headmaster.

"YES HE HAS!" shouted Umbridge. Lionus whipped out his wand and immediately a gag appeared over her mouth and ropes around her wrists, securing her to the chair.

"I'm not ready to go and take care of the paper work just yet, and neither is Nightstrike or Tempest, I shouldn't wonder. So this," he said standing up and walking over to her. He pulled the gag out of her mouth and snapping it back, like a rubber band. "should take care of your bothersome chatter."

Fudge was still staring at Harry in shock, he hadn’t noticed that his colleague was now gagged and bound.

"That was obvious from the Scattered Shot." said Kingsley shuddering; he was remembering what had happened to the unsuspecting Quirrell.

"That was a little promise to myself, that I would not have you do something like this again." said Dumbledore sadly.
"I remember you wincing in pain. I just about summoned Madam Pomfrey." said Dumbledore quietly.

“That is what stopped me dead in my tracks.” said Dumbledore sadly.

"That was a little hint to me that, you weren’t going to tell me much.” said Harry with a small smile.

"A question the whole world would like to know." said Remus.

"I was right." said Harry with a larger smile.

"His famous 'love speech'." said Nightstrike smiling with his eyes looking up at the ceiling.

Sirius smiled broadly with tears in his eyes, he kissed the top of Harry's head.
"Awww!" cooed several girls.

"Wasn't just using it to sneak food." said Remus with a broad smile.

"You still have to keep reminding me of the title in front of his name." said Harry to Dumbledore.

"Bout as true as true can be." said Sirius with a glare towards Snape.

"I don't detest him anymore, at least not really." said Harry quietly. "I just dislike him.”
Sirius shuffled his feet guiltily and chewed his lip.

"Makes sense." said Fred.

"I guess." said George.

"You wanted to find it, and not use it." said Luna dreamily.

Dumbledore smiled brightly at her. "We must have a chat sometime Miss. Lovegood. I think we would have the most stimulating conversations."

Luna looked happily over to the man, “Oh yes sir! I’ve heard that you have a Humroonbow in your office!”

“A Humroonbow, Miss Lovegood?” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“It’s a creature that instills comfort and calmness in a room. They love to be near powerful people.” she said dreamily.

“There might be one in there, if so, it is a very good hider.” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling brightly.

"From what I've heard, you have every right to have a high opinion of yourself." said Dr. Clark with a bright smile.

Dumbledore laughed. "Dear me, what has become of my humility? I must get it in check."
Dumbledore continued laughing but now he was burying his face in his hands. "Oh, dear me!" he said still laughing.

"That’s is a very nice way of shutting him up.” said Dr. Clark teasingly.

"If he had another question, I would have answered him.” said Dumbledore brightly.

“And I did have one more, I asked if you were alright.” said Harry with a smile.

“Why would you ask him that?” said Mrs. Weasely.

“You’ll find out real soon.” said Harry with a grin. Dumbledore chuckled.

"Since you had that one, sir, I don't eat them either." said Harry laughing along with Dumbledore. Several students laughed too, along with Mrs. Weasely, who got the answer to her question.

"Nice description of me Mr. Potter.” said Madam Pomfrey smiling.

"I can't really say no to Dumbledore." said Madam Pomfrey smiling.
"Oh no. you've got your mother's cheek! What is living with you going to bring?" said Sirius pretending to look worried.

"Madam Pomfrey said she'd throw us out if we were too rough with you." said Hermione with a small smile.

"I guess we didn't know just how worried." said Ron quietly.

"And we didn't know how close you were to....." said Hermione faintly.

"Well you softened it quite a bit." said Hermione looking over to Harry with a fond smile. "Thanks for that by the way."

"I'm amazed that Madam Pomfrey didn't come and check what was going on." said Ron thinking back.

"I was too busy listening to the story, Mr. Weasely, and I had to barely hold back my scream as well." said Madam Pomfrey defensively.
"Like I said Harry, that one is my favorite phrase to describe my eccentricities." said Dumbledore, smiling towards Ron.

"He was just about as fast a runner as Harry is." said Ron loudly.

"And I swear, I will never do that again." said Dumbledore sadly. "From that point on, I always made sure that I or someone else was within calling distance."

"Made sure? You mean to say that he's gotten into more danger after this?" said Sirius weakly.

"Sort of..." said Harry plainly.

"Damn, that sucks." said Remus sadly.

"Being without a seeker will do that." said Charlie shaking his head.

"The end-of-the-year feasts are always good." said Bill with a smile.
"Story time was over, now it's sleepy time." said Fred in a cutesy voice.

"I'm not too sure what normal is." said Harry with a chuckle.

"They can be! He was fragile!" said Madam Pomfrey ignoring Harry's groan. "He could have been jostled around and injured further!"

"Wonder who it is?" said Ernie.

"That was nice of you Hagrid!" said Mrs. Weasely. She was feeling much better, now that Harry, Ron, and Hermione were out of danger.

"What was wrong, Hagrid?" said Mrs. Weasely confused.

"Whoa! Hagrid never cries, or swears off drinking! Did you really do it?" asked Charlie looking up to Hagrid.

"He did, for quite a while." said Dumbledore kindly.
"That was nice of you, trying to calm him down." said Ginny quietly.

"I was in shock, he was so big, and he was so strong, I didn't know he could cry like that." whispered Harry.

"Dumbledore gave me the go ahead to say it. Before, I was too nervous to say it, just in case someone would get angry at me for saying it." said Harry quietly.

Sirius and Remus thought back to the Dursleys. Sirius growled softly. "Unless you swear, we aren't going to get mad at you." said Remus.

"You're so generous, Harry!" cooed Mrs. Weasely.

"I didn't have my knapsack or anything, or I would have given him some gingerbread, but chocolate made Neville feel better." said Harry, blushing furiously.

"Seems like he's always got something for you." said Remus with a smile.

"I only eat stoats or weasels while I'm in dog form." said Sirius shaking his head.

"Your dog form needs a bath, now that I think about it." said Dr. Clark smirking.

Remus and Harry laughed as Sirius smacked him on head with a cushion.
"Fix what?" asked Dean.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

"Oh, Hagrid." said Sirius smiling up to Hagrid, Remus was drying his eyes.

"Dumbledore put me in charge of gatherin' it all up." said Hagrid proudly.

Dialogue set, first pause.

"Sorry, Harry, I wasn't one of the people who gave Hagrid photos. But I've got a bunch, all of the ones that Sirius and I took." said Remus sadly.

"Why didn't you send Hagrid any?" asked Ron confused.

"I was abroad. In South America actually." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

"I loved it, I still love it." said Harry, wiping the tears from his eyes.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"I wish I did one to look for non-magically caused injuries." said Madam Pomfrey bitterly.

End of fifty-eighth paragraph.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"Nothing all that different from what happens now." said Harry to himself.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

Sixtieth paragraph.
"Whereas with 'The Toad' she has to clear her throat." said Fred with a smirk.

"And still people talk over her." said George with a grin.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"Nice opening speech." said Dr. Clark laughing heartily.

End of dialogue set.

"We all do try our best to forget everything." said Harry happily.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-first paragraph.

"Took everything I had not to smack you." said Harry over to Draco.

Dialogue line.

"Huh?" asked Sirius and Bill at the same time.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Can he do that?" asked Tonks to McGonagall.

"He can, and for any reason he sees fit. This, as the rest of the teacher (except for Snape) agreed, was a very good reason." said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

"Gee, thanks mate." said Ron with a raised eyebrow.
"Go Ron!" yelled Charlie and Bill.

"Yeah, if I had known just how difficult it was..." said Percy weakly.

"Were you trying to make a joke? Cause if you did, you did one heck of a job." said Kingsley, trying to hide a smile.

"I had never been awarded points in front of the whole school before." said Hermione trying to defend herself.

"You're narrowing the lead!" yelled Sirius, getting more and more excited.

"Come on! One more point and they would win!" said Dr. Clark counting up the points fast. "Has there ever been a year in which houses are tied?"

"Nope, never. If it does happen, then Dumbledore, or if there is another headmaster, gives points for things he's noticed throughout the year." said Remus.
"Go Neville! I guess getting cursed and left on the ground all night, sort of paid off!" said Charlie clapping Neville on the back.

Sixty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

"Since then, he's won quite a bit in Herbology class." said Harry proudly.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

"I had to tell my students that it was well within the rules what Dumbledore did." said Snape with a frown.

Dialogue line.

Seventieth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Big surprise." said Fred and George rolling their eyes.

End of seventieth paragraph.

Seventy-first paragraph.

"I still haven't." said Harry quietly.

Seventy-second paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

"Meaning I got through with mostly 'E's and Harry scored all 'E's he was worried that he might have hit an 'O' or dropped down too low." said Ron with a smirk.

Seventy-second paragraph, end of second sentence.

"Big surprise." chanted Fred and George again, but they were smiling.

Seventy-second paragraph, third sentence.

"That hasn't changed at all." said Neville with a small smile.
"Goyle managed to get an 'A' in Potions, which raised his average from a 'T' to a 'P'." muttered Draco.

"Which is just enough to get you through to second year." said Snape.

"Not with you two as students, I won't" said Professor McGonagall sternly.

"It never seems like to take a long time to get there, but it takes all day to get to the school." said Hermione thoughtfully.

"That's because the train goes slower at the beginning of the year." said Harry absently.

"How do you know?" said Hermione quickly.

"I timed it." said Harry with a broad smile.

"Could use him at the beginning for the Muggle-borns." said Harry to Dumbledore.

"I will see if he wishes to do so." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Wish I had asked about that further." said Ron angrily.
"Tell me we don't have to listen to more of the Dursley's." whined Remus.

"Sorry." said Harry.

"You don't need to be sorry, they do," said Remus quickly.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

"Sorry, Ron." said Ginny sadly.

"It's all good." said Ron waving away the apology.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"Oh, just let me at him for a few moments. It's all I'm asking." said Remus angrily.

End of seventy-ninth paragraph.
"They thought I could fight back, now. They used to be this nervous...around...Officer McFinn..." said Harry changing quickly from a happy mood, to a downtrodden one. Dr. Clark reached around and gave his shoulder a squeeze.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

"I just thought they were grumpy." said Mrs. Weasely earnestly to Harry.

"It's alright, you were there when I really needed you." said Harry consolingly.

Eightieth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

"They were more than just unpleasant." said Hermione angrily.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"It wasn't just the smile, it was that you looked really evil." said Ron with a laugh.

End of chapter.

"Don't push your luck boy." growled Moody warningly.

"Well that's the end of this book." said the Doctor.

"Good job, Nicodemus. I'm amazed you didn't all of a sudden switch to Latin. He loves to do that." said Lionus rolling his eyes.

"These are children, I didn't want to overwhelm them." said Nicodemus haughtily.

"Can we start the next book?" asked Colin excitedly. "I'm in that one!"

"It’s six forty-two." said Harry looking at the sunset. "And if it starts the way I think it does, we better save it for tomorrow."

"Your choice, Harry." said Dumbledore kindly. "Well, let’s stretch our legs and await dinner."

"Mind if I go down and cook something?" asked Harry. "Better vent before tomorrow rolls around."
"Of course not, dear boy. Go and cook to your heart's desire." said Dumbledore smiling broadly.

“Harry, we need to talk.” said Remus.

“Is it about punishing me for going down the trapdoor?” said Harry looking up to him.

“Yes, I…” said Remus.

“Dumbledore said we weren’t going to be punished for anything that happened in the past.” said Ron worriedly.

“School won’t punish you, but we will.” said Remus nodding over to Mrs. Weasley.

“What sort of punishment did you have in mind?” asked Harry plainly.

“We can talk about that in private.” said Remus.

“Like I told Sirius before, I’ve had worse, whatever you do.” said Harry shrugging. “Paddling won’t do much to me, better get creative.” Harry stood up in the bowl and walked out and towards the kitchens. But stopped before he closed the door behind him, he addressed the rest of the students without looking at them.

“You believed the rumors that year, and they mentioned Voldemort, and yet when I tell you almost directly what happened last year, not one of you believed me.” he then took leave.

As the students digested this Remus had his own worries, he turned to Sirius.

“Why does he keep fighting me?” he asked worriedly.

“Beats me, I’ll ask him later.” said Sirius shrugging.

He was pouring candied chestnuts and syrup in a bowl when Ginny came in, she looked around until she found Harry.

"What are you making?" asked Ginny walking over to him.

"Candied Chestnuts, thought they’d be a nice snack for tomorrow. Whatcha need?" said Harry wiping his hands on a towel.

"Dumbledore just announced that on the weekends, we won't be doing any reading. I just wanted to know, if you wanted to go to Hogsmede with me on Saturday.” she said giving Harry a shy smile.

"I'd love to.” he said with a smile and a blush. “You hungry? I've got a small pot of my seven-day spaghetti on the stove, it's just about ready." said Harry looking over to the streaming pot.

"Sure, um..what makes it 'seven-day spaghetti'." asked Ginny sitting down at a little table.

"Every day, I add more spices to the mix. Here we go.” said Harry placing some of it onto a plate and hands it to her. She twirled her fork around the noodles and places the fork full of spaghetti into her mouth. She moaned in delight of the multitude of flavors blending together in her mouth. It was sweet and spicy all in one tasty bite.
"Hmm...mmm.." moaned Ginny.

"I take it, you like it?" said Harry eating from his own plate.

"You need to teach mom this recipe." said Ginny getting another forkful.

"Your mom doesn't need any help in the kitchen." said Harry with a smile. "So, what do you want to do in Hogsmede?" said Harry pouring Ginny a tall glass of butterbeer.

"Well, we can just wander about." said Ginny with a smile. "We can talk and walk..."

"That sounds great. I think both of our families would kill us if we moved way too fast. Ron might not like the idea of me dating you though." said Harry helping himself to seconds.

"When it comes to my choice of who I date, I don't care what Ron thinks." said Ginny rolling her eyes.

"You don't sleep in the same room with him." said Harry shaking his fork at her playfully.

Once they ate all they wanted, which was the entire pot, Harry magicked the pot into the sink and it began to clean itself.

"Want to help me finish off the chestnuts?" said Harry with a broad smile. Ginny nodded and listened to Harry's instructions.

It was ten o'clock when they were almost finished, Harry was magicking the syrup to be absorbed faster into the delectable little chestnuts, when Sirius came down with Mrs. Weasely on his heels. When they saw both teens in the kitchen together; Mrs. Weasely placed her hands on her hips.

"What are you two doing? It's ten at night!" she scolded.

"Making a snack for tomorrow." said Harry getting a large baking sheet. "Thank God for magic, this would normally take a whole week to make."

"Well, it's time for the both of you to go to bed." said Sirius looking suspiciously over to Harry. Ginny left with her mother and Sirius came over to Harry.

"You like pushing your luck, don't you?" said Sirius with a mischievous grin.

"I'm not too sure what you're talking about." said Harry, placing the nuts in the stove.

"Don't go too fast with Ginny. You don't want to ostracize yourself from that family." said Sirius with a smirk.

"I don't intend to do anything hasty with Ginny. I may be reckless with my life, but I've got morals." said Harry smacking Sirius' hand with a wooden spoon when he reached for a finger-full of the excess syrup.
"I was about to kiss her a week ago, if you can bother to remember, but I pulled back. I don't want to rush in; I want to take it slow. I had a crush on Cho, and I wanted to run into a relationship with her." said Harry setting the timer.

“That really, really cute Ravenclaw? Hell, I would have!” said Sirius with a smirk.

“I would have gone headlong, forgetting about her lingering feelings for...Cedric." Harry looked down, with a saddened expression. "I don't want to put her through hell."

Sirius stared at him and smiled. "Alright, finish cooking and let’s get you to bed. I have a feeling that tomorrow is going to be a long day for me, if it's got the Dursley's in the chapter. And on the way, Remus wants me to ask why you keep scrapping with him.”

“He wants to punish me for either things that had already happened four years ago, or for things I’ve thought. He needs to lay off. Also, Ron and I ended up in the hospital wing; I think we were punished enough.” said Harry looking at the stove intently. “And you already told me I was going to be grounded when I get home, so what’s the point of going on about it?”

Sirius thought for a moment. “Fair enough, little late for Ron, but…I’ll have a talk with Moony.” said Sirius ruffling his godson’s hair. “Thanks again for letting us treat you like a kid.”

“No problem, thanks for letting me sleep when I want to.” said Harry.

“Yeah, Dumbledore and I were wondering about that, why do you sleep all the time?” asked Sirius, finally sneaking a bit of syrup.

“I’m not all together sure; I just get so tired at random times. I have a theory, but I don’t’ know…” said Harry quietly.

“Well, no matter, take all the naps you want, we’ll stay alert for you. Come on, the house-elves can polish it up, let’s get you to bed.” said Sirius putting an arm around the youth and leading him out of the kitchen.
The next morning, after everyone had finished with their breakfast and Bathilda had returned from going home quickly to check on her cat, Harry wanted to read the next chapter, but Sirius wouldn't have it.

"I don't need you skipping a part, just to avoid us worrying about you." he said scolding him lightly.

“The Unspeakables said that we couldn’t do that.” pouted Harry.

“Don’t care.” said Sirius, “Besides, remember what I said last night? What if you get tired right in the middle of reading? If I volunteer to read, you can read half.” he said fairly.

So it was decided that Professor Flitwick would begin the reading of the second chapter. He went and picked up a completely different book then the one they had spent the past week or so reading.

"The next book is called 'Title of second book'." he said loudly.

Ginny motioned to Harry that she would sit beside her mother, father and oldest brothers. Harry nodded and smiled understandingly.

“I think I ‘d better explain something, I rechecked the powers of ‘Memorial Books’ and found that as the books progress, they gain a bit more strength. Now for this chapter, we may experience a Scattered Shot and a Recollection Scroll in one day, or three Scattered Shots.” said the Head Unspeakable. People began to talk about themselves excitedly, they loved the short movies (as one of the muggleborns called it.) though they didn’t really like the bad memories.

Professor Flitwick took a deep breath and read the chapter title, rather reluctantly.

First chapter title.

"Oh, I don't think I really want to hear this." said Sirius wincing a little.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"And it won't be the last." said Harry shaking his head.

End of first paragraph.
"That would be Hedwig." said Ron with a smirk.

"She is the best alarm clock, during the summer." said Harry, watching his owl as she fluttered down to him. She puffed out her feathered chest importantly.

Dialogue line.

"If you would let me let her out, she wouldn't be hooting so loudly in the morning." said Harry rolling his eyes.

"He didn't let her out?" asked Sirius angrily.

"He hates her with a passion." said Harry stroking Hedwig's feathers absently. "She's not too fond of him either."

Hedwig clicked her beak angrily at the book.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Yes!" yelled everyone in the Great Hall in unison.

“Or was that a trick question?” said George out loud.

End of dialogue set.

"What would happen if you did let her out?" asked Charlie.

"I would send letters to Hagrid or Dumbledore for help." said Harry forgetting to censor his words.

"What do you mean, help?" said Remus slowly.

"Umm..." said Harry.

"Maybe the readings will let us know." said Flitwick, trying to spare Harry from releasing information that he wasn't ready to let go.

Third paragraph.

"That doesn't mean anything good." said Sirius looking worried.

Fourth paragraph.
"Disgusting child." said McGonagall turning up her nose.

"Sounds like he got better over the year." said Ron sarcastically.

Dialogue line.

"There is something wrong with that." said Fred with a smirk.

"The pig wants more bacon?" said George looking horrified.

"Cannibal!" the twins yelled.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I made almost eight rashers of bacon. He went through five of them." said Harry with a laugh.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"More likely while I'm there." said Harry angrily.

End of dialogue set.

"What kind of food do they have there?" asked Hermione.

"Dudley bragged about what he gets at Smeltings to me. They get porridge, eggs, bacon, sausages, cereal, milk and juice in the morning. Sandwiches and tea, for lunch. And a different choice of meat, vegetable, and dessert every night for dinner." said Harry ticking off the things that Dudley had told him. "He asked me what 'pathetic excuse for a meal' we get here." said Harry rolling his eyes. "I told him that we get about seven times more of a selection than he does."

"How did he take to that?" asked Ron with a smirk.

"He...um......." said Harry almost silently.

"What did you say?" asked Sirius quickly.

"He...dislocated...my...arm...” he said louder.

Sirius stared at Harry, as did most of the people in the room.

"I'm going to beat that little b@$!@&@!" yelled Sirius.

"Get in line." snarled Hermione.

"There's a long line." growled Ginny.

“Hey, I was fine, I just...snapped it back in place…” said Harry helplessly.

“Like your nose?” asked Remus with a pale look.
“Maybe…” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"He's never gone hungry, period." snarled Harry.

End of dialogue set.

"Too much." said Fred shaking his head.

"Way too much." said George rolling his eyes.

Fifth paragraph, third comma.

"That sounds absolutely horrible!" said a few girls, their hands quickly tracing their hips.

"I'm an amazed that most of us don't become that size, easily." said a seventh year girl.

"Not with our classes so far apart, Transfiguration is at least three-quarters of a mile away from at least Charms class, and the distance varies, but it doesn't get much shorter than that." said Harry with a grin. "We work off our meals just going to the first two lessons of the day."

The students stared at Harry in amazement. They really do all that walking?

End of fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Stupid prat can't even say 'please'." said Dean.

Dialogue line.

"That was a bad, BAD choice of words." moaned Tonks.

"Tell me about it." said Harry shaking his head.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence, firs semi-colon.

"That should have been a clue to someone that he was too big, especially for an eleven year old." said Mrs. Weasely bitterly.

End of sixth paragraph.
Sirius sat forward, his baring his teeth like vicious dog.

"Steady, steady..." growled Remus to himself.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

"Say it, don't spray it." said Hermione quietly, her eyes flashing in anger.

End of dialogue set.

"What 'M' word is he talking about?" asked Neville.

"Magic." said Harry simply.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He didn't threaten your fat, worthless son!" yelled Sirius angrily. "I'll show him threaten." he finished clenching his fist.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Abnormality? That's what he calls it?" said Draco viciously.

"He doesn't like anything out of his so-called norm." said Harry shrugging.

Seventh paragraph.

"That took her a while to do." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"I would have thought walrus, but I guess a rhino is good too." said Lee shrugging.

End of eighth paragraph.
"A bomb?" asked Remus, confused.

"It's like a firework, only louder, larger and lethal." said Dr. Clark sadly. "I've seen men, women and children blown to pieces by them."

"Merlin." said Remus gulping loudly.

"Why is it going over what we already know?" said Zacharias rolling his eyes.

"In past readings, more and more people have been added to the readings as the books go on. So the books recap themselves." said the lead Unspeakable nodding towards Dr. Clark, Tempest, and Firenze.

"Can't we cut these bits out, Speckerton?" asked Fudge to the head Unspeakable.

"No." he said plainly.

The current and past students cheered loudly.

"Not one person blames you." said Blaise, "I wouldn't want to go back there either."

Ginny looked at Harry, "That's called being....homesick."

"No one should be homesick, when they are home." said McGonagall sadly.

"Feeling was mutual." drawled Snape.

"Missed yeh too 'Arry." said Hagrid with a smile.
Fred and George whistled.

"Wasn't top-of-the-line much longer after that." said Draco with a sneer.

"What?" said Hermione and the teachers quickly.

"The only way we would kick you off the team, is if someone bans you." said Angelina scowling up to Umbridge.

"What would have happened if I did come to school and none of my homework was done? Would you have believed me?" asked Harry looking to the teachers.

"No, I don't think we would have." said McGonagall sadly. "But if we had, we would have given you a pass on the homework."

"My mom and dad are so proud of me, they brag to all my aunts and uncles." said Hermione, "Its' not right that they feel ashamed of you."

"That's not all that's wrong with them." mumbled Dr. Clark.

"That's cruel! She needs to stretch her wings!" shouted Charlie.
"Walrus!" shouted Fred.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence, second semi-colon.

"Horsie!" yelled George.

Thirteenth paragraph, end of first sentence.

"Piggy!" chanted the school's students.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence, sixth word.

"Attractive!" said Cho.

"Handsome!" said Ginny.

"Cute!" said the fourth year Gryffindor that kept trying to catch Harry's eye.

They all spoke at the same time, and their words were jumbled about. The three girls scowled at each other, as Harry looked at the three of them with a confused look.

"Think there’s going to be a cat-fight?" asked Fred eagerly.

"My money's on Ginny." said George.

"That's an easy bet." said Fred.

"Don't give those girls any idea!" scolded Mrs. Weasley.

"I think you better stop the fight, before it starts." said Dr. Clark quickly.

"If I knew how, I would." said Harry looking over to Ginny, worried. For she was still glaring at the two other girls.

"You are clueless about girls, aren't you?" said Sirius shaking his head and smiling broadly.

"Don't take any of his advice, Harry. I'm begging you." said Remus giving Sirius a scrutinizing look.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

"Funny, Harry." said George with a straight face.

"You don’t sound attractive," said Fred.

"Or handsome," said George.

"Or cute." the twins said together.
"I guess not." said Harry with a laugh.

Fourteenth paragraph.

"Now there is no reason for you to go back." said Sirius ruffling his godson's hair.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

A strong flinch went through the school.

Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

Sirius bowed his head, while Remus wiped a tear from his eye.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

Umbridge, who had been tied to the chair and gagged once again, thrashed about angrily. Whereas Fudge looked down in shame.

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"I wouldn't say 'brought up'. I would say 'beaten up'." said Madam Bones angrily.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

"Wasn't an accident." muttered Sirius furiously.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"How dare they!" shouted Mrs. Weasely angrily.

"Say one more crack about my dog form Sam, and I'll beat you senseless with this pillow." said Sirius to Dr. Clark, raising a large cushion.

"Why aren't you angry about this?" yelled Mrs. Weasely.

"They're already going to get their come-uppance, thanks to Madam Bones. All I'm asking is to go to their trial and the opportunity to smack Vernon about a few times." said Sirius with an evil grin.

Eighteenth paragraph, second sentence, first dash.
"You are getting, a cake, presents, a party, and anything else you could possibly want for your birthday this coming year.” said Sirius and Dr. Clark quickly. Remus took a piece of parchment out of his pocket and started writing ideas down for the party.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

"Your standards shouldn't have been so low." said Tonks angrily.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma, sixth word.

"He sounds like Umbridge." said Ginny with a smirk.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

"You mean to tell me that they are going to do something nice for your birthday?" asked Dr. Clark in amazement.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"What a...F#@&!#& BASTARD!" yelled Bill.

"WILLIAM!" screeched Mrs. Weasley.

"MOM! HE PUT HIS BUSINESS DEAL ON HIS NEPHEW'S BIRTHDAY!" yelled Bill.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence.

"Dinner party? Are they going to at least have cake for your birthday then?" asked Neville, trying to find the silver lining.

"Nope, they have another activity for me to do." said Harry with scowl.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

"Well, you love cooking right? You can at least make them enjoy their meal with your food." said Lavender hopefully.

"I'll explain when it comes around, why I won't be cooking that night." said Harry kicking the air.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
"Schedule? You don't have a schedule for a dinner party. You just enjoy yourself." said Bathilda Bagshot looking incredulous.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

"Is it a nice lounge?" asked Luna.

"It's clean, that's all I can say about it." said Harry with a scowl.

**End of dialogue set.**

"I wouldn't want to go anywhere near her." said Snape with a snarl.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Hell no! I don't want your pudgy hands all over my nice designer coat!" said Fred to an invisible Dudley.

**Dialogue line.**

"They'll hate him!" said George mimicking Aunt Petunia.

**Dialogue line.**

"Setting the table and putting the finishing touches on the food?" said Seamus half-heartedly.

**Dialogue line.**

"Wait, what? It's *your* birthday and you've got to stay in your room all night?" said Charlie looking at Harry in shock.

"That's one reason why the chapter is labeled 'Worst Birthday' I suppose." said Harry shrugging.

"One?" mouthed Sirius.

“Another reason is that they didn’t want me cooking. Thought I would screw up the food on purpose." said Harry with a scowl.
"Dinner should be served nice and hot, not freaking stone cold!" said Ron angrily.

"She kept the food in the oven, it only burnt a little." said Harry shrugging.

"I wouldn't let that wretched boy touch me." said McGonagall her nose turned upward.

"Neither would I." nodded Professor Sprout.

"Again, like Rebecca said, the only gentleman there is Harry." said Alicia

"I'm going to go out and enjoy my bloody birthday!" said Bill, speaking for Harry.

"I would have given anything to say that." said Harry laughing hard.

"He's still asking you what you are going to do? I'm gonna kill him." said Remus angrily. "He shouldn't...keep reminding you that your birthday isn't something to be recognized!"

Harry stared him with a large smile. "You better think about what you just said." said Harry with a laugh.

Remus thought quickly and then smacked himself in the forehead. "Oh...I didn't mean it!"

"I know you didn't, it's just so funny." said Harry laughing.

"Who plans a compliment?" said Hermione in disbelief.

"Dysfunctional people." said Ron rolling his eyes.
"Um...I take golfing lessons and I need a forty point handicap in mini-golf?" said Fred in a deep voice.

"The local consignment store." said George in a high-pitched voice.

"Really? Mind if you read a bit of it? Love to hear it." said Fred in the same deep voice.

"What a sap." said Blaise shaking his head.

"Oh, come on, Harry, laugh in his face! It's your birthday!" said Tonks eagerly.

"I get him, it's not much, but I get him." said Harry with a smirk.

"Is that when you used those things you got in the Wizard Crackers?" said Dean, remembering what Harry said.

"About seven days after I got back." said Harry with a smirk. "I heard Uncle Vernon complaining about gas he was getting from restaurant food. And he said he was getting boils from all the stress at work. So, I put the balloons in the bed, filled them only a little and didn't seal them all the way, and snuck into their room a few nights later and put the boils all over his face and arms."

"What did he do when he found out everything." said Remus anxiously, he loved hearing about pranks, but not if it meant his cub getting hurt.

"Well...um...he...can we forget about it?" said Harry helplessly.

"No. What..did..he..do?" said Sirius sternly.

Harry looked down in shame. "He...just..." he couldn't finish. He wasn't defending his Uncle's abusive ways, it was just...embarrassing. With all his brains and leg strength, he couldn't defend himself against his overstuffed Uncle.

"I guess...you'll tell us when you're ready." said Sirius in a defeated tone.

Professor Flitwick looked over to Harry sadly, then continued on.
"He's got a name you..." said Ginny, not finishing what she was saying.

"I'd a failed, miserably." said Lee, still laughing.

"They keep making you repeat it? That's got be some form of torture." said Charlie, his fists clenching.

"Too bad, the Masons might have loved you." said Angelina with a smile.

"She can't even make a decent cup of coffee." muttered Harry.

"How would he do that?" asked Fred curiously.

"I found a drill bit in the pork roast. Speaking of which...?" said Harry shrugging his shoulders. "He's not a smooth talker."

"Would that have worked?" asked Neville with a smile.

"Only if Aunt Petunia had cooked that night." said Harry with a smirk.

“If you didn’t cook then who did?” asked Neville.

“It was all frozen meat, and store-bought dessert.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Wow, that must have been a massive sale." said Hermione staring at Harry.

"Yeah, it was a big one." said Harry shaking his head.
That is, IF they took me.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Wouldn't they?” asked Hermione worriedly.

"They didn't need me there, there are tons of restaurants in Majorca." said Harry shrugging.

"Oh!” said Harry suddenly.

"What is it?” said Sirius quickly.

"Uncle Vernon did give me a present, though I shot it all to hell. Damn, it was a good one too.” said Harry disappointedly.

"What was it?” said Remus.

"It was a day, with no chores. And I screwed it up." said Harry sadly.

"How did you screw it up?” asked Ron.

"You'll find out later.” said Harry.

"At least the sun was shining on your birthday.” said Mrs. Weasley kindly to Harry.

"That's not a good thing, if it the sun shines on your birthday, your year will be smothered in darkness.” said Luna dreamily.

"Oh, that's not true!” said Hermione shortly.

"Oh, I don’t know, the past five years, there was sunshine on my birthday. And yeah, the years were sort of dark.” said Harry thoughtfully.

Luna smiled at him, while Hermione stared at him.

Lee stared at the book, "Wow, that's depressing.”

Fred dragged him over to himself and George and had a quick discussion. When Ron and Hermione caught wind of it, they also hurried over and plotted.

"That's never a good sign, seeing Fred and George smile like that.” said Harry worriedly.
"Ron and Hermione didn't even send you a card?" said Dr. Clark, looking angrily over to the two fifth years.

"We didn't forget!" said Hermione tearfully.

"They actually didn't, it'll say what happened to their letters." said Harry trying to ease the situation.

Sirius looked over to Harry sadly and pulled him into a tight hug. "You won't be lonely anymore cub." he said whispering in his ear.

“I know.” said Harry with a smile.

"We were!" said Ron.

"I didn't know that at the time. I found out what happened that night." said Harry quietly.

"And I did, mate, right as I got home! I told mom if you could come and stay for the whole summer. She reckoned, at the time anyway, that you wanted to spend a bit of time with your family.” said Ron.

"Do it! You shouldn't be there!" said Sirius loudly.

"Bull$#!%. do it!" said Sirius again.

"SIRIUS! Watch your mouth!" said Mrs. Weasely angrily.

Several students snorted with laughter.

"You only would have stopped at dung beetles? I would have gone past that and straight to dung!"
said Charlie laughing loudly.

"I didn't want to hurt them." said Harry quietly.

"Why the hell not?" asked Remus stunned.

"They hit me unprovoked, I didn't want to be just like them." said Harry, looking away from the large gathering, a grimace of pain on his lips.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, end of third sentence.

"Wait, what? They would have locked you up? If you hadn't of threatened them with magic?" said Remus angrily.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Which was about as fast as a flooberworm's crawl." said Harry with a smirk.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, fifth sentence, first dash.

"Wow, you didn't even want to make fun of Dudley anymore?" said Neville with a shocked look.

"I was depressed." said Harry quietly.

"Are you still, depressed." asked Dr. Clark quickly.

"With all the stuff going on, especially after last year? To be honest, how can anyone expect me to be anything else?" muttered Harry shaking his head.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry quickly. He met Harry’s eyes, without speaking they agreed to have a talk later.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

"Honestly! We didn't!" said Hermione fretfully.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

"Voldemort? You would welcome a glimpse of him?" said Remus faintly.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

"Forget You-Know-Who, the foe that holds his attention at all times..." said Fred in a dramatic tone.
"Is the little twit of Slytherin House!" said George.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

"Last year sounded more like a nightmare, than a dream." said Tonks.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"First part, yeah, last part....not so much..." said Bill cracking a smile.

"Oi! Bill!" said Fred looking indignant.

"Leave the comedy to the professionals!" said George annoyed.

"I would if there were some comedians here." said Bill nastily.

Fred and George stared at their oldest brother, while Lee was rolling on the floor laughing.

"Ouch! That's gotta hurt!" wheezed Lee.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

"You have such an interesting way of describing things Harry, and very accurate too." said Dumbledore kindly.

"I wouldn't even try and think about Voldemort." said Dr. Clark with a shudder.

"You...said...his name!" said Ron stunned.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Dr. Clark.

"Do me a favor, just say the stupid name." said Harry shaking his head.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, fifth sentence, second comma.

"You're not kidding." said Terry shaking his head.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Sirius, without speaking, pulled Harry up and placed him onto his lap.

"What the..." said Harry confused.

Sirius only hugged him tighter.
"What? Who was looking at you?" asked Lavender.

"You'll find out later." said Harry with a small smile.

"Now who the hell is it?" said Tonks angrily.

"Wonderful, you know what day it is." said Kingsley shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

People began to laugh and clutch at their sides.

"That's right, don't take your eyes off it. Never know what it might be." said Moody.

Kingsley and Harry smiled at each other.

“You two are freaking awesome!” said Fred clutching his side.

“Too cool!” Said George.

“Why do you only use this attitude on Dudley and Malfoy?” asked Charlie to Harry.

“That hurt, that really hurt.” said Harry from Sirius’s lap.

“It’s okay cub.” said Sirius. “You don’t need to deal with him anymore.”
Thirty-third paragraph.

“Gross!” yelled Lavender or Parvati.

Dialogue line.

“It was those creepy eyes that stared at me. I wanted to know whose stalking me’.” said Ernie with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Umbridge started to wrestle out of her bonds and tried hard to yell something out.

“You might as well just shut up, ’cause we aren’t going to listen to you.” said Nightstrike.

“I think she wants to yell at Harry for threatening the young Dursley.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third dash.

“Like that would be a bad thing, really.” said Ron rolling his eyes.

End of dialogue set.

“Bull! You had the whole entire Weasely family to take you in.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Malfroy started laughing, “What the hell was that, Potter?”

“In the muggle world, those might count as incantations.” said Harry with a smile.

“Dumbest thing I’ve ever heard.” Malfroy said shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

“He needs a smack, badly.” said Malfroy and Blaise.
“I’ll give him ‘you-know-what’.” said Ginny clenching her fist.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.
The laughter died almost immediately.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.
Before Harry could reassure her that he was fine, Madam Pomfrey came over and examined his head.

“It said I ducked. That means it missed me.” said Harry calmly.

“Can’t be too careful.” she said, not stopping her inspection until she was absolutely sure nothing was broken or bruised.

“Besides, Poppy,” said Nicodemus. “The pod he was in would have healed all broken bones, lacerations, gashes, and some other forms of injury.”

Lionus looked over to Nicodemus, he felt that the doctor held back slightly, the doctor slipped him a small note and Lionus slyly read it. His eyes widened slightly and he looked over to the doctor, who nodded solemnly.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

“What? They wouldn’t have fed you till you finished doing stuff?” said Ron quietly.

“That is how I ruined the birthday present Uncle Vernon gave me.” said Harry with a smirk.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.
“He’s not the child that needs the extra nourishment!” said Madam Pomfrey.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, end of first sentence.
Everyone sat and stared Harry.

“You had to do all that in one day, and on your birthday?” asked Dr. Clark.

“And you had to get it all done before you could eat?” said Ron weakly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.
“Explains the nasty sunburn you had on your neck.” said Fred staring at Harry.
“You really shouldn’t have dear,” said Mrs. Weasley looking slightly guilty. Were her son’s telling her the truth all those years ago?

Ron and Hermione looked over to him, they had a strange, worried look on their faces.

Both Draco and Snape cringed in their seats. They really did misjudge Harry. They thought he led the perfect life, now they realized…this was far from even a decent life.

“What time did you start all this?” asked Bill angrily.

“Maybe nine o’clock in the morning.” said Harry thinking back.

“So you worked your butt off for ten hours, in the hot sun, too? Jeez, a twelve year old shouldn’t have to work that long.” said Bill shaking his head. “I would love to see them try and do days like that.” he finished angrily.

“She bought that at a store.” said Harry. “Cost her about thirty one pounds.”

“Why didn’t she just have you make it?” asked Hermione.

“I was busy with my punishment.” said Harry shrugging.

“That is all she can do for food. Thaw out the meat I season.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“That isn’t a meal!” said Ron and Mrs. Weasely furiously.
All that work you did, that was all you got?” said Neville sadly.

Remus, Sirius and Dr. Clark were snarling at the book in Professor Flitwick’s arms. Madam Bones wrote a little note on a piece of parchment.

End of dialogue set.

“I hate that color, it’s her favorite.” said Harry bitterly.

Fortieth paragraph, second sentence.

“Was there even a crumb left on the plate?” asked Tonks angrily.

“Nope, I picked up every last one.” said Harry quietly.

End of fortieth paragraph.

Forty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“Bow ties are so horrible, worst fashion accessory for men…ever…created…” said Parvati.

End of forty-first paragraph.

“Doorbell rang, dumb@$.” said Charlie.

“CHARLES!” scolded Mrs. Weasely.

“Hey! He ain’t worth respecting!” said Charlie to his mother, he was even angrier than she was.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph, first comma.

“I would have stomped, and made sure that the Masons heard me.” said Seamus.

End of forty-second paragraph.

“Well, sleeping will keep you out of trouble, and you could use the rest after that waste of a day.” said Sirius holding onto Harry still.

End of chapter.
“What? Who the hell is on your bed?” asked Dean.

“You’ll find out soon.” said Harry.

“You say that one more time, and I’m gonna snap.” said Sirius sternly.

“What else am I going to say?” asked Harry innocently.

“How about telling us what happens.” said Sirius.

“I don’t want to, ruins the surprise.” smirked Harry.

“You’re just asking for it, aren’t you?” said Sirius with a playful scowl.
“Who would like to read now?” asked Professor Flitwick to the group of people.

“Guess I will again, sir.” said Bill when he saw no one raising their hands.

Bill took the book and opened to the chapter they were going to start on.

“Second Chapter title.” said Bill to the group.

“Dobby?” said Draco quietly. “Who’s he warning?”

“You know him?” asked Blaise quietly.

“Yeah, I do.” whispered Draco.

“Wait, wasn’t that the name of that house-elf from Dumbledore’s office?” asked Sirius, who didn’t hear what Draco had said.


“Yes, Harry?” said Dumbledore.

“What ever happened to…?” said Harry carefully.

“He’s back down in the kitchens.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“If I had yelled, I’m pretty sure that they would have heard me downstairs.” said Harry with a smile.

“And that wouldn't have been a good thing.” said Sirius not smiling.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“That’s where the eyes from the hedge came from!” said Tonks excitedly.
“See! Harry knew it too!” said Tonks excitedly.

Moody rolled his eyes.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Just as rehearsed.” said Hannah rolling her eyes.

Third paragraph.

“Why is it wearing that?” asked Lavender crinkling her nose in disgust.

“It’s the mark of a house-elf’s enslavement. While a house-elf is enslaved to a family, it doesn’t wear regular clothes. They feel that they shouldn’t be allowed to, not being regular members of the family. They attach themselves to a family,( or when they reach adulthood in a family their parents served), after about a month or two, they find a sheet, or something, with their master’s scent on it and wear it. The scent serves as a constant reminder that they belong to someone.” said Harry whipping out his little black book and flipping to a certain page.

“They don’t even wash it really, if it is washed, then it loses the master’s scent. Some people have an assortment of different things for their house-elf wears, different pillowcases and other things with the family crest. Each thing has their scent, that way, they look presentable if the house-elf is seen.” said Harry, still looking at his little book passively.

“If a family has a house-elf, the family only has one chore to do about the house, and that’s laundry.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Why does the family have to do their own laundry?” asked Colin. “My mum hates doing that.”

“If you give a house-elf an article of clothing, it could even be a single, solitary sock,” said Harry with a smile, enjoying his little inside joke. “That means that the house-elf is free and must leave your house, and never to return. House-elves don’t like that one bit.”

“Why not? If it means that they get their freedom?” asked Justin, Hermione looked over to Harry quickly.

“House-elves don’t need to eat or drink, hell, they don’t even sleep really, unless they are very ill. The thing that gives them sustenance, and gives them energy, is the comfort they give to others.” said Harry with a fleeting look over to Hermione, who looked shocked.

“Allow me to explain. Imagine you eating a large plate of, well, bacon, eggs, sausages and other things in the morning.” said Dumbledore interjecting. “That gives you energy that lasts till you eat lunch. The same energy you get from breakfast is the exact same energy they get from let’s say, picking up the dormitories and/or making dinner. If you take that away, by giving them clothes, then you are basically starving them to death. If they don’t have a family to care for, then they slowly fade away to nothing.”

“But most families don’t have house-elves and want them, why don’t the house-elves find those families?” asked Charlie looking over to his mother quickly.
“Not many people want a house-elf that had been dismissed. They have the misconception that the house-elf had done something seriously wrong. Which doesn’t happen, they are mostly dismissed out of misplaced anger, or the house-elf didn’t overcome a personal fear they had. Or if the owner was attempting to be kind and let them go.” said Harry looking over to Hermione, his tone was gentle, but Hermione only looked at him in horror.

“There are only about twenty-two hundred house-elves left in this world due to the stupidity of wizard’s and witches.” said Dumbledore thinking deeply.

Hermione looked down in shame, as did a majority of the others in the Great Hall.

“Great thing about Hogwarts and other magical schools is that they take in the dismissed house-elves with open arms. They welcome them gratefully, ‘cause if they didn’t then they would have to hire wizards, or witches to clean up after all the students.” said Harry with a smile.

“And what is wrong with that!” said Hermione indignantly.

Harry sighed, shook his head and looked over to her. “If they had to pay for people to clean up after the students and cook for them, than that would take away from the school’s fund for Muggleborns and orphaned wizarding children. When you first came here, you and a bunch of others, there was a fund for you all to get books, wands, and such like that. You didn’t need to pay for anything, that money is there for you to use, at least the first year.”

“Hogwarts has more than enough money!” said Draco indignanty.

“And that is because we employs house-elves, if we didn’t then the school wouldn’t be able to support itself. If the house-elves didn’t have schools to go to when they get dismissed for no reason, they would disappear. So it’s a mutualism.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“What the hell is a mootcha-whatever?” asked Fred wonderingly.

“A mutualism is a relationship between two living things, in which both things get something out of the partnership. Like the bees and flowers, flowers can’t reproduce until they get pollinated by another flower. Bees need the nectar for food. While the bee gets the nectar, pollen is attached to the bee and the bee goes to another flower, after that, a seed forms, and that’s how flowers reproduce.” said Harry. “Sorry if I stated the obvious.” he added with a smile up to Professor Sprout.

“Trust me, Mr. Potter, any extra knowledge is greatly appreciated.” said Professor Sprout with a beaming smile.

Dialogue line.

“Some of the students here could also use some knowledge in manners from you as well.” Professor Sprout added with a giggle.

Dialogue line.

“Indeed it is.” said Dumbledore quietly.
“Was finding someone in your room so shocking that you needed to sit down?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I had a very long day, and I didn’t really know what to do in this situation.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Normally, she has a fit when someone is in the room with me.” said Harry with a smile. “But she was so bored and tired; she didn’t give much of a damn.”

“Good choice.” said McGonagall approvingly.

“And you managed to find out what he was at the same time.” said Sirius. Dr. Clark was still trying to wrap his mind around the concept of house-elves; his head was starting to hurt. He’d have to have a chat with Remus about them later.

“So there was a house-elf in that house.” said Madam Bones looking up to Fudge.

“D-D-Doesn’t mean that the elf used the Hover Charm.” said Fudge nervously.

“It really wasn’t, if Uncle Vernon had heard him and found Dobby there, I don’t think it would have gone very well.” said Harry, mostly to himself.

Growls cascaded through the Great Hall.

“I wouldn’t be hanging my head, I’d be covering my ears.” said Michael whispering to Terry.

“I don’t think that the elf was hanging his head because of the laughter, mate.” said Terry with a smirk.

“I would like to know that too.” said Draco wonderingly.
“Why are you so concerned about that elf?” asked Blaise. “When Potter was talking about house-elves you were cringing all over the place.”

“I’ll tell you later.” mouthed Draco.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“You’re wonderful, Harry.” cooed the fourth year Gryffindor.

“Who is that? She keeps looking over here.” asked Sirius to Remus.

“That’s Romilda Vane. I remember her from my teaching here. She was always sort of…clingy.” said Remus.

“Just what you need, a bloody stalker.” whispered Sirius to Harry. “Don’t talk with her; they tend to get a bit, whacked out.”

“He knows all about ‘stalker girls’.” said Remus with a smirk.

**Fifth paragraph.**

“Oh dang, I hope they don’t hear you downstairs.” said Remus worriedly.

**Dialogue line.**

“He’s never been asked to sit down before?” asked Ginny.

“Apparently not, at least, not in a polite way.” said Dumbledore.

**Sixth paragraph.**

“Oh no. this isn’t good.” moaned Mr. Weasely.

**Dialogue line.**

“You didn’t offend him, they are just very sensitive for some reason.” said Fred rolling his eyes.

**Dialogue line.**

“They are just as good!” shrieked Hermione. “They are no less of people than we are!”

“That’s not the kind of equality he was talking about, Hermione, though I didn’t know it at the
time. When a house-elf talks about ‘equality’ he’s talking about friendship and camaraderie. There aren’t many wizards at all that will sit down and listen to a house-elf, let alone have a civil conversation.” said Harry over to Hermione.

“But still…” said Hermione angrily.

“But nothing, Hermione, it’s great what you are trying to do, I respect that. There isn’t a person with a soul that doesn’t respect that. But you have to realize something. Humans and house-elves don’t always have the same point of view of things. The same thing can be said about the centaurs, giants, mer-people, goblins, and other magical entities. We can’t think that we all have the same points of view on things. We can think that we are doing what is best for them, what we view as right and just, in their eyes, we are just destroying everything they hold dear.”

Tempest and Firenze both nodded and marveled at the wisdom coming from such a young child.

“I just didn’t want them working so hard!” said Hermione irritably.

“Did you even sit down and ask a house-elf about their history or their feelings? That’s where I got all my information.” said Harry with a smile. “Them working hard is the same way as Ron gorging out on food. They love it; they can’t get enough of it. You can ask them, the next time you go down in the kitchens, Hermione. Let’s let Bill continue and you can chalk that up to another thing you and I have to have a discussion on when this is done.”

Seventh paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“I hope I did, he looked pretty upset.” said Harry with a concerned look.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“It’s not a word, but that describes what he was doing.” said Harry with a slight smile.

Seventh paragraph, end of first sentence.

“You make one more comment on how that’s not nice, I’m never making those triple chocolate chip cookies you love so much, again.” said Harry, not looking at Remus, whose mouth was opened, prepared to tell Harry off, quickly snapped shut.

End of seventh paragraph.

“….Peter used to look at us like that.” said Remus tensely.

Dialogue line.

“That was the completely wrong thing to say.” said Snape shaking his head. He was well aware of
whose house-elf he was.

Eighth paragraph.

“Is there something wrong with that house-elf? Why is he doing that?” asked Dean quickly.

“You’ll find out.” said Harry simply.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first dash.

“I was sure that Uncle Vernon had heard that.” said Harry quietly.

End of dialogue set.

“Even more noise for Uncle Vernon to hear.” said Sirius worriedly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Just about got a fractured skull there.” said Madam Pomfrey bitterly. She hated any sort of harm to any creature, be it human or non.

End of dialogue set.

“So if he bad mouths his family, he’s got to smack himself?” asked Dean. “My mom would really like that ability stuck on me when I take the mickey out of my cousins.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So, it’s sort of obvious that he doesn’t like his family that he serves…wow…he must have a miserable life.” said Bill thoughtfully.

Draco shifted uneasily again.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

“Definitely not.” said Ernie.
“Poor Dobby!” said Padma with saddened look on her face.

“Hell! That’s got to hurt.” said Seamus holding his ears.

“I would kinda notice someone slamming their ears in the oven.” said Fred nodding.

“I’m going to curse the family that has ownership over that poor little elf!” muttered Mrs. Weasely threateningly.

Draco shifted even more uneasily. He was remembering Mrs. Weasely’s howler and he hoped that she would never find out that Dobby belonged to his family.

“He can’t, not until his family sets him free. Or unless he passes away.” said Remus sadly.

“Now you think a house-elf has a worse life than you?” said Sirius in shock.

“Well, my opinion at the time was that they really did. I didn’t have to slam my ears in an oven when I didn’t do something, or went were I wasn’t supposed to be.” said Harry honestly.

“I like how you said ‘almost’.” smirked Dr. Clark.
“Oh, Harry! You’re so noble!” cooed Romilda.

Harry looked over at her and stared, then at Ginny who was looking at him in a confused way.

“I don’t know what she’s on about.” mouthed Harry.

“I know what it is, I recognize the symptoms.” she mouthed back with a smile.

**Eleventh paragraph.**

“The day I need to be absolutely silent, I get a noisy house-guest.” said Harry with a smile.

**Dialogue line.**

“What would have happened?” said Sirius quickly.

Harry ignored him, much to his and some other people’s dismay.

“Harry, I think we need to have a chat later, about what has been going on in the Dursleys’ house.” said Dr. Clark solemnly. “No holding back.”

Harry looked down, “Yes, sir.”

**Dialogue line.**

“No surprise.” said Snape quietly, giving Draco a knowing looking.

**Twelfth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

“Aww! Harrykins is blushing!” cooed Fred and George.

**End of twelfth paragraph.**

“On paper, maybe.” said Hermione with a fake pout.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

Hermione’s pout went away quickly and she looked over to him in anguish.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.**

“He is actually.” said Remus smiling over at the young man.
“Yeah, I hate it when you say it too.” said Ron.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Ron scratched his head and looked over to Harry sadly.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Yeah, but he won’t talk about it.” said Ron with a chuckle.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Makes me sound like a knight from King Arthur’s time.” said Harry with a blush.

End of dialogue set.

“Huh? Why the hell not?” asked Sirius worriedly.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“At least they ignored the noise he was making.” said Dr. Clark with a sigh.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

Bill froze after he read those words, then he and the rest of the school turned slowly towards him and stared.

“What did you mean by that, Harry?” asked Kingsley.

Harry refused to speak, but shifted in the bowl uncomfortably. Sirius moaned loudly and held him
tightly. “You ever feel like that again, you let me know, I don’t want you to…” he couldn’t finish it.

“I won’t I promise I won’t.” said Harry whispering in Sirius’ ear.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I’m sorry Harry, but he’s as dumb as a box of cauldron cakes. You are not safe there in any sense of the word.” said Remus irritated.

End of dialogue set.

“Apparently, if he had stayed at Privet Drive much longer, He might not of been around much longer he won’t have to worry about the mortal danger at Hogwarts.” said Sirius still holding onto Harry. He was greatly relieved to hear Harry promise that he wasn’t going to hurt himself, but it didn’t stop him from worrying.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Nothing different than any other year.” said Ron with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

Zacharias scoffed. “He’s nothing special.”

He had to duck down quickly to avoid flying objects that came from the Gryffindor table, but mostly they were enchanted over by Sirius and thrown by Dr., Clark.

“Listen, brat, we don’t know who the hell you are, but you’d better take care not to push your luck with us.” said Sirius and Dr. Clark together.

Zacharias sneered over to them and rolled his eyes. Sirius and Dr. Clark wanted to hurl more things at him, but were stopped by Remus and Harry.

“He’s not worth the time. Let it go.” they said simply.

Dialogue line.

“He might not be able to, especially if it’s his master plotting them.” said Moody.
“That means that it is Dobby’s master.” Moody growled.

“That’s an unpleasant thought to you?” said Fred staring at him. Harry merely shrugged.

“So it’s not Voldemort, then who the heck is it?” said Bill looking up from the book.

“You aren’t the only one.” said Charlie.

“That would be frightening, wonder if they would have a resemblance?” said George with a snigger.

“George!” shouted Mrs. Weasely fearfully.

“What?” asked Fred innocently.

“Mum, he’s not here to hear what we’re saying, he won’t know if I insult him or not.” said George.

“That reminds me, remember in the last book, when you bounced snowballs off Quirrell’s turban?” said Harry with a smirk.

“Yeah, what about it?” asked George.

“Oh, man…George!” said Fred grabbing his twin’s arm. “Remember what was under that turban?” George thought quickly than paled, he turned to Fred; both of their mouths were slackened.

“We smacked You-Know-Who with snowballs…in the face.” they whispered together. Then they turned to Dumbledore and Harry.

“Save us…..” they said in hushed voices.

“You two better write a will quick.” said Lee, trying not to laugh.
“It’s not funny!” screeched Mrs. Weasely.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Voldemort was the only one with the stupidity to try and do something at Hogwarts with Dumbledore there.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

“There isn’t a creature that speaks that doesn’t know who Dumbledore is.” said Firenze.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set,

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Dobby is going to get you killed.” said Dr. Clark.

Harry looked up in the air and whistled innocently.

“What are you whistling for?” asked Bill.

“First Quidditch game of the year.” he said plainly.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Oh, no! Harry! Run!” shouted Seamus.

Dialogue line.

“You don’t run, but you do stuff Dobby somewhere safe and you lay on the bed like nothing is going on? Do you welcome pain?” asked Dean.

“No, it’s just I know that there was nowhere to go.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“He had better not hurt you.” snarled Sirius.
“Those kind of jokes are the worst jokes on the planet.” said Fred, George, Lee and Professor Flitwick together.

“Madam Bones, I’m begging you, let me at them, three minutes is all I’m asking.” said Sirius and Remus pleadingly.

“The Masons are going to wonder what is going on upstairs, if he keeps stomping around.” said Luna dreamily.

“You do Harry!” said Hermione almost in tears.

“Hey! How did he know?” asked Anthony Goldstein.

“That’s what I want to know!” said Anthony.

“I wasn’ too sure if yeh got the letter.” said Hagrid. “I’m sorry tha’ I didn’ check on yeh.”
“It would take more than that to keep me from Hogwarts.” said Harry defiantly.

“Just tell him yes, than go anyway!” said Tonks anxiously.

“I couldn’t.” said Harry looking over to her.

“Why the bloody hell not?” said Tonks angrily.

“He was asking for my word. I would have had to promise not to go. I couldn’t give him that.” said Harry quietly.

“What do they mean ‘cat like’?” asked George.

Harry sighed and took out his wand and conjured a staircase with exactly twelve steps on it, with a landing above. Harry climbed the stairs and crossed the landing.

“I did this.” he said simply.

He ran over the landing ran down the stairs and jumped the last six steps. He landed on his hands and brought his feet down after himself.

“Wow…that’s cool!” whistled Fred and George.

“How the hell did you get so agile, with all the beatings your uncle did?” asked Colin in wonder.

“Lots of practice.” said Harry.

“Why would you practice stuff like that?” asked Colin.

Harry only smiled.
“You don’t have much of a stomach to start with.” said Sirius tickling his godson’s stomach. Harry, laughingly, fell victim to his godfathers tickling and could find no means of escape.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence first comma.**

“Her paid-for masterpiece.” said Hermione rolling her eyes.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph, end of first sentence.**

“Did it just say floating?” said Madam Bones cautiously.

**End of thirty-fourth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Harry’s begging? He never begs!” said Fred looking horrorstruck at Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Quit being noble and lie to him!” screeched Tonks.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“Ever since then, every time someone said ‘for your own good.’ I don’t believe them, especially after what happened next.” said Harry with a frown. Dumbledore and Mrs. Weasley both looked apologetically over to him.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph.**

Fudge stared at the book in shock. Harry was telling the truth? Umbridge only rolled her eyes and groaned, but with her mouth gagged, no one else heard her.

“So it was a house-elf. Mr. Potter I would like to offer an apology, for holding you accountable for the Hover charm in your house. I don’t really see how we could have mixed up the aura signatures. I wonder who was working that night.” said Madam Bones thoughtfully.
“You’ll find out who and what happened afterwards.” said Harry sadly.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Oh, shit.” said Draco.

“You aren’t kidding.” said Blaise.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“What did the Masons say about that?” asked Hermione.

“Before Uncle Vernon took them back to the other room, Mrs. Mason wiped my face with her handkerchief, surprisingly she was actually a nice lady. She asked if I was alright and if I had hurt myself. Mr. Mason even asked what I liked to do, it was kinda hard to play along with what Uncle Vernon described me as. I had to say I liked…finger-painting.” said Harry with a smirk.

“You actually did like painting with your fingers…when you were a year old, and that was with mashed peas and banana mush.” said Remus laughing hard.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“I’m gonna….” said Sirius threateningly. Remus’ fists were clenched and Dr. Clark growled menacingly.

The rest of the school were quietly discussing what they would love to do if they had five minutes alone with them.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence, second comma.

“Your Uncle terrifies you that bad?” asked Dennis anxiously.

Harry only looked down at his knees. “He used to, yeah.” he said finally.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Didn’t the Masons wonder why you were cleaning?” said Hermione.

“Uncle Vernon said that my therapist told them to teach me not to make messes.” said Harry shaking his head. “They bought it, no fault of their own.”

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“What owl?” asked Colin. “Did Hedwig get out?”
“Nope.” said Harry simply.

Fortieth paragraph, first sentence.

The Ministry officials stared in amazement. A letter from the wizarding world came and landed right in front of a whole living room full of muggles. Fudge smacked his forehead.

End of fortieth paragraph.

“That’s one sick joke.” said Fred shaking his head.

Forty-first paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“I didn’t expect a letter to show up then and there, and I wasn’t all together sure what Uncle Vernon was going to do.” said Harry weakly.

End of forty-first paragraph.

“Sounds like the same glint in his eyes that was in the first scroll.” said Sirius weakly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Letter from the Ministry

“That explains it. Mafalda never looks at the monitoring instruments.” said Madam Bones angrily. “She just sends the letters, doesn’t matter if it’s life threatening or a magical creature near you.”

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You…He’d better not touch you.” said Sirius quietly, a storm of thunderous fury raging in his eyes.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Little balls of light appeared out of the book and circled around.
“NO! I…he didn’t….!” shouted Sirius.

But it was too late.

They found themselves in the Dursleys living room, they saw the tail-lights of the Mason’s car light cast a red glow on the windows. Then they saw Vernon taking a hold of twelve year old Harry’s wrist and dragging him upstairs. Laughing as if some demon had taken a hold of him. Sirius looked to the present day Harry worriedly, but Harry only clutched at his arm and rubbed it absently. Younger Harry's face was contorted with fear and he tried to escape his uncle's grip, but the man's hand was so tightly clenched his wrist that there were bruises forming slowly on the white skin.

Like the Recollection Scrolls, the scene shifted and they found Harry, slightly bloodied but mostly bruised, gasping for air. Uncle Vernon was still in the room, looking down on the unfortunate boy, laughing.

“You’re never going to that freak place again, boy! You better get comfortable, you’re going to be here a long time.” he said, giving Harry one last kick to the stomach and then slamming the door.

The Watchers looked over to Harry, who was being almost squeezed to death by Remus, Sirius and Dr. Clark. Then they noticed Hedwig fluttering and clicking her beak angrily at the door. By the looks of it, she wanted to rip open the cage and attack the man who had hurt her master.

Twelve year old Harry remained on the floor and grasping at the covers of the bed. He slowly reached under the bed and pulled out a small box.

“Never thought I would need these so soon.” he said pulling out a crystal phial. He dipped his finger in the phial and gently rubbed it on the open sores on his face and on the bruises. He poured the rest of the potion down his throat. He felt the area where his ribs were and a little while later, he released an enormous sigh of relief.

“This beats snapping my bones back into place.” said Harry with a smile up to Hedwig.

Harry lifted himself slowly onto the bed and groaned as he laid down.

“Yeah, Dobby, I’m really safe here.” he said sarcastically as sleep claimed his pain racked body.

“Wish I could get away from here.”

The balls of light left each person and were brought back to the Great Hall. People shifted uneasily and dried their eyes quickly.

“I hate those things.” whimpered Remus, burying his face in Harry’s hair.

Madam Bones looked at Harry in horror. “Oh, Mr. Potter, I’m so sorry. We will be making restitution to you, believe me.” she wiped a tear away from eyes. “I-I’m sorry.”
Bill coughed nervously, he was unsure if he should continue.

“Please, Mr. Weasely,” said Dumbledore quietly, knowing what was on the young man’s mind. “The sooner Harry gets away from them, the better.”

“I agree.” said Sirius darkly.

**Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.**

Mrs. Weasely paled even further and stared at Harry.

“What excuse did he give the man to put the bars on your window?” asked Hermione, she was seething with anger more than Harry had ever seen her.

“He told the man that I had seizures and fell through the window.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

**End of forty-sixth paragraph.**

“THOSE MONSTERS!” screeched Mrs. Weasely and McGonagall.

Dumbledore had a hand to throat and the other to his mouth. He had once again taken the same shade of white that his beard was.

**Forty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.**

“Really?” asked Lionus, his jaw clenched but his voice soft.

“Not without getting smacked around even more.” said Harry.

“I am amazed you couldn’t find a way out.” said Lionus.

“The last confrontation sort of knocked the fight out of me.” said Harry quietly.

Dumbledore paled even further and gulped loudly. What had he done?

**End of forty-seventh paragraph.**

**Forty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.**

“That’s the understatement of the year.” said Fred snarling.

**End forty-eighth paragraph.**

Lavender and Parvati held each other tightly.
Forty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

Madam Pomfrey’s lip trembled and blew her nose quickly. Harry took the opportunity to summon the bowls of candied chestnuts from down in the kitchen.

“Snacks anyone?” he said as he magicked the chestnuts into smaller bowls and levitated each small bowl to a person. He himself took a larger bowl and placed it on his lap, well within reaching distance of the three men and passing distance of Dumbledore.

“What are those?” asked Remus weakly, he was still reeling from the Scattered Shot.

“Candied chestnuts.” he said popping one of the small nuts in his mouth. No one else reached for the small chestnuts, they just looked at the ground, seething with anger towards the Dursleys.

Bill looked over to Harry with a curious expression, and then continued on.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You’re starving death, you only have one bowl of soup to eat, and you give half of it to Hedwig?” said Dumbledore, looking at Harry with higher reverence.

Fiftieth paragraph.

“My cores were taking most of the nutrients from the food, before my body could even utilize it.” said Harry. “Speaking of which, how come the Ministry thought I could use magic outside of school? I was told by Madam Pomfrey the end of first year that I couldn’t even summon sparks out of my wand. Surely she sent a notice or something?”

“Mafalda must not have looked your file then either, it would have had it in big bold letters if you were suffering from magic fatigue.” said Madam Bones bitterly.

Fifty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“Most assuredly, Potter.” drawled Snape.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

“I, personally, would have come and persuaded them to let you go.” said Dumbledore with a furious growl in his voice.

Fifty-second paragraph.

“You’d better get some food in your stomach in the next few hours.” said Madam Pomfrey, getting more and more worried by the minute.
Fifty-third paragraph.

Bill held the book at arm’s length and looked slowly over to Harry.

“I’ve had some whacked out dreams before,” said Bill slowly, “but this one…” he whistled.

End of chapter.

“Ron came to save you?” said Sirius stunned.

“And Fred and George.” said Harry with a smile.

Sirius looked over to the three Weasely children.

“I could *kiss* you!” he said smiling broadly.

“Please don’t.” said Ron, Fred and George leaning back with their tongues sticking out.
“Who wants to read now?” asked Bill.

“Can I?” said Dr. Clark.

“Sure you want to?” said Remus faintly.

“Why not?” said Dr. Clark. “It sounds like Harry escapes.”

He took the book and read the title, he looked a little puzzled.

“Third Chapter title. What burrow are they talking about?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It’s sort of the name of our house.” said Fred shrugging.

“Oh! Okay!” said Dr. Clark with a smile. “Then he does get away.”

Dialogue line.

“You looked like you got hit with a brick. It was really funny.” said Ron with a smirk.

First paragraph, second sentence.

Several first years looked at the Weasely’s with shocked looks. Their faces slowly turned to intense excitement. They wanted to know what else the twins and Ron would do next.

End of first paragraph.

“Like we would let Ickle...*cough*...we could let Ron go on a rescue mission alone.” said Fred, catching himself quickly.

Dialogue line.

“Just looking at him, I should have known he wasn’t alright. Last we saw him, he had some meat on his bones, looking at him then, his skin was getting tighter to his bones. Hell, he didn’t look much better than Quirrell did in that Scattered Shot.” said Fred trying hard to suppress a shudder.
I didn’t know someone was stealing your mail, mate.” said Ron apologetically.

Umbridge strained against the ropes and the gag once again.

“What’s the problem now?” said Lionus rolling his eyes.

“I think it’s complaining that Mr. Weasely knew about it.” said Tempest looking over at Umbridge haughtily.

“How did you find out about Potter’s warning?” asked Fudge suspiciously.

“Mafalda never keeps secrets, she tells everyone who’ll listen who uses magic outside of school.” said Madam Bones rolling her eyes. “It’s no surprise that he heard about it.”

“Nice to know you guys believed me.” said Harry with a smirk.

“I think we were more shocked by how you looked and the bars on the window.” said George trying to apologize.

“That’s a gray area.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“You don’t listen to him do you?” said Dr. Clark looking over at Ron with raised eyebrows.

“We planned to tell him off, but the speech sort of fell apart.” said Fred.

“When we saw him locked up.” said George quietly. “And saw the state he was in.”

“Did you just ask them to go and find a teacher and rescue you?” asked Sirius worriedly.

“I was kinda desperate.” said Harry shrugging.
Sirius stared at him with his mouth open.

Dialogue line.

“You make it sound like he’s a puppy.” said Anthony with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“He’s got you there.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

“There’s nothing we can’t do.” said Fred and George with broad smiles.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Now I think he really meant it.” said Fred quietly to George.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“Wow, she’s brilliant.” said Dr. Clark leaning over and stroking Hedwig’s feathers.

“She sure is.” said Harry with a smile.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

"Yay! Jailbreak!" shouted Sirius happily.

"I knew you were going to say something like that." said Remus shaking his head.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Hey! They were heavy!" said Ron to the snickers that crept through the hall.

End of second paragraph.
"Not even snoring?" asked Fred looking confused.

"No, only Dudley snores." said Harry.

**Third paragraph.**

"Wait a minute. How old were you?" asked Lionus.

"Um, we were, what Fred, fourteen?" said George.

"Wow, you were able to drive with that much precision? I’m impressed." said Lionus with a smile.

Fred and George beamed at each other.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Harry, wands, books, cauldrons and broomsticks can be replaced, you can’t be." said Dumbledore sadly over to Harry.

Harry shifted uneasily in the bowl.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Never saw him look so desperate." said Fred shaking his head.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

"And you thought leaping cat-like was impressive? You guys looked like had practiced that." said Harry with a smile.

"Well, one never knows when one has to save someone from a second floor, locked bedroom and you need to climb over a car seat to do it." said Fred with mock dignity.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

"And you couldn’t think of that?" asked Lionus with a smirk.

"Do I look like I use hairpins?" said Harry with a smirk. “Besides, there isn’t one to find in the Dursley’s. Aunt Petunia only uses hairspray.”
“You knew how to do that?” said Fred in shock.

“Not with a hairpin, till you taught me.” said Harry with a smile. “I can do it with a paper clip, but there wasn’t one in the room either, and my knapsack was in the trunk.”

Dialogue line.

“FRED!” yelled Mrs. Weasley. She didn’t want her son learning such things.

“Mum, it was either that or magic. We weren’t going to leave Harry there.” said Fred tiredly.

(Of course you shouldn’t leave him there, but….never mind…it was for a good cause….” said Mrs. Weasely in a guilty tone.

“I think Mum is still reeling from the whole ‘not believing the bars and starvation’ thing.” said George to Fred in a whisper.

“Who taught you how to do that?” asked Remus wonderingly.

“Umm…the source of our knowledge must be kept secret.” said George unconvincingly.

Harry, Sirius, and Remus all saw Mr. Weasely mouth, “Me” behind his wife’s back.

Fifth paragraph.

“Not bad, boys, not bad.” said Nightstrike with a broad grin.

Fred and George beamed at each other.

Dialogue line.

“So who was making sure the car didn’t fall, with Ron in it?” asked Sirius over to Fred.

“It’s an automatic hover.” said Fred shrugging.

Dialogue line.

“I didn’t hear that, did you George?” said Fred.

“Nope, good thing we jumped that step.” said George staring wide-eyed.

“And jumped over it as we went up the stairs.” said Fred gulping.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence.
“There wasn’t a whole lot there, just a few notebooks and few of Hedwig’s things.” said Ron.

End of sixth paragraph.

“I thought Harry was going to have a strained neck, he looked around so quickly.” said George with a small smile.

“We looked in that cupboard, the one where your stuff was, please say it wasn’t THAT cupboard you slept in.” said Fred with a worried look. He of course knew the answer, but he wished it weren’t true.

“Umm….” said Harry looking down.

“How could you fit in there?” said George looking confused and angry all at the same time.

“I’m small, I can get into almost anything just fine.” said Harry shrugging.

Seventh paragraph.

“I wanted to say to you: ‘What in blazes do you have in this thing?’” said Fred staring at Harry.

“Almost everything I owned.” said Harry with a smile.

Eighth paragraph.

“We all stopped when we heard that.” said Ron with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You got out of there without waking them up! Good work!” said Remus with a bright smile.

“Not quite.” said the twins, Ron and Harry.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Screech?” asked Bill.

“Did Petunia wake up?” said Snape with a smirk.

“No, we forgot something important.” said Fred.

“VERY important.” said Harry stroking Hedwig’s feathers.
“Hedwig? Oh no! You forgot her!” said Dr. Clark looking over to Harry in horror.

“At least you remembered her before you left.” said Luna dreamily.

“She was mad at me for the longest time though, especially after what happened when we arrived at Hogwarts.” said Harry

“What happened?” asked Sirius.

“You’ll…um…uh…” said Harry.

“Let me guess, ‘you’ll find out later’?” said Sirius looking at him with one eyebrow raised.

“Yeah.” said Harry scratching the back of his head.

“Well, do I have to wait very long?” said Sirius tapping his forefinger on his knee.

“No, not really.” said Harry with a slight smile as Hedwig hooted loudly.

“Too soon for her liking, I think.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Better hurry it up!” said Bill worriedly.

“Occupied!” shouted Fred.

Despite the tension, a ripple of laughter wandered about the hall.

“NO!” shouted Sirius and Remus.

“I’m gonna kill him…” muttered Dr. Clark, his knuckles tightened on the side of the book.

Dumbledore closed his eyes and rocked back and forth in his purple plush rocking chair. His jaw clenched.
Harry took notice of Dumbledore’s rocking, which was quickly getting faster and faster, he leaned forward and magicked a small phial of Calming Draught to slightly bounce off the tip of his crooked nose. Dumbledore’s eyes snapped open and recoiled slightly from the crystal phial.

“Drink it, please.” said Harry quietly.

Dumbledore smiled over to Harry, guilt written all over his face. He put the phial to his lips and drank the contents down in one gulp.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

Madam Pomfrey Dr. Clark sent stern looks over to the twins and Ron.

Sirius noticed this, “What’s up, Doc?”

Hermione, Harry and other Muggleborns began laughing out loud. Even the sides of Dr. Clark’s mouth twitched.

“What’s so funny?” asked Sirius.

“It’s…what you just said is something a cartoon character in the Muggle world says.” said Harry with a smile.

Sirius thought quickly. “Is it at least a cool character?” he said with a smile.

“And here I thought James was always the egotistic one of the group.” said Lupin with a smile and fond remembrance of his old friend.

“Oh, yeah, Bugs Bunny was always brilliant.” said Harry trying not to laugh.

“…I quoted a bunny?” said Sirius with a disbelieving look.

“You asked.” said Hermione with a cheeky grin.

“Wish I hadn’t. A bunny?” he shook his head quickly. “Anyway, why are you looking pissed off at Ron and the twins?”

“They could’ve hurt Harry, pulling him the way they did.” said Dr. Clark. He then turned to Harry quickly. “Were you sore, later?”

“A little bit, but I would rather be sore at the Weasely’s then trapped at the Dursley’s.” said Harry with a weak smile.

“Point taken.” said Dr. Clark. “But how was your ankle.”

“Bruised.” muttered Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

Dumbledore heaved a sigh and continued to rock back and forth in his chair.

“How DARE YOU ACT INDIFFERENT?” screeched Mrs. Weasely.
“He’s not Mrs. Weasely, he just took a calming draught. A freshly brewed, super strong one.” said Harry.

“It’s true, Molly.” said McGonagall.

“I just made it this morning; it’s what you should have received the other day. Dumbledore now cannot even try and work himself up, which may be for the best.” drawled Snape.

“I don’t see how!” said Mrs. Weasely.

“I don’t feel like electrocuting him again, Mrs. Weasely.” said Harry simply.

Mrs. Weasely paled and looked down, shame etched across her face. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright Molly, I would be upset too.” said Dumbledore kindly. “I am trying to stir up some anger, but I can’t seem to do so at the moment. I’ve never had a Calming Draught this strong before, it is an odd sensation.”

“I would rather you have that sensation, than me shocking you.” said Harry with a smile.

Fourteenth paragraph.

The students cheered and applauded the twins and Ron. Mr. Weasely gave each of his youngest sons a large hug.

Mrs. Weasely was still ashamed of her not believing her sons and snapping at Dumbledore for wishing to avoid another heart attack.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence.

Sirius smiled and gave Harry a hug.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Remus lightly smacked the back of Harry’s head.

“Yipe! What?” said Harry rubbing the back of his head.

“Don’t goad them. I don’t want to hear that they were horrible to you next year.” said Remus sternly.

“Well…” said Harry teasingly. “They weren’t the ones mean to me next year.”

“You’re going to love what happens next summer.” said Fred eagerly.

“Can’t wait.” said Remus skeptically.
Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That was so nice of you to think of her.” said Katie. “Especially after you almost left her.” she finished with a smirk.

“I thought I would try and make it up to her.” said Harry shrugging slightly.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Hedwig’s fans all sighed with enjoyment, while Ron had to dodge his mother’s glare, she didn’t know her youngest son could pick locks too. Harry, Sirius and Remus all smiled at each other. Mr. Weasely’s secret was safe with them.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“That’s all you could say?” said Sirius looking over to the two of them in shock.

“Hey! It was late at night and we were still riding off the excitement.” said Fred defensively.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Howe-elves can’t lie. It is physically impossible for them to.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Unless they are ordered to do so...but it still causes them great pain...they're such honest creatures.”

Dialogue set.

“At the time, the entire Slytherin house.” said Harry with a smile.
“The one and only.” said Ron with a smirk.

Several students turned and stared at Malfoy. He looked down, unwilling to meet the other students’ gaze.

“He was proven innocent!” shouted Fudge.

“Hang on,” said Harry as he whipped out his black notebook and copied down something on a spare piece of parchment. “Here you go, Madam Bones.” he said handing her the piece of parchment.

She took it and read it slowly, her eyes getting wider and wider until the monocle couldn’t hold itself to her face.

Ranger Lionus walked over and read what was written, his eyes widening as well. “It would seem,” he said without taking his eyes away from the parchment. “that I need to utilize my authority and request to my chief that he perform an audit of your Ministry goings-on.”

Fudge gulped loudly, however Madam Bones agreed whole-heartedly. “Things must be changed, for the better. I will fully cooperate with your superior.”

“He’ll appreciate it.” said Lionus with a smirk. “The chief’s getting on in years and he isn’t all that active in the field anymore.”

“Mind your tongue, Lionus. He still manages to beat you in the training room every time.” said Dr. Nicodemus, with a smirk.

Nightstrike and Tempest shared a broad smile.

“Are there really rumors about me?” said Malfoy quickly.

“There are rumors about everyone.” said Harry. “Some are proven true, some aren’t. Your father’s rumors were easy to prove.”
“Ouch, that really, really hurts.” said Bill with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“We do.” said Malfoy softly. “Two of them, one’s assigned to do house work and be the valet to my father and I and the other is my mother’s personal maid.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second sentence.

“Dobby should have gone to my house, Mum would have loved him.” said Ron whispering to Hermione, who sat quietly.

She was torn between trying to stand up for what she called ‘Elf Rights’ and what Harry and Dumbledore had told everyone about ‘Elf Culture’. She knew slavery was wrong, and she knew that Ron and Harry believed that too. But…could there be a situation in the Magical world where creatures depend on the work they are given? That if they had no family to care for, that they would perish? She wasn’t sure what to believe now, at least on a ‘SPEW’ perspective.

End of dialogue set.

“There isn’t anything wrong with ‘The Burrow’.” said the Weaselys and Harry.

“And I don’t know why a house-elf wouldn’t be at the Weasely home, it should be large enough…” said Lionus quietly, looking over at all the Weasely children.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Malfoy shifted nervously in his seat, he had toyed with the idea of pranking Harry in his own home.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“You never know when people mention danger you need to retain CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” said Tonks yelling the last part a few inches away from Moody’s ear. As he pulled himself off the floor, cursing all the way, she moved her chair quickly and sat beside Dumbledore, grinning cheekily over to her mentor.

Dialogue line.

“Errol?” asked a Slytherin third year.

“He was the last hatchling of the owl I had with me when I went to school.” said Mr. Weasely with
“I never did understand that. How come Percy got to get two things for becoming Prefect when Bill and Ron only got the one thing each?” asked Fred.

“Well, that was a mistake, no offense Percy, that your father and I made. I got him the robes. I forgot to tell your father that I had already rewarded him, so he went out and got Percy his own owl. Ron, dear, did you want something else to go with that broom? To make up for it?” said Mrs. Weasely anxiously.

“No Mum, the broom was more than enough.” said Ron with a smile.

“What reason did you have anyway?” said George looking puzzled.

“None of your business.” said Percy quickly.

“It was a girl than.” said Fred with a smirk. Percy turned bright red.

“I wanted to call you a backseat driver.” said Fred with a smirk.

Both Charlie and Bill snorted loudly. That was never going to happen. Their mother knew everything that goes on at home.

“Um..er..dad…uh..” said Ron quickly.

“It’s alright Ron. My department is pretty boring next to the others.” said Mr. Weasely with a
“It’s a very important department. That’s way we give Ministries full funding for the department, to pay for the resources and the people to work in it.” said Lionus with a smile.

The Weaselys looked over to the Ranger curiously while Fudge shifted nervously.

“God man! Glad someone besides the Aurors has a work ethic.” said Dr. Nicodemus approvingly.

Lionus stared at the book, “That can’t be right, I sign the monetary release every month and it states there are supposed to be ten people in there.”

Fudge gulped loudly.

Lionus looked up to him quickly, his eyes blazing, “Explains why I only get two reports every month.”

Fudge ceased his nervous antics and glared at Mr. Weasely menacingly. Who took his turn at shifting about.

Harry looked at Mr. Weasely worriedly, and then turned his attention to the Ranger, who was snarling at the Minister. The Ranger snapped his fingers and Nightstrike came swooping over to Lionus’ side. The Ranger captain whispered in Nightstrikes’ ear and in an instant, the werewolf was gone.
“Hey, that town is near the area we were going to take you fishing! Man, you almost met the Weaselys early.” said Dr. Clark with a broad smile.

Fred and George both gave a loud crow like a rooster, to the amusement of their fellow students.

“I love the Burrow.” sighed Harry fondly. Mr. Weasely and Mrs. Weasely beamed at each other.

“As do I, it is such a restful place.” said Dumbledore with a smile. Mr. and Mrs. Weasely beamed even brighter. Despite her recent disagreements with Dumbledore, she was happy that even he thought highly of their home.

“Yeah, about once a year we need to reinforce the spells.” said Mr. Weasely with a smile.

“Why are you living in a refurbished pigpen? No offense meant, but I pay you enough to own a large house. Why do you have need to live there?” said Lionus growing genuinely concerned.

“How much do you think you pay dad, sir?” said Bill looking over to the Ranger Captain with raised brows.

“I signed the release for your father to get paid about twenty-five galleons an hour. He’s been in that department for so long and his reports are always good.” said Lionus, when he saw their disbelieving looks; he turned an even more furious glare towards the Minister. “How much do you get paid, Mr. Weasely?” he said without looking at the man he was addressing.

“about five galleons’s an hour.” said Mr. Weasely looking confused.

“I AM going to find out where the money went, and you better hope that I’m in a fair mood when I do, Cornelius. If I’m not, I’ll send you to the same place I’m gonna send her!” he shouted.

He then turned quickly over to Mr. Weasely, “Expect a check for back wages, Arthur.” he said shortly.

Mrs. Weasely gripped her husband’s arm and smiled. “I always said you were worth more than what they were paying you.”

“You did, you really did.” he said giving her a kiss.
“An outhouse would be wonderful compared to Privet Drive.” said Ron with a smirk.

“True, but I loved your house the moment I saw it. It was perfect, you couldn’t believe how jealous I was of you.” said Harry with a smile.

“….what?” said Ron weakly.

“I would have given everything I had, just to be you for ten minutes. Have a home that’s really a home, a family I could hold and all that went with it. I still wish that quite often.” said Harry with an even more sincere smile.

“You don’t need to wish anymore, you’ve got it.” said Sirius hugging him.

“You two are way too cheesy for me.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Go howl at a moon, Moony.” Sirius shot back.

Remus laughed loudly.

“Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I wouldn’t have bought that.” whispered Mrs. Weasely to her husband, who snickered.

Dialogue line.

“Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“What happened? What frightened Ron that much?” said Neville quickly.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Thirtieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“That’ll do it.” said the Weasely children, Harry, Sirius, Remus and Dumbledore.

End of thirtieth paragraph.

Sirius gave a bark-like laugh. “She is over-protective of her cubs, not to mention everyone else’s cubs too.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” said Mrs. Weasely with a smirk.

“Good! Cause I meant it as one.” said Sirius with a grin.
Harry thought back to that day and gulped loudly. Mrs. Weasley would never hurt him like his Uncle would, or at all, but he was more afraid of upsetting her than he ever was of upsetting Uncle Vernon.

“It didn’t come out that way.” said Fred, Ron, Harry and Mrs. Weasely.

“What did it sound like then.” said George who looked hurt.

“Like a mouse being stepped on.” said Fred with a smirk.

“What time did you see the car gone, mum?” asked Charlie eagerly.

“I saw them pull out of the driveway.” said Mrs. Weasely sending a stern look to her three youngest sons.

“Damn, I knew she heard you tripping over that bucket.” said George to Fred.

“How was I to know that dad magicked it to fill itself full of chicken feed in the middle of the night?” said Fred defending himself.

“You should have known! We watched him enchant it the day before!” said George.

“Oh…right…” said Fred looking sheepish.
“Would rather not to be perfectly honest.” muttered Fred to George. Neither one of them was all that forgiving to Percy yet.

End of dialogue set.

“I think the first one would have been the most important one.” said Kingsley in his calm, deep voice.

“I know, but…just….” said Mrs. Weasley.

“We understood you mum.” said Fred with a smile.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“You fling yourself into a fight with a troll, and a dark wizard and you back away from an angry mother?” said Dean with a smile on his lips.

“You weren’t there.” said Ron and Harry together.

Dialogue line.

“I was really taken aback. I had never seen anyone do an about-face like that.” said Harry with a smile to Mrs. Weasely.

“She’s good at that, she can soothe and comfort one kid and scream at the other for getting the other one hurt.” said Fred with a smirk.

“Happens a lot at home.” said George.

“Especially with you two for brothers.” said Ginny with a grin.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“You looked so pale, I was afraid you were either going to faint or get sick.” said Ron with a small smile.

“Oh, dear! I didn’t mean to frighten you!” said Mrs. Weasely anxiously.

“I was a little tired, Mrs. Weasely, and hungry. I was jumping at the least little thing.” said Harry soothingly.

“I hope you got to eat something and get some sleep.” said Remus quickly.

“I got to eat, but after a while, I wasn’t tired at all.” said Harry. “Adrenaline is a fickle visitor.”

“You’re talking like Dumbledore again.” said Sirius with a smirk.
“You still have wonderful posture, Potter.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“It comes from Aunt Marge visiting constantly.” said Harry bitterly.

“I don’t see why you should sound so bitter…” said Madam Bones.

“She hates it when anyone slouches, with the great exception of Dudley. You’ll find out in the next book why I despise her.” said Harry with a snarl.

“Any other wizard house would pale in comparison.” said Harry with a grin.

“Wait’ll you see ours, after I clean all the kitten crap out of there.” said Sirius beaming.

“That clock is such a wondrous thing, Molly. I greatly admire it.” said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

“It was a wedding gift from my grandmother.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile. “She used it for her own family.”

“I looked at those books while I was there; I was really interested in the ‘Enchantments in Baking’ one.” said Harry. “There was a few recipes that attracted my attention and I wrote them down quick…let me see…oh here’s the one I wanted to make but I haven’t had the time. ‘Black Magic Cake’.”

“Black Magic Cake?” said Sirius slowly.

“Oh it’s delicious!” said Mrs. Weasley earnestly. “Remus, I think you would like it, it’s a chocolate cake with a taste of coffee.”

“If it has chocolate in it or on it, he’ll eat it.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Sirius is a big fan of hers.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Hey! She’s got a great singing voice!” said Sirius defensively.

“That’s not the only thing you like about her.” said Remus slyly.
Thirty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“I cook when I’m pissed too, but it’s better if there is no one else in the room. I tend to fling things around.” said Harry with a smile.

“Like what?” said Sirius quickly.

“Knives, plates, you name it, it’s flying.” said Harry with a smile.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I could tell that he was just about or near starving to death, but I was so angry that I didn’t even give my children the chance to explain further. I only thought of the four of them crashing to the ground.” said Mrs. Weasley shamefully. “I’m so sorry that I didn’t listen to you boys, back then!”

“It’s okay mom, it must have sounded like we were just trying to get out of trouble.” said George quickly.

“And beside Mrs. Weasley, you made me all better.” said Harry with child-like grin.

“But…” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

“Hindsight is twenty-twenty.” said Dumbledore and Harry.

“We all have parts of our lives that we wish we could go back and change it. I have several points in my life that I wish I could go back and change.” said Dumbledore kindly, “Due to these books, the list of moments are growing with each passing day.” he finished with a grieved look.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“What day was it?” asked Dean.

“It was a Tuesday.” said Harry.

“You wouldn’t have been able to get out of the room on your own if they had waited till Friday.” said Madam Pomfrey bitterly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.

“You went from eating only half a can of soup for a meal to eating enough for two people? That won’t go well with your stomach.” said Dr. Clark worriedly.

“I got sick later in the garden, yeah.” said Harry quietly.

“That’ll happen when you aren’t used to eating that much.” said Dr. Clark sadly.
“Oh, I’m sorry, Harry!” said Mrs. Weasely horrified.

“It’s alright, Mrs. Weasely, I didn’t throw up everything.” said Harry trying to comfort her. “I managed to keep some of it down.”

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“That charm is really handy when I cook here at school.” said Harry with a broad smile. “Love to cook, hate to do the damn dishes.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Were you eating Fred?” asked Lee in a whisper. “Or was your mom still freaking out?”

“No, I was eating. She always tells me to close my mouth. It’s a reflex with her.” he said with a smile.

“Cause you do eat with your mouth open.” said George. “It’s nasty when you eat mashed potatoes.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“So you didn’t believe him?” asked Sirius frowning.

“I could see that he was very thin, but…I just couldn’t believe that any family could be so cruel.” said Mrs. Weasely anxiously.

“I know just how you feel Molly. First year in the Emergency room and the things I saw, not just the accidents, but all the abuse and self-inflicted wounds, I couldn’t believe people could do things like that. It was so horrible.” said Dr. Clark, a full-body shiver ran through his body. He then gave Harry a tight one-arm hug. “I saw you when you first came in there and you….I wanted to spend the rest of my life protecting you the best I could.” he said with a broad smile.

End of dialogue set.

“Well, at least you’re being gentle with him.” said Dr. Clark kindly. “He’d had enough going on that summer.”

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
Ginny sent a stern glare around the school, but she couldn’t stop one person who wolf-whistled. She turned slowly over Harry with a smirk, Harry, in turn, smiled back and shrugged his shoulders.

“I’m going to get you for that.” said Ginny, still smirking.

“Like last time? I shaking in my shoes.” he grinned cheekily.

“Ginny,” said Ron in an undertone to Harry. “My sister. She’s been talking about you all summer.”

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I think we’ll have a bit of lunch real quick. While we read.” said McGonagall quickly, she had heard a loud grumble coming from several different students, she whipped out her wand and summoned the table full of food.

Dr. Clark waited until Harry had returned with the four food-filled plates to resume his reading.

End of dialogue set.

“Food never stays long at the Burrow.” said Mrs. Weasely smiling at all her sons who all were wolfing down their sandwiches.

Dialogue line.

“Oh no you don’t, you stay up all night, you don’t go to bed during the day.” said Bill with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“Well, at least she gave you a fun job to do.” said Charlie. “So she wasn’t completely pissed at you. She believed you a little bit.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“This is when my adrenaline visited me, wasn’t tired at all for the rest of the day.” said Harry with a smile. “But boy, did I crash that night.”

Fortieth paragraph.

“Oh that’s sad; you really shouldn’t kick them out. They bring good fortune.” said Luna dreamily.
“Gnomes tend to come back if they really like the garden.” said Neville grinning.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“After doing it, I’ve had duller work.” said Harry with a smile. “It was actually a lot of fun.”

**End of dialogue set.**

Remus and Kingsley both groaned loudly.

“Who is he?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Worthless waste of hair tonic and space.” said Remus stiffly.

“And that’s being kind.” said Kingsley with a scowl.

“How do you two know him?” asked Neville.

“I was in school with that…” Remus coughed loudly into his hand.

“And he just about stalked me all about the Ministry a few years ago.” said Kingsley, his fingers massaging the bridge of his nose.

Mrs. Weasely blushed quickly, while her husband smiled broadly.

**Forty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Pick up, spin around and let ‘er fly!” said the Weasely children and Harry, who all smiled broadly.

**Forty-second paragraph, second sentence.**

“Did you read that book?” asked Ginny eagerly.

“Yep.” Harry said simply. “Wasn’t worth the time I spent reading it.” he finished shaking his head.

**Forty-second paragraph, third sentence.**

Sirius blinked several times and then turned slowly to face the young man in the bowl. He had a smirk on his lips.

“No, I don’t go for blokes.” said Harry smacking Sirius about the head with a cushion.
“And if you did, you could really do better.” said Kingsley with a smirk.

Forty-second paragraph, fourth sentence, third comma.

“That was a no brainer.” said Harry with a smirk. “There’s no one else he’d have on his book covers.”

End of forty-second paragraph.

“Why would you?” said Remus gagging on his plate of turkey sandwiches.

“He was quite dapper.” said Mrs. Weasely turning red.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“He should, seeing as how he’s almost always been one.” said Remus bitterly.

“I don’t think I remember this Lockhart guy…” said Sirius questioningly.

“He’s the one that flirted with Lily and, I think you would sort of call it, tried to flirt with James.” said Remus carefully.

“Dazzle Gums? That was Lockhart?” said Sirius with widened eyes.

“Yeah.” said Remus nodding.

“He flirted with both of my parents?” said Harry staring at Remus dumbfounded.

Yeah, there were several people at school that played either straight, both sides of the field or the same side, some were secretive about it, some were proud. He was downright obnoxious about it. Thought himself ‘God’s gift to women and men.” said Remus shaking his head.

“The only girls who dated him were only after his looks, the guys, who were either bi or homosexual, wouldn’t touch him with a twenty foot broomstick.” said Sirius with a small chuckle. “They knew what he was all about. Imagine your dad’s surprise when ‘Dazzle Gums’ asked him out on a date. Your dad ran and hid in the Gryffindor Quidditch Locker Room. We had to use the map to find him, and had to spend the whole weekend coaxing him from the rafters.” he finished laughing loudly.

“Lockhart asking him out scared him that bad?” said Harry

“Not so much the whole ‘a bloke asking another bloke out’ part. Your Great-Uncle Rudolph Potter is homosexual. His boyfriend Leroy is always good for a laugh, great cook too.” said Sirius thoughtfully. “It was the fact that ‘Dazzle Gums’ asked your dad out. James couldn’t show his face for three days. Freaking hilarious, it was.”

“I have an actual living relative?” said Harry dumbstruck. He was more focused on the knowledge of a living blood relative, than funny stories about his least favorite school teacher.

“Yeah, we’d take you to meet them both, but um…they’re in Africa right now. They’ve been down
there for the past…what Moony…fourteen years. They study animals and plants down there. When they come back to Europe, we’ll take you to them. They would absolutely adore you. They did when you were a baby. Uncle Rudolph and Leroy would always come over and dote on you something fierce, just like Batty.” said Sirius with a broad smile up to Bathilda who blushed heavily.

“They know about Lily and James right?” said Sirius asking Remus quickly.

“I tried finding them years ago, but all I was doing was chasing their dust. I think, last I heard, they were in the Congo.” said Remus thoughtfully. “So I don’t think they do know. When they get back, I guess we’ll have to tell them.”

End of dialogue set.

“It’s got the basics, but nothing more than what anybody else would know from common sense.” said McGonagall with an irritated sniff.

Dialogue line.

“No different than dozens of others. I don’t blame you, Molly, he’s always been a charmer.” said Remus and Sirius.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Wow, Arthur, you don’t care about this little crush your wife has?” said Tonks with a cheeky grin.

“I wasn’t worried, I knew she fancied him, but she wouldn’t run off with him even if the opportunity arose. She wouldn’t leave me or the kids.” said Mr. Weasely. He and his wife shared a loving kiss.

End of dialogue set.

“What would have happened if there was a gnome in the garden?” said Sirius looking over to her sternly.

“I don’t know, they’ve always had the garden cleared of gnomes. I never had to dream up anything, I guess they would have had to finish de-gnoming and then weed a patch of the garden.” said Mrs. Weasely thinking carefully.

“Yeah, when Mum tells you to do a chore in the house, you do it and do it right.” said Bill and the rest of the Weasely children. “But de-gnoming the garden is always fun, so we do it right.”
“Oh thank you, dear!” said Mrs. Weasley happily.

Dr. Clark read a head a little and smirked. “Hold that thought.”

“Fred and George are the ones, who are supposed to cut the grass, but we were all sort of worried about you that Arthur and I couldn’t bring ourselves to have the children do much of anything.” said Mrs. Weasley looking over to Harry.

“I loved your garden, I still do.” said Harry with a broad smile.

“Professor Sprout loves to come and look at the plants and our pond every summer.” said Bill with a broad smile.

“It has such a lovely specimen of fresh water gillyweed growing in in your pond, Molly.” said Sprout eagerly.

“And they don’t move, made of some sort of clay or something.” said Ron.

“Thank goodness, he’d frighten small children if he looked like a garden gnome.” said Sirius smirking.

“I remember going over to your house a year ago or so, Seamus, and your mom asked me to go find a potato for the stew she was cooking, scared me out of my mind when I saw a body with it and it was talking to me.” said Dean laughing.
“You really are way too kind sometimes.” whispered Sirius kissing the top of Harry’s head. Harry blushed heavily.

“And they really enjoy it actually. They get a kick out of it.” said George with a grin. “Didn’t find that out till the following year, though.”

“Pitiful.” said Fred smugly.

“And did you Fred?” said Ron cheekily.

“Shut up.” said Fred quickly.

“His flew back behind him and smacked the house.” said Harry with a large smile. Fred turned beet red when the students and guests laughed good-naturedly.

“Aww! That was nice of you!” said Parvati.

“It bit you?” said Dr. Clark quickly and closed the book quickly and turning his body to examine Harry’s fingers.

“This was three years ago.” said Harry as he watched Dr. Clark examine his fingers with worry.

“That explained why Ron hurried in and grabbed a bandage.” said Ginny with a small smile.

“Were you hurt badly?” said Dr. Clark quickly.

“No, it was just a small bite. Ron overreacted.” said Harry quickly, giving Ron a quick warning look.
Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Professor Sprout told me that they come up to have a look and to get in line for the de-gnoming.” said George beaming up to the Herbology Professor.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“They’re pretending, makes it more funny for them when they sneak on back.” said Fred smirking.

Dialogue set.

“They are funny! It’s the only reason I go out and sit in the garden every night. They pull pranks on each other.” said Mr. Weasley grinning broadly. “Reminds me of two twins I know.” he added looking over to his twin sons.

They heard this and started shoving each other saying “Gerloff!”

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“That’s cute! They’re so excited when you come home!” said Tonks joyfully.

“I may have a boring office job, but they love the in-the-field stories I bring home.” said Mr. Weasley with a broad grin.

Malfoy looked down; his father was never this open with him. His father only talked about their family history. There were no funny stories coming from his father’s lips, only serious business.

Fifty-second paragraph.

“By the way, thanks for the new robes I received that year for Christmas, Harry.” said Mr. Weasley smiling over to the youth in the bowl.

Dialogue set.

“Speaking of him…” said a voice by the door.

It was Nightstrike and he had ahold of Mundungus by the collar. In his other hand, there was a large cream colored bag, and it was bulging out at the sides.

“I was coming back from the Burrow when I caught this man coming out of your father’s house.”
“What?” said Sirius and the Weasleys together.

“I’ll start with the Burrow: I was ordered by Captain Lionus to seize your muggle artifacts, Arthur,” said Nightstrike.

“My…my…why?” said Mr. Weasley stuttering loudly.

“If we seized the things, than that would be the end of it, your Ministry can’t touch you on them. Even if we hand them back to you, just as we took them. All you would have to do is pay a fine.” said Lionus over to Mr. Weasley.

“What fine? How much?” said Mr. Weasley earnestly.

“Six hundred thousand galleons.” said Lionus quietly. Mr. Weasley paled. “I know you can’t pay it, I’ll discuss how you’ll get your belonging later. Now, what was Mr. Fletcher doing in the place in which you found him?” he finished, he knew the significance of the place in which Mundungus was found.

“Looting.” said Nightstrike simply. Dropping the bag gently down to the ground, “This is all yours Mr. Black. I however, removed one item, its back at our headquarters. It has some significance, nothing you need worry about at the moment.” he said cryptically.

“What are you going to do to Mundungus?” asked George and Fred.

“Nothing, except detain him till the books are over, just to waste his time.” said Nightstrike with a grin. “It’ll spare other people from falling victim to his sticky fingers”

“Good, he could learn a thing or two from this experience.” said Lionus with a smirk.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“You don’t want to know what they were doing.” said Mr. Weasely waringly. He wasn’t enjoying himself as he was, he didn’t want to have all of his treasures taken away, and as for the fine, how was he going to raise or save up that much money?

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“I wonder if that’s what happened to a few sets of my keys. I never did find them.” said Dr. Clark absently.

End of dialogue set.
“This won’t go well.” said Remus with a small smile.

“I wasn’t too sure why she was bringing it up, we talked about this a year ago, I already got chewed out for it.” said Mr. Weasely with a small smile to his wife.

Mrs. Weasley knew what was troubling her husband and reassured him that they were going to get his things back.

“Explains why you asked me all those questions.” said Madam Bones with a slight smile.

“I didn’t mean it like that, dear.” said Mrs. Weasley anxiously.

“I wanted to hug you, right then and there.” said Harry with a grin.

“I also loved how your eyes didn’t look for this stupid thing.” said Harry pointing to his scar.

“I had the feeling you were tired of people looking for it.” said Mr. Weasely with a smile.
Laughter rang throughout the hall.

“Why can’t my dad be that easy going?” said Dean jealously.

“Mine too.” said Draco quietly.

“And that is why I don’t scold often, I never can, unless it’s a major incident.” said Mr. Weasely smiling at his wife.

“Aww! Harry noticed your eyes!” said Tonks squealing with glee.

“Wow, mate, you actually notice eye color?” said Ron in a whisper; he was rewarded with an elbow to the stomach, delivered by Hermione.

“That’s nice.” said Hermione with a smirk.

“I meant that she’s just as nuts as Fred and George.” said Ron defensively.

“It didn’t come out that way, mate.” said Harry with a smile.

“Do you have to notice everything?” said Ron exasperatedly.

“Sorry.” said Harry apologetically.

“What? It wasn’t that warm in there.” said Ron inquisitively.

“Like I said the other day, he’s delicate!” said Madam Pomfrey. Harry groaned and buried himself in Sirius’ shoulder.

“It wasn’t the temperature.” mumbled Harry.
“With all that orange, I was amazed that you liked blue.” said Harry with a smile.

“I’d love to join the team.” said Ron dreamily.

“With you as keeper, I’m sure they’d win a lot more.” said Harry and Hermione.

However, they couldn’t stop a few Slytherins from pretending to cough in their hands.

“Do you have the issue where he goes to that place in America, what is it…that Ripley’s Believe or Not building?” asked Ernie earnestly.

“Yeah, I got it up in my trunk.” said Ron. “Why do you want it?”

“I haven’t read it all yet, I lost my copy.” said Ernie excitedly “Can I read it later?”

“Sure, I guess.” said Ron shrugging.

“Boys and their comic books.” said Hermione shaking her head.

Remus, Sirius, Ron, Harry and Hermione all scowled.

“What’s with you guys?” asked Dr. Clark, hearing all the grinding teeth.

“Wait till the third book, Sam.” said Remus angrily.

“We use those for poker night.” said Harry with a laugh.

“At least my room didn’t have bars on the windows and a cat flap on the door.” said Ron quietly.
“I’m still amazed he doesn’t’ wake you up in the middle of the night.” said Ron.

“He did the second night. First night I was just too tired, second I wasn’t used to the noise. I went downstairs and slept on the sofa.” said Harry with a smile. “After dawn, and after I ran around outside a bit, I went back up to your room and slept for the rest of the morning.”

“You get up at dawn?” said Fred and George incredulously.

“I always do, unless I had a rough day the day before.” said Harry shrugging.

End of chapter.

“I should have turned bright red, we saw the McFinn’s, they had an awesome house.” said Ron quietly.

“Who’d like to read now?” said Dr. Clark.

“I will!” said Professor Sprout eagerly.

Dr. Clark handed the book to her and returned to the bowl.

“Is the next chapter as good as the one I read?” said Dr. Clark eagerly.

“The next chapter is **Fourth chapter title.**” said Professor Sprout.

“Nope.” said Harry.
“So, we get to hear more about your take on Diagon Alley?” said Tonks brightly.

“Hopefully, nothing bad happens.” said Bill.

“Well, not at the Burrow or in Diagon Alley at least.” said Harry plainly.

“Where else did you go?” said Sirius quickly.

“Oh, you’ll find out.” said Fred and George excitedly.

First paragraph, first sentence

“I would certainly hope so, dear.” said Mrs. Weasely, she sniffed in disgust, she had certainly hoped that her household was very different than an abusive one.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“Never a dull moment in our house.” said Charlie with pride. “My friends love coming over and spending a day or two during the normal year. They love the spontaneity of it.”

“Never knew Charlie knew such big words.” whispered Fred to his twin.

Charlie heard what Fred had said and threw a handful of chestnuts at his younger brother.

First paragraph, third sentence.

“I received that as a present from Great Aunt Muriel when Bill was born, she went on about how boys were scruffy little monsters.” said Mrs. Weasley smiling at all her children.

“It’s a lot of fun to overwhelm it. It’s image in the glass starts swirling around and tries to show you what you’re supposed to look like. Mind you, the mirror’s tastes are from the late 1800’s.” said Fred laughing hard.

“We laugh ourselves silly when we see what the mirror wants us to look like.” said George trying not to fall off his seat laughing.

First paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.
“Yeah, Merlin forbid that anyone gets any peace and quiet.” said George shaking his head.

“Or gets any sleep.” said Fred.

**First paragraph, end of fourth sentence.**

“Except when it knocks the door right off it’s hinges.” said Mr. Weasely with a broad grin. “I’ve had to fix that door seven times in three years.”

**First paragraph, fifth sentence, first colon.**

“I would have thought that those would have been the most unusual things.” said Bill.

**End of first paragraph.**

The Weasleys turned and stared at Harry.

“Why wouldn’t we like you, mate?” said Ron.

“I never felt welcomed or even remotely liked at the Dursleys, it was an odd feeling.” said Harry absently. “The last time I had felt liked at somewhere besides Hogwarts was the McFinn’s.”

“Yeah, Holly had a way of welcoming you into a house, no matter if she didn’t like you or not. It was easy for her to welcome you into her house, she absolutely adored you.” said Dr. Clark giving Harry a quick hug.

“I miss both of them.” he said quietly. Dr. Clark kissed the top of Harry’s head.

**Second paragraph, first sentence, ninth word.**

“There was holes in each pair he had!” said Mrs. Weasley to the staring eyes she received. “I made him ten new pairs of socks that summer.”

“Were they warm?” asked Dr. Clark.

“They’re really nice.” said Harry with a smile. “You’d love them.”

**Second paragraph, end of first sentence.**

“You didn’t throw those meals up did you?” asked Remus quickly.

“Only after the first two days.” said Harry with a smile. Mrs. Weasley looked around fearfully at Harry.

“After that, I could keep them down.” said Harry trying to reassure her.
“I never learned so much in one summer!” said Mr. Weasley with a smile over to Harry.

“From what happened when Ron used the phone, I think I should have told you how to use it twice.” said Harry with a smile.

“Sorry about that, mate” said Ron.

“Now that I think about it, it is amazing how we get along without it, but I guess we make up for it, with some of the stuff we invent.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“It’s true, Muggles make up for their lack of magic for their ingenuity with electricity.” said Lionus with a smile.

“What the…? How come you all of a sudden became clumsy?” said Bill and Charlie to Ginny, who quickly blushed.

“Oh!” said Bill and Charlie nodding, they knew now what had caused their sister’s clumsiness. Young girl crushes could be dangerous and disastrous things.

Ginny did a pale imitation of her past self’s blush. Harry smiled over to her.

“He knew you had a crush on him, then.” said Fred wickedly to Ginny.

“You stalking him too? Just like the Rangers?” said Remus quickly over to Dumbledore.
“For Harry’s safety, I put monitoring wards around Privet Drive. If someone or something magical were to enter the perimeter, I would be aware of it.” said Dumbledore calmly.

“So you knew about Dobby?” said Remus, “yet you didn’t bother to tell the Ministry and clear Harry’s record?” he finished angrily.

“I tried to tell Miss Hopkirk, but she wouldn’t have it. She didn’t believe me, I find that woman quite infuriating.” said Dumbledore sternly, not to Remus but to the absent Mafalda.

End of dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.


“I ordered that before Christmas the year prior. It was already in my trunk.” said Harry with a smirk.

“You had the second year spellbook?” asked Hermione.

“I had grades 1-3 in my first year. When mastered the basics of each spell, in each book, I ordered the next year’s.” said Harry with a smile.

“Explains why your trunk was so damn heavy.” said Fred rolling his eyes.

Letter from Hogwarts, rest of booklist.

“What the hell?” said Remus slowly.

“Yeah, a whole book list of his stuff.” said Ron rolling his eyes.

“I don’t believe it, I was hoping we would only hear about ‘Dazzle Gums’ once this book!” said Remus groaning.

“Nope, his name pops up a lot this year.” said Fred with a secretive sneer.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Cough up.” said Ron, whispering over to Fred.

“Doesn’t count, he was as good as a witch.” said Fred with a smirk.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“I wouldn’t give him three knuts for all of his books.” said Kingsley shaking his head.

“I wouldn’t even give him that much.” said Remus snarling a bit.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Oh dear! I wish you wouldn’t be so observant!” said Mrs. Weasley, she smiled but her face fell when she saw Harry look down in shame slightly. “Oh, Harry dear, I didn’t mean it. I was kidding.” Her face lit up when she saw him smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“I don’t remember seeing that.” said George looking at Ginny.

End of seventh paragraph.

“Thank Merlin for Percy.” said Ginny rolling her eyes.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

“Poor Errol.” said Fred and George, trying not to laugh.

“Be thankful that it wasn’t Dudley that sat on him.” said Harry with a snigger.

“He wouldn’t be three-dimensional, if that had happened.” said George laughing out loud.

Dialogue set.

“So you had an idea that something awful had happened.” said Dr. Clark looking at the two in the loveseat.

“Well…we had a feeling.” said Ron carefully.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

A few giggles and snickers went through Great Hall, even Mr. Weasley smiled a little, making a mental note to get a new owl and retire his faithful pet.
Letter from Hermione.

“Nice to know that she can tell you off one minute and then ask to go shopping with you the next moment.” said Ron with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Hang Harry by his ankles from Ron’s bedroom window, and see if he can fly again.” said Fred and George together.

“You can fly?” said Dr. Clark.

“I’ll tell you about it later.” said Remus with a proud smile.

Tenth paragraph, third sentence.

“It happened once with a bludger, the village florist was nearly pummeled to the ground by one of them.” said Fred with a smirk.

End of tenth paragraph.

“Despite it being dreadfully slow, it didn’t stop Harry from doing some tricks on it.” said Fred whispering to Charlie.

“On the Shooting Star? I’m not too sure I wanna play him now.” said Charlie with a smirk.

“Trust me, it would be one hell of a game if you did.” said George excitedly.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

“He hates sports.” said Bill shaking his head.

“I was a Prefect!” said Percy defensively.

“I was a Prefect and Head Boy and I still went out and raised hell at a Quidditch game.” said Bill looking over to Percy. “Hell, you were there! You saw me….” he looked quickly over to his mother and silenced himself. “Never mind.” he said quietly.

End of eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“We snuck into his room, when he was sleeping and used a baby thermometer to see if he had a temperature. We shoved it under his armpit, and he nearly smacked the both of us in his sleep. I swear smacking us is a reflex of his.” said Fred with a smirk.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Did you know about O.W.Ls at the time?” said George.

“I knew of them, but I was amazed, with all the panicking he did he managed to scrape twelve.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I didn’t panic much, just enough to blend in with the others.” said Bill laughing. “I wasn’t too worried about them.”

End of dialogue set.

“That’s nice.” said Tonks.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Why are you feeling awkward?” asked Colin.

Thirteenth paragraph, fourth sentence, first semi-colon.

“What? No money?” said Lionus with a raised brow.

Harry shifted uneasily. How much did this man….of course, the Rangers would know what he does, it was foolish of him to think it would go unnoticed by them.

“I stored my Muggle money away for someone else, after I established the funds to find Dr. Clark.” said Harry with a small smile.

“Someone else? Finding Dr. Clark?” asked Remus.

“I have a….summer job….that I do from time to time and I started up a fund for me to go about and search for Dr. Clark. After I graduated from here or at the time, the Muggle School, I was going to go around the world and see if I can find him. No one else could, so I thought I would give myself a try.” said Harry leaning on Dr. Clark’s shoulder.

“What about the someone else?” said Sirius.
“It’s a friend, I started a fund for him, she needed some help and I thought I’d help him out.” said Harry.

“What’s wrong with him? What did he need the help with?” asked Ron.

“Just something he needed.” said Harry, the tone in his voice stated that the conversation was over.

“What summer job do you do?” asked Neville.

“You’ll find out soon enough.” said Lionus saving Harry the trouble of answering Neville.

“That's not the only one he's helping.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

“Guess he's modest.” said Lionus with a smirk.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“They’d take it in a heartbeat.” said Harry quietly. “I know they would.”

“They wouldn’t be able to get ahold of it.” said Remus with a growl.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Six sandwiches? That’s a hefty lunch.” said Ernie.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“What is he supposed to do with a flowerpot?” asked Colin.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I hate Floo powder travel.” said Harry bitterly.

“Why? What is it like?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It's awful, don't do it.” said Harry with a grumble.

“Harry only hates it, cause he does it wrong.” said Ron with a smirk.

“I did it right when I did it a third time, and I still hated it.” said Harry in retort.
“That was the last time you did it right.” said Ron still smirking.

“Your first two tries didn’t go too well, huh?” said Zacharias snidely.

“What happened with your first Floo powder traveling experience?” said Bill quickly.

Zacharias did a wonderful impression of a fish out of water, his mouth opening and closing quickly.

“Thought so.” said Bill with a smug smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“We never would have gotten to London if we had let Arthur interrogate Harry on those things.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile towards her husband.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“I would rather walk to London with rocks in my trainers than travel by Floo powder.” said Harry in a quiet voice to Sirius. Sirius snorted and worked hard to hold his laughter in.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I saw your face before we left. You were pale and shaking.” said George with a small smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“They would love to hear that.” said Harry with an evil smirk.
“All you’re doing is making me want to bite them, Harry.” whispered Remus.

“I keep forgetting you’re a werewolf.” said Dr. Clark leaning back a little.

“He isn’t F.M-ing yet.” said Harry.

“F.M-ing?” said Sirius.

“Full Mooning.” said Harry with a smirk.

“I’m gonna get you.” said Remus with an evil smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“It’s alright that he get shoved up a chimney?” said Sirius staring at Mrs. Weasley.

“No, I….” said Mrs. Weasley quickly. “I just….”

“Let her be, it was a very tiring day.” said Harry with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I think you overwhelmed his brain.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“Oh, crap, we didn’t tell you about that part.” said Ron worriedly. “Sorry mate.”

“And you didn’t tell me to take off my glasses.” thought Harry to himself.

Dialogue line.

“That wasn’t speaking clearly.” said Bill shaking his head. “I hope you didn’t get shot clear out of the country.”

“No, I went to London.” said Harry slowly.
“Well, that’s good, but hopefully you landed in a good part of London.” said Bill feeling reassured. But when he saw the look Harry’s face, his face fell.

**Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Yeah, that’s what it normally feels like. I actually really like that sensation.” said Sirius with a grin.

Harry stared at him, “If we go anywhere, I am taking the Knight bus, broom, car, train, or walking. I am not Flooing anywhere.” said Harry looking over to Sirius sternly.

“Oooh! Are we demanding now?” said Sirius with a smirk.

“I’m not demanding, I’m pleading that we…don’t…Floo…anywhere…” said Harry clasping his hands together dramatically. “You can, just don’t ask me to.”

Sirius smirked over to Remus, who shook his head. “Promise him, Padfoot.”

“Alright, alright, I promise.” said Sirius smiling at Harry and throwing his hands up in defeat.

**Twentieth paragraph, second sentence, first dash, seventh word.**

“But Ron said to keep your eyes shut.” said Dennis quickly.

**Twentieth paragraph, second sentence, second dash, first comma.**

“We told you keep your elbows in.” chided Fred mockingly.

**Twentieth paragraph, second sentence, fourth dash.**

“Oh….crap…that means you’re going somewhere you shouldn’t be, right?” asked Charlie to his father.

“Yeah, he’s going somewhere that isn’t even open to the normal Floo network system anymore. He’s going through an old, old Floo network path. One that had been shut down for at least eleven years.” said Mr. Weasley.

**Twentieth paragraph, second sentence, fifth dash.**

“Did you see anywhere familiar?” asked George eagerly.

“Not really, everything was moving way too fast, and I didn’t want to open my eyes too wide.
“That’s why.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“I hope you didn’t get hurt badly.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“No, just my glasses, they suffered some damage.” said Harry with a smile. “And scratched my nose up a bit.”

“That reminds me, we need to get you, some new glasses, how about Saturday, no readings to worry about or keep you here.” said Remus with a smile over to Harry.

“Um…” said Harry looking over to Ginny quickly, “are they open Sunday? I have a…thing going on, on Saturday.”

“Well, no, they’re not usually open on Sunday, do you want to go next weekend then?” said Remus frowning at Harry, but then brightening up when he saw the significant look that was exchanged between the only Weasley daughter and Harry.

“Harry can go on this Saturday, his thing can wait till Sunday.” said Ginny with a smirk.

“You sure?” asked Harry quickly.

“Go for it, I want to see what glasses you get.” said Ginny with a smile.

“You two dating?” said Ron quickly.

“Saturday was going to be our first date.” said Harry and Ginny with broad grins.

Cho Chang and Romilda Vane scowled from their seats.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“I’m fine.” said Harry tiredly as Sirius gripped his shoulder.

Twenty-second paragraph, end of first sentence.

“You couldn’t just use ‘Reparo’?” asked Neville.

“No, I still couldn’t use magic cause of what happened at the end of first year and I didn’t want to get another letter.” said Harry with a smile.

Twenty-second paragraph, third sentence, first dash.

“What drew you to that conclusion?” asked Anthony.
“One, I don’t think that some stray witch or wizard could Floo into a muggle’s house and the other was, I saw things that no Muggle-shop would carry. Not without being shut down permanently and the owner being arrested.” said Harry.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph, second sentence.

“I would certainly hope those wouldn’t show up on a school supply list.” said Rivers with a disgusted look.

“It sounds like… Borgin and Burkes.” said Dumbledore carefully.

“What are you doing in there?” asked Sirius quickly.

“You act like I asked to go there.” said Harry with a pointed look.

“Right… I forgot…it was an accident…” said Sirius sheepishly.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

“I was panicking a bit; I didn’t know where I was. I thought for a moment that I was completely out of the country.” said Harry with a small smile. “I didn’t have Hedwig to send a message to anyone, no money on me to even hope for a train ticket or bus fare, and the contents of the shop scared me. I was actually frightened.” said Harry shaking slightly.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“My sentiments exactly.” said Dr. Clark uneasily.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“It was a scratch, nothing more.” said Harry to the men in the bowl and to Madam Pomfrey.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

Draco paled, had Potter heard what his father had said to Mr. Borgin? He hoped not. His father would be in serious trouble if it had gotten out what he was doing there.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“I learned from another book that was in my bedroom, that you don’t close a cabinet when you’re in there.” said Harry with smile. Hermione smiled broadly.
“What book is that?” asked Seamus quickly.

“What on earth were you doing in that shop, Mr. Malfoy?” said McGonagall quickly.

“It will be revealed, I suspect.” drawled Snape, coming to Draco’s defense. He had been silent for so long, absently fingering the locket that rested in his hand. He didn’t know how Potter was going to win it back, and a part of him wanted to just hand it over. But there was another part that wanted to hold onto it tightly.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Why bring you to the shop if he feels that things are too dangerous for you to touch?” asked Terry.

“My mother wasn’t with us that trip, we were doing my school shopping that day too.” said Draco quickly.

“So instead of doing your school shopping another day, or going to Borgin and Burkes some other time, he brings you along?” said Tonks incredulously.

Draco looked down at his feet.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“What a brat.” said Fred rolling his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“If we had acted like that, Mum would have smacked us.” said Charlie to Bill.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first comma.

“Good enough to impress the greatest Chaser Gryffindor ever had.” said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

“Who was that, sir?” asked Dennis eagerly.

“That of course, would be Minerva McGonagall.” said Dumbledore. He chuckled warmly as the
stunned looks on the student’s face. “Why one game, she scored thirty goals, all on her own, and within the same two hours.”

The current Chasers of each house turned at stared at McGonagall.

“Got any tips?” asked Katie with a hopeful smile.

“None that you don’t already know.” said the Head of Gryffindor house. “I made sure that you were trained with the basics that I learned myself in my playing days.

End of dialogue set.

“Pretty accurate in my opinion.” said Harry with a smirk.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.

Harry looked thoughtful, “Who the heck thought I was smart? I was only aiming for slightly better than average grades.”

“Beats me mate, maybe someone saw right through you.” said Ron shrugging.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“He didn’t tell it to him, he whined it to him.” smirked Fred.

Dialogue set, second sentence, third dash.

“So, fake fondness, huh? Good luck with that. I’ve seen what he looks like, he’ll need all the help he can get to act fond.” said Charlie.

End of dialogue set,

“So it is Borgin and Burkes.” said Kingsley.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“You have got to be kidding me! He’s purchased stuff from Borgin and Burkes?” said Madam Bones, “Openly?”
“It…he…he could be doing….DOESN’T MEAN THAT HE’S DOING ANYTHING ILLICIT!” shouted Fudge. “He’s been proven innocent, beyond a shadow of any doubt!”

“I don’t remember holding a trial for him, when was this?” asked Madam Bones shrewdly.

“Well…it was by some members of the Wizengamot.” said Fudge quietly.

“Really? The ones that we discovered were under the Imperius curse themselves?” said Madam Bones sternly.

“Well…um…” said Fudge, growing ever more quiet.

“I thought not…well let’s add Mr. Malfoy’s name to the group of people that needs to be investi…oh…his name’s already on the list. Never mind.” said Madam Bones. “I had forgotten that while reading the last chapter, Mr. Potter had informed me of several reasons to question Mr. Malfoy.”

Fudge looked angrily down at Harry, who merely waved innocently.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Selling?” said Moody eagerly.

Dialogue set.

“Nice to know that he doesn’t think he’s so high up on the food chain, that he can’t be subjected to raids.” said Sirius bitterly.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Fudge blinked hard. What did Lucius say?

End of dialogue set.

Bill and Charlie’s faces were both contorted in snarls. Percy had turned white and looked down. Fred, George and Ron smirked evilly. They knew he was going to get his comeuppance.

Thirty-second paragraph.
Mr. Weasley smiled over to Harry.

“Nice of you to get angry at that.” said Charlie with a grin as well.

“I liked Mr. Weasley.” said Harry simply.

Dialogue line.

“‘Appear’ nothing, no self-respecting wizard keeps poison about the place. Unless they’re pest control poisons.” said Tonks sharply.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Why?” asked Dr. Clark, wrinkling his nose at the description of it.

“It looked cool.” said Draco simply.

“Children are psychotic nowadays.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

“‘The Hand of Glory?’” said Tempest inquisitively. “Wasn’t that in Panic’s care, Nightstrike?”

“He did have it in his possession, but he was the Death Eater spy in our company.” said Nightstrike bitterly.

“Oh…my apologies, but it looks like he sold some of the weapons he was supposed to guard.” said Tempest somberly.

“It seems that way, we’ll have to hunt down the weapons and tools all over again.” said Lionus tiredly. “I hate ‘Weapons detail’.”

“What is ‘Weapon’s detail’?” asked Padma quietly.

“In a nutshell, we go around the world and confiscate different weapons that could potentially be harmful to the masses. Each Operative has at least five to thirty different weapons in their protective custody. He had about twenty in his care, so we’ve got some searching to do, if he sold them.” said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wow…nice dad…” said Dr. Clark with raised eyebrows.

“Gee, wonder who would get father of the year…Arthur or Lucius?” said Sirius with a smirk.
“Give me a moment to think about that.” said Tonks, pretending to think hard.

Dialogue line.

"We don’t have favorites, we appreciate hard work from everyone, not just from Miss Granger.” said Professor McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

“Nice, real nice.” said Lavender. “Just what you want to teach your kids, sexual and blood discrimination.”

Dialogue line.

“Don’t get caught Harry!” said a second year Ravenclaw.

“Save the celebrating for later.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

“As it really should.” said Harry with a slight smile. “Bloodlines should not be the first things you talk about in a conversation.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Grrr…” snarled Harry, leaning forward in the bowl.

“What is it, pup?” said Sirius.

“Nothing, at least, nothing I’ll tell you about yet.” said Harry not meeting his eyes.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Hmph…he would smirk at something that hurt Muggles.” said Hannah disgustedly.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“You have luck working for you in the oddest moments, dear boy.” said Dumbledore letting out a sigh of relief.

Moody looked at the book eagerly, “Did you catch what he was selling, boy?”

Harry scratched his head. “There were some poisons he mentioned. Other than that he only pointed and they haggled over the prices of the stuff.”

“Hmm…too bad…” said Kingsley.

“Outside of that store is just about as dangerous as the inside.” said Kingsley wisely.

“Bet you looked like a dork.” said Pansy with a smirk.

“We could have been twins that day, Pansy!” said Harry gleefully.

Hermione tried to hold in her laugh, meanwhile Fred and George looked insulted.

Ron cringed and moaned loudly.

“There are no spiders here, Ron.” said Hermione soothingly.

“Don’t go over there!” said Sirius quickly.

“Gee, I had no idea. Thanks for the warning.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“I’m not kidding!” said Sirius angrily. “There are some people down where you’re at that kidnap children and sell them off to other people! Or people that would want to…hurt you…!”

“I know, I know. But calm down! I don’t go over there, and someone comes to my rescue real
soon.” said Harry leaning against Sirius.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, twelfth word.

“Stay out of there boy, the air in there is toxic.” said Moody with a stern gaze.

Thirty-ninth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“I always wanted to go down there, just to see what is there, I don’t want to now.” said Blaise.

Thirty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

“How could you speak clearly with hot ash in your mouth?” asked Dennis.

“You can’t.” said Harry with a frown.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

“I know of that woman, she’ll stun people and rip the nails right off people.” said Snape quietly. People started to cringe and Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry.

“Why would someone want fingernails?” said Parvati with a green tint to her face.

“They are used for some poisons.” said Snape plainly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“How do you know?” asked a first year Slytherin.

“Who else talks like that?” said Charlie shrugging.

Forty-first paragraph.

“I believe that she was upset that she lost the opportunity to collect some young fingernails.” said
Snape quietly.

“And thank goodness for that.” whispered Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Thank god!” sighed Dr. Clark

“I was sorta shocked ter see yeh down there.” said Hagrid.

End of forty-second paragraph.

“I was never so happy to see the bank.” said Harry with a broad smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Sorry ‘bout that.” said Hagrid sheepishly.

“Don’t worry about it, you caught me before I fell.” said Harry brightly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Harry! He’s an adult! He may go where he pleases.” chided Mrs. Weasely.

“Well aware of that. But…I wanted to know if someone…” Harry looked over to Dumbledore.

“sent him to find me.”

“I had no notion that you were missing.” said Dumbledore honestly. “If you were missing, I would have come and found you myself.”

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Are the slugs flesh-eating, or the repellant?” asked Dean.

“The slugs are the ones that eat flesh. The repellant is quite safe.” said Professor Sprout.

“They can keep the cabbages.” said Ernie sticking his tongue out.

“I know a great Cheddar Cabbage Casserole recipe. I could make it for you and see if you still hate it.” said Harry with a smile.

“Cheese and cabbage?” said Ernie a twinge of green in his cheeks.
“It’s not just cheese and cabbage; it’s got onion, cream of celery soup, mayonnaise and believe it or not, cornflakes. It’s not too bad. Dudley hates cabbage too, but I have to make two baking dishes of it when I make it. Only time he eats the stuff.”

“That’s not his favorite dish is it? I don’t want to be like him in any sense.” warned Ernie.

“Almost everything is his favorite dish. You’ll have to stop eating to be the opposite of him.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Oh…I fergot yeh told me ‘bout it, sorry, ‘arry.” said Hagrid. “I didn’ remember yeh tellin’ me. An’ if I had known the entire story, I woulda’...”

Dialogue line.

“And I don’ think yeh told me everythin’. I’d’ve remembered the beatin’ if yeh had told me. I woulda gone to the Dursley’s and gave ‘em what fer.” said Hagrid softly, but his tone turned harsher towards the end of his statement.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph

Dialogue line.

“How do shift from different topics like that without a clutch?” asked Dr. Clark looking at Hermione with an amused look on his face.

“What’s a clutch?” asked Malfoy.

“It’s the part of a car.” said Dr. Clark with a smile. Malfoy looked down, he was taught to be harsh and aggressive towards Muggles and Muggle-borns, but this one…he sort of…liked.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“'I was amazed to see Percy running, he’s thin, but I’ve never seen him take part in much exercise.”
said Harry.

“I run, just not often.” said Percy quietly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Turns out, you went about thirteen grates too far.” said Mr. Weasley.

**End of dialogue set.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“If you had said Knockturn Alley, and underage, it would of course not have let you through.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “I’m not too sure how you managed to get past the underage blocks in the Floo network. Perhaps…fate is what made you stop at that particular one. It was very fortunate, for someone that you did stop there.” finished Dumbledore with a gentle smile.

“It’s fortunate that Hagrid was down there.” growled Remus not knowing the significance of Dumbledore’s statement.

**Dialogue line.**

**Forty-sixth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

**Forty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.**

“And I thought I was prepared for anything.” said Harry with a smile.

**End of forty-seventh paragraph.**

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“At least you’re interested in catching the blighter as well.” said Moody with a smirk.
“It’s my job to worry frantically.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile.

“Why were they nervous?” asked Padma.

“This was the first time they were in Gringotts without someone there to mind us.” said Hermione with a smile. “The first time, we had Professor McGonagall.”

“For a moment, my parents thought you were mad. But then, after they talked with you a while longer, they really liked you.” said Hermione brightly.

“You weren’t the only one. Fred and George were whooping it up on the way down.” said Ron with a smile.

“Wow…I kinda would’ve gone bragging about all the money I had, if I had it.” said Seamus quietly.

“So…there is no adult watching you.” said Dr. Clark looking down at Harry.

“No, but we were always within shouting distance of someone. And we knew where everyone was.” said Harry with a smile.

“Did you listen to me for once?” said Mrs. Weasley quickly.
“We actually did.” said Fred and George, “we went straight to Gambol and Japes.”

“Oh...that's even better.” said McGonagall rolling her eyes.

Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

“I hope you didn’t go spending your money frivolously, young man.” said Sirius in a mock paternal voice.

Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma.

“Nope, you didn’t, very practical.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Why would you mix strawberry and peanut butter together?” said Lavender looking revolted.

“We thought it was gross too, but Harry told us to try it. Turns out I love those two flavors together.” said Hermione happily.

Fiftieth paragraph, end of second sentence.

“We knew we weren’t allowed in, so we just window shopped.” said Ron with a smirk.

Fiftieth paragraph, third sentence, eighteenth word.

“ Took everything I had not to beg you to buy those for me.” said Ron with a guilty smile.

“You never know...you could get them at some point.” said Harry with a smile.

Fiftieth paragraph, end of third sentence.

“That sucked, we went from fun shopping to boring shopping in two minutes.” sulked Ron.

Fiftieth paragraph, fourth sentence, sixth comma.

“What did I tell you about those things?” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“We forget, you tell us not to do so many things.” said George cutely.

“I told you not to buy those before school starts. I don’t need a letter telling me that you shot those things in corridors, and hurt someone!” she continued to scold.

“We don’t set them off in the corridors!” said Fred indignantly.

“We set them off in the dorms.” said George quietly with a smile.
“Ugh…we really need to speak to Turner…he shouldn’t be selling broken wands.” said McGonagall tiredly.

“How do you know it’s boring?” said Percy defensively.

“I read it in my first year. Trust me, it’s boring.” said Harry shaking his head.

Fred and George high-fived their little brother.

“He doesn’t have what it takes.” said Madam Bones sternly.

Percy shot back angrily. “What don’t I have?”

“Loyalty to the people.” said Madam Bones twice as stern as before. “You couldn’t even show loyalty to your family.”

Percy shuffled his feet guiltily.

“What the hell were you guys doing for an hour?” asked Fred.

“We were just bobbing about,” said Harry. “doing nothing important.”

“Are they having a big sale or what?” asked Dr. Clark.

“They only have a sale the first part of summer. For the students who are eager to start on the next year.” said Flitwick.
“Oh…goody…” groaned Remus.

“Wonderful…” said Kingsley quietly.

“Tell me you don’t go in.” moaned Sirius.

“That’s where we were told to meet the Weasely’s so we don’t have a choice.” said Hermione with a smile.

“Hermione was overjoyed when she read that little sign.” said Ron with a smirk. He had to dodge as she smacked him with a pillow.

Dialogue line.

“You squealed?” said Remus in disbelief.

“He was…nice to look at…” said Hermione.

“Only if you don’t know him.” said Remus plainly. “Once you know him, you want to stab your eyes out with a rusty nail.”

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence,

“Bet Dazzle Gums didn’t like that.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Why do you say that?” said Harry wonderingly. “It seemed like he was having a good time.” he thought back to that day.

“He likes dates that are a little younger than him.” said Remus rolling his eyes. He then blinked hard and slowly looked over to Harry, his eyes filled with worry.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

“He won’t allow another author to do a book signing ever again. He suffered quite a lot of damages to the store.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

Fifty-third paragraph, third sentence, thirteenth word.

“Why did you buy a second copy?” said Hermione curiously. “Why spend your money like that?”

“You wouldn’t happen to be the unknown philanthropist that donates books to the ‘Stray Spell’ organization would you?” said Dumbledore beaming.

“What is that?” asked Seamus quickly.
“It’s an organization that gives books and some equipment to Muggleborns, and Purebloods who otherwise wouldn’t be able to afford it.” said McGonagall.

Sirius looked down at his blushing godson and smiled broadly.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh…boy…” moaned Remus.

“You looked great Mrs. Weasley,” said Harry with a smile.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“He hasn’t changed a bit, has he?” said Sirius shaking his head.

“Not a bit. From what I hear.” said Remus tiredly.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“He always wore the shade of blue that matched his eyes.” said Sirius rolling his eyes. “According to him,’ no other color would do’. He wasn’t in Ravenclaw, but he would always wear at least a blue tie.” said Sirius groaning.

“What House was he in?” asked Ron quickly. “Don’t tell me Gryffindor!” he moaned.

“He was in Hufflepuff.” said Professor Sprout, she looked slightly put out.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

“He always had his hat on a stupid angle.” moaned Remus.

“I thought it looked pretty good.” said Hermione sheepishly.

“You should have tried growing up with ‘Dazzle Gums’.” said Sirius rolling his eyes.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“He was taking so many pictures, that nobody could even breathe.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“Big deal.” said Remus and Sirius.
“Go Ron.” said the two Marauders.

“Yeah, he always had a very high opinion of himself. He didn’t like anyone else not having the same high opinion as he did.” said Remus rolling his eyes.

“Bet he noticed the hair and the eyes first.” growled Remus.

“Right now, I’m kinda hoping that he looked at the scar.” said Harry shaking his head. “I don’t think I want him hitting on me.”

“Did he hit on you at all that year or…anything else…?” said Sirius carefully. Remus, Dumbledore and Dr. Clark looked quickly over to Harry.

“Not that I remember, and I think I would.” said Harry shaking his head. “I’d remember if…Dazzle Gums…tried anything.”

“He still could’ve looked at your hair and eyes. There wasn’t a person that your parent’s went to school with that didn’t know your name. Your parents bragged about you all the time. ‘Harry summoned all the cookies out of the cookie jar.’ and stuff like that.” said Sirius giving Harry a tight one armed hug.

“Wow, if one didn’t know better, I would think you didn’t want to be up there.” said Dr. Clark with a grin. “I still cannot believe that they find you famous here. And for such a horrible reason.”

“You’re telling me.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Damn, would have loved to have seen that picture.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“I’ve got a scrapbook.” said Hermione, “It’s got a whole bunch of pictures and newspaper clippings with Harry in them. Not the more recent ones though, those aren’t worth the parchment
their written on.” Hermione said with a scowl. Rita Skeeter snarled over to her.

“Oh sure, nothing with me in there.” said Ron indignantly.

“It’s not just Harry! I’ve pictures of all three of us in there.” said Hermione soothingly.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

“I’d kick the photographer.” said Remus shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

“Harry alone is worth a year full of front pages, and the pages after for that matter.” said Sirius quickly.

“Harry didn’t even smile, it was more like someone stamped on his foot and he was trying not to call out.” said George with a grin.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

“Every time I tried to get away, he’d pull me back again.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Tell me where he’s at, and I’ll rearrange his face for you.” said Sirius quickly.

“Oh don’t I wish you could, but…he’s almost harmless now.” said Harry slowly.

“What do you mean?” asked Remus carefully.

“He’s…not all there anymore.” said Ron with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

“He already came out of the closet in our third year…what extra info did he need to release?” mumbled Sirius to Remus quietly.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first dash.

“Bullshit…I didn’t want that book.” muttered Harry quietly.

Dr. Clark smacked the back of Harry’s head. “Watch your mouth.” he warned.

“Sorry.” said Harry rubbing the back of his head.

“Did he have issues with language when he was little?” asked Remus with a smile.
“Not really, he didn’t swear at James’ or my place. I don’t know where he got the mouth…” said Dr. Clark looking at Harry questioningly.

Fred and George smirked at each other.

“Wasn’t just you two.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

“Bet you were thrilled!” mocked Remus.

“Even free, they weren’t worth it.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Slowly, a scowl appeared on Sirius and Remus’ face. When Harry heard the growls coming from both sides of him He looked up at them.

“What is it?” asked Harry.

“Don’t mind us, we just aren’t very comfortable with him touching you.” said Sirius, his teeth bared.

Dumbledore looked over quickly, “Harry…he didn’t…” he was pale and shaking.

“No, how many times…?” asked Harry shaking his head.

“After seeing the living daylights beaten out of you, we want to be absolutely sure that nothing… even more horrible has happened to you, dear boy.” said Dumbledore with a sad smile.

“I know, I know…but still…nothing like, what you lot are thinking, happened.” said Harry in a defeated voice.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“What did he just say?” said Dr. Clark slowly.

End of dialogue set.

Remus, and Sirius stared at the book with their mouths opened, then they turned slowly to look at Dumbledore. “You didn’t. He’s kidding, right? said Sirius faintly.

“He was the only one who applied for the job, I waited to see if Remus would come back to the country sooner than what he did, but…” said Dumbledore rubbing the bridge of his nose. “He didn’t, so, I had no other recourse to take.”

“I knew I shouldn’t have stopped at Amboro National Park.” said Remus clapping a hand to his forehead. “I stayed an extra week just to explore that place.”
“Did you enjoy yourself?” asked Hermione eagerly.

“Actually, I did. It was beautiful down there, the forest, the falls, the animals.” said Remus fondly.

“Then we can forgive you for staying there, if you had fun. Though I don’t think you got much of a tan down there.” said Harry shoving Remus slightly.

“I burn, I don’t tan.” said Remus with a grin.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.


Fifty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Hey there were a lot of books and there wasn’t a whole lot of room to walk.” said Harry, slightly irritated by the snickering.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“You never did like the lime-light did you?” asked George with a smile.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Gee, and here I thought you were being kind.” said Ginny sarcastically.

“Hey! I…no you’re right, I was being cruel.” said Harry with a broad smile. Ginny picked up an abandoned cushion and hurled it over to him. After it hit him in the face, he picked it up and threw it back to her, laughing.

“Oi!” said Sirius, after getting clipped by the second throw Ginny did. “Save it for the…never mind.” said Sirius catching himself before he said something wrong.

“Good save.” said Remus shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

“That was the only part that I saw a similarity between you and a Defense Professor.” said Harry to Malfoy with a smirk. “Lockhart didn’t respect personal space either.”

“Gee, thanks.” said Draco slightly scowling.
“You’ve known him for a whole year, and you think he likes all that attention.” asked Sirius stunned.

“Well…” said Draco quietly.

“He was only trying to push my buttons.” said Harry to Sirius.

“I was impressed, not even Neville wanted to stand up to him at first. I got a quick glimpse at the real you, though I was an immature little kid, I didn’t know what it really meant.” said Harry with a smile.

“Only took me three years to wake up to that little fact.” said Harry with a smirk.

Snickers and giggles could be heard rippling across the floor. “So much for the name of Malfoy commanding respect, huh?” said Anthony with a smirk on his face.

“So, does that mean that he had nothing to do with Dobby?” asked Tonks questioningly.

“Yeah, all he did was blink at me and think I was crazy.” said Ron with a small smile.

“Sorry again.” said Draco quietly.

“You already gave us a blanket apology, forget it.” said Bill kindly.

“It was getting very, very heavy then.” said Ginny.
“Sorry ‘bout that.” said Harry and Ron.

End of sixtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“So you’d let them fight, if they were outside?” asked Bathilda incredulously.

“Boys will be boys.” said Mr. Weasley, Sirius and Moody.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph.

“I started to think that a sneer is a Malfoy family trait. Like red hair with the Weasleys.” said Harry with a smile. “Either that or a permanent fixture.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He knows you don’t get overtime.” said Fudge absently.

“How…would he know?” asked Madam Bones carefully.

“Well…he...uh…advised me…” said Fudge quietly.

“Stupid, stupid man.” said Madam Bones and Tempest angrily.

“Well…that explains a lot.” said Nightstrike looking at his Captain.

“You are done.” said Lionus angrily to Fudge.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’ve known this man for one chapter, I already hate him.” said Dr. Clark.

“What about the ‘No hating people’ shtick you tell me?” said Harry with an amused smile.

“This is different.” said Dr. Clark sharply.

“Hypocrite.” said Harry with a chuckle, but it was turned to high pitched laughter when Dr. Clark reached under his knee and began to tickle Harry.
Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Any decent wizard’s opinion is different from his.” said Kingsley in his deep voice.

Dialogue set.

A majority of people in the Great Hall began to snarl and growl towards the book and towards Draco. Draco shuffled his feet sheepishly. He opened his mouth to apologize, but Mr. Weasley stopped him.

“You didn’t insult us, your father did.” said Mr. Weasley, his tone slightly cold.

“I didn’t stop him.” said Malfoy quietly.

“You didn’t want to at the time.” said Charlie.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

Bill and Charlie stared in amazement at their mild-mannered father. “You tackled Malfoy, Dad?” said Bill quietly.

“Awesome!” Charlie said in a whisper.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

Remus slowly turned and looked at Harry, Harry felt Remus looking at him and he leaned forward.

“What?” asked Harry. “Let me guess, ‘did a book hit you?’ I can understand you having an anxiety attack when something dangerous happens, but not when it’s something this…for the want of a better word, petty. Please calm down, or you’re gonna have Calming Draught coming out of your ears.” said Harry with a small smile.

Remus sighed, “Well, at least you and I aren’t fighting anymore.” he smiled.

“We were never fighting, you were freaking out over something that happened years ago and it was getting a bit much.” said Harry still smiling. “Well, getting back to where you were going, I did get hit in the head with a book, but I didn’t sustain any real injuries.”

Sixty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, second semi-colon.

“I couldn’t believe that you both shouted that.” chided Mrs. Weasley.

“If they didn’t, we would have.” said Bill and Charlie grinning ear to ear.
“And that is the reason Flourish and Blotts will no longer do book signings. After the almost riot going on in their poor store, they banned them.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“He didn’t start the fight.” said Fred.

“But he’ll finish it.” said George

“So…who won?” asked Colin curiously.

“I think it was a tie. To be perfectly honest.” said Mr. Weasley. “It felt good to smack him with that book though.”

“I would have beaten him with a thicker book than that one.” said Kingsley with a smirk.

“Bastard” Harry hissed. Dr. Clark quickly looked over to Harry.

“What the hell was that?” he asked

“What?” said Harry quickly.

“You sort of choked and hissed at the same time.” said Dr. Clark.

“Oh…that was called Parseltongue, I can…talk to snakes…” said Harry quietly.

The Rangers’ eyes flashed in excitement, while Dr. Clark blinked.

“Really? That’s…really cool! Show me sometime, will you?” said Dr. Clark excitedly. “Always loved snakes…” he said absently.

The entire Slytherin house stared at him in amazement.

“What a jerk.” said Lavender angrily.
Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first dash.

Malfy shuffled his feet.

“Yer getting’ better.” said Hagird gruffly down to the pale faced young man.

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“You couldn’t ask for a better protector.” said Harry beaming up to Hagrid. He then looked to the men in the bowl with him, they looked at him with slightly hurt faces. “When it comes to physical strength, I mean.” he added quickly.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, first comma, fifth word.

“They were afraid they would have to dodge spells and curses.” said Hermione “They were relieved to not have to.” said Hermione.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Who gives a damn what he thought?” said Remus.

“Well…it was his book signing” she said quietly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Seriously?” asked Remus rolling his eyes.

End of dialogue set.

“What a…” he gulped loudly and looked down at Harry. “an idiot.”

“Not where you were heading.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Don’t want to swear, least not in front of you.” said Sirius sternly.

“Whatever you say, I’ve heard worse…” said Harry with a smile.

Sixty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.
Sirius snorted loudly.

“Don’t make me beat you.” said Harry with a smirk.

**End of sixty-seventh paragraph.**

“You were in so much trouble at that time, you didn’t deserve a treat.” said Mrs. Weasley frowning slightly at her husband.

**Sixty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Well, at least you learned to not wear glasses when flooing.” said Remus with a smile.

“Yeah, no one told me that rule when I left the first time.” said Harry solemnly.

**End of chapter.**

“What happened when you got back to the Burrow, was that a good landing?” asked Colin.

“I got shot out of the fireplace like a cannon.” said Harry chewing his lip.

“Were you hurt?” asked Dr. Clark.

“No, I got thrown into the sofa.” said Harry.

“Well…” said Dumbledore chuckling silently, “It’s about six o’clock now, shall we read on, or have dinner first.”

“Eeeek!” screamed Professor Sprout. She almost dropped the book as a Recollection scroll appeared.

“What could it be now?” said Harry questioningly. “Officer McFinn is gone, so are you.” said Harry looking up to Dr. Clark. “What could it be, now?”

A red light, with golden twinges in the middle enveloped them all.
The Winds of Change

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter

The dual colored light deposited them in room where several people were hurrying about carrying files, answering phones, and leading people that looked as if they had seen better days out of the room The Watchers were standing in.

“This is a Police Station!” said Dr. Clark. “What are we doing here?” he turned to look at Harry, but Harry looked as confused as the rest of them.

“Parker! Where is that Stapelton file?” said an important man coming out of the corner office. He had salt-and-pepper hair, clean shaven and strong arms. Though he spoke with high authority, he had a kind smile on his face.

“Right here, Inspector Homes” said the man named Parker standing up and walking the file over to the Inspector.

“Hey! That Parker guy is the same guy that was at the Dursley’s in the first Scroll! He was one of the Detectives that came once you were heading for the ambulance!” said Hermione eagerly.

“Yep, that’s him.” said Harry looking around curiously. “We never really talked, he’s sort of cynical and Officer McFinn and Mrs. McFinn never really wanted me to become that. But I get along really great with Inspector Homes.”

“Little late for you not to be cynical.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Oh, I can be even more cynical if you want.” said Harry teasingly.

“I need to you go and speak to Mrs. Heavebow on Wilkin Street. She may know something about her sister’s disappearance. She if she can give you an insight to their mother. I don’t trust that cold old fish.” said the Inspector.

“Yes, sir.”

“Lunch!” shouted a young voice coming from the door which swung widely open.

Several officers stood up and walked over to the door, the Watchers walked over as well, half-knowing whose voice it belonged to.

There was Harry, with a neatly repaired food trolley bearing the photos of several different foods which included pizza, spaghetti, different sandwiches, chili, soup, chicken, hamburgers, hot dogs
and several other things, each bearing a different price.

“What’s the special today, Bud?” asked Inspector Homes, walking over.

“My ‘Seven-day spaghetti’, with garlic bread, fruit of your choice and a slice of apple pie, only twelve pounds.” said Harry pointing to the large pot on a portable hot plate.

“Twelve pounds? I’d charge forty galleons for that spaghetti.” said Ginny looking at Harry in shock.

“You’ve had it?” asked Ron quickly.

“Yeah, the other night.” said Ginny with a smile.

“Sounds good to me, sign me up.” said Inspector Homes smiling broadly, he took out his wallet and placed the money on the small counter on the food trolley that wasn’t covered with sandwiches or fruit. “How’s the fund raising going? Are you going to have enough money to find Sam when you graduate?”

“I hope so…but it’s going pretty slow.” said Harry sadly.

“What did you expect? You can’t raise almost two million pounds in the course of a few months. There are people that work two jobs a day and they don’t make even a half million pounds in a few years. It’s gonna take some time, Bud.” said Inspector Homes with a smile.

“Why is he smiling?” asked Fred.

“He was happy that I was still naïve. He thought Uncle Vernon killed my childhood.” said Harry plainly.

“He was close to doing so.” growled Dr. Clark. “And not just to your childhood.”

“I know, but I thought I would get some money together and send someone else first. Like a Private Eye.” said younger Harry sadly.

“Well, I can understand that, but it is going to take some time. I would say, go home and enjoy your childhood, but you really can’t do that at your house, can you?” said Inspector Homes with a frown.

“Why couldn’t they arrest your Uncle Vernon?” said Hermione angrily.

“He threatened the Police departments’ solicitor with a lawsuit if the police bugged him again about me.” said Harry scratching the back of his head absentely.

“Would they have lost that lawsuit?” asked Dean.
“Yeah, I think they would have.” said Harry. “Somehow, Uncle Vernon can convince and bribe just about anyone.”

The scene shifted slightly and they found themselves in Inspector Homes’s office.

“How much money have you raised so far, Bud?” asked Inspector Homes twirling his fork in the spaghetti.

Harry whipped out a small white book and read quickly. “Five thousand and twenty six pounds and fifty-four shillings.”

Inspector Homes dropped his fork in shock. “Wow! You must be working very hard, how did you raise that much money so soon?”

“Mrs. McFinn and I take food all over the building here and sell baked goods out of her house. I even made a wedding cake a month ago.” said Harry with a smile.

“Have you even given yourself a day off, or anything?” said Inspector Homes concernedly. “You should be out having fun, acting like a kid! Let the military fellows find Sam.” He stood up to get a drink of water from the water cooler in his office.

The younger Harry looked down, his eyes brimming with tears “All they’re going to do is label him M.I.A nothing more.” said Harry beginning to weep bitterly. “I…I want to find him! I wanna bring him home!”

Inspector Homes, took a quick step back, but then walked around his desk and brought the small eight year old into a tight hug. “I’m sorry, Bud, I’m sorry. Why don’t you let us help you raise the money? We could start a collection here.”

“I wanna earn the money, I don’t want people going without their own hard-earned money ‘cause I can’t raise it.” he dried his eyes quickly. “I gotta get back; Mrs. McFinn and I are making a cake for a garden party.”

“Sure thing, Bud, see you tomorrow.” he said as Harry pushed his little cart out of the room. He then sighed, and spoke too quietly for young Harry to hear, but The Watchers heard. “Are you ever going to let other’s help you?”

Sirius and Remus looked quickly down at Harry and smiled. “Apparently, that took a few years didn’t it?”

“So…the first time you actually took help from someone since then, was with us?” said Ron in shock.

“Yep.” said Harry simply.

The scene shifted forward and now they were at the entrance of the Police Department. There was a well-dressed, rotund man, hair combed over the ever present bald spot on his head, surrounded by several different cameras and reporters.
“This latest string of thefts in getting out of hand, thieves are just coming into our places of business, our havens of cultural enrichment and thieving all we hold dear and cherish. This has to end now!” he shouted dramatically.

“What the hell is this guy going on about?” asked Sirius.

“And to help restore the peace of mind of our noble and fellow citizens.” The man stated loud, like a preacher shouting the good word to a congregation. “I have created a brand new security system! And to prove that it will halt any criminal in his path, I will invite any thief who dares to try, can come and test it out. If you lose…well,” he laughed slightly. “You go to jail.” he said with a smirk.

“Can you tell us anything about this security system?” asked one of the reporters.

“Unfortunately no, it would take away the surprise, for when the culprit comes calling.” said the man stroking his mustache.

“I know this guy.” said Lionus with a smirk. “That is Edward Buckthorn. He wasn’t all that dangerous, but he did attempt to eradicate a portion of the Police Department.”

“How was he going to do that?” asked Dean curiously.

“By creating so-called security systems and placing them in every business, museum, bank, and home, halting burgling dead in its tracks, after stopping all the thefts in the country, he would tell Parliament that the Police Department was no longer needed for those particular occurrences. with one portion of the police department removed, they wouldn’t need to give them that much funding.” said Lionus.

“That couldn’t happen.” said Hermione skeptically.

“You didn’t know those politicians. They were all about money and trying to get a little something on the side for themselves.” said Lionus. Hermione thought deeply.

“Not even the Ministry of Magic is without those who try and line their pockets with gold.” said Nightstrike looking over to Fudge.

“How do you know all this?” said Dean skeptically. “About this Buckthorn guy and his plans.”

“We just know, and that’s all I’m saying on that subject. As for making sure that no criminal could get past his system, he joined forces with most of the professional thieves in the country and told them not to rob anywhere that had his security systems. Everywhere else would get hit hard and the villains would vanish without a trace. People would have to buy his high priced system…”

“But how does that satisfy the other thieves?” asked Ron.

“They would take on the guise of maintenance men and enter the house, to upgrade the systems. They would tell the people that they would have to leave for an hour and leave them to their ‘sensitive’ work. Priceless paintings would be replaced with forgeries; antique silver would be replaced with silver plated objects and so forth. It was a very cunning plan.”
“Holy…crap…” said Justin in a whisper. “So did you guys stop him?”

“No, we didn’t, someone else did for us.” said Lionus with a smile.

“What is it that they are going to try and steal?” asked a reporter.

“Well…my entire manor is engulfed in my security system, but…I happen to have the famous ‘Forbidden Fruit’ ruby in my manor. If they can steal that…I will give the thief three million pounds!” said Mr. Buckthorn.

The photographers began to click madly and reporters asked questions, however, they were asking them all at the same time so no one could really hear one question in particular.

Dumbledore looked over to younger Harry quickly and saw…an odd gleam in his eyes. He turned to the present day Harry and caught his eye. This Harry was smiling excitedly.

Finally one reporter asked a question with a louder voice than any other one had.

“How would they collect the reward, sir?” asked the reporter.

“They can come here, hand it to the officers and ask them to call me. I hereby swear, on tape, that I will not press any charges and that the money will be theirs, if they can get past my security systems!” he said smugly. “And if they get caught by my methods, off to jail they go.”

“What a fraud.” said Inspector Homes walking up behind younger Harry. “I’ll bet that he’s told all the thieves in town to go to his house and surrender the moment they go in there, then turn around and bail them all out, through a “prepaid” attorney.”

“He was right on the money.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“So, anyone could go in and rob the place?” said Harry quietly.

“Anyone with brains, I suppose. You better head on to Holly’s.” said Inspector Homes patting Harry’s head. “She’s most likely waiting for you.”

Harry reached under the cart and slid a bicycle out, attached the cart to the back of the bike, clambered on board and pedaled off.

“Oh! What a cute little boy! Quick get a shot of the kid!” said one of the reporters.

“Would rather you didn’t.” said the veteran officer quickly. “Don’t ask why, we would just rather you didn’t.“

“Camera shy, eh?” said one of the photographers.

“None of your business to be honest.” muttered Inspector Homes making sure that he stood between the camera and Harry.
“Why not take your picture?” asked Colin.

“Yeah, it would have looked cute.” said Lavender.

“If Uncle Vernon had seen the news or the paper and saw me at the Police Station…it wouldn’t have gone well.” said Harry rubbing the back of his neck. A low rumble of growls etched its way across the Watchers.

The scene shifted once more and they saw fleeting glimpses of Harry in a kitchen mixing the contents of a bowl, in a library pouring over several different books, typing swiftly on a computer, and pouring different compounds in different beakers in what looked like a high school chemistry classroom and in a junkyard sifting through different piles of unwanted refuse.

“What the heck is this all about?” asked George.

“I’m working hard.” said Harry with a worried look towards the men in the bowl and the Weasleys.

The scene shifted once more and they found themselves against a large brick wall. It was a dark night and the wind was howling fiercely as they stood beside the giant wall. But oddly enough, the branches weren’t swaying in the wind. They were completely motionless.

“What are we doing here?” asked Hermione, “And how come it’s so windy but none of the trees are moving?”

“The Winds of Change, it’s a turning point in Harry’s life.” said Speckerton.

“And as for the reason why we’re here, here it comes.” said Nightstrike with a smile.

They turned and saw a dark clothed figure come hurrying over to them, when they reached them; they noticed that the figure was a little shorter than even the first years.

“This wouldn’t be you, would it?” asked Sirius quickly to Harry.

The dark figure stopped underneath a large tree and tossed a thin rope up to one of the higher branches, as he climbed the Watchers rose with him.

“I’ll take this as a ‘yes’.” said Sirius, when he caught a flash of Harry’s face.

“Oh, Harry! Don’t tell me you turn to thievery!” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

Harry ignored her.

“Answer her.” warned Remus sternly.

“He’s testing the security system.” said Lionus shortly to the two adults.

“Do you do a good job?” asked Sirius excitedly, he was trying to get Harry to speak. Harry ignored
Dumbledore however was confused, for Harry was excited not more than a minute ago, why would Harry worry about this episode now?

He continued to climb onto the tree and pulled himself one of the higher branches. He pulled his rope up from along the wall. He climbed further up the tree and pulled out a large bag of powdered sugar out of the knapsack on his bag. He tossed it high into the air and watched it as it fell, as it fell, the entire ground was lit up with crisscrossing lasers.

“What the heck?” said Remus staring at the ground.

“If you touch one of those, an alarm will go off.” said Tempest.

“Non-magic folk are quite…strange…” said Firenze.

“You’re telling me.” said Draco staring at the small red beams of light.

The dark figure took out a large tube from the knapsack and aimed it carefully, when he decided on a spot, he pulled on a small trigger underneath the tube. Something came whizzing out of the end and flew all the way over to the manor on the other side of the lawn. Then the scene shifted once more.

“What? Don’t we get to see you rob this place? That’s not fair!” moaned Fred.

“So much for getting tips.” said George, begrudgingly putting a piece of parchment back in his pocket.

“How did you know how to do that stuff?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Remember that T.V. show, MacGyver?” said Harry quietly.

“Yeah, James and I would watch it…every…afternoon…” he said slowly, then slapped his forehead. “I forgot, you learn a lot of interesting things on that show.”

“Can we watch it?” said Fred excitedly, but quickly cringed under the stern gaze of his mother.

They found themselves back in Inspector Homes’ office this time the same man from the press conference was in the office and two men with briefcases sitting on either side Inspector Homes’ desk.

“I DON’T BELIEVE IT! YOU CAN’T HAVE MY RUBY!” shouted Mr. Buckthorn slamming his fist down on the table.
“So someone did take it, awesome!” said Dean eagerly.

“Not someone! Harry! He took it! He had to have!” said George.

“But, sir, I have it right here,” said Inspector Homes innocently with a broad smile. He pulled out a small white bag and tipped the sole content out onto his hand. Out came a single ruby, the exact same size and color as an apple and round as an orange. “This is the Forbidden Fruit ruby isn’t it?”

“It cannot be! I have the ruby right here!” shouted Mr. Buckthorn, pulling out another similar looking ruby. Inspector Homes, placed the ruby he had in his hand, in a drawer and then took the ruby from Mr. Buckthorn and examined it carefully. He then smiled.

“Yours is a fake.” He said handing it back to the man.

“WHAT?” shouted the man. “That’s not possible!”

“Trust me, I’ve had several years of experience with what this is, to know it’s not a real ruby.” Inspector Homes smiled and looked over the man’s shoulder. “Hello sir, thanks for coming.”

Mr. Buckthorn turned around and took a quick step back. The man was obviously of Asian descent and he had a jeweler’s eyepiece dangling around his neck. He wore a finely tailored suit and a solid gold watch on his wrist.

“It is my pleasure, what did you need?” said the man bowing deeply.

“I need you to examine this,” said Inspector Homes pointing to the ruby in the man’s hand. “Do you know of the Forbidden Fruit ruby?” asked Inspector Homes.

“I do, sir. It is a very famous jewel.” he said taking the jewel in hand. He examined it, turning it over and over in his hand. “And this is not it.”

Mr. Buckthorn stared, fearfully. “What...How can this be?”

“This is not it.” said the jeweler once again.

“Prove it!” said Mr. Buckthorn’s lawyer.

The jeweler smiled and placed his teeth on the jewel and bit...a chunk off...

“You wouldn’t be able to do that with the real thing.” said the jeweler munching on the piece in his mouth.

“What...what is that...?” asked Mr. Buckthorn his finger pointing shakily.

“A type of rock candy it seems. It doesn’t leave a sticky residue anywhere and it is absolutely clear. A very good idea to use as a jewel replacement.” said the jeweler.

“I’ve got children that love that stuff, my daughter is very good at making it.” said Inspector Homes tapping a picture of his family. “Here is the one that was taken from his house last night.” said Inspector Homes handing the jewel over to the Asian man with great care.

After a moment of examination, he looked up with a smile. “This IS the Forbidden Fruit ruby.”

“So that means that you lose, and someone is three million pounds richer.” said the man standing
beside Inspector Homes. “And if you think you’re going to go back on your word, I’ve got a surprise for you.”

He took out a remote and pointed it towards the TV hanging on the wall. On the TV, it showed Mr. Buckthorn, standing in front of the Police Department and saying: “I hereby swear, on tape, that I will not press charges and that the money will be theirs, if they can get past my security system.”

“What have you got to say to that?” said Inspector Homes.

Mr. Buckthorn growled fiercely.

“Bring the money here tomorrow, I’ll see to it that the money is given to the person who broke through your system.” said Inspector Homes, “And until you do, the Police Department will keep your ruby safe for you, we’ll call it evidence.”

“I want to meet the foul beast that stole it!” shouted Mr. Buckthorn.

“He doesn’t particularly trust you, so he’s going to remain anonymous.” said the man standing beside Inspector Homes. “And, you opened your home, and invited thieves to come and steal the ruby. You cannot possibly be angry with someone who took the ball you dropped and ran with it.”

“Fine, whatever just keep this to yourselves!” growled Mr. Buckthorn.

“Ooh, sorry about that. I already called the TV stations and newspapers. They were waiting a whole week to hear news of someone to try and succeed.” said the man beside Inspector Homes.

Mr. Buckthorn turned and stormed out of the room, with his solicitor in tow. The jeweler bowed and left.

“You think he’s going to give me the three million pounds?” said a quiet voice coming from behind a cabinet.

“He’s going to have to, Bud.” said Inspector Homes, “guess this takes care of raising the money you need to hire the P.I.” he smiled.

“It’s more than enough!” said Harry happily stepping out from hiding. “Now I’m certain to find him!”

“That however wasn’t the case, obviously.” said Dumbledore sadly.

“What did the Private Eye, find out?” asked Hermione.

“Nothing helpful at all, after he came back, I was in the same boat as I was before.” said Harry angrily.

The red and gold light enveloped them again.

“Why was the light like that, before this it was white or black.” asked Ginny curiously after the light had disappeared and they were once more in the Great Hall.

“It was the Dawning of a Change, the Winds of Change’s partner.” said Speckerton plainly. “It’s only been seen once before this, I’m...we’re very lucky.”

Harry stood up and walked out of the Great Hall and left them all behind, not stopping even when
Dumbledore and Remus called his name.
Dumbledore strolled casually down to the kitchens, remembering words that Harry and Remus had exchanged days prior. Harry always felt better when he was cooking, so the logical place to search for his young protégé would be in the kitchens.

When he opened the door, he was met with the sound of clanging and muttered curses towards the corner of the room. He slowly walked over towards the noise when a bottle of wine flew past his head and smashed into the wall.

“ARRGGHH!” shouted Harry, stabbing the knife down into the cutting board.

Dumbledore gathered up all the glass and deposited it into a waste basket that a house-elf had carried over quickly. Then he walked over to Harry placing his hand on his young man’s shoulder.

“What is it, Harry?” asked Dumbledore. “What is troubling you?”

Harry shook his head furiously and began stirring what looked like cheese, apple pieces, and breadcrumbs together in a large bowl.

Dumbledore took a step back and allowed him to vent his anger on the ingredients and the utensils.

“I forgot how…unfair…these books were.” said Harry slamming two hands down on two pieces of wax-papered covered chicken breasts.

“They do have their good points Harry.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“And yet, they seem to want to make my life a living hell.” he spat angrily.
“We want to know these things, Harry. There isn’t a person here who doesn’t care for your well-being. Well…except for a select few, but still. Your friends, the Weasleys, Sirius, Remus, Dr. Clark, myself and the rest of the staff, we want to be able to help you. We worry about you.” said Dumbledore sadly.

“But why did it have to show that!” shouted Harry angrily. “Now Mrs. Weasley, Sirius, Remus, everybody, is going the think that I’m a CRIMINAL!” shouted Harry even louder. “I don’t steal to take things! I don’t steal here!” he shouted, pounding the counter hard.

“You did nothing wrong, Harry. I remember what that man said, he welcomed anyone into his home to try and get past that system of his. You were merely testing to see if it was as great as he said.” said Dumbledore calmly.

“Did you see Remus’ face? Or Mrs. Weasley’s?” yelled Harry.

“I didn’t, but I do know, that if they feel you did something wrong, they find themselves in the wrong.” said Dumbledore. “They will come to their senses in due time, rest assured.”

Harry looked down and poured the stuff in the bowl on top of the flattened chicken breasts.

“What are you making, Harry?” asked Dumbledore interestedly.

“It’s ‘Apple Stuffed Chicken Breast’ do you want some?” said Harry absently as he rolled the meat up.

“I’d love some, aside from the cookies, pizza and those delightful ‘glories’ I haven’t had the chance to partake in any other culinary masterpiece you bring to light.”

After a short while, Harry brought the chicken breast to Dumbledore’s golden plate and poured gravy on top.

Dumbledore carved a slice of the chicken and placed a bit into his mouth.

“This is utterly delicious, Harry. Miss Weasley was correct. Your cooking is worth more than what
you charged at the police department!” said Dumbledore happily, relishing the flavors dancing in his mouth.

“Thanks.” said Harry glumly, as he put the fork to his mouth.

“I wouldn’t worry about what your Uncles or Mrs. Weasley thinks, dear boy. You are almost a man now, and besides, you seemed to really enjoy what you did.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“So that’s why you didn’t see their faces, you were watching me.” said Harry with a grim smile.

“You were enjoying yourself, until something changed it.” said Dumbledore softly.

“*Their* faces.” said Harry simply.

“It’ll be alright, Harry. Just give them time. They’ll come around.” reassured Dumbledore. “Don’t worry, if anything, I’ll take care of it.”

A few hours later, while Dumbledore was looking over some papers in his office, Sirius and Remus came in with Dr. Clark close behind, who was marveling at everything his good eye saw.

“What can I do for you three gentlemen tonight?” said Dumbledore.

“Where is Harry?” asked Remus quickly.

“He’s in the Gryffindor dorms, sleeping.” said Dumbledore smiling in amusement at the wonder on Dr. Clark’s face. Dr. Clark was staring intently at Fawkes with a longing gaze.

“So he didn’t eat?” said Remus sternly.

“Actually he made his own dinner, a wonderful ‘Apple Stuffed Chicken Breast’. It was quite delicious.” said Dumbledore with a wide smile. “Now, could you tell what is troubling you?” said Dumbledore, staring at Remus intently.
"I don’t know what you mean." said Remus stiffly.

“Remus…” said Sirius wearily. “You’ve been snapping at Dumbledore since the books first started, and then you start inadvertently picking fights with Harry. What’s up?”

“Full moon’s coming.” said Remus sharply.

“That excuse isn’t going to work today. Cough up another one.” said Sirius tiredly.

“I’m worried about him, so sue me.” said Remus still sharply.

“That doesn’t explain what going on with you and Albus.” said Dr. Clark still staring at Fawkes.

“I haven’t forgiven you for dropping Harry off at the Dursley’s on a cold night and LEAVING HIM WITH THOSE BASTARDS!” said Remus angrily to Dumbledore.

Dumbledore sighed and leaned back in his giant chair. “Remus, I never said that my actions were justified. Now that I know the truth, I regret my actions every single time that I look in Harry’s eyes.”

Remus gnashed his teeth and turned away, he then turned to Sirius and Dr. Clark.

“Why the hell aren’t you pissed?” said Remus angrily to Dr. Clark.

“Harry told me what happened, I was angry, but…I just couldn’t bring myself to blame him.” said Dr. Clark.

“What?” shouted Remus.

“When James did the investigating when Harry was first hurt, James went and talked to all the teachers and neighbors that knew the Dursleys, they couldn’t and wouldn’t believe it. If we hadn’t
of had James’ keen mind and his observations, we wouldn’t have had any idea that Vernon had done it. Harry never spoke of it to anyone, nor had he shown the bruises to others. Not that they noticed anything...”

“He can bloody look into people’s minds!” shouted Remus, pointing to Dumbledore.

“Unless he lets you in, you can’t tell that he’s hurting.” said one of the portraits behind Dumbledore shortly. “Even a Legimency master can’t break through such a powerful emotional block.”

Remus stared.

“When he was still in rehabilitation for his legs, we finally earned his trust. He still never told us the worst of it, from all the old breaks and internal bruises we both could tell that this was not the first time he was smacked about that severely. And it wasn’t’ the worst one, it was most likely the third to worst one.” said Dr. Clark sadly. Dumbledore covered his eyes with both hands and wept silently. Remus and Sirius both paled.

“When he opened up, we caught a glimpse of the pain he experienced, the pain he felt deep in his heart and soul. I don’t know how we managed to feel what was going on in his soul, but we felt… crushed, buried. I don’t know how he could have survived the force on his mind, it just about killed me.” Dr. Clark finished quietly.

Dumbledore looked up from his hands quickly. “You felt the pain?”

“I felt it, and almost saw it, I guess.” said Dr. Clark. “Why do you ask?”

“Harry’s core must have been screaming out for help.” said Dumbledore taking out a black notebook.

“You have one of those too?” said Sirius staring at Dumbledore.

“Oh, no, this is Harry’s, I borrowed it. However, he did warn me reading it is not so easy, and I fear that this book is more protected than what magic could ever do.” said Dumbledore holding up the book. “It’s in code. From what I’ve deciphered so far, it’s staggering. He and I really must talk
“on a scholastic level.” said Dumbledore beaming widely.

Remus stared at the floor with a stern gaze. “I’m not ready to forgive you yet.”

“I’m not ready to forgive myself either. Let’s just work together to ease Harry’s life.” said Dumbledore with a small smile. “I at the very least owe him that. Well then, would you care for a nightcap? I have an intense feeling that we will be in for a rough day tomorrow.”

The next morning, Harry walked down to the Great Hall and the moment he walked three feet beyond the door Remus came walking up to him.

“Harry…you okay?” said Remus quickly.

“Fine, you angry?” said Harry seriously.

“About your ‘summer job’? No. Captain Lionus explained everything to us.” said Remus with a smile. “More pissed at Dumbledore, than you any day.”

“I’d say something, but I don’t need you being moody.” said Harry walking past Remus towards the breakfast table.

“What’s that?” said Remus with a smile.

“You’re mad at Dumbledore for not getting me out of there sooner, so, where were you?” said Harry not facing him. Remus blanched and looked down at the ground, his face contorted in pain.

“Harry!” said Mrs. Weasley sharply. “He’s only concerned about you!”

“Well aware of it, but the both of you need to lay off him.” said Harry nodding towards Dumbledore.

“Harry…We’re adults, we can treat people the way we see fit.” said Remus growling at the floor, still reeling from the pain of Harry’s words.
“And I’m a teenager, and I have the capacity to act rebellious and reject your affections. Either we can play nice and accept each other’s wishes, or cause each other harm. Pick you poison.” said Harry shortly. “I don’t need to sit by you; I’m a big boy now. I can sit by myself.” said Harry with his brows raised.

Sirius rushed up and smacked Remus’ head. “Agree to the terms, dammit. Bury the bloody hatchet!”

Remus rubbed the back of his head and nodded.

Harry turned to Mrs. Weasley, “I hate to pull this card, but looking around, you owe me a favor.”

Mrs. Weasley looked at all of her children and her eyes rested on Ginny, and nodded slowly.

After breakfast everyone took their regular seats. Remarkably, Harry sat next to Remus.

“I promise to take a chill pill, if you do.” said Harry with a smile.

“If it avoids a fight with you, I’ll do it.” said Remus with a smile.

“Let’s press on, shall we?” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Who’d like to read now?”

“I will!” said Neville excitedly.

“Fifth Chapter”

“What are you doing near that thing?” said Remus quickly.

“Hey now.” said Harry with a smirk. “You promised.”

“Sam, I’m switching with you.” said Sirius quickly.

“What could a willow do to you?” said Dr. Clark with a cynical smile as he switched positions.

“I hope you don’t find out. Least not till the next book.” said Sirius worriedly throwing an arm
around Harry.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Exact opposite of the year before that.” said Ernie.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“Nice of you to say that mate.” said Ron happily.

End of first paragraph.

“Did you think about it often while you were at our house?” asked George.

“About every other day towards the end of summer, why?” asked Harry.

“Cause you kinda did full body shivers every once in a while.” said Fred.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“Where Harry’s concerned, you could’ve just made an entire meal of treacle tart.” said Remus with a smile.

“I made sure that he had other food, not just treacle tart.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile. “He had seconds of everything and still had two platefuls of treacle tart.”

“Did you get sick later?” asked Dr. Clark with a smirk.

“Nope, it was treacle tart, I wasn’t going to allow myself to get sick.” said Harry indignantly.

“Sounds like me and that pizza you make, I could eat thirty helpings of it and I tell myself that I’m not going to get sick.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“So you don’t mind them setting off fireworks in the kitchen?” asked Tonks quickly.

“We kinda just did it, we didn’t bother asking.” said Fred with a smile.

“We got told off for it later though.” said George.
“Their hot chocolate is the best.” said Harry wistfully. “I’ve tried again and again to replicate the recipe, but it never turns out right.”

“I can teach it to you, Harry.” said Mr. Weasley. “It’s a family recipe.”

“I thought mom came up with it.” said Percy quickly.

“No, your father’s great-great-great grandmother came up with it.” said Mrs. Weasley with a kind smile to her husband.

“Yeah, that always happens on first day of school, you can plan all you want, and still you can’t get out of there on the time you want.” said George.

“Mum tries to keep us on a schedule, never works.” said Fred.

“I forget, who was missing the socks?” asked Ron.

“Me.” said Harry. “It turns out you shoved my socks in your trunk.”

“Oh, yeah, at least I gave you them back.” said Ron with a smile.

“Percy was the one missing the quills.” said Fred. “He lost his somehow.”

“Yeah, I wonder how.” said Charlie looking suspiciously at the twins.

“Ginny dropped her piece when she saw Harry coming down without a shirt on, Mum had all of his on the line and forgot to take them off.” said George wickedly.

“I had a shirt on!” said Harry quickly blushing. “It was a sleeveless shirt!”

Fred and George merely shrugged. “We didn’t see it.”
“Were you okay dad?” asked Bill quickly.

“I was fine, it was funny though.” said Mr. Weasley.

“What was?” asked Charlie.

“Watching all the boys trying to catch that chicken and put it in the coop. Molly was too busy fussing over me to use magic to catch it.” said Mr. Weasley with a laugh.

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

“You mean it can’t normally?” said Mrs. Weasley quickly, she turned to her husband who began to look up and interest himself with the clouds overhead.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Arthur…” she said warningly.

“Uh…umm…” said Arthur.

**Fifth paragraph, end of first sentence.**

“We tried to pretend that that was normal for a car. Apparently it worked.” said Ron.

**End of fifth paragraph.**

“Sorry, Molly.” said Mr. Weasley apologetically.

**Sixth paragraph, third sentence.**

“I thought Fred had it.” said George with mock angry look towards his twin.

“You said that you left some of your potion ingredients!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

“Well…uh…” said the twins softly.

**Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.**
“I was quickly losing my patience.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

“And that is a bad thing if he does.” said Fred

“Even worse than Mum sometimes.” said George. Percy nodded.

**Sixth paragraph, fifth sentence.**

Some of the people in the Hall couldn’t figure out why the Weasley family was growling, Harry baring his teeth like a wrathful wolf, and Dumbledore’s eyes lost their twinkle.

Even Bill and Charlie were looking curiously at their own family.

“What’s going on? Why are you upset over her forgetting a diary.” asked Bill.

“It wasn’t hers.” said Harry angrily.

Sirius tugged on Remus’ cloak. “You never looked that pissed.” he said glancing at Harry.

“Wonder what has him so upset.” said Remus quietly.

**End of sixth paragraph.**

“Tempers? Only Mum’s temper was running high.” said Fred in a whisper.

**Seventh paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You wanna fly don’t you?” said Sirius excitedly.

“He wouldn’t, not with Molly right there.” said Remus smacking Sirius on the back of his head.

**Dialogue set.**

Sirius smiled broadly to Remus who groaned loudly. Remus leaned his head over, and taking the cue, Sirius smacked the back of his head.

**Dialogue line.**
“Seems your son and his leader didn’t hear you.” sneered Snape.

Ron and Harry both looked about uncomfortably.

**Eighth paragraph.**

“That is cutting it really close.” said Sirius shaking his head.

**Ninth paragraph.**

“Why does it say stuff like that? It’s common knowledge.” said Zacharias irritably.

“Not to me.” said Dr. Clark indignantly.

Zacharias opened his mouth to argue, but was elbowed by a nearby Hufflepuff.

“Stuff it Zach.” said Ernie sharply.

**Dialogue line.**

**Tenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.**

“You always worry about her.” cooed a sixth year Ravenclaw.

“I didn’t want her p…angry with me.” Harry said with a quick glance up at Remus.

**Eleventh paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.**

“This won’t go well.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“Why not?” asked Remus quickly.

“Call it a feeling.” said Dr. Clark.

**End of eleventh paragraph.**
Sirius and Remus both stared at Neville.

“Did it really say ‘crash’? Or was that an attempt at a joke?” said Remus, a little hopefully.

“No, it said ‘Crash’.” Neville said regretfully.

“I wonder what happened to the barrier?” said Luna dreamily.

“Stupid idiot, what does it look like happened. They ran into a brick wall.” said Fred.

“And crashed and burned.” said George.

Dr. Clark turned and looked at Harry quickly. He had to lean forward very far to see him, for Sirius had turned his entire body to look at Harry.

“Were you alright?” asked Remus as Sirius stared at Harry.

“Are you nuts? He probably broke several ribs!” said Dr. Clark anxiously.

“No, I just had the wind knocked out of me. I’ve crashed into a wall worse than that before.” said Harry quickly.

“When?” said the three men in the bowl together.

“If the Scroll had let you seen, I smacked the wall like a birds smacks a window.” said Harry with a smile. “And I got out of there just fine, obviously.”

Remus looked at Harry skeptically, but Sirius thought about the mental picture and snorted.

“As worried I am about you that would have been really funny to see.” said Sirius.

“No one grabbed her that time?” said Parvati earnestly.

“No, someone tried though, when I handed her back to him.” said Ron with a smirk.

“I kicked him right where it counts.” said Harry with a smile.

“A skinny shrimp can’t kick all that hard.” said Pansy nastily.
Ron whispered something in Hermione’s ear and she conjured up a padded chair.

“Here you go mate, kick through that.” said Ron magicking it over to the bowl.

Harry stood up and met the chair halfway. In one swift movement, he brought his back and then brought it up like a rocket shooting up from the ground. The chair broke in two and laid splintered on the ground.

“Oohh!” moaned every male in the room. Remus even gasped and leaned forward, clutching his knees.

“Bet he sounded like a chipmunk.” moaned Dean. “After that.”

Dialogue line.

“That’s what we’d all like to know.” said Kingsley thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Crap, even if you could get through the barrier now, you wouldn’t have made it.” said Tonks.

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“I was ready to start kicking the damn wall to get in there.” said Harry.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Could they get through?” asked Remus.

“It turns out that, if we had waited two more minutes, they would have come out.” said Harry bitterly. “The barrier was only blocked for the time it took the train to leave.”

“How do you know?” said Charlie.
“I owled your dad later.” said Harry.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Did Ron know about your summer job?” asked Neville.

“Nope, he kept that a deep dark secret.” said Ron and Hermione.

“And I didn’t have money on me at all.” said Harry.

**Eighteenth paragraph.**

“Have they actually given you money?” asked Bill quickly.

“To get groceries, nothing else, and I needed to keep the receipt, there supposed to be nothing else on that receipt besides what I was sent for.” said Harry.

“And if you got a candy bar or a snack?” said Sirius gritting his teeth.

“Read on Neville.” said Harry quickly.

**Ninteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

“Don’t ask me why I thought I could hear something through that.” said Ron holding up his hands.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Three minutes.” said Harry and Ron glumly.

**Twentieth paragraph.**

“She was *angry*.” said Harry shaking his head.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**
“What about it?” said Remus and Sirius plainly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Awesome.” said the two Marauders together, giving Harry a one armed hug each.

**Dialogue line.**

Snape leaned forward in the serpentine chair he sat in. “So, Weasley, it was your idea. Unfortunately, it seems that I owe you an apology, Potter. Not that you deserve it.” he ended in a mutter.

Harry shrugged, “Evidence was there, and you’ve never seen Ron take charge, it was logical that I would come up with something that reckless and stupid.”

“So, you did take the car?” said Remus rubbing both his eyes wearily he was hoping they didn’t.

“Yeah.” said Ron and Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Send an owl.” said all the teachers and adults together.

“Don’t we know it, now at least.” said Ron and Harry.

**End of dialogue set.**

“I don’t believe I know that one, Mr. Weasley. How does that one go?” said Dumbledore, his eyes regaining their usual twinkle.

“I’d love to hear it.” said Madam Bones good-naturedly.

Ron blushed and smiled, but remained silent.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“I really didn’t want to take their car.” said Harry quietly.
“Did you know about it?” said Hermione quickly.

“Not before then. After he said that, and when we got to school, I looked it up real quick. Not too fond of that travel either, I can live without the chance of me missing a foot or something.” said Harry shaking his head.

Harry shook his head. “I’m such an idiot. A stupid reckless idiot.” said Harry angrily.

“You were acting like a kid, let it go.” said Sirius in a whisper.

“Uh…” he said slowly, taking notice of the twins who were shaking their heads swiftly. “I just watched what Dad was doing.” he said almost convincingly.

Fred and George wiped the sweat off their brows.
“At least no one saw you.” said Sirius heaving a sigh.

“Would rather he didn’t do it at all.” said Remus quietly.

“Write that down.” said Fred to George, who whipped out a piece of parchment.

“Floating Eyes.” said George as he wrote.

“That must have looked so cool.” said Blaise quietly.

“Cool part over.” said Blaise quickly.

“That’s not good.” said Dr. Clark, “we aren’t supposed to see flying cars.”

A few people laughed at it, despite them warning if the two boys were going to be caught, it was funny to picture them pummeling a button.

“Weren’t fast enough.” said Snape, McGonagall, and Dumbledore.
“…Sage idea, Harry, but perhaps, a double edged sword.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“How do you mean?” asked Sirius.

“They could see them/us.” said Ron, Harry, Remus and Dumbledore.

“Oh…right.” said Sirius grinning sheepishly.

“That sounds awesome.” said Fred wistfully.

“Really wish we had been with you guys.” said George in a whisper to Ron.

All across the room, eyes closed and smiled as the picture formed in their minds.

“It sounds beautiful.” sighed Hermione and Dr. Clark.

“That was the idea, anyway, a very stupid one at that.” said Ron scratching his head.

“Aww! That sounded like a wonderful way to go about.” squealed a couple of fourth year girls.
“Sounds like my bike when I take it out.” said Sirius with a fond smile.

“Yeah, but on this trip the good times leave eventually.” said Harry glumly.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“Yup, good times gone.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Okay, now we’re happy we didn’t go with you.” said Fred to Ron.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“We were really getting thirsty.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“Wow, you guys were up really high, if you were up higher than that mountain.” said Remus with a smile.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Shit!” said Dr. Clark.

“What?” said Remus and Sirius.

“You don’t want a car dying way up there.” said Dr. Clark becoming pale, as did Sirius and Remus.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Couldn’t you fix it, Harry? You seem to know everything.” said Colin excitedly.

“I’m still reading up on car mechanics, and even if I did know how to fix it I wouldn’t be able to fix it in midair.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“They just turned themselves on, don’t know how that happened.” said Ron thinking back.

Dialogue line.

“Why are you talking to the car?” asked Seamus.

“I was nervous, so sue me.” said Ron shortly.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Good thing he saw it, cause I didn’t.” said Ron.

Forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph.

“Oh, dear.” said Mr. Weasley looking worried.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Were you scared.” said Remus quickly.

“Yeah, but I hadn’t seen anything yet.” said Harry leaning harder against the werewolf and swinging his legs up onto the men’s laps.

“I’m not going to like this one bit, am I?” said Remus seriously.

“That’s why I’m laying like this.” said Harry plainly looking up from Remus’ side.
“Please don’t hit the lake.” said Tonks earnestly.

Remus took a deep breath and released it slowly.

“You’re doing good Moony. I’ll fret for you.” said Sirius quietly.

Those that understood what happens when an engine died in a car, yelled and screamed.

“No! Harry! Ron!” shrieked Mrs. Weasley.

“Mum! You know what happens.” said Ron gasping for air, his mother had hurried over and clutched her son to her.

Few people started to snicker nervously.

“It was either that or screaming.” said Ron sourly.

Remus, Sirius and Dr. Clark gripped Harry tightly, he flinched from the pain (from holding him so tight) but he barely showed it.

The three men in the bowl released the breath they held hostage slowly.

“You…are…never…ever…flying…in…a…car…again.” said Dr. Clark sternly.

“I don’t plan on it.” said Harry with a smirk.

“This ain’t funny anymore.” said Sirius gripping Harry’s right hand.
Forty-eighth paragraph.

“ARE YOU MENTAL?” shouted Fred.

“PUT THE DAMN WAND AWAY AND PUT YOUR FOOT ON THE BREAK!” yelled George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

People covered their eyes and began to cry softly, they all forgot that the two who were in the car were in the room and alive and well.

Mrs. Weasley and Mr. Weasley were holding onto Ron tightly, while the three men were hugging any part of Harry they could. Even the teachers were holding each other’s hands, and Dumbledore was quickly drinking a Calming Draught.

Neville gulped and continued on with the chapter, he knew they were fine, but it was hard reading about it.

Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence, third semi-colon.

Trying to be subtle, Remus brought his hand up and started to pat Harry’s head, looking for a lump, however, two other hands met his.

“What are you three doing?” said Harry not moving his head but looking over to each of them in turn.

“Nothing.” said the three of them together.

“Sure.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“Were you hurt, Harry.” said Dumbledore quickly. McGonagall looked over quickly, she remembered blood coming from a cut on Ron’s head, but she didn’t bother asking if Harry was alright.

“I was fine, just a knock on my head, nothing more.” said Harry with a reassuring smile.

End of fiftieth paragraph.
“I didn’t know you were hurt, and you ask how I was doing?” asked Ron incredulously.

“Do you remember how you moaned? I thought you were dying!” said Harry over to Ron.

“Ron, why didn’t you tell us that your wand was broken?” said Mr. Weasley calmly from Ron’s left.

“Howler.” said Ron and Harry simply.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley looked at each other uneasily.

“What now?” moaned Remus.

“You remember the title of the chapter?” said Sirius weakly.

“…oh…no….” said Remus faintly. “Please get out of this alright.” said Remus burying his face in Harry’s locks.

Several people screamed and the men in the bowl whimpered and clutched Harry tightly.

“What the hell!” shouted Bill, the entire school acted as if the tree were attacking them right then and there. People were scrambling to get under cover and hide under their chairs.
“GET OUT OF THERE!” shouted Charlie, running over to join his mother and father in embracing his little brother. Bill couldn’t move from shock. Percy, Ginny, Fred and George were rocking back and forth, whispering to themselves that they got out of the situation alright.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Weasley shrieked loudly and hugged her son even tighter.

Dialogue line.

“Harry’s luck at work again.” said Draco quietly.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“Did Ron even get to the driver’s seat?” asked Neville looking up from the book.

“No, Harry shouted and it just went backwards.” said Ron smiling over to Harry. “Thank goodness for that.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Seriously?” said Sirius staring at Ron in disbelief.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence, first semi-colon.

“If I was forced to go over a hundred miles, with no rest, and nearly crashing into castle wall, and knocked about by a tree that unfortunately fights back. Yeah I would be a little irked with you two as well.” said Remus with a sigh and a smile. He was highly relived that they got away from that horrible tree.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, end of fourth sentence.

“She still refuses to go near that tree.” said Harry with a small smile.
“How can you tell if a car is angry?” asked Zacharias with a sneer. “Can you speak car now?”

“I’m really against corporal punishment of any sort, but that kid is begging for a paddling.” said Dr. Clark sternly to Sirius.

“You’re telling me.” said Sirius scowling at the youth.

“The car seemed to think for itself, so…” said Harry shrugging, ignoring the plotting men.

“I would have guessed that your mom would kill you first.” said Colin looking nervously to Mrs. Weasley.

“You’d think that, but this was Dad’s car.” said Ron pointedly.

“I’d say it was good luck, the tree could have harmed you more than what it did.” said Kingsley thoughtfully.

The twins and quite a few others snorted with laughter.

“They were still hurting, weren’t you boy.” said Dr. Nicodemus searchingly.

“I was just tired.” said Harry quickly. The Ranger scoffed in disbelief.

“He is like you. You don’t come to me even if your arm is hanging on a thin piece of tendon.” said Dr. Nicodemus to Lionus.
Lionus just smiled. He was getting more and more determined to have Harry join his ranks.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Wasn’t even close.” said Ron and Harry together.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“That sucks, there is no way to sneak into the feast now.” said Sirius ruffling Harry’s hair.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

“You looked all around the Great Hall before watching Sorting?” said Ernie.

Harry shrugged.

Sixtieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Good thing I wasn’t there, my hat is nothing but burns and scorch marks, never did get a new one.” said Harry with a smirk.

Sixtieth paragraph, second sentence.

“Felt guilty then.” said Harry.

“Why?” asked Ginny.

“I would have told you there was nothing to be worried about with the Sorting”

“Oh, Ron told me all about it, he told me not to listen to Fred or George.” said Ginny with a smile.

“We wouldn’t have lied to you!” said Fred and George together to Ginny.

“You lied to me! What would have stopped you from lying to her?” asked Ron quickly.

“She’s a little girl, they tend to cry if you scare them too much.” said Fred seriously.
Each student, old and present, shouted and cheered when their house was called out.

“Sorry.” said Harry sincerely to the members of Slytherin house.

“Still say that it wasn’t fair.” said Pansy sorely.

“Here’s an idea, get over it.” said Harry irritably.

“That’s me!” said Colin excitedly.

“We received word of what had happened and I had someone waiting for them when they arrived.” said Dumbledore with a calm smile.

“You drank a Calming Draught again haven’t you?” asked Remus.

“Yes he did.” said McGonagall sternly. “When that tree came about. So don’t…”

“I know, I know.” said Remus. “Just asking.”

“Nice to know that Hagrid isn’t worried.” said Charlie with a smirk.

“I wasn’ aware o’ them comin’ ter school tha’ way.” said Hagrid “Missed tha’ briefin’”
“You picked him to meet them? You out of your mind?” said Sirius angrily.

“He volunteered.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“I’ll bet he did.” said Sirius bitterly.

“Nice to know you two hold each other in such high esteem.” said Moody with a laugh.

“Wow, you call him cruel, but you don’t call your Uncle that?” said a third year Hufflepuff.

Snape flinched.

End of sixty-third paragraph.

“Ronald!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“I’m not that petty.” said Snape sternly.

“Students hating him isn’t enough to get him sacked.” said McGonagall. “Or someone here would have been out of here months ago.” she said sternly, looking over to Umbridge, who was still straining against the bonds and gag.

“She still isn’t giving up is she? I’m amazed she didn’t say anything during the last scroll.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Tempest had her Circle blade to her throat, the entire time.” said Nightstrike with a cruel smile.
“That would take a few years off of one’s life.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Nice dramatic touch.” said Sirius with a bark like laugh.

“Why are you laughing Black?” drawled Snape.

“Ever since I heard you were a teacher here, I couldn’t believe it, you weren’t teacher material. But, with what I’ve just heard…you are. Wish Slughorn was like you, a veritable challenge. Besides the one McGonagall always was.” said Sirius laughing again. “Would have been awesome to try and outwit you.”

Snape stared, than looked down, his face a faint pink.

“Yeah, he’s happiest when Gryffindors get in trouble.” muttered Fred.

“Wow, that’s dramatic thinking.” said Blaise laughing silently.

“If you hit him…” said Sirius warningly, switching from being in a good mood.

“He doesn’t.” said Harry quickly.

“He didn’t plan on missing the train!” said a first year Gryffindor.
“Yeah, something stopped him!” said a third year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“You asked them a question!” said Dr. Clark looking over at Snape incredulously.

End of dialogue set.

“It drove itself away.” said Fred.

“No, a tree ate it.” said George with a smirk.

Sixty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“You can’t read minds. The mind isn’t a book.” said Snape in a bored tone.

End of sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Damn, that’s not good.” said Sirius slapping his hand to his forehead.

Dialogue set.

“That was a low blow, Severus.” said Dumbledore as stern as he could.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Why?” asked Dr. Clark.

End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

Mr. Weasley smiled over to him. “Nice of you to worry about me.”
“Little late though.” said Snape quietly.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, that’s a lie. It’s worth more to take the damn thing out than it is to keep it. Smacking that thing and knocking it right off its roots did a service to the school.” said Remus snarling a bit.

Dialogue line.

“That is true. The damage done to the three was very minimal.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“He can’t even expel people, or even decide it.” said McGonagall sternly.

“Like he would go and expel someone in his house.” said Fred skeptically.

“I’ve have had to ask for expulsion for a student or two from my own house.” said Snape defensively.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Jealous much?” asked Lionus with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

“I didn’t think he would appreciate me throwing up on his office floor.” said Harry the sides of his mouth twitching.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

“I thought we were dead before she and Dumbledore even got in there.” said Ron faintly.
Seventieth paragraph, second sentence.

“Nope, she was madder than I have ever seen her before.” said Harry.

“It was really scary.” said Ron.

End of seventieth paragraph.

“What did you think was going to happen?” said McGonagall.

“We weren’t sure, but our nerves just couldn’t take any more surprises.” said Harry in almost a whisper.

Dialogue line.

“You two didn’t even blink when you two sat down. Nor did you even turn around.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

“Wow single word sentences, you must be royally pissed.” said Fred worriedly.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Like we said earlier, ‘send an owl.’” said most of the teachers.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Ouch, that hurts real bad.” said Remus shaking his head.

“Remember when she told that to James and us? Oh hell, we did something way worse than just get seen by a couple of muggles.” said Sirius with a laugh. “Least by some people’s opinions.”
“What did you guys do?” asked Fred eagerly.

“We sort of…made all the toilets in the school have sticky glue on the lids.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Oh, she was angry!” said Remus shaking his head.

“It was hilarious seeing the Prefect hunched over with a towel around his waist.” said Sirius laughing hard.

“How was that worse than being seen by muggles.” asked Colin.

“Well we also snuck some heavy duty laxative potions in the student’s food.” said Sirius smiling with glee. “Every student was in the bathroom! Classes were canceled till Slughorn could figure out how to release the students, from the toilet seat and a cure for the laxative.”

“Couldn’t you tell them how to get out?” said Hermione sternly.

“We were busy.” said Remus with a frown.

“Making all new food without the potion we put in it.” said Sirius. “We couldn’t cook worth anything, so everyone got sandwiches for dinner.”

“It didn’t take him too long to figure out how to cure everyone.” said Remus. “Only a few hours.”

“Thank god you can cook, or we’d be living on chicken sandwiches.” said Sirius with a broad smile to smile.

Seventy-third paragraph, first sentence.

“You’re such a sadist.” said Remus to Snape.

End of seventy-third paragraph.

Seventy-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Why?” said Sirius looking down at Harry.

End of seventy-fourth paragraph.

“Yeah, Dumbledore has that ability.” said Fred, George, Sirius and Remus.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.
Seventy-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“He doesn’t yell, but when he does, you just want to curl up and hide. Kinda like when you shout, Harry.” said Ron with a nervous smile.

Seventy-sixth paragraph, third sentence.

“That’s called shame.” said Sirius giving Harry a hug.

“What made me upset was that Harry was crying, not making a sound, just crying.” said Ron.

Harry looked down.

He told Dumbledore everything except that Mr. Weasley owned the bewitched car, making Seventy-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“I knew where it came from, but I did find it quite honorable that you skipped that little fact.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of seventy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oooh, Ron gave up.” said Fred.

“Never give up, Ron!” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line..

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“That was an ominous way of putting it.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh trust me, we knew how serious it was.” said Ron tensely.
Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Obviously Mrs. Weasley got it, but what about the Dursley’s?” asked Ernie.

“They threatened that if I got expelled, It would be the last breath of freedom I would know.” said Harry stretching his arms.

“What? Why didn’t’ you tell us?” said Ron angrily.

“I didn’t want you to worry.” said Harry.

“I thought they wanted you to never come here again.” said Remus.

“After the whole car incident, they knew they couldn’t keep me there when I have school.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“At least they’re giving you another chance.” said Kingsley.

Seventy-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“And interesting way of putting it.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“I didn’t look like that.” said Snape hotly.

End of seventy-eighth paragraph.

Sirius glared at Snape angrily.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“As it always will be.” said McGonagall. “No going behind my back.” she looked sternly up to Umbridge.

End of dialogue set.

“That’s his weakness.” said Harry with a smile.

Snape stared at him. “How do you know?” he said in a hiss.
“The house-elves have a platter of that stuff in the kitchen with your name on it, it’s always there when I go down.” said Harry.

**Seventy-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“It was the only wound I saw, I didn’t see the lump on Harry’s head.” said McGonagall.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“That’s not hygienic.” said Madam Pomfrey.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I was almost expelled and killed in the same day! Give me a break!” said Ron looking at the false look of insult on his sister’s face.

**Dialogue set.**

“You’d be one hell of a gambler.” whistled Sirius.

“You, I lose on Poker Night.” said Harry with a smile.

**Eightieth paragraph.**

“I was impressed by your reasoning.” said McGonagall with a smile.

**Dialogue line.**

“We deserved much worse, so we were grateful.” said Harry.
Eighty-first paragraph.
Growls emerged from people around the Great Hall.

Eighty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“She didn’t want you to brag to people.” said Dr. Clark.

Eighty-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Eighty-fourth paragraph.
“You really were way too tired, weren’t you?” said Fred.
“You weren’t thinking at all were you?” said George.
“Nope.” said Harry with a slight smile.

Dialogue line.
“Very good, Mr. Weasley, very good.” said Dumbledore happily.

Eighty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.
“I ate about ten.” said Harry.
“Fifteen for me.” said Ron with a smirk.

End of eighty-fifth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“You forgot to ask Professor McGonagall what the password was.” said Bill smacking his forehead.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

“Hermione to the rescue!” shouted Ron and Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Half right, half wrong.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’ve learned to hold that kind of info till after I’ve scolded them.” said Hermione.

“Which really sucks for us.” said Ron and Harry.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

“We always celebrate stuff like that!” said Fred happily, to the quizzical looks from the other houses.

“Wish I was in Gryffindor then.” said a second year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue line.

“We still talk about it.” said a few fourth years.

“Yeah, it’s sort of a saying now. ‘I feel like I crashed into the Whomping Willow.’ or ‘make a Weasley and Potter entrance.’.” said another fourth year.

“Wonderful.” said Harry rolling his eyes, while Ron smiled.
“Oh, yeah, after…um…did anyone come to see you run?” asked Parvati.

“No, I just ran for myself, helped with my…summer job.” said Harry quietly.

“Like I said, Lionus talked to us. It’s alright, only…don’t do it every night.” said Remus.

“I don’t, I only do three jobs a summer.” said Harry.

“Now we know we didn’t want to.” said Fred and George.

Percy looked at the two of them, insulted.

“Hey, you can be overbearing.” said Bill shrugging his shoulders.

“That was scary.” said Ron. “Please don’t look like that again.”

“Can’t promise that, you two tend to do stupid stuff.” said Hermione haughtily.

“It’s nice to have the familiar dorms as opposed to someplace new.” said Harry with a smile.

“It was nice to be popular.” whispered Ron to Hermione.
End of chapter.

“I felt really stupid later.” said Harry.

“Who’d like to read now?” asked Neville.

“I’ll do it.” said Colin excitedly.

He took the book and almost dropped it in his excitement.

“Sixth chapter” said Colin happily.

“Yay!” said Sirius sarcastically. “More adventures with Dazzle Gums.”
“Before these books came about, you didn’t smile or laugh much before this.” said Neville.

“Glad we could rectify that.” said Dr. Clark reaching behind Harry’s knee and tickling him mercilessly.

“GAH! NO! PLEASE!” said Harry laughing uncontrollably.

“I don’t see how this is bad at all.” said Colin looking up from the book confused.

“Okay, that doesn’t help.” said Colin with a small smile.

“Sorry, Neville.” said Harry quickly.

“It’s alright, I know I don’t have the best memory in the school.” said Neville with a smile.

“You have the worst memory.” sneered Pansy.

“Better than yours, you seem to have forgotten the last time you and I locked horns.” said Harry sternly.

Pansy silenced herself, but glared over to the bowl.
“Almost every year, Gran has to send me something that I’ve forgotten.” said Neville still smiling.

Second paragraph, second sentence first comma, sixth word.

“It was the rest of my socks, I only remembered to pack two pair.” said Neville with a blush.

End of second paragraph.

“Took a week for me to get the stray bits of feather-fluff out of my hair.” said Hermione.

“And two days to get the milk stains off my glasses.” said Harry examining his glasses and wiping them on his robes.

Dialogue line.

“Poor Ron.” said Sirius.

“Poor Ron? Poor owl!” said Dr. Clark.

“Yeah, but Ron’s got a Howler.” said Sirius in a whisper.

“What in the world is that?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out.” said Harry. “And it won’t be pretty.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph, first sentence.

“Nice that you give a hoot over your dad’s owl.” said Tonks with a smile.

End of third paragraph.

“Cause they do!” said the both of them.
Several people, who were fourth year and under, groaned and looked over to Ron sympathetically, the students that remembered the Howler, looked over to Ron with pitying looks.

“Did that happen here?” asked Ron.

“No, this was when I was staying with a relative, I broke a lamp, and…yeah…” said Neville.

“Wish I had never heard of them, now.” said Harry.

“It wasn’t all over, I can still hear it.” muttered Ron.

“Wish I took the hint.” said Harry shaking his head.

“I had dust in my tea after that was all done.” said Ron glumly.

Colin shouted himself almost hoarse reading the book.

“Mr. Creevy, you don’t need to shout, speaking normal will do just fine.’ said McGonagall crossly.
“Sorry Professor,” said Colin.

“We thought a Muggle teenager had taken the car,” said Mrs. Weasley angrily. “When we first came out of King’s Cross.”

“Sorry Mum,” said Ron quieter.

Seventh paragraph.

“We could still see you,” said Ernie with a laugh.

Ron glared fiercely over to Ernie, who ceased his laughter just as soon as he had started.

Dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph.

“Didn’t work, I could actually see a tear sliding down your face,” said Hermione almost silently.

Dialogue set.

“Nice to know you took that warning to heart,” said Mrs. Weasley sternly.

“Yes, Mum,” said Ron quietly.

Ninth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

“Sadists,” said Sirius angrily.

“Padfoot received one every day when he got sorted into Gryffindor, by his mother and father. They were really bad to start out, but after a while, he just burnt them,” said Remus.

End of ninth paragraph.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Hermione…” said Remus sternly.

“Sorry,” said Hermione.
“Have I told you lately that I appreciate the fact that you only did that once every five years.” said Sirius to Remus.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Mr. Potter! You must eat!” said Madam Pomfrey.

“I know, but…I just couldn’t, not without it coming back up to me.” said Harry quietly.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

“It wasn’t your fault mate, I was the one who came up with the idea.” said Ron quickly.

“But I should’ve known better, I had an owl, and I was smart enough to know that it wouldn’t have ended well for either of us.” said Harry angrily. “But I went along with it anyway.” Harry placed his hands on his face, to block their view of stray tears falling from his brilliant green eyes.

Ron and the rest of Weasley family said nothing. They couldn’t think of one comforting to say to remove the guilt he was feeling. But they saw Sirius pull Harry to lean on him, Harry tore his hands away from his face and silently leaned against Sirius.

End of eleventh paragraph.

“We were perfectly fine Harry, no real damage done, we were more relieved that the two of you were fine.” said Mr. Weasley kindly.

Twelfth paragraph.

“At least the first class of the day wasn’t all that bad.” said Remus. “The Hufflepuffs are always decent.”

“Thanks for the shout-out.” said Tonks happily.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“That was the only good thing that came from that Howler.” said Ron bitterly.

“Thanks to my mother, I can guarantee that I won’t be sending you a Howler.” said Sirius with a smile.
“I don’t know what they are, but I can promise that I’d just send an angry non-vocal letter.” said Dr. Clark beaming.

“I’d probably send a Howler, but only if you did something really, really bad.” said Remus with a slight smile.

“I can deal with that.” said Harry. “How do you rate ‘really, really bad’?”

“You almost dying again.” said Remus smacking Harry’s head slightly.

**Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.**

“Well this sounds like a nice calm day.” said Remus smiling a little.

**Fourteenth paragraph, end of second sentence.**

“And the whole week is ruined.” he said in a defeated tone.

**End of fourteenth paragraph.**

"That twinge didn't last long." said Harry with a smirk.

"I would hope not, it did more damage to you than you did to it." said Remus.

"What was wrong with it anyway?" asked Sirius.

"It had several sprained limbs." said Professor Sprout.

**Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Really, Mr. Potter? I wonder if I could spend a day with Mrs. Dursley then." said Professor Sprout spitefully.

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

"I thought he was wearing blue." said Ron.

"Turquoise is blue." said Hermione.

"And you knew what that kind of blue was called?" said Fred and George staring at Harry in horror.
"Was he shocked to see you guys there?" said Bill. "It's class time!"
"He's always been an idiot." said Sirius and Remus together.

"Which is complete bullocks, she's the most respected and celebrated authority on Herbology alive!" said Neville proudly.

"Thank you Mr. Longbottom." said Professor Sprout blushingly.

"Exotic my ass. They are only indigenous to Europe. You can't find Whomping Willows in any other part of the world." said Kingsley angrily.

"Wow, Kingsley is actually getting angry and swearing? That's a first.” said Tonks teasingly.

"He had been pestering me all morning, telling me that he was my most prized student and that I absolutely must read his latest book because that I was mentioned in it and all sorts of other nonsense." said Professor Sprout rolling her eyes.

“Wow, you kids are lucky, we weren’t allowed into greenhouse three until we became fourth years.” said Tonks eagerly.

“IT was actually a decent sort of smell.” said Harry absently.

“I find it quite nice as well.” said Professor Sprout.
“Oh he did not just pull him out of Herbology.” said Sirius in shock.

“You can pull anybody out of anywhere…just not Herbology…” said Remus with a smile.

“She doesn’t like it when someone is pulled. She doesn’t even allow me to remove someone.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Of course! That class happened to be very important!” she said indignantly. “More important than even I thought.” she finished quietly.

Several of the adults and older students groaned.

“That won’t do.” said Sirius with a pained smile.

“We heard you the first time.” said Sirius to Colin.

“No, that’s what he said, he said it four times.” said Colin pointing in the book.

“Like I said before, he’s an idiot.” said Remus.

“What could I say? I didn’t know what he wanted.” said Harry.

“I’ll give you a kick, right up your…”

“REMUS!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.
“Careful Moony, that could be taken another way…” said Sirius with a smirk.

It was a full half-hour before Colin could start reading again, for that’s how long it took to pull Remus off of Sirius (of whom Remus was pummeling heavily with an over-stuffed cushion).

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“I swear, he knows right when you want to talk, and then interjects with his garbage.” said Sirius rolling his eyes, rubbing his head from where Remus smacked him repeatedly.

Nineteenth paragraph, sixth sentence.

“Did he stop you from going through the barrier?” accused Kingsley.

“Nope, wasn’t him.” said Ron, Hermione and Harry.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

“If he says Harry’s name three times again, I swear, I’m gonna snap.” said Dr. Clark.

“Welcome to our world.” said Harry, Sirius and Remus.

Twentieth paragraph.

“Man, you would not believe how happy I was to see him not smile for a week.” said Fred.

“What do you mean…?” said Remus slowly.

“He wore a muffler for one whole week.” said George with glee.

“How did you guys manage that?” asked Sirius and Remus eagerly.

“Well, you know, it’s really sad how we didn’t notice his capabilities then isn’t it, Fred?” said George smiling to his twin.

“’Tis true.” said Fred nodding solemnly.

“What happened?” pressed Sirius.

“Well, there was this trick toothpaste we had, it’s supposed to turn your teeth looking old, cracked, and dark gray for a week. No charm can release it.” said George grinning maliciously.

“George!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.
“Leave them be, it was for a very good cause.” said Remus quickly. “So how did you do it?” he asked excitedly.

“Well, actually, we couldn’t figure that part out, but Harry overheard what we were doing and volunteered for the mission.” said George.

“How did that go? How did you do it?” asked Bill and Sirius quickly.

“Um…well…” said Harry.

“He won’t even tell us how he got into Lockhart’s office.” said Fred pouting.

“Well, when I got in there, I got rid of all of the rest of his usual toothpaste, and replaced it with the trick one. It took a while, twice he almost woke up.” said Harry.

“You did this at night?” asked Remus slowly. “I hope you didn’t get too close to him.” said Remus quietly.

“Yeah…but he didn’t wake up and no one saw me.” said Harry carefully. He looked slowly over to Dumbledore, who merely smiled.

“Tell them what sort of pajamas he wears.” said Fred excitedly.

“I DON’T WANNA KNOW!” shouted Sirius plugging his ears.

“They’re pink, with little purple bunnies.” said Harry with a smirk.

Sirius actually pulled the fingers out of his ears and stared in wonder as the rest of the school laughed loudly. He broke down and asked what the sleepwear looked like. When he was told, he joined in the raucous laughter.

_Dialogue set, second sentence._

“No, he made Harry hate it even more actually.” said Ginny with a smile.

_End of dialogue set._

“He wouldn’t have needed you to get on the front page, you prat.” said Dr. Clark.

_Dialogue line._

_Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma._

“Breathe in, breathe out.” said Dr. Clark to himself over and over again.

“Do you want a Calming Draught, Sam?” asked Dumbledore, passing a phial over to the bowl.
“No, just hoping to God, that he doesn’t say it again.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

“He really likes touching you doesn’t he?” said Sirius gritting his teeth.

“You know, if I start waking up screaming from all these images you’ve put in my head, I’m going to smack the daylights out of you, you know that right?” said Harry looking up to his godfather.

“I’m serious.” said the black-haired man. Abandoning his own personal joke.

“I know, quit dwelling on it, nothing happened, with him or anybody else.” said Harry reassuringly.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.

“You are the complete opposite of him, Harry. And for that, I’m immensely proud of you.” said Dumbledore, beaming brightly.

Harry smiled shyly and accepted the hug that the men in the bowl gave him.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second dash.

“It hasn’t.” said Harry’s close friends.

Dialogue set, third sentence, third comma, fifth word.

“Well, I’ll give him that.” said Remus grudgingly.

Dialogue set, end of third sentence.

“I take it back.” said Remus angrily.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“‘Get away from me, you loser?’ said Sirius with a shrug.

“‘Don’t touch me, you’re scaring me?’ said Remus with his brows raised.
“Quit smiling at me, I’m going ‘snow-blind’?” smirked Dr. Clark.

Several people laughed loudly.

“I love you guys.” said Harry laughing along with the rest of the school. The men beamed.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence.

“He wasn’t all that famous to us. I would think that being a great ‘Anti-Dark wizard’ you should at least be known by us.” said Lionus with a smirk.

Dialogue set, eighth sentence.

“Excuse me?” said most of the people in the Great Hall.

“He’s not a nobody! Everyone knew his name before he could get his first real tooth.” said Sirius.

“Dear Lord.” said Harry burying his face in his hands.

Dialogue set, tenth sentence.

“A few?” said McGonagall indignantly.

Dialogue set, twelfth sentence.

“Merlin! Tell me he isn’t there the entire year.” said Remus rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“Sorry.” said Harry with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

“He’s delusional isn’t he?” said Neville staring at the book.

“Let’s think about this for a moment,” said Nightstrike with a faked seriousness. “if you were a criminal, would you quake in fear from someone who has defeated a dark wizard in his infancy. OR someone who won a smiling contest?”

Several people pointed towards Harry, who looked down and blushed.

“But I didn’t do anything.” said Harry. “It was my mom…”
“Your first year, when you went up against him, you didn’t have your mom.” said Sirius giving Harry a quick one armed hug.

“If you think about it, I did.” said Harry quietly.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Why were you stunned?” asked Remus quickly.

“I didn’t know he was an even bigger idiot than what I thought.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Oh, I thought he tried to use a memory charm or something.” said Remus worriedly.

“No, you can actually tell if a memory charm is used on yourself.” said Dumbledore. “It gives the sensation of butterflies fluttering about your brain. Have you felt like that at all, Harry?”

“Not then, a few weeks ago sort of and little sprastic periods here and there. Since the incident.” said Harry scratching his head.

“That was a memory charm, yes, but it was a much darker version of it.” said Dumbledore with a saddened expression. “Once again, I ask you not to remember anything more than what you have already. I don’t want you suffering anymore.”

“Us either.” said most of the adults.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

“Harry…” said Remus quickly.

“Nothing happened, if it had, I’m pretty sure Madam Pomfrey would have seen some evidence of anything that might have happened.” said Harry calmly.

“….this is true…if something like that had happened; I would have found it out.” said Madam Pomfrey thoughtfully. “Especially when I ran my Diagnostic spell.”

“Well that’s a relief.” said Remus with a sigh. But then he caught himself quickly. “You guys didn’t see anything like that have you?” he said quickly to the Rangers. “When you had him in that pod thing?”

“I’d rather forget that you were in there, it was…disturbing…” said Sirius wincing.

“We saw no evidence of that….sort of assault.” said Nicodemus, trying to be gentle about it.

“It’s odd hearing you put things softly, you know?” said Lionus with a smirk.

“I don’t need to be gentle with you lot, you’re all just big babies.” said Nicodemus.

End of twenty-first paragraph.
“I waited till he came in, this was an important lesson and I didn’t want him coming in when they would start crying.” said Professor Sprout.

“Crying?” said Dr. Clark confused. Some other students were also in the dark.

“Nobody else’s hand even twitched to be raised.” said Ernie.

“You really need to put things in your own words, Granger.” said Snape smoothly. “It’s quite annoying when you recite things in that fashion.”

“But, it’s the information you’re asking for!” said Hermione defensively.

“We know dear, but it is better to hear it from your own words. You get points yes for knowing the answer, but we would like it more if you gave it to us in your own words.” said Professor McGonagall kindly.

“How did you come about having Mandrakes that year, Pomona?” asked Dumbledore with a smile.

“Well, the year before, I had my N.E.W.T.s students use the parents in their exams, so I thought I would start the year with the infants.” said Professor Sprout proudly. “Everyone dealt with them in their first Herbology class of the year.”

“A plant can be dangerous? Really?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’re forgetting the Devil’s Snare, and the Whomping Willow.” said Neville.

“Oh crap!” moaned Dr. Clark.

“Geez, everyone just wants to smack me about.” said Harry with a laugh.
“Is there anything in this school that isn’t fatal?” asked Dr. Clark with a nervous laugh.

“Peevesie isn’t!” said a voice above the bowl.

Suddenly a pale hand reached down and took the eye patch off of Dr. Clark’s head. When the patch was removed, they all saw small vertical slice down his eyelid. When his eye fluttered open, they saw his pupil and iris had a black slice through it.

Pevees placed the patch over his eye, and began to do a sort of sailor’s jig.

“Yo ho ho, and a bottle of Butterbeer!” sang Peeves in a sea chantey style.

Dr. Clark laughed and rubbed his sliced eye.

“That’s enough Peeves, give Sam back his patch.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Peeves dropped the patch in Sam’s lap and glided out of the room. Sam put the patch back on and noticed Harry’s face.

“I’m alright, I just can’t see out of this eye. Dr. Nicodemus said that it should get better at some point.” said Dr. Clark reassuringly. “He even gave me some sort of eye drops that ease the pain immensely.”

“Really?” asked Hermione quickly.

“Well, Miss Granger, Mandrakes are really a plant I wouldn’t have gotten to for quite some time, till about your seventh year.” said Professor Sprout.

“So I was really proud of you, then.” said Harry beaming.

“Well, at least the boys were scrambling to grab ones that weren’t pink.” said Dean bitterly.

“What’s up with him?” asked Fred.

“He had to take one that was pink and fluffy.” said Seamus with a smirk.
“I screamed.” said Parvati blushing.
“I did too.” said Lavender.

“How did you know it was a boy?” asked Dr. Clark.

Every male in the room turned towards him and stared, some of the girls giggled.
“What…oh…” said Dr. Clark, realizing the answer. Several people smirked when he mouthed “On a plant?”

“Wow.” said Dr. Clark looking at Professor Sprout in an impressed tone. Professor Sprout blushed.

“And it’s painful when it is. Not for the tentacula, but the people around it.” said Harry, Ron and Hermione.

“Have you three been bitten?” asked Dr. Clark quickly.

“Ron was,” said Harry and Hermione. “backed up too far.”

“It can also be fresh.” said Professor Sprout with a frown.
Thirty-second paragraph.

“Wow, really?” said Justin with a bright smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Harry groaned there.” said Ron with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Right then, I knew what you felt like, mate. With everyone talking about you.” said Ron sadly.
“Stupid me, I didn’t remember it last year.”

“What happened last year?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh yeah, he’s something.” said Remus rolling his eyes.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Are you freaking nut? He couldn’t even face a niffler in Care of Magical Creatures class! Scared him almost out of his mind. And if you show him a snake…he loses his damn mind, faints right on the spot.” said Remus clapping a hand to his eyes.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.

“Oh he didn’t corner that werewolf.” said Nightstrike angrily.

“How do you know?” asked Remus, “not that I believe Dazzle Gums.”

“I was right there; I was taking out the stronger ones, in my werewolf form. It was an ugly old guy that did it. Funny thing is, he never came to the headquarters and receive his medal.” said Nightstrike worryingly.

“You’ll find out why, towards the end of the book.” said Harry.
“But how do you know when or where this was?” asked Hermione.

“How often do you think werewolves get defeated in a telephone booth?” asked Nightstrike.

“Wait, how can you control yourself in during the full moon?” asked Remus, not catching what Harry had said.

“The shot you get from Dr. Nicodemus, it keeps your mind while you’re having the furry out of body experience. You even get a bit of a strength boost too.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“Zap?” said Remus and Sirius together, staring at Justin in disbelief.

“Hey!” he said indignantly. “I didn’t know much about magic yet!”

“You had one whole year.” said Sirius.

“Yeah…well…” said Justin weakly.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

Dr. Clark smiled. “I went there, nice school. Nothing like this though.” he beamed while looking around.

**Dialogue set, third sentence, second comma.**

“I would sort of hope so. It takes a lot to get in there.” said Dr. Clark.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Useful?” said Fred.

“That’s insulting.” George.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.**

“That’s the bonus of being an adult.” said Sirius with a smirk. “We make everything look easy.”

“I showed you how to set the oven and you still couldn’t figure it out.” said Harry.
“Hey, it was hard! You made it look…never mind.” said Sirius pouting.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Why is that?” asked Colin.

“They’re nice and warm in the ground, but when they get out, they realize they’re free and they can do whatever they want.” said Harry simply.

“Why aren’t you whipping out your book?” asked Ron.

“It’s in Dumbledore’s office.” said Harry.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, fifth sentence, first semi-colon.

“I really hated those things. One scratched my face.” said Sirius absently touching his cheek.

“He was obsessed with his face when he was younger.” said Remus whispering to Harry.

“Hey! I had a good face!” said Sirius indignantly.

“He was a major ladies man.” said Remus with a smirk.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

“You picked him.” said Ron with a smirk. “Your fault.”

“Why would you? Those are the hardest.” said Remus confused.

“Reminded me of Dudley. Fat and ugly.” said Harry with a laugh.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Was just like trying to weed the Dursley’s garden on my birthday. I was ready to just pass out.” said Harry. “But I still had classes to go to, man that sucked. No offense Professor!” said Harry looking up to McGonagall quickly. She merely smiled slightly and nodded.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Well that explained why all of you were almost falling asleep in class and rubbing your shoulders.” said McGonagall with a smile.
“Ahh, the misfortune of youth.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“I actually intended to actually do it right at least the first three times, but that didn’t work out to well.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“Everybody’s arms were so sore that only Hermione managed to turn her beetles into buttons.” said Ron.

“How come she wasn’t sore?” asked Charlie.

“Ron and Harry both handled my mandrake, it wouldn’t go in.” said Hermione with blush.

“Well, compared to the other objects you could use, that would be the best thing to use.” said Dumbledore kindly. “At least the best thing to use that is available to you.”

“Why didn’t you send us an owl to get you a new wand!” said Mrs. Weasley.

Ron stared at her. “‘If you put another toe out of line.’” said Ron in a shrill voice. “I was nervous about you pulling me out of Hogwarts.”

“I had to go and open a window real quick.” said Harry with a smile.

“She hates it when people accidentally kill the animal they’re trying to transfigure. She’s a real animal lover.” said Remus with a smile.

“Harry you have a real funny way of describing things, you know that?” said Lee clutching his
“Just about fried my eyebrows right off, like Seamus did in one of our first year classes.” said Harry with a smirk.

“We wouldn’t have done that, Ron dear.” said Mrs. Weasley. “It's dangerous to have a broken wand, we would have gotten you another one right away.”

“From your howler, I wasn’t too secure with that knowledge.” said Ron.

“I wasn’t in the mood to be secretly thrilled for you at the moment.” said Ron apologetically.

Remus and Sirius both groaned and covered their eyes. “Hermione,” said Sirius in a pained voice. “you could do so much better!”

“It was my favorite book at the time.” said Hermione.

“Thank Merlin, that changed.” said Remus.
Remus removed the hand away from his face and slowly looked up.

“It’s not that house-elf again is it?” he said carefully.

“Nope.” said Harry.

“It's not Lockhart is it?” he pressed.

“Nope.” repeated Harry.

“What’s that kid’s problem?” asked Sirius with a raised eyebrow.

“That’s me!” said Colin defensively.

“Oh, sorry.” said Sirius quickly.

“Why would you?” asked Remus curiously.

“Well, I was only a first year and he was famous.” said Colin shyly.

“Yeah but he’s just a second year, and he doesn’t like his fame, so you can look at him all you want.” said Sirius shrugging.

“Gee, thanks.” whispered Harry, nudging him hard with his elbow.

“Prove it to whom?” asked Dr. Clark.

“My family.” said Colin.

“But your family are Muggleborns, Col.” said one of his friends.
“Yeah, but when I wrote back home the first time, I told my family all about Harry.” said Colin with a smile.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

“You do know all about personal space, right?” said Sirius questioningly.

“Well, yeah…” said Colin slowly.

“Think about it.” said Sirius.

Colin looked down sadly.

“Do you want me to read?” asked Dean.

“No, I’m fine. Sorry Harry.” said Colin sorrowfully.

“It’s okay.” said Harry kindly.

Dialogue set, end of parenthesis.

“Jeez, wish people wouldn’t look for that the moment they see me.” said Harry bitterly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, eighth word.

Remus and Sirius stared at the young fourth year.

“That made me sound really creepy.” said Colin uneasily.

Dialogue set, eighth sentence.

Umbridge, despite the bonds and the gag, gave a muffled shout and strained against her restraints.

“How dare you take pictures and give them out to Muggles!” shouted Fudge, guessing what she was upset about.

“Oh, leave him be! He asked permission to take pictures of the school! The Headmaster gave him special permission with strict guidelines and rules. He’s not allowed to share them with anyone else besides close family member and not to take pictures of anyone if they don’t want it.” said McGonagall.
“Oh I was thrilled.” said Ron rolling his eyes.

Draco looked down shamefully.

“When he doesn’t have Crabbe and Goyle, he’s got his Daddy.” said a seventh year Gryffindor quietly.

“Little twat never did fight his own fight.” said his friend.

“The ones that were heading over first were the first year girls.” said Hermione with a smirk. “Till the guys pulled them back and said, ‘Malfoy’s joking.’”

“It was hilarious, the look on Malfoy’s face.” said Ron.

“When you were a baby, and you happened to come across a picture of yourself, you would grab a crayon and scribble something on the bottom. So you were really into signing something on the bottom of your pictures.” said Remus with a smirk. “You were signing photos before you could even say ‘Momma.’”

A few people snorted.

“I could’ve gone without knowing that.” said Harry crossly.
“Though it does sound like he’s jealous of something.” said Dr. Clark plainly.

“Like what?” asked Blaise.

“Perhaps the fact that Harry is always surrounded by his friends.” said Dr. Clark shrugging.

Draco said nothing.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Malfoy smirked slightly, while Ron turned slightly green.

End of dialogue set.

“ Took several minutes for it to dawn on him that Ron had said that.” said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

“That was a low blow.” said Tonks angrily.

“Even for a Slytherin.” said Moody looking at Draco with a stern look, his other eye looking over at Fudge.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Actually, that is pretty accurate.” said seventh year Hufflepuff girl. “He never signs any and he doesn’t pose for any.”

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“ACCK! You could have warned them who it was!” said Sirius.

“Or us!” moaned Remus covering his eyes.
“Not me.” said Harry quickly.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Remus began to growl.

“Nothing happened.” said Harry in a bored tone.

“Doesn’t mean that I have to like him touching you.” said Remus.

“Look, we all know he’s bats for both teams, but what makes you think that he likes little kids?” said Harry tiredly.

“We remember seeing him asking a first year out on a date when we were in our final year.” said Sirius bitterly.

“I ran up and blacked his eye.” said Remus with a satisfied look. “Sirius kicked him in the groin, and James slammed his fist in his jaw.”

“Okay, granted that is really freaking creepy….,” said Harry, he wanted to continue to say that nothing happened, but he gave up.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“I knew you hated the attention, that’s why I did it.” said Draco quietly.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

“A picture of a flobberworm is better than one of you, Dazzle Gums.” said Remus crossly.

End of dialogue set.

“Harry never did sign it I don’t think.” said Colin thoughtfully.

“Nope, and I refuse to.” said Harry.

Forty-eighth paragraph.
“Genius, bell rang, Harry-boy needs to go to class now.” said Sirius rolling his eyes.

“It was his class we were going to next.” said Harry.

“That is a huge insult to James.” said Sirius staring at the book.

“I agree.” said Remus.

“What a twat, he only came over because he heard the word ‘picture’.” said Remus skeptically.

“Anybody that really knows him knows that he isn’t trying to attract attention.” said Fred.

“We didn’t expect to see you with him. Your sort of modest and quiet, and he…isn’t” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

“He’s a complete and utter idiot.” said Kingsley shaking his head.

“I can’t believe he was in our house.” said Ernie and Hannah together.

“What an egotistical bastard!” said Bill.

“WILLIAM!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.
Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

Sirius squeezed Harry’s hand. “You dad and us used to sit all the way in the back of the class too, especially for teachers we didn’t like.”

End of fiftieth paragraph.

“Good thinking.” said Moody gruffly.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“You looked so funny.” said Ron with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“That actually does exist, before they had about forty people in it. Then after the final task, it sort of dropped to about twenty, then after the books started, it zoomed up to about a hundred or so.” said Neville.

Harry groaned and buried his face in Remus’ cloak.

Dialogue line.

“Tell me there wasn’t a “Gilderoy Lockhart fan club.” said Sirius with a pained expression.

“There was, but that only lasted one year.” said Hermione.

“She was a founding member.” said Harry with a smirk.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Really? I thought it was the troll in the book.” said Harry sarcastically.

People in the Great Hall began to laugh; even Remus cracked a huge smile.
“Means that he’s not very important and hasn’t done much. They just gave it to him to shut him up.” said Kingsley.

“He came to us and asked if he could join up. He wasn’t all that qualified to become one of us, so we made him honorary.” said Kingsley.

“You part of it?” asked Ron eagerly.

“Yeah, I’m one of the higher ranked ones.” said Kingsley with some slight pride.

“He never was much of a comedian.” said Remus.

“Remember the one time when Hogwarts held a sort of stand-up comedy competition? God, most people booed him right off the stage.” said Sirius with a smile. “Some even threw fruit.”

“I threw the grapefruit.” said Remus proudly.

“Who won it?” asked George.

“My brother Regulus, from Slytherin House. I’ll admit it, he was insanely funny.” said Sirius.

“Cause we had a choice.” said Ron with a groan.
“Oh, you have got to be kidding me.” said Kingsley.

“That’s not a Defense quiz.” said Moody irritably.

Fifty-fourth question.

“That was a pathetic excuse for a test.” said Remus.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Did he greet a Tibetan man and say “Hi, I’m Lockhart and my favorite color is lilac?” scoffed Sirius.

“Actually, in the book he commented on the lilac trees in a hidden valley.” said Hermione.

“Bull.” said Remus simply. “He couldn't find the exit in an empty room. Let alone a hidden valley.”

Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.

“Would really rather not.” said Bill.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second dash.

“He sounds like a beauty pageant contender.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“He couldn’t even win Miss. or Mr. Congeniality.” said Tonks with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“Wonderful, tell that to a bunch of twelve you olds.” said McGonagall irritably.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“I thought he was a complete idiot. I still do.” said Ron.
“First time we heard a Professor talk about wanting liquor.” said Seamus with a smirk.

“Wonder which one he would have failed at first.” said Dr. Clark to Sirius.

“AWESOME!” I’ve successfully corrupted him!” said Sirius with a fist raised and clapping Dr. Clark on the back.

“Merlin help us all.” said Professors all together.

“Oh, come on.” said Charlie shaking his head.

“He had better not have released anything dangerous with all of you in there.” said Professor Sprout angrily.

“Nope that happens the next year, with an actual teacher, teaching us.” said Harry proudly.

“They’re dead.” said Lee.
"Hey! I was curious." said Harry to the looks he was receiving from Remus and Sirius.

"It'll be okay, Neville." said Luna patting Neville’s head.

"I know." said Neville blushingly.

"Say what?" said Remus slowly.

"Pixies." said Sirius with a laugh.

"Yeah, it was sort of loud and obvious." said Seamus with another snort.

"I was holding back a laugh." said Seamus with a chuckling.

"That is actually true." said Remus thoughtfully.
Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Remus face-palmed while Sirius moaned loudly. “What an idiot! Didn’t he remember what happened when we did it?” said Remus irritably.

“You released a bunch of pixies?” said Fred dumbfounded.

“Yeah, in our sixth year. We let them loose in the Great Hall, two batches of them. They never caught us.” said Remus with a small smile.

“Who did you think it was?” said George.

“There was a colony infesting the upper part of the Great Hall. We had assumed that they just decided to swarm down upon everyone.” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling while looking over to the two men.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“It was a nightmare.” said Harry.

“Pandemonium is an understatement.” said Neville.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“My ears are still sore from that.” said Neville rubbing his ears absently.

“Be thankful Miss Trunchbull wasn’t there.” said Hermione with a smile.

“Who?” said Neville and the Weasley children.

“A fictional Headmistress in Muggle book. She swung a small boy around by his ears.” said Harry.

“You’ve read it too, huh?” said Hermione with a smile.

“It was one of the books in the room at the Dursleys.” said Harry with a smile.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Oh! No one was hurt, I hope.” said Madam Pomfrey anxiously.

“No, everyone was mostly fine.” said Ron.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, fifth sentence.
“Apt description.” said Hermione.

**End of sixty-fifth paragraph.**

“Where the hell was Gilderoy?” asked Professor Sprout angrily.

The Hufflepuffs stared at their Head of House in shock.

**Dialogue line.**

“Five or so is one thing. Not *forty!*” said Ron angrily.

**Sixty-sixth paragraph.**

The Aurors, Rangers, Professors, and several other people laughed hard.

“What the hell was that?” said Sirius wiping a tear from his eye.


“Yeah, he’s trying to add an ‘r’ to the end of everything. He’s really saying ‘Pesky Pixie Pester Not Me.’ He just eliminates the ‘y’ and the ‘t’. “ said Harry with a smile.

“More stuff from your notebook?” said Sirius.

“No, that book of Umbridge’s.” said Harry with a smile.

**Sixty-seventh paragraph, first paragraph, first semi-colon.**

“Exactly.” said Rivers looking sternly over to Umbridge.

**Sixty-seventh paragraph, first paragraph, first comma.**

“ Took him two days to find it.” said Ron with a laugh. “He gave thirty points to the first person to find it. Only the girls volunteered.”

**End of sixty-seventh paragraph.**
“I hope he learned something from this at the very least.” said McGonagall massaging her temples.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“There was still panic going on in the room, most of the pixies were still in there.” said Ron.

End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

“I’m going to kill him.” said Remus.

“You think you’re going to want to kill him now, wait till later.” said Ron with a smile.

“Thanks Ron.” said Harry through gritted teeth.

“Oh, sorry mate.” said Ron noticing the look in Remus’ eye.

Dialouge line.

“I certainly can’t.” said Sirius bitterly.

Dialouge line.

“You’re as delusional as he is.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

Dialouge line.

“Well Harry figured him out the first day.” said Remus with a proud smile.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Oh, really?” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

“He says he’s done.” said Dr. Clark.
“Amen.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“I think that it is lunch time.” said Dumbledore kindly, he pulled out his wand and the table of food emerged.

“Let’s change readers now, who would like to read?” said Professor McGonagall.

“May I?” said Sirius.

“Of course.” said Dumbledore happily.

Sirius took the book and read the title

“Oh I don’t want to read that word…” said Sirius with a groan.

“What word?” asked Remus.

Remus looked at the word and gasped. “I don’t think we have a choice mate.” said Remus.

Sirius sighed. “Mudbloods” the school gasped and the teachers clenched their hands. “And Murmurs.” said Sirius. “Well right off the bat you know this won’t be a good one.”

“Who in this school would call somebody that!” shrieked Madam Pomfrey.

“Well we got Pansy and the person who said it in this chapter.” said Harry. “So far we’re up to two people.”

Chapter End Notes

I did leave the title of the next chapter at the bottom, it’s separated.
I don't own Harry Potter

“You going to help me read.” said Sirius. “Right?”

“Sure, I’ll read the second half.” said Harry quickly. He knew what was in the back half of the chapter and he didn’t want Sirius reading it.

Sirius however, looked at Harry skeptically. “Hmm, I think I’ll have you read the first part. You answered a bit too quickly for my liking.”

Harry grumbled and snatched the book.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Good, keep away from him, he makes me nervous when you are with him.” said Remus calmly.

“He ain’t going to like ending part is he?” whispered Ron with a smirk.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“You didn’t, did you?” asked Fred staring at Colin stunned.

Colin looked nervous.

End of first paragraph.

Colin shuffled his feet embarrassingly.

“Poor Colin.” whispered Hermione.

“He asked for it.” said Ron.

Second paragraph, first sentence, eleventh word.

“It took a long time to have her warm back up to me.” said Harry with a small smile.
“What did it take?” asked Remus.

“I think she finally thought that I had enough of the silent treatment.” said Harry with a smile. “And making her homemade owl treats didn’t hurt either.”

Second paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Uh oh.” said several students in the Great Hall.

Second paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Oooh!” moaned Sirius and Remus together.

“Were you okay?” asked Dr. Clark trying not to laugh.

“I was fine. I’ve suffered worse.” said Professor Flitwick with a broad grin. “A boil is nothing serious.”

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“I was ready to sleep in that day.” said Ron with a broad smile.

“I planned on finishing reading my books.” said Hermione.

“I was going to go down to the kitchen and make something real early that morning.” said Harry with a smile.

“Then we were going to go down to Hagrid’s at in the afternoon.” said Ron.

Second paragraph, third sentence

“‘Planning’ is a good choice of words.” said the trio.

End of second paragraph.

“I was pissed.” said Harry with a smile. “That was one of the mornings that I didn’t want to get up all that early. Six o clock in the morning was one thing, not five.”
“You make it sound like you’ve been woken up in the middle of the night before. By someone with a problem.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Neville, Seamus, and Dean looked up innocently.

“Sort of.” said Harry.

“Why would someone wake you up in the middle of the bloody night?” asked Sirius.

“Homesick, questions about random stuff, stuff like that.” said Harry shrugging. “It only began the second year. And it wouldn’t exactly be my year either.”

“Oh you have got to be kidding me! That early?” said Remus stunned.

“James was never that bad, he was bad, but at least he let you get some sleep.” said Sirius with a smile.

“I thought that you always got up at dawn.” said Hermione with a smirk.

“That was one of those mornings that I really wanted sleep in.” said Harry. “And that is the only part of dawn I hate, normally I love songbirds, but those birds,” said Harry shaking his head, “God, right away in the morning, they don’t sound all that wonderful. It’s a horrible sound right away in the morning, it’s like they’ve all got bronchitis.”

Several people laughed.

“‘Crazed’?” said George looking at Harry.

“That is a HUGE understatement, mate.” said Fred shaking his head.

“I would really freaking hope so.” said Charlie shaking his head. “I would hope no other house trains right away in the year.”
“Was it cold that morning?” asked Dean.

“Sort of, but you try and get up hours earlier than what you wanted, you start shaking too.” said Harry

“Tried is a good choice of words. I just about started to use a shirt for pants.” said Harry with an embarrassed smile.

“I’ve done that after a full moon.” said Remus with a smile. “I actually almost stepped outside with that ensemble.”

“So he really doesn’t give you a chance to eat something when you get up?” said McGonagall appalled.

“Nope,” said the veteran Gryffindor Quidditch team.

“That was nice of him.” said Mrs. Weasley smiling over at him.

“Yeah, Scabbers tried to eat the note when I woke up.” said Ron.

“What in the world were you doing up so early?” asked McGonagall sternly.

“I just wanted watch Harry practice.” said Colin quickly.

“How did you know that we were going to practice that early?” asked Fred.

“Yeah, cause not even we really knew when we were going to go to the pitch.” said George.

“Well…” said Colin even quieter.

“I’m not too sure we wanna know.” said Fred and George.
End of fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“What the heck were you talking about?” said Ron.

“The picture of Lockhart and me.” said Harry with a smirk.

Sixth paragraph.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“That’s the wonderful thing about magical photos.” said Dumbledore with a broad smile. “If you don’t want to show up in the picture, your photo self won’t appear.”

“Wish that would happen sometimes in the Muggle World.” said Dr. Clark. “I’ve had a few that I wish I weren’t in.”

End of seventh paragraph.

“Yeah, he never was in shape.” said Sirius. “He looks skinny, but he was in worse shape than, well, Peter.”

“And that’s saying something.” said Remus with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“No.” said Harry automatically.

Dialogue set first sentence.

“Why did you look around?” asked Anthony.

“I didn’t want a repeat of last time.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph.
“Jeez, you can’t shake him can you?” said Fred quietly.

“You really can’t lie, Harry, you keep forgetting that.” said Tonks grinning broadly.

“Holy…” said Sirius shaking his head. “I’d have gone absolutely mad with you following me all around the place.” said Sirius looking over to Colin.

Colin turned and looked at Harry in shock.

“It was real early and…sorry.” said Harry looking up from the book apologetically.

Colin looked down hurtfully, but then looked up with a smile.

“It’s okay, I forgive you, if,” said Colin.

“If you sign one of the photos I took of you.” he said with a mischievous smile.

Harry opened his mouth to protest, but sighed and held out a hand for a photo.

Colin reached into his big photo album and selected the best photo he had and ran it over to Harry. He smirked as he saw it was the one where he was talking and laughing with Ron and Hermione. He signed it quick and walked it over to Ron and Hermione. “You guys need to sign it too.”

Ron and Hermione both looked confused, but when they saw the picture, they took the quill and signed the photo and handed it back to Colin, who looked ecstatic.
“I would have snapped by that time.” said Sirius groaning.

Fred and George stood up and took a bow.

“Harry actually caught me and stopped me from busting my face on the steps.” said Colin excitedly.

“Did you?” asked Remus impressed.

“I caught his collar and broke his fall a bit.” said Harry shrugging.

Angelina, Alicia, and Katie comically curtsied.

“You bet your wand he is.” said Sirius giving Harry a shove with his shoulder.

“That made a very complex game sound so simple.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“I didn’t want to bother him when he was changing.” said Colin with a slight blush.
“What did Harry look like?” asked Sirius wickedly.

“His hair was flat on one side.” said Angelina with a smirk.

“I was sleepwalking.” said Harry with a smile.

“Oh that’s nice, he didn’t even wait to hear what kept you.” said Cho, she kept sending small smiles and quick glances over to Harry.

“It actually did help, especially for what the Slytherins had up their sleeves.” said Katie.

“Yeah, I don’t remember much of what he said.” said Fred with a smirk.

“Explains how you managed to fly in the complete opposite direction you were supposed to go.” said George smiling.

“I was about to excuse myself to the bathroom and sleep in the shower.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Not what I would have been fantasizing about.” said Sirius with a wicked grin.
“You’d better not share that little fantasy with him, if it’s the one you told me about years ago.” said Remus warningly.

“There was nothing wrong with it!” defended Sirius.

“It couldn’t even be labeled triple X! It would have to be severely watered down to be allowed into that category!” said Remus curtly.

“I’m fifteen now, how much longer do I have to wait to hear it?” said Harry teasingly.

“Dumbledore isn’t even old enough to hear it.” said Remus shortly.

“Hmm, it must be one very explicit sort of fantasy.” said Dumbledore with a knowing smile.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“That’s a good point, might as well tell them all this stuff when their brains are actually functioning.” said Rivers with a smile.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

“When is he, during a strategy session?” said Katie rolling her eyes.

**Dialogue set.**

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

“It wasn’t your fault mate, we should have had a reserve.” said Fred soothingly.

“Besides, it’s not like you planned on getting knocked out for three days.” said George.

“And almost dying.” said Remus sternly.

“Yeah, I didn’t plan on that either.” said Harry not looking at Remus.

Remus was about to strike up another argument but received a sharp blow to the back of his head. He glared over to Sirius, but Sirius smiled and nodded over to Remus’ left. Remus looked over and saw Dumbledore smiling as well, but his eyes were focusing on the ceiling.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

“Harry too apparently.” said Alicia to Angelina sadly.
Dialogue set.

“I voted that we stun him and then lock him in his Quidditch locker.” said Fred.

“Then we go up to the castle and get some sleep.” said George.

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“What time was it?” asked Hannah.

“It was about seven-thirteen.” said Harry.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

“Nice of you guys to come out and watch his first practice of the year.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

“I wished I was.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Sorry mate, didn’t know you didn’t eat.” said Ron.

“You should have asked for some, we would’ve gone and grabbed you some.” said Hermione.

“I was drooling.” said Harry. “I don’t know how I could’ve asked any plainer.”

End of dialogue set.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“That’s one of the bad things about morning training, once you do it, you’re awake the whole day.” said Fred.

“Then you’re not able to fall back asleep.” said George.
“Bet you paid for that one later.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Actually, that was one of the moves, it never did pan out.” said Harry.

“But you gotta admit, it was a lot of fun to practice.” said George.

“I’m still amazed that I heard that.” said Fred with a smile.

“You sound like a member of the paparazzi.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

“What’s that?” asked Draco.

“It’s a photographer that follows around celebrities and other famous people, taking pictures of them all the time. They’re really annoying actually, from what I hear.”

“Why would you want to have that job?” asked Blaise confused.

“The opportunity to get close to a celebrity I guess.” said Dr. Clark.

“He was busy Mr. Creevey.” said McGonagall sternly.

Most of the people in the great hall gave a large gasp.

“Harry lied!” said some first year Hufflepuffs.

“Why did his first lie have to be to me.” said Fred beginning to cry.

“Think of it this way, you were his first.” said George with a snide smile.

Several people laughed as Fred and Harry glared at George.
“Sweet Merlin!” said Remus wiping his eye and looking over at Sirius. “It’s like seeing you and James going at each other again!”

Dialogue line.

“We’ve never had to stoop to spying.” said Snape sniffing in disgust.

“Don’t be too sure about that.” said Katie.

“We’ve caught several Slytherin boys trying to catch Chaser practice.” said Angelina folding her arms.

“But I wouldn’t exactly call them spies.” said Alicia.

“Yeah, spies don’t try and sneak into the girl’s locker rooms.” said Katie.

McGonagall looked as if she could breathe fire again, Snape had paled and stared at the three Gryffindor chasers, and the sky above darkened once again.

“Who were they?” said Dumbledore coldly, his voice vibrating off the walls.

“They were already dealt with,” said Angelina with a smile. “We sort of made sure of that.”

“And so did the boys.” said Katie with an evil grin. “If they thought they were in bad shape after dealing with us, they were sorely mistaken after the boys got through with them.”

Dialogue line.

“Should have realized that you had lied to me then, if you didn’t know who he was, you wouldn’t have known which house he belonged to.” said Fred pouting.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That would eliminate the need for spying alright.” said Ernie with a smirk.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Hey, that’s not fair, the Gryffindors were there first.” said Sirius angrily.
“Can you book the field for the whole day?” asked Remus over to McGonagall.

“Only if the other Heads of Houses agree, however, that entitles the other houses to have the field for one whole day as well.” said McGonagall.

“It doesn’t happen often.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Yeah, he couldn’t walk very well after that.” said Fred.

“We landed a bit softer though.” said George.

“No point hurting ourselves.” said Fred.

“I told Flint that the field was off limits. What is he doing there.” said Snape thoughtfully.

Draco cringed in his seat.

“That’s a contradiction in terms.” said Charlie with a smirk.

“I don’t know what gave him the gall to disobey me and go to the Quidditch pitch.” said Snape sternly.

“There is a long standing Quidditch rule that no two teams can occupy the field at the same time. It's ridiculous to even think that notion.” said McGonagall.
“Especially Gryffindor and Slytherin.” said Flitwick.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“You leer at a girl, you get slapped.” said one of the Slytherin Chasers. “And it would have killed the chance to date them.”

Dialogue line.

“He heard you the first time.” said George.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“What?” said the Potions Master dumbfounded.

End of dialogue set.

“I did not write that letter.” said Snape tensely.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Mind telling me whose idea it was to forge that letter?” growled Snape to Malfoy.

“Well….um…it was Flint’s idea.” said Malfoy quickly.

“You’re lying to me.” said Snape sternly.

“It was mine.” said Malfoy quietly.

“We will talk about this later.” said Snape sternly.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah we never actually met the twit.” said Fred.
“Gifts?” said McGonagall, Flitwick and Sprout, each one stunned.

“You told me that they pooled their money and sold their old brooms!” said McGonagall angrily.

“That was what I was told.” drawled Snape but staring at Draco with anger in his eyes. “I wasn’t aware of the fact that Lucius had struck a deal with Flint to get his son on the team.”

“Not true, the speed is only ten more miles per hour, and the wood is stained black. Nothing more special than that.” said Harry with a smirk. “But speed is only one factor in a game, they hold special games in the United States for one team to ride Shooting Stars and go up against Nimbus’. The ones on the Shooting Stars actually win some of the time.”

“Seriously?” said Draco stunned.

“If you would read the articles instead of looking at the pictures in *Witch Broomstick* you’d learn something.” said Harry with a small smile.

“And yet, you lot still have the best, well…the second best brooms in the school, and you haven’t won a game against us.” said Fred.

“Least not with us and Harry playing.” said George.

“Ahem.” said the three Chasers together.

“Against all of us, including Ron.” said Harry with a quick look over to Ron. “Nobody can beat us in a fair game.”

“Which must have been a first.” said Remus shaking his head.
“You weren’t very pleasant to look at, let me tell you.” said Katie with her tongue sticking out. “You looked like a real freak.”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“Two people make an invasion?” said George with a raised brow.

“What an idiot.” said Fred slapping his forehead.

Dialogue line.

“Um, the Slytherins had brooms in their hands, and their Quidditch gear on. Chances are we’re here to practice.” said Draco with a smirk.

Ron blinked and opened his mouth, but slowly closed it. “Shut up.” he mumbled.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“And that didn’t give it away?” asked a smirking Slytherin.

Dialogue line.

“Nice to know you can buy your way onto a sports team.” said Dr. Clark. “Can you at least play well?” he asked the fifteen year old Slytherin Student.

“He’s alright, he’s the fifth best seeker the school has.” said Angelina tartly.

“Fifth, aren’t there only four teams?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I was replaced.” said Harry pointing over to Ginny.

“Yeah, I don’t know how Gryffindor managed to get the two best Seekers.” said Ernie pouting slightly.

“Hey!” shouted Cho angrily.

“You’re third best; Harry was always the best one in the school. Then came….Cedric….” said Ernie.
The entire school looked down in grief.

Dr. Clark looked around in confusion. “Am I missing something?”

“Cedric…” Harry started but couldn’t finish.

“He was a seventh year Hufflepuff, a very brave and loyal young man, who unfortunately passed away last year.” said Dumbledore somberly.

“How did it happen, seventeen year olds don’t just fall down dead!” said Dr. Clark.

“He was murdered by order of Voldemort.” said Dumbledore solemnly.

Dr. Clark paled. “I’m sorry.”

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“What a beast.” said Katie quietly.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“You go girl!” said Fred bobbing his head.

“He did not just say that!” said a small first year Ravenclaw.

“He did!” said her friend covering her mouth.

“Just like a boy, both of them are idiots.” said Alicia.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

People in the Great Hall released a loud gasp.

“He did not just say that!” said a small first year Ravenclaw.

“He did!” said her friend covering her mouth.

Muttering and growling fluttered around the Great Hall.

Draco looked slowly up to his Head of house. Snape looked at him, fury thundering from his eyes.
“We’re going to talk now.” he said venomously.

Snape took Malfoy by the arm and dragged him out of the Great Hall.

“I take it, thatMu…um…that word is a real bad word.” said Dr. Clark nervously as he watched the furious professor drag the young man out of the room.

“Real bad.” said Sirius.

“It’s a foul name for someone born from an all muggle family. People like the Malfoy family don’t like Muggleborns and Half-Bloods.” said Ron angrily.

Dr. Clark sighed, “We’ve got people like that in our world, as well. They don’t accept people of different cultures, skin or love life.”

“I don’t see how humans can be so cruel to their own kind.” said Tempest shortly.

Firenze gave a small snort and rubbed the hoof prints on his chest and flank.

“Oh…” said Tempest sympathetically. “I’m sorry.”

Lionus stared at the two of them. “She said ‘sorry’? I don’t believe it!” he said with a broad smile.

“That young stallion is ruining her.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

“She could use some softening.” said Nightstrike.

Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“I’m happy you didn’t know that word before this.” said Sirius.

“Hell, I hated reading that word. Let alone saying it.” said Harry with a snarl.

Thirty-third paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“That must have been the only brave thing Flint’s ever done.” said Angelina.

“And stupid, did you see all the teeth that Fred knocked out of Flint’s mouth?” said Katie.

“How about the black eyes, George gave him.” said Alicia.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

“Oh this won’t end well.” said Remus closing his eyes.

“Why not! Ron is a skilled enough wizard.” said Mrs. Weasley defending her son.

“Ron’s wand is busted.” reminded Dr. Clark.
“Oh dear!” said Mrs. Weasley fretfully, she didn’t remember that little fact.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, fifteenth word.

“RONALD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

“It wasn’t that spell, Mum” said Ron.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Oh no!” said Bill anxiously. “Ron, this can’t be good!”

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That really scared me.” said Hermione with a deep blush.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Eeeww!” cried quite a few girls from every house.

“You have spells that do that? Of what use is that?” said Dr. Clark holding his stomach.

“It’s a school-age curse; they aren’t really supposed to do much of anything, except give you something to laugh at.” said Sirius shrugging.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh that’s real nice.” said Dr. Clark.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“I hope it snaps.” said Sirius glaring at the book.

“It did, he had to use a repair kit to fix it.” said Harry with a malicious laugh.
Thirty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.

“I hope he gets whatever is coming to him.” said Mr. Weasley angrily.

“Oh he will.” said Remus looking at the closed Great Hall door.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

“I don’t blame you.” said one of the seventh year Hufflepuffs.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

“What do you mean ‘bravely’?” asked a third year Gryffindor.

“Would you want to touch someone belching up slugs?” asked Hermione irritably.

“No.” said the third year girl and her friends quickly.

End of dialogue set.

“I’ll take it from here, cub.” said Sirius taking the book from Harry’s hands.

“Oh, come on! It hasn’t been half a chapter yet!” pouted Harry trying to take the book back playfully.

“It’s been more than half a chapter!” said Sirius tugging on the book. Finally he wrenched the book out of his godson’s hands.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Three guesses to who that is.” said Fred with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“That had to really suck.” said Sirius.

“It did.” said Ron turning greener by the minute.
“Are you freaking kidding me!” said Bill wearily.

“You want a picture of someone sicking up slugs?” said Charlie.

“I had never seen it before.” said Colin quietly.

“Be thankful for that.” said Lee.

“I am.” said Dr. Clark.

“That’s your first warning, never incur the ‘Evans Wrath’.” said Remus with a smirk.

“You’re life expectancy decreases immensely.” said Sirius with a smirk. “Bout forty years per scolding.” said Sirius tugging at a lock of gray hair. “I got this when I turned nineteen, when I scared your mother while she was pregnant with you. I thought the screaming and the curses were never going to end.”

“I don’t remember you reassuring me.” said Ron.

“You were a little…um…busy.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“ACCK! RUN!” shouted Harry and Ron together.

“Thanks Harry, I didn’t want him to try and help me.” said Ron appreciatively.

“He was a teacher, I thought he could help us!” said Hermione defensively.

“I would rather ask help from Aragog then Lockhart.” said Ron shortly.

“Who’s Aragog.” said Sirius.

“Never mind.” said Harry and Ron quickly.
“Must be one of those ‘you’ll find out later’ moments.” said Remus frowning slightly.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Trying to get your hands on Harry?’ said Remus shortly.

“Moony, drop it, okay? Cub says that nothing happened.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first dash.

“Hagrid only gets books that have something to do with creatures.” said Charlie. “Factual books.”

End of dialogue set.

“Used it ter start me fire that next night.” said Hagrid with a smile.

Several students laughed loudly. Remus and Sirius clapped loudly.

“Wish I had been there to see it.” said Harry wistfully.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“I was wonderin’ if it were him again.” said Hagrid gruffly.

Dialogue line.

“We wouldn’t do that to you.” said Ron kindly.

Fortieth paragraph, first sentence.

“We love going to Hagrid’s during the winter. It’s always so nice and warm in there.” said Hermione.

“Hey, how come Hagrid didn't carry me like he carried Harry in our third year?” asked Ron with a slight frown.
“We had you, you just were a little queasy, Harry’s ankle was messed up.” said Hermione.

**End of fortieth paragraph.**

“I’ve seen worse.” said Hagrid shrugging slightly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

“There isn’t anything you can do.” said Remus thoughtfully. “Not with that curse.”

**Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.**

“Wow! So that means that Harry’s tutoring was really working!” said Dennis excitedly.

**End of dialogue set.**

“If it had been casted in the right direction, it would have been most impressive.” said Dumbledore quietly, but he had a large smile on his face.

**Forty-first paragraph.**

“He knocked me off my chair and pinned me on the floor. I had to scratch his ears like mad to get him off.” said Harry with a bright smile.

**Dialogue line.**

“It was the only way to get up off the floor.” said Harry.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

“Hagrid’s been getting kelpies out of a well, way before Lockhart’s mother even thought of having kids.” said Charlie defending the large man.
“Not what I would call a conversation piece.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“Weren’ going ter talk about it, it was my lunch.” said Hagrid slightly confused.

“You in the habit of using school chickens for your own meals?” asked Rivers.

“It was already dead. Got to the coops and it was just layin’ there.” said Hagrid shrugging.

“And I still got me kettle.” said Hagrid with a smirk.

“He doesn’t criticize anyone except for Filch.” said Ron.

“The only man for the job.” said Professor McGonagall grudgingly.

McGonagall smiled.

“I was sold.” said Harry with a smile.

“But it’s Hagrid cooking.” whispered Sirius.

“I don’t care, it’s treacle.” said Harry licking his lips.

“We could stick you in a maze, and leave a small piece of treacle at the end. You’d find the exit in two seconds.” said Sirius.

“I’d give him half a second.” said Remus. “I’ve seen him eat treacle; the bowl has to keep refilling itself every three minutes.”
“Okay, your descriptions have gone from picturesque to disgusting.” said Fred sticking out his tongue.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“I couldn’t even locate an applicant this year, That is why I had to settle for…” said Dumbledore looking up at the restrained Umbridge.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence.**

“Trust me, it is.” said Remus with a small smile.

“Least you didn’t die.” said Harry with a smile. “The jinx looked out for at least the one real teacher we’ve had in the class.”

“Didn’t work for Professor Moody.” said Dean quickly.

“That wasn’t really him.” said Harry.

“Oh, yeah. I forgot.” said Dean.

“At least you could.” said Moody gruffly, trying to put his magical eye back into place.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Someone who deserved it.” said Snape sweeping back into the Great Hall.

Draco came following closely behind him, rubbing the back of his head in an embarrassed way. It didn’t seem that Snape used corporal punishment this time.

“If I ever hear anyone saying that word one more time, be it boy or girl, I will make you wish I could just expel you.” said Snape snarling mostly at the Slytherin students.

“Thank goodness I’m in the house I’m in.” muttered a small Pure-Blood Ravenclaw student.

“That goes for all houses.” snapped Professor Snape.

**Dialogue line.**

“That was an understatement.” said Fred.
“The book said it, not me.” said Sirius holding up his hands in surrender.

“Cause of the slugs?” asked Dennis.

“Cause of the word.” said Remus.

“Just rude?” said George stunned.

“It was way more than that.” said Angelina growling over to Draco.

“That’s saying something.” said a small first year Gryffindor.

“I would rather be a Muggleborn.” said Hermione defiantly.

“Exactly.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Sorry, Neville.” said Ron quietly.
“There isn’t a spell she hasn’t been able to master.” said Ron.

“Except for the Patronus.” said Hermione in a whisper.

“You’ll get it, I wasn’t able to do it right for the longest time.” said Harry with a smile.

“Wow, seriously?” said Dr. Clark.

Do you wish to hear the story of our origins? It is quite the tale?” asked Dumbledore with twinkling eyes. “I told this story a few weeks ago to Harry and he thoroughly enjoyed it.”

“I think the students would benefit from that narrative as well. I don’t think that Binns has dwelled on it yet.” said McGonagall with a small smile.

“Might I start?” asked Harry. “I’m pretty sure that I remember it all, anything before is still a little foggy though.”

“Of course.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“Thousands of years ago, there were four different separate sets of beings in this world. There were the animals, the beings that wander about in the normal world. You know, giraffes and stuff. Then there were the creatures, these had special abilities that the animals didn’t, such as longevity or fire breathing. The only drawback was, was that the creatures didn’t reproduce as often, so they were very rare. But they did live in some harmony with the animals. Though they mostly kept their distance.” said Harry.

“Then there were the Men,” said Dumbledore with a smile, “they lived in the caves and hunted and gathered for their food, they had no special abilities except for their ingenuity to utilize the materials around them and their ability to increase their strength. The final beings were the Milenia, they resembled the Men in every way, but they had many special talents to make up for their inability to increase their strength all that far and they were quite a bit more advanced in knowledge. These beings quarreled with each other constantly, over the fact that the Men had to work hard to hunt and gather their food, while the Milenia only had to wave their hands and food appeared out of nowhere. It was quite a petty reason not to get along with each other.”

“The Men however forgot their jealousy when the weather grew cold, and the Men’s food supply ran out. The Milenia weren’t so forgetful towards the past arguments and refused to help. So the Men had to work twice as hard just to find game to hunt, and when the spring storms came, the Milenia needed help rebuilding their own wooden houses and moving the debris left over by the storm.” said Harry still reading. “However, the Men refused. So the Milenia had to create a way to
lift the fallen trees. By the time they found a way to lift the trees out of the way, it was almost fall.”

“It took them that long to come up with the levitation spell?” asked Fred.

“Life is easy due to the fact someone worked hard.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“And they could whip food out of thin air? Isn’t that against a magical physics law?” asked Hermione.

“Those were put up when we began using wands.” said Harry.

“For several decades it went on like this,” said Dumbledore shaking his head and continuing on with the story. “All the petty squabbling when the both of them could have created such a wonderful world for us to inherit, but alas, as it seems to be the common theme of late, ‘hindsight is twenty-twenty’.”

Harry smiled, “One day there was a fateful occurrence that caused quite an uproar that both parties tried their best to bury the knowledge as best they could. However, only the men were able to bury the knowledge, ‘cause one of the Milenia tried to make the best of it.”

“One day, a beautiful young Milenia woman, who had just been married to one of the most powerful Milenia men, had gone wandering. She however was attacked viciously by one of the Men, and was raped. Her husband Harmonia, went to join her and discovered the attacker, still in the process of ravaging his wife. Using his powers, he emitted a green jet of light and the man was instantly killed.” said Dumbledore, his voice as cold as ice. “Thus the form of the ‘Avada Kevada’ curse was born.”

“The woman lived, but due to the attack, nine months later she gave birth, to three children. None of them had the silver hair of Harmonia, or the blonde hair of the woman, but they did have the dark brown hair of the assaulter.” said Harry. “Most of the Milenia wanted to abandon the children, or drop them off at the Men’s dwellings, but Harmonia wouldn’t have it, he and his wife decided to leave their village and live away from the rest of the Milenia and raise the small children.”

“It was discovered as the children got older, that they couldn’t just wave their hands and conjure the magic, like their mother and their loving adopted father. They would need some additional magical objects, and something to be an appendage of their hand. So Harmonia gathered an assortment of things and asked his children to find something to go with them, first on the list was a long stick for each of them. So they ran to the woods and gathered long and short sticks to use. Thus, creating the very first wands and the very first staff.” said Dumbledore smiling.

The school stared in amazement, even Hermione and Ron stared, mostly at Harry.

“I see everyone’s got a wand.” said Dr. Clark looking around. “But not one staff.”
“Oh those are used only for the most powerful of wizards and witches, I have one myself, but I hardly ever use it.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “A wand is less cumbersome.”

“Let’s continue on with the reading, or we’ll never get the chapter done with today.” said Harry nudging Sirius.

“Hey! I found that stuff interesting.” said Sirius defensively. “And you were telling the story too!”

“Only because there was a pretty girl in it.” said Remus with a small smile.

“Yeah, but…that shouldn’t have happened to her, I don’t care if we came to be after that.” said Sirius.

“What happened to the Milenia after that?” asked a small first year Ravenclaw.

“They died, it was never discovered how, but the entire village was destroyed by some unknown force. The Men who lived nearby managed to escape it for they moved several months before it happened.” said Dumbledore.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“You picked a great line to start reading again on.” said Fred laughing hard.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Oh that’s gross.” said Bill shaking his head. “Tell me you got better soon, Ron.”

“Yeah, but it took a while.” said Ron.

“I remember when Percy got cursed once; he had kippers flying out of his nose. Funniest thing I ever saw.” said Charlie whispering to his older brother.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I disagree, throwing up slugs really sucked.” muttered Ron.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“He would have, and you would have been punished, but not more than what coincides with the crime.” said McGonagall sternly.
“Exactly!” said Ron.

“You didn’t learn from last year?” said Charlie shaking his head.

“He said it was treacle fudge, I was willing to risk it.” said Harry with a broad smile.

“So we can tack treacle to the list of your weaknesses, huh?” said Moody. “You’ve got about ten or so now.”

“Looks like I have to get stronger than, doesn’t it? To protect those weaknesses.” said Harry with a smile.

Moody stared at him.

“Oooh, sorry Hagrid, but I hope Harry whacks out on you.” said Fred cringing.

“That’s a low blow.” said George shaking his head at Hagrid.

“He can have all the pictures he wants of Hermione, Ron and I, but I’m not signing any of them.” said Harry.

“My jaw was sore for a week after that.” said Harry rubbing his jowls absently.

“He actually was, said you were his protégé.” said Professor Flitwick rubbing his temple.

“Sweet Merlin...” moaned Remus.
“I still would have whacked out on you.” said Fred shaking his head.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

Several people laughed loudly.

“Sorry ‘arry.” said Hagrid apologetically.

“I was fine.” said Harry with a smile. “But it didn’t do my jaws any favors.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“Bet he didn’t like that.” said Ernie with a snigger.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Wasn’t a very good day for Dazzle Gum’s ego.” said Sirius with a loud, bark-like laugh.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I saw how hard it was for you to open your mouth, didn’t want that happening to me at the moment.” said Ron with a weak smile.

**Dialogue line.**

**Forty-eighth paragraph.**

Lionus whistled. “You must have had a secret *weapon*.”

Hagrid, Hermione, Ron and Harry stared at him in wonder.

**Dialogue line.**

“They sound big enough now!” said Dr. Clark laughing. “What day is it now?”
“It’s October eighteenth.” said Professor Vector.

“Excellent! I want to see what a Halloween is like here.” said Dr. Clark excitedly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“Something not exactly normal, judging by his suspicious behavior.” said Tonks with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh, that’s cheating!” said Sirius with a laugh.

Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence.

“Jeez, took me three years to come to that conclusion.” said Charlie pouting.

Fiftieth paragraph, fourth sentence, first dash.

“I still say they’re going to find out.” said Fred rubbing his hands plottingly.

“We’ll see.” mumbled Zacharias.

End of fiftieth paragraph.

“I can only imagine that, doing so, only made that boy more suspicious.” said Professor McGonagall with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“You never lighten up do you?” asked Anthony with a smile.

“She’s lighten up a lot since first year.” said Harry and Ron.
“You knew about the Engorgement Charm?” asked Bill, highly impressed.

“Well, I did read a few of your old books.” said Ginny with a mischievous smile.

“Oh come on! Even he knew you had a crush on Harry.” said George with a laugh.

“Harry was blushing all the way down to his socks.” said Ron with a laugh.

“That’s the great thing about Hagrid. He will mess with you and welcome all the comeback you got.” said Charlie.

“Hagrid won’t like that one bit.” said Tonks with a smirk.

“Yeah, Hagrid’s garden is his pride and joy, you don’t want to deface it.” said Remus. “One year, he had three fifth years blow up several of his pumpkins, they had to fertilized his garden for six months. By hand.”

“Yeah, that really sucked.” said Sirius, looking at his fingernail. “I swear I still have fertilizer under my nails.”
Remus handed Harry the bowl of candied chestnuts from the day prior. “Eat something.”
“I actually really like those, I’m gonna have a handful.” said Sirius as Harry took some.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

“Well at least the curse is wearing off.” said Dedalus, who had kept his mouth closed during most of the readings.
“I thought you were going to go the entire readings without speaking.” said Bathilda with a smile.
“Well, I didn’t really want to speak, these books are quite terrifying.” said Dedalus.
“And he’s a member of the Order?” whispered Ron.
“He deals mostly with taking people and putting them in a sort of protection program.” said Sirius whispering back.

Fifty-second paragraph.

“That’s a way to ruin your whole day. You get up at the crack of dawn and then you have to do detention till who-knows-when.” said Sirius with a laugh, but then he stopped. “You aren’t going into the forest again, are you?”
“No, he did not, neither of them.” said Professor McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

“I didn’t want to vomit slugs all over her shoes. I would have gotten another night of detention tacked on.” said Ron.
“Unless you make yourself sick, I wouldn’t have given you a detention. I would have sent you straight to Hospital Wing and you might have gotten out of detention, at least for one week anyway.” said McGonagall.
“Dang, I’ll need to remember that.” said Ron pouting slightly.

Dialogue line.

“That was the worst detention ever.” said Sirius. “James and I’ve done it all, but that was the worst one I’ve done. Hate cleaning.”
“He threw garbage on the trophies we had to do,” said Sirius baring his teeth.

The entire school went quiet.

“What…were…you…thinking?” asked Remus to the Transfiguration teacher.

“What happened? You were the best one to assign detentions, you’re slipping,” said Sirius shaking his head.

“She didn’t pick it,” said Harry.

“And you didn’t notice him not wanting to do something easy?” asked Remus slowly. “And that Lockhart asked for Harry specially?”

“It concerned me, but I made sure he was fine.” said McGonagall defiantly.

“How?” asked Remus sharply.

“There was a cat outside the window of the Lockhart’s office,” said Harry with a broad smile. “It was Tootsie.”

“Moony gave that look to us once, what happened after that?” asked Sirius innocently.

“Someone put frog spawn in my shorts,” muttered Remus.

“Who would have? If they knew they had Dazzle Gums to deal with later?” said Tonks with a laugh.
“I still say I got the worse deal.” said Ron and Harry together.

“I’m actually not too sure who to vote for who had the short end of the stick.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Harry did.” said Remus quickly.

Dialogue line.

“Nobody in our family except for Mum is all that good at Muggle cleaning.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Snarls and growls crawled along the Great Hall.

“What did they have you polish, Harry?” asked Dumbledore coldly.

“Their silver, Aunt Petunia’s wedding present from Uncle Vernon’s family.” said Harry.

“There wasn’t a lot of it, was there?” asked Remus.

“They had a complete silverware set, platters and other small stuff like that. They also had some small silver statuettes. Takes the whole day to get them as shiny and clean as Aunt Petunia wants it.” said Harry.

“How many times do you do it?” asked Sirius.

“About once a week.” said Harry shrug. “I usually do it on a Sunday.”

“Did do it on Sundays.” corrected Sirius. “You aren’t going back, you’re never going back.”

End of dialogue set.

“I can understand that.” said Remus with a growl.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“Wow, you sound really excited to go see Lockhart.” said Lee with a smirk.
“Dear Lord, he was waiting for you way too eagerly for my liking.” said Remus muttering darkly.

“Shoot me.” said Sirius covering his eyes.

“What the f…? He gave himself a signed photograph?” said Dr. Clark stunned.

Yeah, it even said ‘To the bravest and handsomest man, sighed Me’. It was beyond awkward.” said Harry.

Remus and Sirius stared at Harry, and then started gagging.

“Hey! Do that somewhere else!” said Harry lifting the bowl of chestnuts out of harm’s way.

“I would rather have licked a boot.” said Harry in disgust.

“Poor, stupid Gladys.” muttered Sirius to Remus.

“I would have snapped and beaten the man to a bloody pulp.” said Kingsley quietly.

“I’d pay good money to see that.” said Tonks eagerly.
“That was the only...disturbing...part of that detention.” said McGonagall quietly.

“I still remember almost every single stupid address from those letters.” said Harry darkly.

Several people snapped their necks up to stare at Harry.

“What is it?” asked Bill quickly. Remus, Sirius, and Dr. Clark looked pale.

Harry said nothing.

The entire school went as silent as a tomb.

Sirius stared at the page he was reading, “Tell me you don’t go chasing after that thing.”

“I don’t.” said Harry reassuringly.

“Least not then.” muttered Ron to Hermione.

“He wasn’t talking about that you idiot! The homicidal voice!” screeched Tonks.

“Wow, Harry was frantic? That’s a first.” said George.
“So…he didn’t hear it?” said Dr. Clark worriedly.

“Not for Harry it didn’t.” said Lee with a small chuckle.

Remus tensed once more. McGonagall noticed this and reassured him. “Nothing happened, I was right there, watching it all.”

“Did you hear the voice?” asked Sirius quickly.

“No, I didn’t.” said McGonagall.

“Wow, I thought you had just gotten there about five minutes ahead of me.” said Ron.

“Explains the cleaning dream I had.” said Seamus with a smirk.

“Ouch, that sucks.” said Charlie shaking his head.
“Living hell.” said Harry.

**Sixty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Unless they were ghosts.” said Moody thoughtfully.

“But Dazzle Gums would have heard that.” said Remus.

“This is getting scary.” said Dr. Clark reaching behind Sirius’ head and rubbing the back of Harry’s neck.

“I’m fine.” said Harry with a small smile.

“I’m starting not to believe you when you say that.” said Remus shortly.

**End of chapter.**

“And you don’t tell a Professor that you heard a disembodied voice of someone thinking of killing?” asked Bill stunned.

“Would you believe me?” said Harry seriously.

“No I guess not.” said Bill embarrassed.

“Who would like to read the next chapter?” asked Sirius.

“I’ll take a crack at it.” said Tonks happily.

“How the hell can you be happy?” asked Remus looking at Tonks in disbelief.

“Harry’s fine, so I know he gets out of stuff all right.” said Tonks.

She took the book passed to her and read the chapter title loudly.

“**Eighth chapter.**”

“The what party? asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out.” said Harry.

“This won’t go well.” whispered Hermione to Ron.
“Yeah, I’ve noticed that it gets a little cold in here, sometimes.” said Dr. Clark picking up the phoenix blanket and covering Harry with it, who had for some reason fallen asleep.

Sirius looked over to Dumbledore pointedly who nodded solemnly.

“Poppy come here quickly, run another checkup on him quick and see what is wrong.” said Dumbledore quietly. “But take care not to wake him.”

Madam Pomfrey nodded and waved her wand. Dumbledore nodded his head over to Tonks, signaling for her to continue reading.

“Won’t it wake him?” she whispered.

“I don’t think so.” said Remus brushing the hair from Harry’s eyes.

“Watch.” she said and she opened Harry’s eyes gently. When she did, they stayed open. If they hadn’t seen Harry’s chest rise and fall slowly, they would have thought that Harry had suddenly died in the arms (and laps) of the three men.

“What’s going on?” said Sirius fearfully.

“I’d answer that, but I think I’ll wait.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a frown.

“Why? I’m begging you, tell us!” said Dumbledore his hands shaking.

“I’ve got tests running back at headquarters, we will know for certain if it is what I fear it to be.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
Several people paled. If a doctor to the Rangers was afraid of what was wrong with Harry, it had to be really bad.

“So what can we do?” asked Remus quickly.

“Just let him rest when he wishes, there isn’t much we can do.” said Lionus his brows furrowed.

“Let’s continue on. It being Harry’s life, he won’t miss out on anything.” said Dumbledore trying to regain his cheerful tone of voice, but a shaking hand remained on Harry's brow.

First paragraph, third sentence.

“What does that potion do again?” asked Dr. Clark holding onto one of Harry’s hands tightly.

“It cures the common cold.” said Madam Pomfrey, still examining Harry.

“And the side effect is smoke coming out of a person’s ears? I’ll stick with the stuffy nose and cough. Don’t want people thinking my head’s on fire.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“Don’t you guys have a cure?” asked Draco.

“Well, there are products and medicines that cut the cold short, but we don’t have a real cure.” said Dr. Clark.

First paragraph, fourth sentence, second comma.

“Were you okay, Gin.” said Bill quickly.

Ginny said nothing, but just looked over to where Harry laid.

First paragraph, end of fourth sentence.

“I didn’t bully her!” said Percy defensively.

“You threatened to call Mum and have her come and take her home.” said Fred sternly. “That’s called ‘bullying’.”

End of first paragraph.

Ginny blushed heavily. “I hate that potion.”
“Wow, think you can get them that size again, Hagrid?” asked Dr. Clark, trying to keep his mind of the nagging worry in his heart.

“I might be able to.” said Hagrid looking down at Harry with a sorrowful look.

“It never is, where practice is concerned.” said George shaking his head.

“Oh, the poor thing.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I hope he didn’t stay in those wet things for long.” said Bathilda, who moved closer to the bowl and ran her old, bony fingers through Harry’s hair.

“Hey! At least we didn’t go into the girls’ locker room!” said Fred defensively.

“But then again, they don’t have girls on their team, so it made it easier.” said George wickedly.

“We should have had Harry do it, he could have gotten in there without being seen I’ll bet.” said Fred excitedly.

“It didn’t look to us like they were only going ten miles faster than Harry flies.” said Fred thoughtfully.

“Harry was most likely referring to the Nimbus Two Thousand’s top speed.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Why doesn’t Harry fly that fast, we’d win every game easily.” said George.

“If you continue to go at top speed all the time, your broomstick will start to wear away.” said Sirius knowledgably, “Harry goes at a pretty standard speed, not too slow to lose sight of the snitch and not fast enough to accelerate the wear and tear on his broom.”
“What’s the point in telling us all this, we know already.” moaned Zacharias.

“Mr. Smith.” said Dumbledore warningly.

“Hey! Everyone else is picking on different people, why can’t I pick on Potter?” said Zacharias.

“Mr. Potter didn’t write these books, the knowledge is repeated for the benefit of those who might come into the readings at a later time. So unless you want to be removed from the Great Hall, please choose your words carefully.” said McGonagall sternly.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

“He’s still complaining about that?” said Lionus clapping his hand to his eyes.

“You know him?” asked Sirius quickly.

“Yeah, I went to school here.” said Lionus with a smile.

“Do you remember him?” Sirius whispered to Remus.

“No, he could have been before us, or after us. I can’t place his face, or narrow his age.” whispered back Remus. “But he looks close in age to us.”

Lionus smirked when heard their discussion.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.**

“Harry described him perfectly.” said Professor McGonagall with a smile.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Good thing you aren’t still out there.” said Sirius ruffling Harry’s hair gently.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He always did notice other people’s problems before he would even think of his own.” cooed Parvati.
“Yeah.” sighed Lavender.

“Too bad you didn’t believe him this year, instead you thought he was a nutter.” growled Ron over to the two girls.

**Dialogue set.**

“If it’s what I think it is, he’s been refused many a time before.” said Dumbledore sadly. “It’s most distressing for him.”

**Fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“I would be happy with less hits to the neck to be completely honest.” said Remus with a small smile yet he rubbed the back of his neck.

**Dialogue line.**

“He really is too eager to please.” said Flitwick whispering to Professor Sprout. “Makes me wonder just what he had to do to keep the peace at the Dursleys.”

Professor Sprout shook her head. “I don’t want to think about it.”

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**


“Nobody from our house, I know that.” said George.

“He probably means other ghosts.” said Hermione. “From outside the school.”

**End of dialogue set.**

*Rejection Letter from the Headless Hunt*

“Wow, they aren’t asking much are they?” said Lee with a smirk.

**Sixth paragraph.**
Dialogue set.

Several people snorted with laughter.

“Never knew he was so funny.” said Charlie with a laugh.

Seventh paragraph.

“Hmm…the only two gentlemen in Gryffindor Tower. One is dead and one is too insecure to try and charm the ladies.” said Katie with a giggle.

“He may be younger, but I wouldn’t mind it if he tried charming us.” said Alicia with a squeal.

“He is a little cutie.” said Angelina quietly.

Fred, George and Lee all pouted.

“Yeah, but guys, we’re dating you, not Harry.” said Angelina tapping Fred’s nose.

“And I’m not sharing.” said Ginny with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

“Good luck, you can’t even find one free Shooting Star.” said Sirius. “You can’t find anything for free these days.”

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh crap, it’s Mrs. Norris.” said George covering his eyes.

End of eighth paragraph.

“Well he’s getting very close to losing the war.” said Dumbledore, still furious over the part the caretaker took in the attack on Harry. “He’s lucky he’s still breathing right now. And when this is over, he may not have a job here any more.”

Dialogue set, second sentence, first dash.

“Oh, hell, he’s never in a good mood.” said Sirius with hollow laugh, as he squeezed Harry’s hand.
“Aww…poor baby.” said Fred sarcastically.

“We gave him the option of taking time off to get better, it’s his own fault for not resting.” said McGonagall shortly.

“Sounds like something Fred and George would do.” said Charlie looking fixedly over to his brothers.

“It wasn’t them.” said Snape plainly.

Fred and George stared. “Wow, he defended us.” said Fred in an awed whisper.

“You weren’t third years.” drawled Snape. “And if you had done the defacing, which you tend to do on purpose, I would have had you clean it up.”

“Just like Slughorn.” groaned Sirius.

“It’s raining, what does Filch think is going to happen?” asked Tonks incredulously.

“Wow.” said Fred looking at the sleeping form of Harry with intense disappointment.

“You didn’t have the sense to hightail it the moment you see her?” said George looking at Harry as well.

“That’s pathetic.” said Lee shaking his head.

“And you call yourself a runner.” said Sirius joining in on the fun and tapping the boy’s nose.

“Knock it off.” said Remus smacking the back of Sirius’ head sharply. “You’ll wake him.”

“That would be a ‘familiar’s’ connection.” said Dumbledore, looking down at the young man with a smile. He was worried about what kept knocking the small young man into unconsciousness but
he knew that if the Rangers had an idea what it could be, they would sort it all out. For he himself had no ideas of his own.

Dialogue set, end of second sentence.

“Oooh, yeah, he loves that second floor passageway, we always try to avoid that area.” said Fred.

“He’s caught us there about sixty-four times out of a hundred there.” said George.

End of dialogue set.

“Wow, that don’t sound like the flu, sounds more like a cold.” said a first year quietly.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

“It’s mud, it’s not like he dumped a bunch of rubbish in the corridors.” said Bill angrily.

Dialogue set, end of second sentence.

“I wonder how big the puddle really was.” asked Neville.

“It was only the size of a saucer.” said a somber voice overhead. Everyone looked up and saw Nearly Headless Nick, in the flesh. Well…the ghostly flesh anyway.

“Good afternoon, Sir Nicholas, what can we do for you? Or would you like to sit in on the readings? I am surprised that the rest of the school’s ghosts aren’t here.” said Dumbledore cordially.

“Thank you, Headmaster but, no I will not be staying. I only wish to convey on our guest, my fellow ghost’s and I our deepest apologies.” said Nick with a low bow.

“For what?” asked Dr. Clark with a smile as he held onto Harry’s hand.

“For the inconceivable conduct of Peeves, we’ve heard that he has stolen your eye patch and made a mockery of you several times.” said Nick solemnly.

“Oh, don’t worry about that, I think he’s really funny.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“You…you do?” said Nick slightly stunned.

“Oh, yeah!” said Dr. Clark “He’s hilarious.”

“Oh, well…I guess…everything’s alright then.” said Nick, slightly taken aback. “In answer to your last question sir, we, the other ghosts and I, are taking this opportunity to have a few dearly
departed friends over.”

“Oh! Well, I hope you all have a pleasant time.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“Is Harry alright?” asked Nick curiously. “He seems to be paler than usual.”

“We hope he’s alright.” said most of the adults in the room.

“Well, I do hope he gets well.” said Nick seriously. He bowed deeply again and slowly drifted towards the door.

“You sure you don’t want to stay, Nick? This chapter has your Deathday Party!” said an excited first year Gryffindor girl.

Nick looked down at the small girl and gave her a slight smile. “If it is the year that I think it is, I would rather not. It was not one of my best years.” With that, he took his leave.

“Is he always that serious?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Not all the time, but he is most of the time.” said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“How can it be all over the place?” asked Romilda. “Has he even seen Harry walk? He walks a straight line, he never deters from that.”

Several people stared at her.

“You’ve watched him walk?” said Fred slowly.

Romilda shrugged. “So?”

“It’s creepy.” said George leaning away from her.

End of dialogue set.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“Why would he do that?” asked Seamus.

“Politeness? That seems to be the constant setting for him.” said Emmeline Vance fondly.

End of ninth paragraph.

“He just doubled his work load, didn’t he?” said Bill with a smirk.
Sirius blinked heavily. “I’ve never been more disappointed, his dad and I were in trouble the second we got off the Hogwarts Express.” he pouted.

“Well I’ve never been more proud.” said Remus smugly.

“You would be.” said Sirius still pouting.

“What did you guys do?” asked Fred eagerly.

“We’ll tell you all about it later.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“And with good reason.” said Sirius plainly.

“Oh, we try and sneak in once a year.” said George with a large grin. “Just to nick something, out of our file and see if he notices or not, nothing so far.”

“George!” shouted Mrs. Weasley angrily.

“He picked it, I offered him a big office, with large windows and a giant personal room, but, he chose the most disheveled room the school had to offer.” said Dumbledore his frown turning quickly into a scowl at the mere mention of the caretaker.

“No wonder he has such poor eyesight.” said Madam Pomfrey, who was now placing slight pressure on Harry’s stomach, feeling for something not even she was aware of. Harry, while still asleep, he swatted her hands away. Madam Pomfrey smiled warmly.

“Big surprise, Mrs. Norris is a cat.” said Zacharias rolling his eyes.

“No wonder there were so many of them.” said Sirius.
“Top that!” shouted Fred and George together.

“We had two filing cabinets dedicated in our honor.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Top that.” mimicked Sirius with a wicked smile.

“There aren’t anything like that in his office, not anymore” said Dumbledore grimly. “I saw to that personally.”

“And every single time, I told him that he couldn’t. The last time he asked me that, it was this year, I told him that if did that, I would suspend him from the top of the Great Hall and blast the chains hanging above him.” said Dumbledore viciously.

“He’s lost his mind, hasn’t he?” asked a seventh year Slytherin.

“So, he’s sick and tired of his job?” said Tonks slowly. “Find another job, moron.”

“He’d better not make an example of my cub, I’ll make an example of him first.” growled Sirius.
Fred and George rubbed the back of their hands absent-mindedly.

“What’s up with you two?” asked Charlie.

“Nothing.” they both said quickly.

“What’s that on the back of your hand?” asked Bill quickly seizing Fred’s hand. Bill looked at the marks on the back of his brother’s hand. “What the hell is this?”

“Her work.” said George sending a look up to Umbridge quickly.

“Harry has one too.” said Fred quickly.

Madam Pomfrey, Sirius and Remus lifted Harry’s hand and inspected it thoroughly, they noticed a thin piece of pseudo-skin attached to his hand, like a glove, when they removed it Sirius and Remus gasped loudly. Dr. Clark read the words out loud, the words etched into Harry’s skin, which was a light red.

“I must not tell lies!” said Dr. Clark staring at the words in horror. “Who makes a child right that into their own hand?” Tears began to fall down his face.

“That is where the torture charge came from.” said Lionus calmly.

“Is there any way to remove this? Is this why he’s sleeping at the drop of a hat?” said Remus quickly.

“That is not the reason, we believe it is something else.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “And there is nothing we can do to remove it. We must allow it to heal on its own.”

Dumbledore sent a fierce glare up to the chair in which Umbridge was restrained. Tempest and Nightstrike took several steps back and flinched visibly.

“You need to patent that look, sir.” said Nightstrike with a small smile. “We could use that look.”

**End of twelfth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“It was only a small bit of mud!” said Sirius incredulously as he noticed that Tonks was continuing on with the readings.

“To him, a dot of ink on the floor is like flooding the room with paint.” said Fred rolling his eyes, and trying to wrench his hand away from his oldest brother.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.**

“Oh, please, you get mop and drag it about! How hard is that?” said Dr. Clark exasperatedly. “And if he had the flu, he could have gotten help!”
“Some house-elves were assigned to help him, but he seems to neglect to utilize them.” said McGonagall.

**Dialogue set, end of second sentence.**

“One of the times, it must really suck, being so observant.” cringed Neville.

**Dialogue set, third sentence, second pause.**

“I would have laughed him right out of my office if I had asked what Harry ‘befouled’. ” said Dumbledore and McGonagall.

**End of dialogue set.**

“It would have been nothing. But knowing him, it would have been something terrible.” said McGonagall.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

“I think we cured him of his torture-happy tendencies.” said Tempest smugly.

“If you were the one in charge of him, I think you did take away that little hobby.” said Lionus with a laugh.

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Hey! We could have done it!” said George indignantly.

“But we were still trudging up to the castle.” said Fred calmly.

“Yeah, but still…” said George.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

“Oh, they left! Get out of there!” said Sirius eagerly.
“I think he’s going to stay.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

“Potter wouldn’t stick around to get a punishment.” sneered Snape.

“Yeah, no kid does that.” said Remus rolling his eyes.

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Distress? Nah, he’s a load of laughs.” said Dr. Clark with a bright smile.

Sixteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“See! He’s going to bolt!” said Sirius.

“I’ll bet you ten pounds he doesn’t.” said Dr. Clark wickedly.

"I don’t have ten pounds on me, but I’ve got some wizard money. I’ll bet you ten galleons that he runs for it. He James’ son after all, we’ve run away from his office time after time.” said Sirius taking out ten pieces of gold.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

“I told you he’s going to run!” said Remus with a small smile.

“Don’t count your chick…dragon’s before they’re hatched.” said Dr. Clark. Dumbledore smiled broadly.

“Nice blend, I think you’ll fit right in.” said Dumbledore happily.

Seventeenth paragraph first sentence, first comma.

“What?” said Remus slowly.

Seventeenth paragraph, end of first sentence.

Sirius and Remus stared, Snape blinked.

“Ha! I told you he’d stick around!” said Dr. Clark. “I’ll take my wizard money now.” said Dr. Clark holding out his hand.

“I want to know what made Harry still sit in that room.” said Remus thoughtfully.
“I learned a long time ago, that if I ran away from a punishment, that it would only get worse for me.” said a groggy voice from the men’s laps.

All eyes turned towards Harry who was trying to sit up. “You have a nice nap?” asked Sirius jovially.

“I didn’t know that I did.” said Harry honestly. “Till I woke up.”

“You okay, cub?” asked Remus concernedly.

“A little sleepy, and feeling a bit worn, but nothing more than that.” said Harry sitting up fully and stretching his arms.

“So though you slept for at least,” Dumbledore checked his watch quickly. “forty-five minutes and yet, you didn’t gain any rest from it?”

“Guess not.” said Harry leaning heavily against Remus again. “So what did I miss?”

Remus looked down at Harry with a worried expression, but put on a brave face. “We’ve got you in Filch’s office.”

“Oh, for the mud?” said Harry thinking hard.

“Yeah, why didn’t you leave?” said Sirius crossing his arms after he gave ten pieces of gold to Dr. Clark.

“I just told you, running away only makes the punishment worse, best to just lay there and take it.” said Harry covering himself up again with the blanket. He didn’t notice the pained and pitiful looks he received. Or the growls that came from the four men in and around the bowl.

Tonks cleared her throat and did her best to continue on.

Seventeenth paragraph, second sentence.

“If it was a black glossy envelope, don’t open it.” said Sirius warningly.

“Why?” asked Neville.

“Harry isn’t old enough for those. Those are some explicit letters.” said Sirius with a broad grin.

“I’ve read one before, every time I think about it, my blood pressure goes up.” said Remus breathing deep. “I could have killed you for leaving that damned thing out.” he finished smacking Sirius with a pillow.

“Hey! You chose to read it!” said Sirius defending himself. “Besides, James got a kick out of it!”

“Yeah, and he got slapped by Lily when he told her all about it.” said Remus still beating the scraggly haired man.

Tonks had to stop laughing before she could start reading again.
“You read someone else’s mail?” said Dumbledore looking over to Harry with wide, twinkling eyes.

Harry smiled guiltily. “Sorry. I was…curious.”

“That seems to be another one of your default settings.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

**Kwikspell letter**

*First line*

“I had a great-uncle use that thing, he didn’t learn a darn thing.” said Neville shaking his head.

“It doesn’t work?” asked Harry.

“Not at all, just one big scam.” said Neville.

**Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“Seriously? Why?” asked a fourth year Hufflepuff.

“I don’t know really.” said Harry shrugging. “I had just never heard of this sort of thing in the wizarding world. Magical learning is very important and can be very dangerous. I didn’t think someone could just learn this stuff in the mail.”

“Very true and very wise thinking, there is no possible way to learn magic in that fashion.” said Dumbledore with a large grin.

**End of eighteenth paragraph.**

**Kwikspell letter, second line, first sentence.**

“Try these new dance steps!” said Fred jokingly, as George tried to do a flamenco step.

**Kwikspell letter, first paragraph third sentence.**

“Woeful wandwork?” said Bathilda slowly. “Who came up with that?”

“Someone who has doesn’t have any writing skills I should think.” said McGonagall.

“They should get some tips from Harry’s mind.” said Dennis brightly.
“I’ll just bet.” said Rivers with slight distaste.

“My Great-Uncle would disagree with that.” said Neville.

“Is it your Great-Uncle Algie?” asked Luna dreamily.

“Nah, this was my Great-Uncle Addelton, he’s worse than I am.” said Neville with a smile.

“Was, Mr. Longbottom, was.” said Professor McGonagall with a small smile.

“I haven’t heard of anyone learning from anything remotely like Kwikspell.” said Rivers growling even louder.

“What’s got him so upset?” whispered Ron.

“Well, he one of the heads of Magical Education. He takes learning seriously.” said Hermione whispered back.

“I have an Auntie Zelda that lives in Topsham. But, she’s always been really good at magic and potions.” said Lavender

“If it’s the Zelda Nettles I think it is, you’re right, she was an excellent student.” said Dumbledore.

“I did know a Donovan Prod.” said Professor Flitwick, “and he did turn his wife into a yak once. But, this was over seventy years ago, and that happened on accident.”
The entire student body, and including several different teachers turned and stared at Harry.

“Really? You didn’t know that little fact?” said Fred slowly.

“I…I just thought you guys were just being mean.” said Harry embarrassedly.

Nineteenth paragraph, fourth sentence, twelfth word.

“Was there any helpful hints?” asked Hermione, remembering what Harry had said about the levitation spell.

“I experimented with the ones I had time to read, they weren’t worth cra…the paper they were written on.” said Harry looking quickly over to Remus.

Nineteenth paragraph, end of fourth sentence.

“Put it back! Put it back!” yelled Fred and George together.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

“Ooh!” groaned Remus, Sirius, Fred and George.

“You didn’t put it back in the right spot, very sloppy.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“I wasn’t sure what he would do. I had an Uncle Vernon flashback.” said Harry quietly.

“An Uncle Vernon flashback? What are those?” asked Remus quickly.

Harry turned and looked away quickly.

“Don’t make me use veritiserum, I’ll steal some if I have to.” said Sirius shortly.

Harry was silent for a moment, until Dumbledore coughed loudly. Harry sighed uneasily.

“Sometimes, when I know I’m doing something wrong, I start hearing Uncle Vernon’s footsteps, his breathing and then his voice. I start freaking out. Three times I’ve almost gotten caught while working at night.” said Harry quietly.

Remus stared at Harry and then at the other two men in the bowl with them.

“You don’t need to worry cub, you won’t be hearing him anymore.” said Sirius soothingly.

“THIS PROVES HE’S INSANE!” shouted Fudge. “HEARING VOICES! FIRST HOMICIDAL VOICES AND NOW THIS!”

“He’s not crazy!” screeched Madam Bones. “The poor thing has been abused so badly that he cannot even feel that being in a magical castle is enough to get away from his monster of an
uncle!

Dumbledore looked away, the twinkling gone from his eyes, now only held a large abundance of tears, and rapidly, they fell down his crooked nose.

Twentieth paragraph.

“That’s not a very good thing, run when he looks happy.” said George wisely.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Vanishing cabinet? There was a Vanishing Cabinet here?” said Kingsley shocked. “Where was the corresponding one kept?”

“That was in my house.” said Dumbledore calmly. “However it was stolen from there many, many years ago.”

“There was something stolen from your house?” said Anthony stunned.

“I am hardly home, I am only at my place of residence during the summer break, and even that is only for a night or two.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “I didn’t notice that it had been stolen until at least a month or two after the fact.”

“So you put the matching one out and about, so students can wander about in it? And end up Merlin knows where?” asked Remus quickly.

“I placed an extremely powerful spell on the cabinet, no student could break it.” said Dumbledore reassuringly.

End of dialogue set.

“He’s always had it out for Peeves, nothing anyone can do can change that.” said McGonagall.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“I could have kicked myself.” said Harry.

Twenty-second paragraph, second sentence.

Harry rubbed his back without even thinking. Sirius noticed this and took ahold of his godson’s hand.
“Don’t think about it. Just let it go.” said Sirius in Harry’s ear.

**End of twenty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Pathetic, learn to lie to him at least.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“I agree with him on this, I don’t want him hurting you again.” said Remus giving Harry’s shoulder a small squeeze.

**Twenty-third paragraph.**

“Someone’s gotta go potty!” sang Lee.

**Dialogue line.**

“Wow, no wonder he wanted revenge.” mumbled Fred to George.

“I’ll kill him myself, if I get the chance.” said George. “Stupid reason to want revenge like that.”

“Sort of explains why he accused Harry of turning his cat almost to stone.” said Lee.

“Yeah, he did say something like that didn’t he?” said Fred.

**Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.**

People turned and stared at Tonks and the book she was reading from.

“Harry was *alarmed*?” said a fourth year Slytherin.

“But…But Harry’s not scared of anything!”

**End of twenty-fourth paragraph.**

“Wow, we’ve never pissed him off that much.” said George.
“As mad as you got him, he let you go?” said Remus slowly.

“I’m mad now.” pouted Sirius.

“I didn’t want to give him the opportunity to change his mind.” said Harry.

“It is.” said Sirius grudgingly.

“You don’t have my big, green, innocent eyes. You look like a trouble maker.” said Harry playfully.

“Don’t push your luck.” said Sirius giving Harry a small shove.

“Peeves helped you?” said Remus stunned.

“Nick rules!” said Gryffindors, young and old in the room.

“I’ll bet that didn’t take much persuasion.” said Ernie with a laugh.

“It never does.” said Fred eagerly.

“It worked.” said Harry with a bright smile.
“Why do you look for people with problems and try and fix them.” said Tonks looking over to Harry.

“He did me a very big favor.” said Harry.

“That sucks.” said Fred.

“I’ve had a cold shower, they are really unpleasant, especially if it’s cold outside.” said Dr. Clark.

“That’s what it felt like.” said Harry with a smile.

“I wish people would just spit out what they want.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“A momentous occasion.” said Dumbledore brightly.

“Indeed, but what does one get for someone’s deathday?” said McGonagall inquisitively.

“My opinion still stands. He’s too flexible for a child.” said Flitwick.
“That explains why it got so cold in the castle that night.” said Katie.

“He was always so polite.” said McGonagall. “Even in life he was famous for it.”

“You’re giving up a Halloween feast, for something that’s not even going to have food or anything fun for living people to do?” asked Remus stunned.

“Yeah, sort of.” said Harry with a smile.

“Harry Potter goes right up and leaps onto the back of a troll, doesn’t back down from a bucking broomstick over fifty feet in the air,” said George ticking off the first year’s events.

“Doesn’t scream and run away from a mysterious, dark being in the forest, and rushes to fight a dark wizard, but is terrified from a ghost wearing tights and a ruffed collar?” said Fred with a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah right.” said Fred and George rolling their eyes.

“Come on, Harry! No one would believe you afraid of a ghost, besides, they can’t hurt anybody!” said Lee slapping a hand to his forehead.

Several Gryffindors of the past blinked.

“Nick beamed at you? He’s always so…somber.” said Remus, trying hard to not instigate Sirius’s favorite joke. However, Sirius noticed this, and crossed his arms.

“I don’t use that joke all the time.” pouted Sirius.
“Yes, you do.” said a collective group of adult voices.

“Do not!” Sirius retorted. “I could have used it a bunch of times, but I didn’t!”

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“I had to almost bury him in blankets when he came down from his dormitory.” said Hermione. “He was shivering.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“Deathday *party*, not deathday study.” said Fred with a teasing smile.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“He’s always grumpy when he has homework to do.” said Harry and Hermione together.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Nice pun.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

**Thirtieth paragraph, second sentence, second comma, second word.**

“Wow, makes me want to go back upstairs and just relax in the common room, don’t it?” said Charlie wistfully.

**Thirtieth paragraph, end of second sentence.**

“You didn’t!” said Charlie angrily.

“It was a Fire Salamander!” said George defensively.

“Oh, well, alright.” said Charlie apologetically.

“Really? You gave up that easily?” said Bill slowly.

“Fire salamanders actually really like those things. We found that out about four years ago.” said Charlie with a small smile. “It’s like exploding candy to them.”
‘Rescued’ my foot.” said McGonagall tartly, though she had a small smile on her lips.

“I took that as a sign.” said Harry with a bright smile.

“What do you mean?” asked Colin.

“I almost went back on my word not to tell about it.” said Harry.

“You didn’t promise, he make you.” said Sirius with a grin.

“They enjoy those things?” said Hermione.

“They actually do. When ours was stupid enough to eat one, it whizzed around the place, landed outside and came crawling back in to eat another one. It did it till the box was empty.” said Charlie with a bright smile. “I think it’s the powder inside, it’s like sugar to them.”

“Didn’t sound like it enjoyed it.” said Tonks with a laugh.

“It came back out and ate one more after everyone else went to bed.” said Harry. “I couldn’t sleep that night.”

“Why not?” said Sirius quickly.

“Something was worrying me. And I couldn’t put my finger on why I was restless.” said Harry.

“It was really mind-blowing.” said Harry with a fond smile. “I love fireworks.”
“Why would you?” asked Percy.

Dr. Clark whistled excitedly.

“Wasn’t rumors, there really were skeletons there.” said Fred.

“I was not bossy!” said Hermione angrily.

“Yeah, but I never said I wasn’t going! I said I was starting to regret promising to go to the party.” said Harry.

“Why didn’t you stop in for a quick bite, and be fashionably late for the party.” said Sirius quickly.

Harry and Ron looked pointedly at Hermione, who blushed and shuffled her feet.

“We were already, sort of late. Party started at five-thirty.” said Harry.

“Hermione couldn’t get her hair to sit right. We kept telling her she looked fine, but did she believe us? NO!” said Ron shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

“That’s creepy, perfect for dead people, I guess.” said Justin.

Sirius did he best to slyly tuck the blanket in around Harry. Harry watched with amusement as Sirius, (who was staring ahead), tried to tuck the blanket behind Remus, who was wondering why
a blanket was getting shoved behind him.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Sets my teeth on fire just thinking about it.” said Remus cringing horribly and covering his ears.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“How can you be pleased and mournful at the same time?” asked Hannah to Susan.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Did you hear any songs you could recognize?” asked Ginny with a slight smile. The school sat up quickly, eager to hear Harry sing again.

“I heard ‘Danny Boy’ and some other funeral dirges I didn’t know. Or at least I thought they were funeral dirges.” said Harry.

“Yeah, it’s kinda hard to tell when it’s being played on musical saws.” said Hermione.

“I don’t want to be forced to learn how to play those things.” said Ron. “What if it were to slip the wrong way.”

“I don’t want to think about it.” said Sirius leaning forward quickly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph

“I was freezing, and I had about four layers on.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Explains why you were hopping around.” said Ron with a smile.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“Don’t have to tell me twice.” said Harry and Hermione.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.**

“Oh! Those are the Halleluiah Sisters, they haunt Westminster Abbey. They love to sing for people who come into the church at midnight.” said Professor Sprout. “Though, that does tend to send them away screaming when they can’t see anyone there to sing.”

**Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.**

“Hmm, I do believe that is the Prisoner of the Tower of London. I’m amazed that Sir Nicholas invited him.” said Dumbledore. “He was a serial killer.”

“I didn’t need to hear that.” said Remus and Dr. Clark together.

“How can you tell what ghost they are, it’s just a one sentence description.” said Colin.

“We have met quite a few ghosts in our time.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**Dialogue set, end of second sentence.**

“Sir Langdon. A most unfortunate knight. He was granted knighthood after he was killed in his first battle. He took that arrow for his king.” said Professor Flitwick.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Who wouldn’t.” said Draco quietly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Who?” asked Dennis.

“She haunts a bathroom in the school.” said Hermione.

“She’d like to haunt something else.” said Ron with a wicked grin. But stopped his smiling when Hermione slammed an elbow into his side.

**Dialogue line.**
“You’ve got the boys trained pretty well, don’t you?” said Madam Bones with a broad smile.

“Of course. JUMP!” shouted Hermione.

“How high?” said both of the boys, going along with the gag. The students and guests laughed loudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“How hope that doesn’t happen to me when I pass away.” said a small first year Slytherin boy.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“It was her fifty year anniversary.” whispered Hermione to Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Hermione blushed heavily.

“You told boys that kind of stuff?” said Tonks nearly dropping the book.

“They’re so easy to talk to. Harry even tries to get “girl talk” out of my system when I can’t talk to Ginny, Luna or some other girl.” said Hermione quietly.

“How does that go?” asked Sirius laughing like mad.

“It’s harder than it looks.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“He’s got a radar for food, nothing else registers.” said Ginny shaking her head.

“Just like all the other Weasley men, dear.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Harry was more horrified than Ron was. I was shocked.” said Hermione with a laugh.

“What was wrong?” said Remus.
Tonks read ahead quickly and gave a laugh. “Oh, in Harry’s case, it was mortifying.”

**Thirty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.**

“What is it?” asked Sirius worriedly.

“The worse thing I had ever seen.” said Harry shaking his head, his eyes weren’t as playful and full of light as they were earlier.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence, first semi-colon.**

Harry flinched horribly.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence, second semi-colon.**

Then he whimpered.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence, second semi colon, first comma.**

Then he whined.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence, second semi-colon, first comma, ninth word.**

Then Harry moaned loudly.

**End of thirty-seventh paragraph.**

*Tombstone Cake iced words.*

“I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE, JUST SKIP OVER THE REST!” cried Harry, covering his head with the blanket.

“We can’t skip over it, and you’re having conniptions over food?” said Sirius wonderingly.

“Harry hates wasting food, he’s never thrown anything away.” said Ron and Dr. Clark.
“Harry, quit cringing. You’re almost falling out of the bowl.” said Sirius pulling Harry back onto the cushions and Remus’s side.

“I didn’t want to hear him say that he liked it.” said Harry turning pale.

“I didn’t want to hear that either.” said Harry.

“Why would you lean forward to look at it?” said Dumbledore looking over to Hermione in shock.

“I don’t even know why I did it.” said Hermione.

“All three of us looked a little green.” said Harry recovering.

“I’m amazed that Nicholas invited him.” said Professor McGonagall.

“Ever get the feeling he invited himself?” said Fred.
“Harry rushed over to the corner and almost got sick.” said Hermione.

“You were actually.” said Luna dreamily. “But then again, she’s used to it, she likes the dramatics.”

“Oh, he’s a real lady killer.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

“Don’t you hate doing that at a party?” said Lavender.

“Yeah, but at least we get along with everybody.” said Parvati happily.

“Sure you do.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

Sirius snorted. “Makes her sound like she has a problem.”

“PADFOOT!” shouted Remus.

“Bet she didn’t believe that for one minute.” said Lee with a smirk.
“You could be completely serious, and she would still think you’re making fun of her.” said Padma.

“We didn’t need the motivation, we knew where you were going with this.” said Harry and Ron together.

“She needs a self-esteem boost.” said Remus with a raised brow.

“Okay, now he went a bit too far.” said Dr. Clark his smile fading slightly.

“Poor kids.” said Moody with a smile.
“She was ‘singing’ at that point.” said Ron with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“Warn is a good word for it, he has really boring speeches. Just like Percy.” said Fred.

Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma.

“Wow, someone was excited to hear Nick talk?” said Charlie.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

“Oh, alright, now it makes a little bit more sense.” said Bill

Dialogue line.

“Well, whatever it is, Nick didn’t plan it.” said Kingsley.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“I didn’t know what was going on, but the moment I saw Nick’s scowl, I stopped pretty quick.” said Harry.

Forty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“That was actually quite disturbing to watch.” said Hermione.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

“Gross!” said several students.

Dialogue line.
Forty-ninth paragraph.

“What a jerk.” said Tonks angrily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Hermione just about jumped into both of our arms.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, he’s a real charmer.” said a third year Gryffindor girl a frown on her face.

Dialogue line.

Some people giggled at that.

“No one would buy that.” said Lionus with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

“Well, he’s not a complete idiot.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“What a happy party.” said Hannah.

Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence.

“I’d’ve chucked him out.” said Susan.
“He was pissed off.” said Harry with a small smile. “Couldn’t help but feel sorry for him.”

“Why focus on me? Both you and Ron were there too.” said Harry.

“We weren’t shaking nearly as bad.” said Ron.

“That’s right, keep a happy thought.” said Sirius with a smile.

The smile was ripped off of Sirius’ face and was replaced with a gasp of horror.

“Oh, no.” muttered several people in hushed whispers.

“Wherever it is, keep away from it!” shouted Remus fearfully.

Harry was dragged from his laying position and was pulled onto Sirius’ lap and the men scooted a little closer.

“What the…?” said Harry.

“You aren’t moving.” said all three of them in unison.
“We thought you were having a heart attack.” said Ron. “You had your hand almost clutching your chest.”

“You didn’t hear it?” asked Dr. Clark wildly.

“No, we didn’t hear anything?” said Hermione shakily.

“The voice was creepier than what you told us.” said Ron.

“Why would you wish to hear that?” said a small first year Gryffindor.

“We thought you were going nuts on us.” said Ron

Sirius went pale.

“You go near that voice or follow that voice, and I’m going say you can’t go to Hogsmede on your date.” said Remus.

“How in the hell is that fair? This already happened, I can’t make choices now!” said Harry shortly.

“He has a point, Remus.” said Dumbledore, his eyes fixed on the book.

“Good, keep away from it.” said Kingsley, “go tell a teacher.”

“And being in the dungeons doesn’t help much.” said Mrs. Weasley fearfully.
Slowly, Remus looked over to Harry, who was still in his lap. “Adrenaline, that’s all I’m saying,” said Harry, crossing his arms.

“Sound reasoning.” said Professor Flitwick. “Where ghosts can’t hurt people, but can become invisible. Phantoms can hurt people and they also can become invisible.”

“But we would have heard it, if it was a ghost or phantom.” said Hermione.

“I didn’t know that you guys couldn’t hear it.” said Harry.

“Oh, right.” said Hermione quickly.

“It was heartbreaking going past the feast.” said Ron sorrowfully.

“Far behind him.” said Ron. “We were barely going up half-way, when he was off and running towards the next floor.”

“It’s killed someone already, hasn’t it?” said Tonks faintly.

“No, it didn’t.” said Dumbledore, who knew what was going to happen next.
Harry noticed Remus getting paler by the second and grasped his hand. “Relax, I’m just fine.”

**Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.**

“We were both ready to ship you to Madam Pomfrey, I think the rotten food had gotten to you real bad.” said Ron.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Why do you think you have to save everyone.” asked Sirius clutching Harry’s free hand.

**Fifty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

“What made us angry, was that he wasn’t even breathing hard.” said Ron shaking his head.

**End of fifty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Thanks for waiting for us at the end.” said Ron.

**Sixtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-first paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“Harry hears a psycho voice, then something shiny appears and you walk towards it?” said Nightstrike stunned. “Kids are way too trusting these days.”

**End of sixty-first paragraph.**

**Writing on the wall.**

Those who were fourth year and up and knew the story clamped their hands together and hugged one another. Those younger or who weren’t there gave a loud gasp.
“That thing…is real…?” said Sirius stunned.

“But…it’s only a legend…” said Remus.

“Um…it’s the title of the book.” reminded Harry.

“No one told us the title of the book!” said Remus shortly.

“Nice try, Skippy.” said Harry tapping Remus’ forehead. “Professor Flitwick said it, you all just ignored it.”

“I’m going to call you ‘Skippy’ from now on.” said Sirius trying hard to sound cheerful.

“Don’t make me bite you.” said Remus angrily. “This isn’t funny!”

“Of course not, but you everyone gets out all right, well mostly all right.” said Harry sending a fleeting glimpse over to Ginny who nodded.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-second paragraph, second comma.**

“Imagine my shock when I learned how light he really was.” said Hermione.

“Explains why you kept piling food on my plate after that.” said Harry.

**End of sixty-second paragraph.**

“What? What is it?” asked Remus quickly, hugging Harry tightly.

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

“If she’s dead, how come she stalked me when I came back from the bathroom?” asked Sirius.

“She isn’t dead.” said Harry.

**Sixty-fourth paragraph.**

“Good idea, move it, go get a teacher.” said Remus.

**Dialogue line.**
“Screw the self-help, go get a teacher.” said Sirius. “That thing might still be around.”

“I didn’t need to hear that.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

“Listen to Ron.” said Bill.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“So much for getting away without being seen.”

“We didn’t do anything wrong.” said Harry.

“Won’t stop Filch from accusing you of something.” said Sirius.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.

“Well don’t you sound a bit bitter.” said Fred teasingly.

End of sixty-fifth paragraph.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“It was a bit too much to see you three and Mrs. Norris hanging like that.” said George.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Draco looked quickly up to Snape who was grinding his teeth.

“Sorry.” said Draco quietly.

End of chapter.

“Just as sadistic as his father.” muttered Moody.
“Harry, where are you going?” said Remus as Harry got off of his lap and walked over to door slowly.


“It’s like he’s in a trance! He’s… ooof” Sirius crashed into….the open door. There was nothing in his way, the door coming into the Great Hall was wide open, but for some reason, he couldn’t leave.

“Stop, Harry!” said Sirius loudly, but he stared in wonder as Harry passed through the barrier that stopped him. Sirius extended a hand to catch hold of Harry’s shoulder, but his hand was being pushed back by an invisible force. Suddenly the doors slammed shut behind Harry and the same force that kept Sirius from leaving sent him sprawling back to the bowl.

“What’s going on?” asked Tonks loudly.

Suddenly, the same scroll that had appeared all those times before appeared once again, just like their very first experience, the room went black.
The darkness departed them in the middle of the Dursley’s living room, and they saw as they looked around that it was the middle of the afternoon. They heard the door open and in came a younger, though older than they had seen him yet in these scrolls, Harry come into the living room. He threw his tattered and frayed backpack into the cupboard and walked into the kitchen. He looked as if nothing in his life gave him any joy, any more.

Firenze tried to reach out to the vision of the past, but Tempest took his hand.

“We can do nothing to help him here.” said Tempest.

“I’ve never seen a child look so melancholy.” said Firenze.

They followed and saw him take bowls and other assorted cooking utensils out of the cupboards and drawers. He reached up and took an old battered notebook and flipped through the pages, Hermione walked behind him and saw that the notebook was full of different recipes for all sorts of different ingredients. As Harry began to take ingredients out of the fridge, Aunt Petunia came stomping in.

“What do you think you’re doing?” she shrieked. She wore a flowered apron and had gloves and a spray bottle of cleaner in one hand and a white cloth in the other.

“Fixing dinner, Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon said he wanted steaks tonight.” said Harry not looking at her, but staring fixedly at the recipe book.

“I’ve invited the new neighbors over to eat dinner. I can’t serve them steaks!” Petunia screeched. She stamped her foot and slammed a hand down on the page Harry was reading from.

“Why wouldn’t you serve your best food?” said Mrs. Weasley in a whisper. “Especially when making a first impression?”

“I want to have a fruit appetizer, wine, salad, lobster, and dessert!” said Aunt Petunia ticking off the different meal courses. Harry stared at her in shock.

“You realize I’m going to be cooking all afternoon, right?” he muttered.

“Well then you best get going about doing it!” she snapped. “Here’s some money go and get the things I want!”

“You didn’t give him any ideas what to do!” said Ron angrily.

“You didn’t tell me what you really wanted!” said Harry shortly.
“Don’t argue, get going! Oh and by the way, Aunt Marge is coming as well, she’s staying for a while.” said Aunt Petunia as she left the room. “So everything must be absolutely perfect.”

Harry groaned slammed the money down on the counter. He picked up the notebook again and flipped through it quickly.

The room shifted forward and they saw Harry staggering under the large and heavy bags that easily outweighed him.

As he laid them down on the counters, a loud booming voice came from lounge. Harry flinched.

“BOY! What are you doing?” shouted Uncle Vernon, stomping into the kitchen.

“Making dinner, Uncle Vernon.” said Harry as he placed the different foods on the counter.

“That doesn’t look like steak and mushrooms.” growled Uncle Vernon.

“Aunt Petunia invited the new neighbors over for dinner and she wanted to serve something special.” said Harry tiredly. “And isn’t Aunt Marge coming, too?”

Uncle Vernon growled and stomped out of the room. “Make sure you do things right.”

The scene shifted again and they found themselves still in the kitchen, all around themselves they saw the product of Harry’s hard work. There was giant bouquet of wild looking flowers, but when they looked closer, they saw that it was made entirely of fruit.

“That looks awesome!” said Colin.

They saw the lobsters laying on silver platters, a large bowl of multicolored salad, and a bottle of chilled wine in a tub of ice. Then in the corner, they saw a giant chocolate torte, with chocolate rosettes.

“This stuff looks really good.” said Ron, his mouth watering.

“Knock it off!” said Hermione. “This is a black scroll remember? Something awful is going to happen!”

They watched as Harry, who was wearing a faded black button up shirt, carried several plates and sets of silverware wrapped neatly in napkins, Despite the fadedness of his shirt, he looked quite charming and gentle. He looked quickly over his different masterpieces and smiled warmly.

“How is this a bad memory, it looks pretty good to me.” said Tonks quietly, “By Dursley standards anyway.”

A doorbell chimed all the way into the kitchen and they all heard Aunt Petunia’s false happy voice coming from the hall.

“So happy you could come!” said Aunt Petunia in a false rapturous voice. “Oh and here’s Marge!”

The younger Harry groaned softly and finished placing the garnishes on the lobsters before putting it in the warmed oven. They watched as Harry continued to prepare the meals for their debut appearance, and observed as Harry whisked the food out to the table, unseen by the guests who sat in the lounge.
After Harry had lit the candles on the table, the doorbell rang once more. Harry’s head snapped up quickly.

“I’ll get it Petunia, dear.” said Uncle Vernon cheerfully and walked to the door. As he passed the entrance to the dining room, he sent a warning look to Harry. Harry was frozen in place, his eyes as wide as saucers.

The Watchers could hear the door open and a young man’s voice coming from the door.

“Evening sir, I’m Higgens from the Police Station, is Harry Potter here?”

“This won't end well...” said Sirius weakly.

The scene shifted once more, and they found themselves at the very end of the dinner party. But something was wrong. The lobster’s shell was left in pieces, as per normal, the flower bouquet was stripped of it’s fruit blossoms, the salad was reduced to stray strips of green and purple lettuce, and the chocolate torte was reduced to only a few smears of chocolate cream. But that wasn’t what was wrong; it was the fact that they saw Aunt Petunia cleaning her kitchen with a large scowl on her face.

“Isn't she a clean freak? Shouldn't she be enjoying herself?” asked Tonks.

They heard a crashing coming from in the lounge and they headed in there. They saw Harry lying against the wall, apparently knocked out and sporting a blackened eye, bleeding temple and a bruised cheek.


“It must have had something to do with that cop!” said Hermione fearfully, clutching at her face, horrified at what she was seeing.

They saw a large woman, with a slight mustache, sitting in one of the large, plush chairs. Gripping a cane and patting the head of a large bulldog. In the bulldog’s teeth they saw shreds of cloth dangling from the dog’s mouth. When Sirius looked at Harry closer, he saw that the shreds from the dog’s mouth were from the pants Harry was wearing, and several trickles of blood flowed from his leg.

“Good Ripper, good boy. Seems his training is working out just fine.” said the large woman happily.

“Let’s see if the little beast learned his lesson.” said Uncle Vernon nastily. He pulled Harry roughly to his feet by the poor boy’s collar. “I’m waiting.”

Dumbledore lunged forward, but flew right through Vernon and landed hard on the ground the other side.

“Albus! We can’t do anything!” reminded McGonagall as she rushed to his side.

“I can’t stand it, please, make it end.” gasped Dumbledore as he clutched his now sprained wrist.

“It will be over soon.” assured McGonagall wrapping his wrist in her handkerchief.

Harry hung limply in his Uncle’s grip, he groaned softly and his eyes fluttered open.

“What do you say?” said Uncle Vernon putting his large face very close to Harry’s small, thin one.
“I’m sorry.” said Harry in a hoarse whisper.

“For what?” cried Remus.

“For what?” said Uncle Vernon nastily. Remus cringed.

“I…I don’t know…” said Harry quietly.

“The police came asking for you. You’ve been to station, haven’t you? I’ve warned you, I didn’t want to catch you going there…ever…again…” said Uncle Vernon angrily.

“Nasty brutes, police officers, meddlers every one of them.” said the woman smugly. “Not a decent one in the lot.”

“YOUR WRONG! ABOUT ALL OF THEM! THEY’RE GOOD PEOPLE!” shouted Harry angrily. He tried to wrench his body away from his uncle and slapped his Uncle square in the face with all the strength he had. But against the large man, it did very little.

Uncle Vernon and the woman blinked, the large woman sneered wickedly as Uncle Vernon’s fist rose and fell, the room went dark once more.

They found themselves in Harry’s cupboard; to their surprise they found themselves shrunken down this time so they could fit in the small and enclosed space. The wall and ceiling were draped in cobwebs and the smell of dried blood lingered in the air.

“How can someone sleep in here?” said Rivers looking around in shock.

The door to the cupboard flew open and they watched as Harry was flung inside so forcefully that he slammed against the back wall and landed on the dirty, lumpy mattress, he was bleeding now profusely from the small wound on his head, and from a bloodied nose. They stood what felt like hours waiting for Harry to stir and wake up. Sirius, Remus, Dr. Clark and Dumbledore rushed over and tried to nudge Harry and wake him up. But just as Dumbledore was forced to remember, their hands fell on dead air. He wouldn’t stir, not until the door to the cupboard opened once more, only it was someone they didn’t expect to see at all.

It was Aunt Petunia, and she had a small first aid box in her hands, and a small bottle of water. She dabbed a small gauze patch laced with ointment on the cut on his head. Harry gave a low groan and his eyes fluttered open again. She helped him drink from the bottle of water.

“You’d best tell your police friends not to come around here anymore. The next time, I’m not helping you.” she snapped quietly.

“Thank you, Aunt Petunia.” he said weakly, sitting up and gently taking the box from her. She snatched it back and finished patching him up. Once again the room went black and they found themselves back in the Great Hall.

Hermione’s mind was racing. “So, she helped him? But why?”

“That is what we all would like to know.” said Madam Bones looking at the now fading scroll, as if seeing it for the first time.

“She could have pitied him ‘cause he didn’t do anything to cause the police to show up.” said Dennis.

“That could very well be.” said Dumbledore, drying the tears that were falling down his nose and
settling into his snow-white beard still nursing his now bruising wrist. “We may never know for sure.”

Madam Pomfrey hurried over and healed his wrist. “Think before you leap, Albus. You’re not nearly as young as you used to be.”

Without warning, dinner arrived on the table, but what they saw, none of them had really seen before in the castle. It was the same fruit bouquets that they had seen at the Dursleys.

The door had opened and Harry walked in.

“So what do you guys think of the flower fruit.” said Harry with a broad smile.

“Are you alright?” said Sirius quickly, the three men and Dumbledore rushed over to him.

“I’m fine, why do you ask?” said Harry looking at each of the men with concern.

“You left sort of…funny.” said Sirius.

“How did I leave funny? I told you I was going down to the kitchens, to make those things.” said Harry pointing over to the table.

Umbridge strained against the bonds but ceased when she saw Tempest scowl at her.

“No, Harry, you didn’t, you just walked out of here, not a single word to anybody.” said Remus anxiously.

Harry stared at the men with a bewildered look. Dumbledore looked at Harry’s eyes and saw…

“He truly believes that we spoke to him when he left.” said Dumbledore with a gasp.

“How is that possible?” asked Remus quickly.

“That trance, it made him think or believe that something else transpired. When we saw what really had happened.” said Dumbledore.

“The books do have that effect on the subject.” said Speckerton from the back of the room. He walked slowly up to the front of the room where the men stood. “In some cases, they become very protective of the subject of the books, and they tend to have the person pass out during the scrolls or shots and have the person leave for the black Recollection Scrolls. If you remember Mr. Black, the room wouldn’t let you leave, but it did let him. The books wanted you to know, but it gave him a chance to bow out.”

“These books can think?” said Hermione shocked.

“In a way, yes.” said Speckerton simply.

“Could they be the reason that he’s sleeping at the drop of a hat?” said Madam Pomfrey.

“No. I don’t think that is the reason.” said Speckerton thoughtfully. “Passing out is one thing, but if it was the reason, he would have been enveloped in light, and that hasn’t happened yet.”

Harry watched the adults consult with each other about his apparent narcolepsy, when he coughed loudly. All the adult’s eyes turned to him.

“If you let all this fruit go to waste, I’m not cooking again here, you want to talk, do it with a
plate.” said Harry.

Dumbledore smiled and began waving his wand and conjuring all the plates to come flying into each person’s hand.

An hour later, after everyone had their fill of food, and after Mrs. Weasley pestered Harry to teach her how to make the fruit look the way it did, they all began to talk about what had transpired in the scroll.

“What did the police officer want that day?” asked Dr. Clark quietly.

“It was a rookie, his wife wanted the recipe for the pecan pie he took home that afternoon.” said Harry taking a bite out of a watermelon tulip. “He didn’t realize that it wasn’t a very good idea to do that. He didn’t get the recipe until a week later anyway.”

“Why didn’t you get him the recipe?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Uncle Vernon wouldn’t let me go to the door, let alone outside. I couldn’t go to the station with the bruises and the cuts. The last thing the police need is an incentive to try and help me again and get them in trouble again.” said Harry.

Once nine o’clock rolled around, the students drifted off to bed. Sirius threw an arm around Harry’s shoulders and led him to the room made up for the three men and Harry specially. When they entered their room, Sirius flung himself on the giant sofa and stretched.

“Merlin, when you come home, I’m going to gain forty pounds on your cooking.” said Sirius patting his still flat, but full stomach.

“So are we.” said Remus with a large smile with Dr. Clark following him.

Harry smiled brightly and yawned; he muttered about taking a shower and left the room.

All three men sat in the chairs beside the fire, each one as somber as the next, with the scroll weighing heavily in their minds.

“Enough of this depressing crap, where are those drawings? We need to finish planning Harry’s wing.” said Sirius digging around the couch.

“How can you think about planning? After seeing Harry get struck and hurt like that?” said Remus stunned.

“All we can really do is promise this won’t happen to him from now on.” said Sirius wisely as he pulled several pieces of parchment and laying them out on the table. “So did we decide on what color his bedroom is going to be?”

“I think we decided on red, with gold trim, did you say wing?” said Dr. Clark. “Just how big is your house?”

“It’s the biggest wizarding house in Cheshire.” said Sirius without looking up, and then he heard a knocking on the door. “Come in.”

Dumbledore came in carrying Harry’s small little black book and had a frown on his face. “Where is Harry?” he asked when he saw that the youth was not there.

“He’s taking a shower, we thought we would pick up the pace on planning his wing.” said Sirius.
“A wing, now? It was a room, now it’s a wing?” said Dumbledore with a smile forming on his face.

“Yeah, he’s getting older and well, I thought he could use the privacy.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Does your mind revolve around sex or what?” said Remus groaning.

“Hey, it’s been almost fourteen years, give me some slack here. What can we do for you?” asked Sirius.

“I came to return the book, such a marvelous read, I managed to break the code, and I found the lyrics to that song he wrote...he was right, I didn’t want to hear it.” said Dumbledore, losing the twinkling in his eyes.

“Why?” asked the three men.

“It is a very depression influenced song.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, let’s hope he doesn’t write another one like it.” said Remus carefully.

“Mind helping us decorate Harry’s rooms? This is taking more thought then I thought it would be.” said Sirius with a bright smile.

“I would be happy to help. What have you already gotten down in stone.” said Dumbledore regaining the light in his eyes.

“Well, we got the color of his room done, but what to decorate it with, we’ve got all these magazines on interior decorating, but we just can’t pick on we like.” said Dr. Clark.

“Have you asked Harry what he would like?” asked Dumbledore.

“It’s supposed to be a surprise.” said the three men together.

“What’s supposed to be a surprise?” said a voice coming from the bathroom.

They all turned and saw Harry, drying his hair with a towel and wrapped warmly in a bathrobe.

“Nothing.” said the four men quickly.

“Uh, huh. Mind if I go to bed then? I’m tired as hell.” said Harry folding his arms.

“Go for it.” said Sirius brightly. “Want me to tuck you in?”

“Nah. I think I can manage on my own. Goodnight.” said Harry waving to the men.

They waited till Harry had slipped into the bedroom he shared with Sirius and closed the door.

“Alright, let’s get back to work.” said Dr. Clark flipping through a bathroom magazine.

“I can turn this old study into a music room for him. I never used it, and he seems to really like music.” said Sirius pointing to blueprints of a large estate.

“Kids nowadays like that skihop music.” said Remus thinking out loud.

“Hiphop.” corrected Dr. Clark marking different pages.
“Whatever, it isn’t the music you and I grew up on.” said Remus.

“When does music ever stay constant.” said Sirius with a smirk. “Though you’ve got to admit, the music nowadays has a lot more screaming.”

“Harry, seems to favor old fashioned songs, and show tunes.” said Dumbledore picking up a magazine on kitchen cabinets.

“How do you know?” said Sirius quickly.

“It was the style that his song was. I went down to the choir room and played the song on one of the pianos.” said Dumbledore. “The melody was quite beautiful. It was the lyrics that had the style of a dying swan. Graceful, yet highly depressing.”

“Oh, well, then I guess keeping it simple would do it best.” said Sirius.

“I think Harry would like quick access to the kitchens.” said Dumbledore absently looking at a cherry wood spice rack.

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark looked up and then at each other.

“I forgot that.” said Remus.

“I think the last calming draught you took destroyed your mind.” said Sirius shaking his head, “Funny thing is, when I left, there wasn’t a kitchen in the house, I always ate out. If ‘Psycho Bitch’ made a kitchen in that house, I don’t think Harry would want to cook in it.”

“I wouldn’t either.” growled Remus. “So let’s take this big room on the first floor and make it into the kitchen, give him plenty of space, is that room used for anything?”

“No, it was one of the old living rooms that I never used.” said Sirius.

“Why have such a big place when you don’t use all the rooms?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I planned on housing all my mates, and their families. That idea didn’t pan out, but the house was always there for a bit of a vacation resort.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Before you got sent away, I always crashed at your place. I think Harry will have the time of his life there.” said Remus happily.

“Should we get him a pet, you know a dog or something?” asked Sirius absently.

“He has an owl already. Let’s see if he wants another responsibility.” said Remus, “besides, after that damned dog bit him, how do we know he even wants a dog, besides you.” he looked up at Sirius quickly.

“Does this picture mean that he’s got a balcony?” said Dr. Clark pointing to a small square picture.

“Yeah, it looks out to the front gardens and when the sun comes up in the morning, the sun hits you right in the face.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Harry will love it.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“I hope so.” said Sirius worriedly. “Now where’s that blasted furniture catalog?”
The next morning, just like all the reading days before, everyone slowly made their way down to the Great Hall and took their seats with their plates and bowls of different breakfast meals.

“So what happened yesterday, in the last chapter?” said Sirius yawning and running a hand through his scraggy hair and stabbing his scrambled eggs with the other. "I forgot."

“The Chamber of Secrets was opened.” said Hermione.

Sirius blinked hard and the tiredness was removed forcibly from his body. “Crap, that’s right.”

“So, who wants to get the ball rolling this morning?” said Madam Bones loudly.

Everyone looked around at each other, not many people wanted to volunteer to read that morning, not with a starting chapter like that.

“I will.” said Hermione speaking clearly.

“Very well, Miss Granger.” said Professor McGonagall, levitating the book over to her.

"Ninth chapter title," said Hermione loudly.

“You mean the words that say ‘Chamber of Secrets?’” asked Fudge.

“No, the house passwords on the bathroom walls.” said Sirius rolling his eyes. Some of the boys laughed, but they were all silenced by the glare that McGonagall and the other female teachers and adult women sent them.

Dialogue line.

First paragraph, first sentence, first comma, second word.

“Oh, damn. That’s his cat.” said Tonks.

“He won’t take kindly to his cat being like that.” said Charlie.

End of first paragraph.
“Seeing your pet like that, I don’t think I could stand it.” said Dr. Clark sadly. “I lost my dog like that, had him for nine years. The day after I asked the prettiest girl in the school to the Sunset Dance, I got home and my dog was…” he shivered.

“All because you asked a girl out?” said Ron in shock.

“It turns out that that girl was being admired from afar, by one of the football team’s lead forwards. He didn’t take kindly to me asking her out and getting a ‘yes’ in return.” said Dr. Clark bitterly.

“Were you a nerd?” asked Sirius, trying to cheer him up, though the death of a dog shook him. Dr. Clark smiled and laughed.

“Yeah, but I was a good-looking nerd.” said Dr. Clark. “The other ones in secondary school didn’t look all that great.”

“Do you miss your dog?” asked Harry quietly, making a quiet mental note.

“I do, not a day goes by that I don’t miss Max.” said Dr. Clark.

“Your dog was named Max?” asked Charlie with a sympathetic smile.

“Maxine, actually. I thought she was a boy for the longest time, scared the daylights out of me when she had her first litter, right under my bed too.” said Dr. Clark with a fond smile. “Guess that’s why I became a doctor, I liked helping people and it being her first litter, she needed help too.”

“Dogs aren’t people.” said Ron pointing out the obvious.

“I’m also a Vet. I care for people’s animals in my free time, for charity, or at least I used to.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“You’ll be able to do that again. You can bet on that.” said Remus supportively.

Dialogue line.

“Good question, and not one of them knows, I’ll bet. Seeing as how they’re children!” screeched Mrs. Weasley.

“It’ll be alright honey.” said Mr. Weasley soothingly.

Second paragraph.

“Every time something bad happens, I swear people look at me first.” said Harry.

“Kinda hard to sound bitter, you asked for trouble the moment you came.” said Zacharias.

Zacharias had to duck down and cover his ears from all the shouting that was sent his way. Not to
mention all the hexes and curses, mostly sent by Sirius, and Ginny, also Remus and Dr. Clark shouted furiously over to the boy.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“What proof did he have?” screeched Mrs. Weasley. She didn’t want Harry to get hurt, not like what had happened all those weeks ago.

“No proof but psychotic anguish.” said Kingsley calmly. “And that can get people killed.”

“I think I would have snapped if someone had hurt Crookshanks.” said Hermione honestly.

“Nothing would be left of whoever would hurt Hedwig.” said Harry bitterly, stroking his precious owl’s feathers as she came fluttering down.

“I swear, she knows right when we’re going to talk about her.” said Dr. Clark with large smile.

End of dialogue set.

The little balls of light, that represented the Scattered Shots, emerged rapidly from the book and spun quickly around and buried themselves in each person.

They found themselves in a darkened corridor with a large gathering of students. Each student had a look of intense confusion mixed with a heavy load of fear. Some students were standing on tiptoe and others were whispering hurriedly to the others.

The adults could easily see over the heads of all the children and see the horrible words written on the wall. They saw Filch and heard his terrible screech

“You! You murdered my cat!”

The Harry of the past stammered. “I-I didn’t…I wouldn’t….”

Ginny hurried over to Harry and engulfed him in a hug. Harry held onto her tightly and made quiet ‘shhh.’ sounds to calm her.

The adults watched in horror as Filch lifted Harry off the ground by the collar of his shirt and raised a first to strike him, just like from the scroll the night before. And before the strike fell, the lights left their bodies. Ginny and Harry found themselves holding onto nothing but air.

“That’s a deal breaker.” said Harry good-naturedly. Ginny gave a nervous giggle.

Dialogue line.

“Thank Merlin, a teacher.” said Lionus heaving a sigh.

“You’re worried?” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“I’m human, though I may not act like one, all the time.” said Lionus shortly.

“You act like a baby when you come to me for healing.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

Third paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“What took you so long to get there?” asked Remus angrily.

“Being the Headmaster, does not mean you get to shove students out of the way just to make way for yourself. Manners apply to us as well.” said Dumbledore calmly. “It was hard time trying to get through the throng of students.”

Third paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Number? Weren’t all of them there?” asked Bill.

“No, some had papers to grade and they stayed in the Teacher’s Lounge, after dinner to finish.” said McGonagall.

Third paragraph, second sentence, second comma, third word.

“He ripped Filch off me first.” said Harry patting Remus’ arm, who stared angrily at the old man. “You promised you’d settle down.”

“That was before all the dangerous stuff happened.” said Remus in a hoarse whisper.

“I can sit elsewhere.” warned Harry.

Remus looked at Harry quickly, swiped a Calming draught off of Dumbledore’s table and drank it down in one gulp.

“That’s better.” said Harry with a smile.

End of third paragraph.

“Poor kitty.” said Luna sadly.

“You were the only one who felt sorry for her.” said Neville seriously.

“She didn’t ask to be petrified and hung from a torch bracket.” said Luna as serious as she could.
“Why ask them?” said Charlie.

“For several reasons: I noticed everyone was looking over to the three of them every other second, they were soaking wet from the water on the floor. They weren’t at dinner, and they didn’t look quite as shocked as the rest of the students.” said Dumbledore.

“Oh.” said Charlie quietly.

“Who could be eager, in that corridor?” asked Fred.

“Someone who doesn’t have a clue.” said Sirius.

“There had to be a better office to use. A spare room or something!” said Remus anxiously.

“Plenty of empty classrooms and unused rooms, but I didn’t want to risk taking the three students into a room that might hold whatever attacked Mrs. Norris.” said Dumbledore. “And I needed to find out what had happened immediately.”

“Why? Take them up to your office! It’s the safest place in the whole castle for them to be!” cried Remus.

As I just said, I needed somewhere quickly, and I heard no other options voiced from my staff.” said Dumbledore calmly. Professor McGonagall shifted uneasily.

“So who escorted the students back to their dormitories?” asked Mr. Weasley curiously.

“Well, in the case of Severus and myself, other teachers took the students of both houses to the opening of their Common Rooms.” said McGonagall. “Pamona, and Filius took care of their own houses.”

“I was shocked when they didn’t allow the Prefects to do it.” said Percy indignantly.

“You were still children, and if we didn’t know what it was, we weren’t about to let you go on your own.” scolded McGonagall.
“Stupid ass. How can you feel excited when the Chamber of Secrets is opened? The same chamber that’s supposed to hold a monster in it?” said Sirius.

“What?” squeaked Dr. Clark and Remus.

“You don’t know about it?” said Sirius to Remus.

“I don’t remember reading about it.” said Remus quietly. “So there’s a monster in there?”

“Yeah.” said Sirius slowly.

Remus and Dr. Clark gulped loudly.

“Why is Snape going with you?” asked Bill.

“I am the potion master of the school. If there is a potion that is needed to restore Mrs. Norris, than I am the one to brew it.” drawled Snape.

Several people looked about nervously. What was happening now?

Despite the fear flooding from book, a flurry of laughter danced about the Great Hall, until everyone was clutching their sides.

“And the twit always said that his curls and waves were all natural.” gasped Remus holding his stomach.

“Good. Let the people who know what they’re doing to take charge.” said Moody gruffly.
“Tell me you found a cure for her.” said Emmeline Vance earnestly. “Tell me she isn’t dead!”

“She loves cats, she can’t get enough of them.” said Remus.

“We didn’t know what they were going to ask, or if they thought we did it.” said Ron quietly.

“And of course, don’t reassure the children that they have nothing to worry about.” grumbled Bathilda bitterly.

“I don’t think that worrying about three nervous second years was at the top of anyone’s priority list. I’m pretty sure that worrying about the welfare of the entire school is more important.” said Harry sternly.

“He’s got a point.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Why were you so close?” asked Bill.

“I could smell singed fur.” said Dumbledore. “And her eyes were looking quite odd.”

Zacharias was about to open his mouth, but the looks he received from every member of his house and all the adults silenced him instantly.

“I think we’ll leave the questions on what Dumbledore is doing for another time.” said Professor McGonagall sternly, knowing what Zacharias was going to ask.

“Could either of you two figure out what had happened to her?” asked Luna dreamily.

“No dear, we couldn’t.” said McGonagall gently.

“Sure, she can ask, but not anyone else.” muttered Zacharias.

“You are on very thin ice, Mr. Smith.” said Professor Flitwick.

“I will find something else for you to do, while the readings take place if you are not careful.” said Professor Sprout.
Seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.
Sirius snorted and covered his mouth to hide the fact he was grinning.
“Hey! I had never seen him look like that.” said Harry, sending a small smile over to Snape quickly. “It was frightening.”
As other people laughed loudly, Snape covered his mouth to hide a smirk.
“Why were you smiling though?” asked Remus.
“I never liked Mrs. Norris.” said Snape.

End of seventh paragraph.
“Dear lord, just what we don’t need.” said Remus putting a hand to his face.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first dash.
“He’s not even close enough to see if she’s dead or not!” said Bathilda sharply.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second dash.
“Oh he’s got to be kidding me.” said Lionus rubbing his eyes tiredly.
“What is that?” said Draco.
“It’s a curse that changes your body, constantly, bones grow, lung shrinks, blood constricts, and it doesn’t happen gently either. If that cat doesn’t have an injured eye at the very least, than it wasn’t the Transmogrifian Torture.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“Injured eye?” said Harry slowly, sending a quick look to Dr. Clark in his eye patch.
“Very good, lad.” said Dr. Nicodemus approvingly. “Your Dr. Clark did have that particular curse placed on him.”
Unexpectedly, Harry leapt over Sirius’ lap and embraced Dr. Clark tightly. Dr. Clark blinked and looked over at the Rangers.
“I don’t remember that happening.” he said weakly, patting the back of the young man, who was silently crying into his chest.
“We removed that memory from you. It was for the best.” said Lionus kindly. “That memory would only have sent you to the mental ward and kept you there.”
“Then I can definitely live without it.” said Dr. Clark hugging Harry back. Sirius looked at the two of them, despite his hard work to get along and be happy for Harry; he couldn’t help but feel slightly jealous from time to time.

“He won’t ever remember it, will he?” asked Dumbledore quickly.

“No, we removed it completely.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.

“If that was true, we’d have arrested him before he even saw his third one.” said Lionus angrily.

“That particular spell only lasts for as long as the caster is standing there, and no one else can be in the room.” explained Nighstrike to the confused students. “It infects everyone in the room, except the caster.”

End of dialogue set.


“I wasn’t aware that there was a counter-curse for that.” said Nightstrike.

“Isn’t there?” asked Remus questioningly.

“No, the only cure is multiple, powerful potions.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “The constant changing ceases when the caster stops, but the pain remains.”

“What could a wizard want with Dr. Clark?” whispered Tonks to Dumbledore.

“I’m not sure.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “But I think we should try and find out.”

“Could it have something to do with how close Harry is to him?” asked Moody quietly, walking over and looking at the man and the teen, still holding onto each other.

“That is entirely possible.” said Dumbledore. “But I wasn’t even aware that Dr. Clark even existed. I suppose that goes to show just how observant I was about Harry’s life.” Dumbledore buried his face in his hands. Tonks patted his back consolingly.

“You’re making it up to him now, that’s all you can do.” said Tonks.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Much as I dislike him, gotta feel sorry for him just a bit. Not too much, just a little bit.” said Sirius.
The school stayed respectively silent. Even Dumbledore, who was utterly furious with the man and still wished to rip him limb from limb, stayed quiet, but he did drum his fingers on his purple, plush armchair.

Remus smiled at Harry who had crawled back to sit between Sirius and himself and patted his head fondly.

Remus stopped patting Harry’s head and looked down at him with weak smile. “Nice.”

Sirius couldn’t help but laugh.

“There aren’t many times that I listen to him in the ways of discipline.” said Dumbledore grimly.

“Which is a very good thing.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Alright!” shouted a small first year Hufflepuff. “Dumbledore will fix her up!”

“Or not.” he said sadly.

“I love my rabbits, but I wouldn’t want my pets stuffed.” said Lavender with a pale face.
“Couldn’t someone put a silence charm on him?” said Dr. Clark covering his ears.

“Someone’s been reading magical books!” said Fred in a singsong voice.

“I making myself hoarse asking all the questions I have.” said Dr. Clark with a smile. “So I thought I’d just read up on some things.”

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

“More of a reason not to pay attention to him.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

“Amulets don’t do crap, not against the Transmogrifian Torture. Or is he changing the diagnosis?” said Nightstrike.

“He changed his mind.” said Snape with a sneer. “He couldn’t elaborate on that story, not with the Headmaster there, to possibly correct him.”

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Go figure, they would agree with him, no one else would.” said Remus shaking his head.

End of tenth paragraph.

More snorts of laughter sprang up from all over the Great Hall.

“You’re right, he is as good as a witch.” said Ron to Fred.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Nice of you to reassure him.” said Professor Sprout.

Twelfth paragraph.

“I’ll count them for you.” said Remus nastily, people waited for him to speak, but he said nothing.
“Aww! After all these years, James and my bad influence finally broke through.” said Sirius laughing loudly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Freezer burn.” said Fred in a whisper to George.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma, second word.**

“How?” asked Sirius stunned

“At the time, we didn’t know.” said Dumbledore.

“And you aren’t going to tell us what caused it, are you? I didn’t think so.” said Remus miserably.

**Dialouge set, first sentence, first parenthesis set.**

“Bullshit.” said Sirius bitterly.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He still thought you did it?” said Remus.

“He still thinks I did it.” said Harry rubbing his back absently.

Remus and Sirius both caught his hand and said, “Don’t try.”

**Dialogue line.**

“Even more so, if Dumbledore can’t cure her.” said Dennis.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Hermione shot out of her chair, she was so scared.” said Ron with a laugh.
“I did not jump!” she said angrily.

“Hermione I had a bruise on my legs from where you landed.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“He didn’t write that on the wall!” said Dean.

End of dialogue set.

“Dear lord, the entire school knew what he was!” said Kingsley.

“Except for maybe Harry.” said Seamus with a grin.

Several people laughed good-naturedly, even Harry joined in.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Made me think that you all thought I was guilty.” said Harry quietly.

“Only an idiot would think you did it.” said Sirius soothingly.

The fourth years and older Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw and Gryffindor students all shuffled their feet.

Remus looked around noticed their discomforts. But he noticed that Slytherin students were unmoved by it.

End of dialogue set.

“Ron never told you?” asked Bill.

“We never got around to cultural enrichment lessons.” said Ron with a broad smile. “We were working on fundamentals of magic.”

Dialogue line.

“And he didn’t tell anyone! Which means, he don’t really give a damn what you are.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.
“Oh this won’t be good.” said George.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Right on.” said George.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.**

“Wow, he’s actually on your side.” said Sirius brightly.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.**

“Well, that was shot all to hell.” said Sirius shaking his head.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Why not just freaking ask them?” said Charlie loudly. “Honestly! Even children can see things too!”

**End of dialogue set.**

“How about saying ‘Why weren’t you at the feast?’” said Bill.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

“Knowing Snape, he won’t check the facts.” said George quietly.

“I did, actually.” said Snape sharply, hearing Georges words. “The Bloody Baron told me.”

**Dialogue line.**

“Good luck answering that question without incriminating yourself.” said Tonks with a small smile.
“Yeah, I can see that.” said Sirius smileing.

“Half right, we were tired, but we were hungry too.” said Ron.

“He knew Ron’s weakness.” said Hermione with a beaming grin.

“They don’t” said the three young fifth years together.

“If your surname is Weasley and you’re a male, you’re always hungry.” said Mr. Weasley with a broad smile.

“Crap, he heard it.” said Ron with a mock groan.

“Well, to be honest, you weren’t being honest.” said Remus carefully.

Harry held in a laugh.

“Still doesn’t mean he can pick on my cub. Dumbledore even said that a kid couldn’t do that sort of damage.” said Sirius angrily.
“That is true.” Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“You jerk!” shouted Sirius.

“Now, I can sort of see where he’s coming from.” said Remus quietly.

“What?” said Sirius and Dr. Clark loudly.

“If a student was withholding information that might be pertinent of to an incident, they should be restricted with their privileges.” said Remus carefully.

“BUT HE DIDN’T DO ANYTHING WRONG!” yelled Sirius.

“I know, and I’m not saying that Harry did anything wrong, but he should have told a teacher.” said Remus. “But then again, Parselmouth would never have been believable, especially coming from Harry.”

End of dialogue set.

“Okay, that’s pushing it too far. Don’t tell me he succeeded in that.” said Remus.

“He didn’t, I would not allow that.” said McGonagall sternly.

“And neither would I.” said Dumbledore twice as stern as she was.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Good reasoning.” said Tonks.

“The punishment should fit the crime, and in this case, there was no crime committed by the boy.” said Moody.

End of dialogue set.

“Good thing Minerva is on the ball.” said Moody with a smirk.
“Oh, come on, Dumbledore! You need to use legimency to see if he’s lying to you?” said Sirius clapping a hand to his forehead. “Harry would never lie to you, especially if something bad had just happened.”

Harry squirmed slightly.

“He did last year.” said Fudge loudly.

“Can we get a gag for him too?” asked Remus tiredly.

“It has crossed our minds to use one.” threatened Lionus looking up to the Minister.

“What is legi…man…see?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It’s where you can force your way into a person’s mind and see if they are lying to you or not.” said Sirius.

“It has other uses as well…” said Dumbledore, looking over to Harry briefly.

“That sounds very…invasive.” said Dr. Clark.

“But necessary against a castle full of mischievous students.” said Snape quietly.

“That is not what it was created for.” said McGonagall with a snarl. “And you better not have used it.”

“I swear, he forgets that the second after he hears it.” said McGonagall sharply looking over at Snape.

“They both wanted bloodshed.” said Ernie. When the school looked over to him and stared. Ernie quickly began to stammer.

“I-I-I meant tha-that that they w-wanted t-to see H-H-Harry given de-detention for someth- something he didn’t do!” stuttered Ernie.

“Thank you for clarifying that.” growled Snape.

“No, he wants to see Harry get the snot beaten out of him.” said Ron angrily.

“While he watches.” said Hermione gritting her teeth.
“Really Albus, you call last year, recently?” said Professor Sprout with a smile.

“When you are one hundred and fourteen years old, a year is as good as a week.” said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

Dr. Clark spat out his tea that he had been drinking. Sirius thumped him hard on his back as Dr. Clark began to cough., while Dumbledore happily waved his wand and magicked away the tea that had been sprayed on the floor.

“You are how old?” asked Dr. Clark weakly.

“One hundred and fourteen.” said Dumbledore brightly. “at the time anyway.”

“How old did you think he was?” asked Remus.

“No more than seventy.” said Dr. Clark faintly.

“Hagrid’s sixty-three this year.” said Harry.

Dr. Clark looked over to the half giant so quickly that it seemed that his neck would have most surely would have snapped if Hagrid was any further to the right.

“I was thinking….you were…nevermind.” said Dr. Clark throwing his hands into the air.

“If the Mandrakes are still babies…you have a long time to go.” said Kingsley.

“We did, it was a very long wait, but nonetheless, all the victims were restored.” said Madam Pomfrey, she squeaked and covered her mouth.

“Victims! There were more than one?” said most of the guests in shock.

“Why do that, when you’ve got the youngest Potion Master the school’s ever had.” said Sirius.

Snape and Remus both stared at the man, as well as every Gryffindor in the room.

“What? He is.” said Sirius shrugging.
“He couldn’t even make a first year potion when he was in school.” said Remus rolling his eyes.

End of dialogue set.

“Yeah, in your dreams.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“It was very awkward. Lockhart couldn’t come up with a single thing to say, I almost said ‘Thank goodness.’” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Finally, time for them to get to bed, they had one rough day.” said Sirius.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“I had never seen a student vault over a chair before.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Why aren’t you going to the dorms, where it’s safe?” said Bathilda worriedly. “Even Albus wasn’t secure enough to take you to an empty classroom, don’t you be going inside.”

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Yes!” said the teachers.

“Would you really have believed me?” asked Harry seriously.

They all exchanged pained expressions and each shook their head slowly.

“Didn’t think so.” said Harry, Ron and Hermione.
“Sure tell sign you’ve gone off your chump.” said Fred with a snicker.

Ron blushed slightly.

“I knew you didn’t believe me.” said Harry with a sad smile.

“Well, I wasn’t too sure what to make of it.” said Ron.

“It’s alright.” said Harry smiled.

“Liar.” said Harry, Fred and George.

“Can’t argue with that, especially if Ron didn’t know you were a Parselmouth.” said Remus.

“Were you just withholding your intellect again?” asked Hermione.

“I read about the Chamber the year before. But I thought it was just a legend and just skimmed over it. When we got to bed that night, I read it again and this time I paid a little bit more attention.” said Harry sheepishly.

“You had a copy of Hogwarts A History? Why didn’t you let me borrow it!” said Hermione angrily.

“You didn’t ask.” said Harry. “I thought you brought your copy to school.” sad Harry. “And when you said that you didn’t have it, we were already heading to class.”

“I didn’t tell you any story about the Chamber of Secrets.” said Bill looking confused.
“That was me.” said Charlie.

**Dialogue line.**

“All that knowledge and you don’t know what it is?” said Zacharias.

“Squib is a slang term, it’s not written down in any book. That comes from an old childhood taunt many, many decades ago.” said Dumbledore. “Squibbly, Squibby, can’t do diddly. Can’t work magic, ain’t life tragic.”

“Children under ten aren’t known to have much sense in the ways of poetry.” said Bathilda with a smirk.

“I can’t even say it was catchy.” said Dumbledore, “then again, I might have forgotten a line or two.”

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

“Ronald.” said Mrs. Weasley warningly.

“Sorry.” said Ron quickly.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Nothings all that funny, unless it happens to Filch, or Umbridge.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

Umbridge strained against her bonds even more fiercely than before, finally the gag slipped away from her mouth and she sneered.

“Squibs come from Muggleborns who steal their wands from Purebloods and use it for themselves.” she said to the entire group that was there.

Everyone stared at her, even Fudge.

“Stuff and nonsense.” growled Dr. Nicodemus, Tempest replaced the gag while the Muggleborns screamed out in indignation and fury over her implications.

“You stupid woman!” shouted McGonagall furiously. “How dare you?”

“That notion died about hundred years ago and, was squashed two minutes after someone brought that idea to light.” said Bathilda angrily.
“Does she _have_ to stay here?” asked a third year Ravenclaw.

“He’s got a point, I’m getting tired of watching her, Sir, and she’s a strain on the eyes. Especially when I could be keeping an eye on someone _else_.” said Nightstrike sending a wink over to Emmeline Vance who looked at Nightstrike and blushed heavily and gave a girlish giggle.

Sirius gave a loud wolf-whistle and laughed loudly. “Finally, I didn’t think anyone would break through that tough exterior!”

Emmeline glared at him, though joined in Nightstrike as he laughed.

“Normally, I would agree, she should be taken to Devil’s Garden, days ago, but if I take her now, I don’t have a viable reason to come back here.” said Tempest looking at Firenze longingly.

“Hmm…we’ll have to come up with something.” said Lionus.

“Can’t she just come back, for like a vacation?” said George.

“I’m not due for my seven year furlough.” said Tempest.

“Seven _years_?” said the students stunned.

“We work tirelessly for seven years and after that comes around, we take the next seven off.” said Lionus. “It’s an old system.”

“But wait, what about, you know, days off during the week?” asked Hermione.

“We do have shifts, when you are in training, and when you aren’t in a squad. But when you are in a squad, you only get time off when there is no cases that need investigating.” said Nightstrike.

_Dialogue set, fourth sentence._

“Have _you_ heard of Kwikspell?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“I heard of it, but nothing much.” said Ron. “Uncle Martin talked about it once.”

_End of dialogue set._

“Why were you happy about that?” said Dr. Clark.

“Cause I won the Foul Filch pool.” said Ron excitedly. “Hermione and Harry had to be witnesses, I ended up winning about fifty galleons!”

“Who started this pool?” asked McGonagall angrily. “And what do you mean by ‘The Foul Filch?’”

“It’s a challenge to find out why he hates the students and to get proof.” said Bill excitedly.

“It’s been around for a long time actually.” said Charlie with a bright smile. “Even before Bill and my’s time.”
“We had the same pool as well.” said Sirius, Remus nodded.

“But, shouldn’t the amount be much higher if that was the case?” said McGongall confusedly.

“Not when the bet is a knut a person.” said Bill with a smile.

“So that means, that it has been a long time, a very long time.” said Dumbledore beaming.

“Yeah, almost every Gryffindor puts money in the pot.” Fred smiled. “Harry was the only one not to.”

“And when someone finally comes up with the proof of why he hates students, they win!” said George.

“For so long, there was no proof, his word doesn’t count.” said Sirius. “Or I’d of won a long time ago.”

“So did anyone come up with a new pool?” asked Remus with a small smile.

“Yeah, the challenge was to find out how old Dumbledore is.” said Fred. “We update that every year.”

“Who won it?” asked Dumbledore his eyes twinkling madly.

“We’re still trying to find that part out.” said George. “Whoever wins, they get about thirty sickles.” said George.

“I had a hundred even.” said Harry. “But I think I remember someone putting down on hundred and thirteen.”

“That was me!” said Dennis eagerly.

“We’ll get you your money later.” said Fred quietly to Dennis.

“You mean you guys were the chosen Keepers of the Challenge?” said Charlie impressed. “I didn’t get to be that.”

“That’s right!” said George importantly. “We were something you weren’t.”

“And I won the challenge, something no one else in our family did.” said Ron importantly.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Nice choice of words.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“I don’t frame anyone.” said Snape angrily.

“Never stopped you during our school days.” said Sirius. “There wasn’t a week you didn’t try and pin the blame on us for something we didn’t do.”
“There was nothing else to talk about.” said Harry. “Nothing else happened at all that month.”

“That couldn’t have helped his mental state.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Mum loves that stuff.” said Charlie with a smile.

“What can’t be taken off with that stuff.” said Bill questioningly.

“Blood or paint.” said Harry matter-of-factly.

“Blood?” said Sirius turning pale.

“Poor Filch.” said Luna sorrowfully.

“You’re the only one to feel sorry for him.” growled George.

“While he doesn’t treat others right, it doesn’t mean that he doesn’t deserve some sympathy for losing his most precious treasure.” said Luna dreamily


“Treasure can be whatever you hold dear to you. My brother, Aberforth, treasures a beautiful portrait of our dear sister, Ariana.” said Dumbledore with a small smile. “It is quite a beautiful painting.”

“Your sister?” asked Ron quickly. Hermione nudged him hard in the ribs.

“We lost her many years ago.” said Dumbledore sadly. “I go to down to visit him when I’m feeling particularly, out of normal character, I gaze at her picture and I feel myself reverting back into the brother she always knew and admired.”

People looked at Dumbledore sadly, not even Remus could look at him skeptically.
“Wow, treasure, that’s not treasure huh?” said Dr. Clark.

“My bunnies are my treasure.” said Lavender happily.

“My broom.” said Draco.

“I’d have to say, my treasure would have to be, my family.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile. The Weasleys all beamed.

“What’s yours, Sir?” asked Dennis eagerly looking up to Dumbledore.

“Mr. Creevey!” scolded McGonagall.

“Quite alright, Minerva. I am here to answer any student’s questions. My treasure would have to be my students.” said Dumbledore brightly, but sending a swift, pointed look over to Harry.

“I don’t think I have one, now that I think about it.” said Sirius pretending to think hard. He slowly moved his hand over to Harry’s neck, brought him into a choke hold and pulled him in close. “I don’t think I like anything in particular. What about you, Harry? Notice anything I’m particularly fond of?”

“Nope, not a clue.” gasped Harry, who smiled largely. Remus and Dr. Clark laughed loudly.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

“Did he succeed in giving someone detention for that.” asked Remus with a snarl.

“He tried, and if they were sent to detention for that, they were just sent to their dorms.” said McGonagall. “I had to send a dozen or so to their houses.”

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“She always tried bringing stray cats into the house.” said Ron with a smile towards his little sister.

“Stray cats don’t do well in houses with a pet rat and an ancient owl.” said Mr. Weasley, giving his daughter a hug, knowing full well why she wasn’t happy, in the book.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Didn’t make her feel any better.” said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“That didn’t help either.” said Ginny sadly.
“Hey, I didn’t know!” whispered Ron after Hermione sent him a glowering look.

“Gee thanks.” said Ron sourly.

“Don’t worry about it, Ron. I was just like that, I got better when I turned seventeen.” said Bill. “I was book smart, but when it came to talking to girls, I was lousy. I had no sensitivity towards women.”

Ron brightened slightly.

“Were you nervous too?” asked Sirius quickly.

“When she gets nervous, she reads even more than normal.” said Harry.

“How can you tell? She’s always reading.” said Ernie.

“Not two books at once.” said Harry fond smile.

“She wasn’t talking, or eating, it was getting scary.” said Ron.

“She was getting as small as I was.” said Harry.

“Oh, we’re you asking?” said Hermione stunned.

“Umm…YEAH!” said Harry and Ron.

“We tried everything we could think of that wouldn’t blow Harry’s cover to try and get you to look and talk to us.” said Ron.
“We even tried one of Ron’s ideas.” said Harry with smile.

“What was that?” asked George.

“Fall down and pretend to have a broken leg.” said Harry with a laugh. “Dead depressing when she wouldn’t even look up from the book.”

“Yeah, Harry screamed and cried and everything. Whole group gathered around, trying to make him feel better. Hermione? She wasn’t fazed at all.” said Ron.

Hermione stammered an apology.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

“If it was the year before, silence would have been a good thing, now it distresses you guys?” said Tonks with a smirk.

“Before, we weren’t used to her, now it’s a bit much to swallow.” said Ron.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Go figure, he couldn’t get you off the team, so he has to do what he can.” said Sirius with a low growl.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Oh come on! That is supposed to be a designated detention chore!” said Sirius angrily. “You can’t do all the tubeworms that a class uses in one free period.”

“He has a point, Severus.” said Professor Flitwick, “You shouldn’t have had him do that on his lunch period.”

“He was messing around.” said Professor Snape defensively.

“What did you do?” said Remus sternly.

“Someone made a jar of tubeworms explode, and it wasn’t me.” said Harry.

“I told you I accidentally did it!” squeaked Neville to Snape.

The staff looked at Neville and turned and stared at Snape slowly.

“Stupid, petty…” mumbled McGonagall. Snape looked uncomfortable he fingered the locket in his pocket.
“Gah!” said Fred grabbing his hair.

“You don’t even have a good enough excuse to go!” said George.

“Homework is a good excuse!” said Hermione shortly

“But it’s not like they’re looking for Nicolas Flamel or something!” said Fred.

“Fine, be that way.” said Tonks turning her nose up. “Why did you just up and run like that?”

Justin looked down and scratched the back of his head.

“What is the point of having a certain length for essay questions, people can write as big as they can get away with?” said Emmeline Vance, she was still trying not to meet Nightstrike’s eyes for fear of blushing nonstop.

“Despite how big people write Emmeline, it is still the challenge of making sure you stay on topic and to explain what you learned.” said Dumbledore brightly.

“It really must’ve sucked to be Harry.” said Ron with a smile.

“What do you mean?” asked Zacharias. “It sucked for everybody, not just him.”

“Yeah, but Harry went through several drafts. He went all out on the first one, and then dumbed down the second one, had me read it, changed it again; read it again, then dragged out the sentences.”

“So how many feet did you write?” asked Anthony with shock in his voice.

“About twelve.” said Harry. “It’s hard to get it right so Ron could understand it.”

The teachers stared at Harry. “Mr. Potter, the next assignment you have, write to the fullest capacity you have.” said Professor McGonagall.

“Yes ma’am.” said Harry shrinking slightly.
“It will be good practice for the W.A.N.D.S test.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Wow, how did you get self-rolling parchment? That’s quality stuff.” said George jealously.

“I borrowed some from Harry.” said Ron.

“If you read Harry’s so many times, how the hell can you be short?” said Fred.

“I already covered what he wrote. I didn’t copy!” said Ron quickly looking over to the teachers. “Just wrote in my own words the common sense stuff he wrote down. But I was wishing I took a better look at his second revision.”

“If it’s for Binns. just turn in what you have, he’s not going to notice any difference.” said Sirius nonchalantly.

**End of dialogue set.**

“How else am I going to write down all I want to.” said Hermione.

“Dumb it down.” said Harry and Ron together.

**Dialogue line.**

“Harry wanted it exactly two feet and eleven and a half inches.” said Ron rolling his eyes.

“So sue me for being a perfectionist with my less than perfect scoring homework.” said Harry with a smirk

**Dialogue line.**

“That would be an impressive feat.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth word.**

“Why did you care?” asked Ron.

“I hate seeing people run away from me. It’s a mite depressing.” said Harry.
“Those two things shouldn’t be put together. You calling someone an idiot and trying to scrape a passing grade.” said Seamus with a laugh.

“‘Rubbish’ is an understatement.” said Sirius.

“Um, normal girls, when they’re pissed, they don’t wanna talk. Not unless you did something wrong.” said Charlie.

“Don’t we know it, but Hermione isn’t all that normal.” said Harry with a smile. “When we do something wrong, she lets us know all about it.”

“And you didn’t bother to tell me you had a copy!” said Hermione pouting.

“Like I said before, you didn’t ask.” said Harry. “If you had asked, you could have had it. And I thought you were going to buy another copy.”

“Why buy a second copy of a book I already have?” said Hermione.

“I have several copies of different books.” said Harry.

“As do I.” said Dumbledore.

“Must have been the first time she ever had to put a waiting list on any book.” said Tonks with a laugh.

“Just goes to show how often you visited the library.” said Charlie with smirk. “She’s always got a book list on something or other.”
“Stuff it.” said Tonks irritably.

End of dialogue set.

“You were better off just not packing those damn books.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’m amazed she didn’t catch on then. I just about slapped my forehead when you answered too fast.” said Ron with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“That is true, *Hogwarts, A History* is the only book that holds the entire legend. Other books merely mention it in passing.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

“That Mr. Weasley, would be considered cheating.” said Professor McGonagall angrily.

“I wasn’t going to cheat, I just wanted to look and see if I missed something.” said Ron quickly.

“You were in the library, there are tons of books.” said Professor Sprout. Ron stammered.

Dialogue line.

“Just like any normal boy, saves it for the last minute.” said Sirius with a bright smile. He looked over to Harry. “Doing it ahead of the deadline’s good too!” he added rapidly, not wishing to hurt is feelings.

“It’s alright.” said Harry. “I know I’m far from normal.”

Dialogue line.

“She won’t do it. Just leave it with the two inches not on.” said Neville with a smile.
“Yeah, Binns won’t notice.” said Seamus.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

“Nothing new.” said Harry and the rest of the Gryffindor house, Ron and Hermione blushed heavily.

**Thirty-first paragraph, first sentence.**


**Thirty-first paragraph, second sentence.**

“Yeah, he’s about as exciting as watching a puddle of the floor dry up.” said Remus.

**Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence.**

“I think he has noticed, it’s either that he cannot remember, or that he simply does not care.” said Dumbledore with a small smile.

**Thirty-first paragraph, fourth sentence, first semi-colon.**

“That is close to what had actually happened.” said Dumbledore. “Only it wasn’t from his armchair, it was from his bed in his office. He passed away during the night. Imagine our shock when he came down to breakfast like that.”

**End of thirty-first paragraph.**

“A true creature of habit.” said Professor Sprout fondly.

**Thirty-second paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“Same damn routine.” said Sirius with a laugh.
“A class cannot be taught like that, it is no wonder we haven’t had an N.E.W.T.S. History of Magic Class, let alone an O.W.L.S. class.” said Professor McGonagall.

“You are right, of course, it is time for a change.” said Dumbledore nodding towards his Deputy and looking with a smile towards Remus.

“Really, she’s never done that?” said Bill amusedly.

“Not in that class.” said Ron and Harry together.

“If I was him, I would be amazed that someone was interested enough to wake up and ask a question.” said Bill.

“There wasn’t a person in there, except for Hermione, that wasn’t drooling on their hands.” said Harry with a laugh.

“We know that, just tell us the stupid legend.” said Fred rolling his eyes.
“Worse memory, ever.” said George shaking his head.

**Dialogue line.**

“She’s got him there.” Professor Sprout whispered to Madam Hooch.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph.**

“That is true, I don’t know of anyone interrupting his monologue.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Probably hasn’t.” muttered George.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Which makes it more appealing to kids.” said Lionus with a smirk.

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

“The look on his face was priceless.” said Ron laughing.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Thirty-ninth paragraph.**

“He was hoping we were bored.” said Dean.

“I hope he doesn’t stop!” said Dr. Clark, leaning forward eagerly. He was excited to learn more, he was the polar opposite of Mr. Weasley, whereas Mr. Weasley was excited over Muggle things and history. Dr. Clark was overeager towards everything magical.
“What was the argument about?” asked Dr. Clark looking over to Dumbledore quickly. “Was it about student selection?”

“It was about Godric wooing and courting a woman with non-magical parents.” said Dumbledore. “Some people say that Slytherin didn’t think the woman was good enough for Gryffindor.”

“Other people say that Slytherin wanted to marry the Muggleborn woman too.” said Harry flipping through his black notebook.

“THAT’S A LIE!” shrieked Pansy.

“Actually, it is becoming more and more plausible, to Magical Historians, that Salazar Slytherin did have affections towards the Muggleborn woman.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

Pansy paled and growled towards the venerable old man.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Why would he build a chamber and not tell anyone about it?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’re like a kid in a museum, asking all sorts of questions and not waiting for the guide to tell you.” said Harry with a smile.

“A kid, huh?” said Dr. Clark with a sneer. “Get over here!” He took Harry by the arm and pulled him over to himself. He reached down behind Harry’s knee and tickled the bend behind Harry’s knees. “You gonna take it back?”

“YES! YES! I’M SORRY! PLEASE!” Harry laughed and screamed all at the same time.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“I’m taking a hint from the name that there is something inside that Chamber.” said Dr. Clark with a worried smile, he was still holding onto Harry.

“Yeah, there is something down there.” said Harry quietly. Dr. Clark gave a small whimper.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

Sirius and Remus coughed out the air they sucked in and looked over to Harry worriedly.

“You better not have gone after it.” said Remus anxiously.

Ginny fidgeted, and Harry bit his lip slightly.

“That doesn’t reassure me one bit I’ll have you know.” said Sirius groaning.
“Wait a minute! If he had a crush on a Muggleborn, why would he create something like that!” yelled a first year Slytherin.

“You don’t need to shout, dear, we can hear you.” said Professor Sprout over to the young girl.

“Salazar created the Chamber yes, but it was his son who placed the monster in there and set up the defenses. The Chamber was originally just supposed to be a place where he could meditate. However, his son decided to, how do you youngsters say? *Amp* up his father’s story.” said Dumbledore.

“Why would he do that?” asked Draco.

“Who knows, perhaps he wanted his father to have a horror story attached to him.” said Hermione thoughtfully.

“Forty-first paragraph.

“He was annoyed that students were actually interested in what he had to say? That’s a little backwards.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

“Dialogue set, third sentence.

“And yet it was found by three young, meager learned students.” said Ron in a giggly whisper.

“End of dialogue set.

“Forty-second paragraph.

“She never gives up.” said Remus with a smile. “Not till she learns everything she can.”

“Dialogue line.

“Dialogue line.

“So when they are talking about heir of Slytherin…they’re talking about the heir of Salazar’s *son*?” said a third year Ravenclaw.

“It is. Salazar did have some grudges against Muggleborns, but I think once he met Godric’s wife to be, Elinia, he lost his prejudices and left broken-hearted.”

“Dialogue line.
“So if he decided to like Muggleborns, why was his son so anti-Muggle?” asked Fred.

Dumbledore shook his head. “He didn’t approve of his father leaving his mother pregnant and going to parts unknown.” said Dumbledore. “Though Salazar did leave the mother of his child with all of his possessions and his money as he left on a soul-searching quest.”

“Wow, poor psychotic guy.” said George shaking his head.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Tell that to the person who wrote the message on the wall.” said Ernie.

Ginny whimpered quietly.

Dialogue line.

“Not really.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Someone with a particular talent could find it.”

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“Not even close.” said Seamus with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Harry flinched slightly.

Remus saw this, but was confused as to the reason why.

Dialogue line.

“So you couldn’t find it?” asked Dr. Clark.

“No, I was unable to find it. However, it was found in the end.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.
“I’ve never pushed him so far to have him ticked.” said Sirius.

“That’s because you always fell asleep five minutes into the class.” said Remus snidely.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“So you looked for something only based on legend, Sir?” asked Anthony in shock.

“I have investigated many different things that were merely mentioned in tales and legends.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile. “Four out of ten tales were proven to be true and vast treasures and magical knowledge were gained. So it is best to not disregard a chance to learn something new.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Forty-fourth paragraph.**

“Every head had just fallen and hit the desks.” said Hermione with a smirk. “Ron had a slight dent in his head from falling so hard.”

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Salazar wasn’t crazy, his son was though.” said Harry with a smile.

**End of dialogue set.**

“To be honest so would I.” said Fred and George together.

“My mother wasn’t happy when I told her something close to what Ron said.” said Sirius.

**Forty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“We wouldn’t have taken you anyway Granger.” sneered Pansy. “It would be a disgrace to our house to have a filthy Muggleborn sleeping there.”

As people shouted and defended Hermione, Harry slipped his foot underneath the bowl. He nudged his foot towards the knapsack tucked away and pulled it slowly forward.

The moment that a third year sat down and the path was clear from Harry to Pansy, he kicked the bag into the air, reached into the open knapsack and pulled out a small balloon. He threw it at Pansy and before she could raise her wand to stop it, it exploded a centimeter away from her nose.
When the smoke cleared, her friends and fellow housemates noticed that Pansy’s pink face, was now covered in black slime.

“What did you DO, Potter!” screeched Pansy.

“It’s sort of obvious what I did, but what will be more amusing, is you trying to get that stuff off.” said Harry with a wicked grin and leaning back in the bowl satisfied.

Pansy pulled and tugged at the slime coating her face but all it did was snap back onto her skin and caused her to let out a shriek.

“Get this off me!” screamed Pansy and glaring as best she could over to Harry, but had a hard time, due to the slime dangling from her eyelashes.

“There is nothing I can do about taking that stuff off, you’re stuck like that. Least for the next fifty-seven hours.” said Harry grinning happily. “Though it will get worse before it gets better.”

“How? Tell me!” demanded Pansy.

“And ruin the surprise? That wouldn’t be nearly as fun.” sneered Harry.

“PROFESSOR!” shrieked Pansy.

“I didn’t see a thing, best go to the bathroom, Miss Parkinson, you have something on your face.” said Snape coldly. Pansy looked between Harry and Snape than ran as fast as she could out of the room.

“Shall we continue?” drawled Snape. Sirius stared at Snape with shock and surprise.

“Did he just go along with what you did to Pansy.” said Sirius in disbelief.

“He did.” said Harry with a smile towards the Potions teacher, who ignored him completely.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

“Were you sick, Mr. Potter?” asked Madam Pomfrey quickly.

“Sort of.” said Harry stuffing the knapsack back under the bowl.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“Harry, you really shouldn’t have been worrying about that. It’s pretty often that some students fit into just one house.” said Dumbledore kindly. “I was placed in Gryffindor and yet I could have been easily placed into three separate houses.”


“No, Mr. McClaggan. Ravenclaw, Gryffindor and Slytherin.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
No one moved from shock.

“You have got to be kidding me.” said Sirius in a whisper, his eyes wide.

“It is true, I am what is considered a Pureblood and in my younger days, I wouldn’t be considered an approachable person. I was more into my learning and improving my skills and connections and spreading my name to the far corners of the world. I, in what seems to be in every sense, the complete opposite of you, dear boy.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile over to Harry.

“What?” asked Harry stunned.

“You relish your friends and the time you spend with them. I was only interested in accelerating my learning and forsaking all those around me. I would maintain a decent relationship with my fellow students. But no more than what would have been deemed mildly polite.

“But since then, I have developed friendships with my old schoolmates, to make up for lost time.” said Dumbledore, his warm smile turning to a sorrowful one.

Hermione stared at Dumbledore, but shook her head and bravely went on with the reading.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You mean to tell me that people were starting to say that Harry was the heir?” said Remus his mouth agape.

“His family tree isn’t a direct line from Slytherin! At the most he’s like a one hundred and twenty-fifth cousin, four times removed!” said Sirius irritably.

“Actually, I’m a little closer related to him than that.” said Harry.

“Hey, I’m trying to defend you here.” said Sirius clapping a hand to Harry’s mouth.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Were you going to go and defend Harry’s honor?” asked Dr. Clark with a smile.

“I still want to smack who ever started that rumor.” said Hermione angrily.

“What can a girl do?” sneered Zacharias.

“She can hit real hard.” said Draco rubbing his cheek.
Remus gave Harry a reassuring hug. “Anyone with some sense knows you aren’t the heir.”

“That’s true. Just look at what happened this year. All the lives you saved, and they believe the person who didn’t even witness what had happened.” said Hermione bitterly.

“Did you and Harry have any ideas at that time?” asked Hermione sternly.

“Nope.” said Harry and Ron. “Not a clue. And if we had any idea, we would have told you.”

“You were border lining, freaking out.” said Ron.

“You kids don’t need to be there. You were traumatized enough for one year.” said Emmeline.

“Get out of there. You don’t really want to be seen in there.” said Bill anxiously.

“On your hands and knees?” said Tonks in shock.
“James taught him to examine every little piece of information.” said Dr. Clark.

“Never leave a clue unfound.” said Harry with a fond smile.

Dialogue line.

“You can find scorch marks on a wall? And a brick wall to boot?” said Kingsley highly impressed.

Both Lionus and Moody grinned excitedly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Ron twitched nervously.

“It’s okay.” said Hermione soothingly to Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fred started to smile, but was soundly slapped on the back of his head. He looked up and saw both his brother Charlie and his mother.

“You owe him a large apology.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Yes, Mum. Sorry Ron.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“That’s not funny Miss Granger.” said McGonagall sternly.

“I’m sorry, Ron.” said Hermione quietly.
“And he had to stay home instead of going to London that day.” said Mr. Weasley, sending a rare scowl to his third youngest son.

Dr. Clark shivered, “You’re making me arachnophobic.”

Ron glared at Hermione, who stared intently at the floor.

“You don’t miss a thing don’t you?” said Nightstrike with a smile.

“How could I miss it? I ruined my favorite pair of hand knitted socks.” said Harry miserably. “Now they can only fit a small baby doll.”

“Good eyes, you remember that, despite the shocking scene that laid before you.” said Moody nodding approvingly.

Ron smiled brightly.

“What’s the matter?” asked Remus.

“Aw! Isn’t that cute?” cooed Sirius. Remus cuffed him sharply.
“That would keep me out of there.” said Sirius.

“Sure it would.” said Remus rolling his eyes.

“Mrs. Granger!” said Professor Sprout in shock.

Hermione blushed and shuffled her feet.

“So why doesn’t anyone clean that bathroom?” asked Remus.

“Every time we try, the bathroom is destroyed within two hours.” said Dumbledore. “Not even protective charms can prevent the damage.

“Thank god.” said Harry and Ron.

“I beg your pardon.” said Hermione indignantly.

“Us? As girls? We like our attempt at a simple life, thank you.” said Harry.

“Can you imagine going through that once a month thing?” whispered Ron smiling wickedly.

“I’m afraid I’d have to shoot you.” said Harry with faked seriousness.

“No one in their right mind would believe you.” said Remus shaking his head.
Sixty-second paragraph.

“And that’s just a part of the reason.” said Sirius with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I wasn’t lying technically, I mouthed it, I didn’t whisper it.” said Harry with a small smile.

Dialogue line.

“No one ever said she didn’t have feelings.” said Ginny.

“She tends to hear things that go unsaid.” said Luna softly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She really likes drama, doesn’t she?” said Fred quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Wow, Harry, you must be the first person to get a straight answer out of her.” said Luna with a dreamlike smile. “She must really like you.”

Ron snorted.

End of dialogue set

Dialogue line.

“That’s not helpful.” said a majority of the school.
“Hit the deck.” said Sirius holding onto Harry with a small smile.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“She splashed you with toilet water? That’s nasty.” said Sirius pushing Harry away slightly.

“Beats drinking out of it.” said Harry nastily.

“Ooh! Burn!” said Fred and George excitedly.

“I’m going to get you for that!” said Sirius laughingly.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

“What happened now?” said Remus worriedly.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“What worse than I thought.” said Sirius with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Brother dear, I’ve got a secret to tell you.” said Charlie in a high pitched voice.

Fred and George snorted loudly. “When did you get to be so funny?”

“I’ve always been funny, I just don’t show it.” said Charlie with a mischievous smile.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Percy looked over to his mother the back of his neck turned a faint pink.
“You looked like a giant red haired bird.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Nice to know that you believe us.” said Ron bitterly.

“Did he?” asked Bill.

“He overheard me talking to Fred and George and tried to be the voice of reason.” said Ginny.

“Excited? You picked the word excited?” said Ginny angrily. “I was freaking and so was all the other Gryffindor first years and you describe it as excited?”

“Well…I…” stuttered Percy, but fell silent.

Mrs. Weasley looked between her two children, who stared at each other.

“Boys…knock it off.” said Mr. Weasley sternly. Both boys looked down and away.

“That hurts.” said Fred.

“No fair, dragging her into this, least not this early in the fight.” said George.

Both young men smirked.
Percy looked down hurtfully.

“You brought it on yourself.” said Charlie shortly.

“Bad day for Ron.” said George.

“You have no idea, I was almost done with it.” said Ron.

Several students laughed loudly.

“Wow, Harry, you’re funnier than hell.” said Fred.

“It scared me.” said Harry with a fond smile.

“I thought she lost her mind.” said Ron.

“We know where he’s going with it.” said George with a nod to his brother.
“Who else? At the time anyway.” said Lee, looking over at the paled face of Draco.

Dialogue line
Draco looked over to Ron, with the beginnings of a scowl on his face.

Dialogue line
“You don’t believe he could be it?” said Moody thoughtfully.
“His doesn’t have the brains to be behind it.” said Hermione, not looking at Draco.

Dialogue line
“We aren’t his descendants.” said Draco seriously. “But I can’t argue with the part about my father.” he finished silently.

Professor Snape heard his whispers and patted Draco on the back.

Dialogue line
“You’re grasping at straws.” said Lionus with a smile.

Dialogue line
Dialogue line
Dialogue line
“You didn’t buy it did you?” said Sirius with a smirk.
“I was out of options, I was willing to eliminate people.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set.
“Sounds like she’s already got a plan.” said Remus thoughtfully.
“Funny, you should have mentioned a month.” said Hermione with a smirk.

“What are you driving at?” asked Dr. Clark.

“What?” asked Draco dumbfounded.

“Good luck with that.” said Neville with a smile.

“Oh, really?” asked Hermione with a smug look.

“Impossible for two twelve year olds, with only two years of magical learning under their belts.” said Harry.

The adults gasped and Snape stared fixedly at Hermione, Ron and Harry.

“Where do you kids think you are going to get it?” asked Remus.

“We were going to make it!” said Hermione happily.

“I wouldn’t be happy if I were you.” growled Snape. Hermione shrunk back and looked down.

“You both knew about it, after all didn’t you!” said Hermione angrily.

“Well…” said Ron tenderly.

“I would hope that listening to me in Potions class would be the most important thing.” said Snape with an irritated voice.
Several Gryffindors gagged horribly.

“You kids really plan on taking Polyjuice and sneaking into the Slytherin common room?” said Tonks impressed.

“That would be a nightmare.” said Sirius shuddering.

“It is very hard. You must have a teacher’s permission to get that particular book out of the Restricted Section.” said Dumbledore.

“Correct.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Another sage thought. Very good Mr. Weasley.” said Dumbledore happily.

“Not likely.” said McGonagall tapping her foot.
End of chapter.

“Go to Lockhart.” said Sirius and Remus together.
As they ate lunch, Professor Snape continued to scowl at the three fifth years. Hermione and Ron cringed slightly under his gaze, but Harry calmly sipped his tea and ate large spoonfuls of treacle tart.

“Severus, if the wind changes, your face is going to stay that way.” said Dumbledore with a smile as he bit into a corned-beef sandwich.

“You don’t seem to understand, Headmaster, that in order to make that potion…” said Snape angrily.

“To make that potion, you need ingredients that can only be found in your private storeroom, and not even an apothecary would stock them normally.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Yes, I am well aware of it.”

“How can you smile? They could seriously hurt themselves with that potion!” asked Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

“I know that nothing truly awful happens. I would have been notified, despite Madam Pomfrey’s ‘No questions’ policy. In the case of potion experiments, and disastrous results, she tells me, so I may acquire the necessary potions that aren’t readily available to her.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile, taking a quick look over to Hermione.

“Why not ask Professor Snape to make the potions?” asked Draco.

“He’s detention happy.” said all the other teachers together in unison.

“Who’d like to read it now?” asked Professor McGonagall levitating the book and quickly changing the subject.

“I will.” said Bill with a smile. He took the book and read the title to himself. His face paled, “What…?”

Tenth Chapter

“The what? How can a Bludger go rouge?” said Sirius in a stunned whisper. “They’re protected by massive charms, especially school ones.”

“He should know, he tried getting a few to club the Slytherin team when James was out sick.” said Remus.
“I would rather forget that happened.” said Remus covering his eyes.

“Thank bloody goodness.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

“I think the live creatures were better.” said Remus.

“I agree.” muttered Harry.

“Say what?” said Remus stunned.

“That was an understatement.” said Dean. “The first time he called you up to screech like a banshee, I thought you were going to throw him through the window.”

“It crossed my mind.” said Harry bitterly.

“So he brought you to the front of the class to screech?” asked Sirius in disbelief.

“I pretended to be sick and left the room.” said Harry. “I couldn’t get out of the other times, not without trying at least.”

“That’s my boy.” said Sirius throwing an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

“Normally, I don’t like students skivvying off classes, but in this case: Dodge all the lessons you can.” said Remus sternly.

Sirius stared in amazement at his old friend. “Who are you and what did you to the responsible one of the group?”

“What did he make you do?” asked Professor McGonagall.

“Babble like an idiot and then later fall down dead in his arms.” said Harry.
“WHAT?” said Sirius and Remus in alarm.

“What were you thinking?” shouted Dr. Clark.

“It’s in his *storybook*,” said Harry with a grim look. “He ‘cured’ the villager but the young man died, from another illness.”

“No!” said Remus quickly holding his hands up in defense. The balls of light had erupted from the book. “I don’t want to see it!”

Seconds later, they found themselves in the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom. Lockart was crouching about the room and while doing so, was telling the students what he was doing and what he had experienced in the past. They looked over to the teacher’s desk and saw Harry leaning against it, with a bored look on his face.

“And once I found the Calypso leaf, I turned to go back to the village, to cure that poor unfortunate young man. But when I turned, I came face to face with a gigantic troll!” said Lockhart dramatically.

The girls, in the desks were hanging onto his every word, as for most of the boys, and the Watchers, they groaned quietly and shook their heads slightly.

“It took me a whole twenty minutes to defeat that monstrosity. I continued on running towards the village. I managed to make it to the village, when I thought I had just made it. The clock… struck…” said Lockhart pausing for dramatic flair.

“What’s so important about a clock?” said Sirius.

“In the book, he had exactly one hour to find the Calypso leaf. Once the clock struck, the young man died.” said Hermione.

“Alright Harry now come staggering out of your house.” said Lockhart, a smile on his face.

The younger Harry slightly rolled his eyes, and began to stagger slightly to the left. “No, towards me.” said Lockhart encouragingly. Begrudgingly, Harry staggered towards the man. “Then, he fell down to the ground, but I caught him before he could hit.” said Lockhart falling down on one knee. “Come on Harry, you won’t hit the ground I’ll catch you.”

“You won’t be living much longer if *I* catch you.” mumbled Remus darkly.

“Trust me.” said Lockhart.

“*Don’t* trust him!” said Remus.

Harry fell to his knees and laid rigid in Lockhart’s arms. “Relax Harry, he wasn’t that stiff. He gave a great shuddering breath (little more than that, there you go.) and died.” said Lockhart, still holding Harry. “And that is what I consider my greatest failure, and the most tragic loss of life.”

Younger Harry stood up quickly and sat in his chair. The balls of light left their bodies and they found themselves in the Great Hall once again.

“I’m going to kill him, seven different ways if I can.” muttered Remus under his breath as he sat back down in the bowl.
“What did he do to you this time?” asked Remus tapping his fingers irritably.
“I had to act all stuffed up. Then try and be upset when he left.” said Harry with a smirk.
“Yeah, Harry couldn’t grasp the sad part. He cheered when Lockhart turned and left the room.”
“Had to pretend that I misheard him, when he came back in and told me off.” said Harry the smirk on his face deepening.

“I take it you didn’t have to die for this one either?” asked Kingsley, getting as irritable as the men in the bowl.
“No, but he did pick me up and throw me.” said Harry.
“HE WHAT?” shouted the adults.
“First time he tried, Harry kicked him in the groin. Never heard a guy scream that loud before.” said Ron with a laugh. “Class was canceled till the next day. Harry had to say that it was instinct and he was sorry.”
“I was, sorry that I didn’t do it sooner.” said Harry, his smirk turning into a devilish grin.
“Don’t smile like that, you’re scaring me.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

“Hauled?” asked Tonks.
“Yeah, he took me by the wrist and told me he wanted to reenact another part.” said Harry.
“Why didn’t you tell him to buzz off?” asked Nightstrike.
“I needed to keep him in a good mood.” said Harry.

“And what was supposed to be wrong with this werewolf?” asked Remus, still tapping his fingers, but strangely had a slight smile on his face.
“Harry had to pretend to go nuts.” said Ron with a smile. “Worst decision Lockhart made in class.”
“What makes you say that?” asked Sirius.

“He overturned Lockhart’s desk with a kick and slammed a chair into the window. It was hilarious.”

“It backfired, Lockhart loved it.” said Hermione. “He loved the ‘raw energy’.”

“Raw energy? I could have gone without hearing that.” said Dr. Clark turning pale.

“I’ll kill him. I swear, I’ll kill him.” muttered Remus.

End of second paragraph.

“Refuse anyway, don’t get near him!” said Remus.

“Nice to know Harry’s a user.” said Lee.

Harry paled, his mouth agape.

“I was kidding.” said Lee quickly.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first dash.

“Care to repeat that performance?” asked Nightstrike.

Harry looked at Remus quickly, who smiled and nodded. He rolled his eyes and sighed, but he howled loudly, several people laughed including, Nightstrike and Remus.

“He’s got promise!” said Nightstrike laughing hard. “He’d make a good werewolf.”

Dialogue set, first sentence, third dash.

The laughter died away instantly.

“He didn’t!” shouted McGonagall.

“Yeah, Harry didn’t expect him to actually jump him like that. It sort of took him by surprise.” said Lavender.

“It was sort of scary, We thought that Professor Lockhart killed him.” said Hermione.

“Till he groaned and told Lockhart to get off, Lockhart didn’t hear him telling him to get off.” said Ron angrily. “Harry walked sort of stiff afterwards.”

“Did he hurt you?” asked Dumbledore. “Did you go to Madam Pomfrey?”

“No he did some weird thing with his back.” said Hermione. “He took a hold of a pillar and twisted his torso. It was really gross hearing his back crack like that.”
“Sorry, but I told you to walk ahead and talk loudly.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, first sentence, sixth dash.

“How did he hold you down?” asked Dr. Clark angrily.

“His hand was on Harry’s throat.” said Hermione with a squeak.

“I’m going to kill him before any of you have a chance.” said Dumbledore viciously.

“Can we at least watch?” asked Sirius.

Dialogue set, first sentence, sixth dash, first comma.

“Where was that hand?” asked Remus quickly.

“Getting his wand.” said Harry.

“By wand…”

“Don’t go there.” said Harry to Remus sternly. “He didn’t touch me.”

“Oh he touched you, just not the way that I’m dreading.” said Remus.

Dialogue set, first sentence, seventh dash.

“Oh, I’ll put my wand to his throat, if he wants to do that to a student.” said McGonagall. angrily.

Fred and George leaned away. “I forgot how scary she can be.” said Fred.

Dialogue set, first sentence, seventh dash, seventh word.

“His full strength isn’t enough to even snap a twig.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, first sentence, eighth dash.

“The what?” asked Kingsley.

“Is there such a thing?” asked Tonks.

“This is starting to concern me.” said Lionus thoughtfully.
“Why?” asked a third year Slytherin.

“So far he’s mentioned the Transmogrifian Torture and now this, another spell that normal people shouldn’t know about. I might have little chat with this Lockhart, soon.” said Lionus.

“Good luck with that.” muttered Harry.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, ninth dash.**

“It didn’t sound like it was piteous, more like ‘fine I’ll do it just get off me’ moan.” said Ron with a laugh.

“Now that we’ve heard you moan piteously.” said Hermione tearfully. “I don’t want to hear you do it again.”

**Dialogue set, first sentence, eleventh dash.**

“Well isn’t he picky.” said George.

**Dialogue set, end of first sentence.**

“That is not is not all that the spell does.” said Nightstrike darkly. “It doesn’t just turn the person back into human, it kills them when the next full moon come.”

Remus paled and Sirius gasped.

“At least it’s hard to do right?” said Ron with a nervous laugh.

“It is, even the most powerful wizards are sometimes incapable of performing it.” said Tempest.

“We centaurs are more adept into using it than you are.” said Firenze.

“We use it as a last resort if werewolves come too close to our villages.” said Tempest. “I have, thankfully, never had to use it.”

“I’ve used it twice.” said Frienze quietly. “There was a pair of them after a few of our foals. I had no choice.”

Tempest sent him a small smile.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Ever notice that the books never say the name of the village.” said Harry with a smirk, though leaning heavily against Remus, in response to what the Rangers had said. Remus noticing Harry’s
weight on his arm, brought him into a tight one armed hug.

**Third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“A poem? For Defense Against the Dark Arts class?” said Remus in disbelief.

“Who won that?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Believe it or not, Harry won it.” said Hermione with a smile.

“You…did…what?” said the adults in the Great Hall.

“Tell me she is lying.” said Sirius begging Harry.

“Sorry.” said Harry embarrassed.

“Tell me you didn’t praise him.” said Remus leaning away from Harry.

“He didn’t even mention him once. It wasn’t even a poem, it was more like…like a song.” said Hermione wistfully.

“How did it go?” asked Dr. Clark slowly.

“You think I remember the entire thing?” asked Harry.

“I wrote it down somewhere…” said Hermione digging through her bag.

“Hermione…” said Ron, trying to tell her Harry didn’t want it read.

“Got it!” said Hermione holding it up. She handed it over to the bowl, Dr. Clark handed it to Sirius who held it out for all three of them to read.

“Wow, this is pretty good.” said Remus looking down at Harry.

“I’m amazed it won, it doesn’t mention Dazzle Gums anywhere, just the fear and the pleads of the people.” said Sirius.

**Fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“What do you kids have planned?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“They’re going to ask Lockhart for his signature.” said Sirius with a broad smile.

“How can they justify getting that book for a Defense class?” asked Kingsley.
“Any normal teacher you would be sunk.” said Moody with a gnarled grin. “But with this idiot, any lie will do.”

Fifth paragraph.

“Good thing you two were, I don’t think I ever would have asked him.” said Hermione.

“Hell, just leave a piece of blank parchment on his desk, he’ll sign it.” said Ron sourly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Not a good thing to stammer when you want to get one over on someone.” said Kingsley.

“Oh, hell, he probably thought she was another nervous fan.” said Fred.

“I was.” said Hermione quietly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“You noticed that?” said Hermione anxiously.

“I didn’t see it.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

“Well, that is a plausible lie.” said Kingsley approvingly.

“If the slow acting poisons were in that book.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Oh no, that wasn’t the right book! The venom is talked about in Holidays with Hags!” screeched Hermione “Oh, no!”

“Trust me, I don’t think he noticed.” said Bill with a laugh, reading on.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“His favorite book and yet he doesn’t know what is in it?” said George with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.
“Yeah, it made a lovely fire.” said Fred.

“Made great tissues too.” said Lee.

**Dialogue line.**

“Huh?” asked Dr. Nicodemus. “What is that girl going on about?”

“Apparently he can trap a ghoul in a tea strainer.” said Lionus.

“I know someone who had done that actually. But it most definitely was not him.” said Tempest.

“I would dearly love to hear more about what you do.” said Firenze quietly.

“Well…it’s Nightstrike’s turn to stand guard, we could go out to that lake and have a talk.” said Tempest with a smile.

“I’d love that.” said Firenze, blushing slightly.

“We can kiss our little filly goodbye.” said Lionus quietly with a smirk.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.**

“Hermione turned bright red.” said Ron with a smile; he dodged a hard smack by Hermione.

**End of dialogue set.**

“I almost had to leave the room to get sick.” said Ron.

**Sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“You believe? Do you remember another Quidditch match happening that year?” asked Charlie.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Useful? Is he nuts?” asked a third year Ravenclaw.
“Oh, he was not.” said Sirius. “He couldn’t even get a job as a towel boy for the team.”

“Not that he didn’t try out for the Seeker position, he couldn’t even fly straight on a broom.” said Remus. “And as for seeing a Snitch, the Hufflepuff captain didn’t even want to waste his time.”

“The only reason he wanted to be a Seeker, was so he could go up against James.” said Sirius. “I swear, he was a borderline stalker.”

“The National Squads only take the best fliers, they don’t bother with amateurs.” said Charlie. “I’ll bet that you get recruited.” he added looking over at Harry.

“They’d be stupid not to.” said Sirius proudly.

“Yeah, and I dedicated my life to be a Horklump breeder.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Now, I’m sure he wanted to try something.” said Remus snarling towards the book.

“Are you kidding?” said Fred in disgust.

“Less able? He’s the best!” shouted George.

“Good, don’t egg him onto a conversation, get out of there, you don’t need any help from him.” said Remus.
“That’s because he’s an idiot.” said Dr. Clark.

“And who cares, you got what you needed, ditch the twerp and get the book.” said Charlie.

“Amen!” said Dr. Clark and Charlie

“Yes he is.” said Remus and Sirius.

Professor Flitwick held a laugh, while Professor Snape snorted quietly.

“Now, now! She was a beautiful woman years ago.” said Professor Vector.

“A century is a long time ago.” mumbled Sirius.

“Why the hell not?” asked Bill looking up from the book.

“It was his autograph.” said George in a cutesy voice.

“Bet Madam Pince loved having something thrust at her.” said Remus with a chuckle.

“I’ll bet she doesn’t believe you got it straight from Lockhart. She might think you forged it.” said Sirius.

“Why would she think that?” asked Colin.
“Cause we did it.” said Sirius. “Forging Professor Slughorn’s wasn’t as easy as it looked.”

Ninth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Sort of hard to say it’s a forgery when it has his purple sparkly ink.” asked Ron.

“That is true.” said McGonagall thoughtfully.

Ninth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Seriously, no one uses that ink but him.” said Ron.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“You’d think that with all the psychotic love she has for her books, they wouldn’t get moldy.” said Fred.

“They were moldy before she got here.” said McGonagall defending her longtime colleague.

“Were books invented before she got here?” asked George in a whisper.

End of ninth paragraph.

“Would have been fine, if she hadn’t been sprinting almost on and off.” said Ron with a smirk.

“You kept looking back and biting your lip.” said Harry to Ron. “And jumping whenever someone came too close.”

“Oh…” said Ron sheepishly, while Hermione giggled. “And I don’t figure you’d teach us how to get away with stuff like this huh?” he said looking at Harry.

“No. I won’t even pass on what I do to my kids. Let alone friends.” said Harry with a smile.

“Might come in handy Potter.” said Moody absently. “Teaching them those skills might not be a bad idea.”

“ALASTOR!” shouted McGonagall and Mrs. Weasley.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Really?” said Sirius. “You’re going to stay in the girl’s bathroom, with an overly sensitive ghost?”
“You guys are nuts.” said Fred shaking his head at Ron, Harry and Hermione.

“Her idea.” said Harry and Ron, pointing at Hermione.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“So you guys go right in there and to hold a meeting? What is wrong with an old unused classroom, or a broom cupboard?” said Remus.

“What would you think happened in a broom cupboard if a boy and a girl came out of a broom cupboard.” whispered Dr. Clark.

“Forget the broom cupboard idea.” said Sirius and Remus loudly. Ron, Hermione and Harry looked at them in confusion, but then it hit them. Three faces burned fiercely.

End of tenth paragraph.

“Nice mutual relationship.” said Anthony with a smirk.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“And that is why it isn’t for twelve year old’s eyes.” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence, second comma, twelfth word.

“That would be the Vivsectio potion, it has several unpleasant uses.” said Professor Snape calmly. “For wizards who wish to find out how the body works, or to torture a person mercilessly.”

Several people gulped loudly.

End of eleventh paragraph.

“That one is the Apendius potion. It’s a cursed potion, the arms reach down and strangle the victim.” said Snape thoughtfully. More people were starting to become frightened.

Dialogue set.

“It isn’t just imagination.” said Kingsley, Moody, Ron, Harry and Hermione.
“Of course it is. Being able to turn into different people is a powerful and dangerous ability. Not to mention, sometimes unlawful.” said Lionus with a small smile. “And I would hope that a Polyjuice Potion looks complicated to a second year.”

“That sort of explains where all your healing potions came from, you just used the student storecupboard.” said Ron.

Harry smiled and nodded. “It’s a good thing I always replenish my stock when I come to school.”

Remus looked at Harry quickly, “You make it sound like you get hurt a lot.”

“Ugh, I still can’t seem to get my mouth shut.” groaned Harry.

“Oh, that stuff’s not too hard to get, it’s just in Slughorn’s storeroom.” said Sirius shrugging.

“We’ve nicked stuff from in there all the time.”

“That’s Snape’s storeroom now.” said Neville.

“Now you have a problem.” said Sirius.

“GROSS!” shouted the students loudly as they gagged.

More people gagged and cringed in their chairs. Crabbe sat in his usual stupor, not even following what is going on.
“You’re more worried about something else? What the hell could that be?” asked Sirius holding his stomach.

“Why the heck not? You steal….?” said Colin excitedly, but his voice dropped off when Harry glared fiercely at him. Behind him, a window cracked.

“I take what people, who own the stuff, want me to take. Then I take it right back in the morning, with a detailed reconnaissance report.” said Harry, his voice rippling with anger. “I…do…not…steal!”

“We know you don’t cub.” said Sirius pulling Harry closer to him. “We know, he just chose his words wrong.”

“So did you go and get the stuff, Harry?” asked Fred carefully.

“No, someone else volunteered, I don’t know if I could have gotten away with it.” said Harry calming down.

“So that is where those ingredients went to.” said Snape gritting his teeth.

“This is a good time to remind the teachers that whatever the students do, they cannot be punished for.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Doesn’t stop it from happening to me.” said Draco feeling his backside.

“That is different. I wasn’t punishing you as a teacher, but as a Godfather.” said Snape sternly.

“You’re his what?” asked Ron in shock.

“He’s my Godfather.” said Draco. Ron stared.

“So why do you stop me from punishing you for almost dying and other things?” asked Remus, looking at Harry, deciding to take the ball and running with it.

Harry sighed. “Let’s put it this way, I’m beginning to think of you guys as parental figures, and well, I haven’t had much experience with... endearing parental guidance. When you say that I’m in trouble, I tend to think immediately of getting the crap beaten out of me.” said Harry.

“I would never hurt you Harry! None of us would! You have to believe us!” cried Remus anxiously.

“Me becoming trusting doesn’t happen overnight.” said Harry shaking his head. “I’ll lean on you guys, and play around, but when it comes to discipline, I’m a little wary.” said Harry.

Remus, Sirius, and Dr. Clark looked down shamefully, so did most of the adults.

“Enough of this discipline talk.” said Harry quickly. “How about if I give something to look forward to tonight? I’ll make an all Knickerbocker Glories for dessert, I’ll even make you an all chocolate one?” asked Harry with a sly smile looking at Remus.
Remus’s head snapped back quickly. “Sounds good to me!”

“Us too!” asked Sirius laughing. “Can you make an all cherry one? I’m a cherry freak.” he said in a whisper.

“I can make them any way you want.” said Harry with a grin.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Does Harry even know how to act chicken?” asked Fred.

“Harry isn’t afraid of anything!” said Dennis excitedly.

“Oh, trust me, he’s got his fears.” said Remus ruffling the teen’s hair.

“First you bring up the subject of grounding, now your acting all kind and loving? Way to send mixed messages mate.” said Sirius with a laugh.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Brings to mind the look on your face from the last pleasant Recollection Scroll.” said Dumbledore brightly. “Like a bird, ready to take flight.”

“I thought he looked like a horse ready to race.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first comma.

“You make it sound like the boys don’t even give a damn.” said Angelina.

End of dialogue set.

“Aw, come on, that’s hitting below the belt.” said George.

“And I would have been pissed off. All that work, tolerating Lockhart’s play acting, if she took that book back…” Harry released a breath of air. “I would tell her just how I wasn’t exactly happy with her.”

“Have you ever seen Hermione pale like that?” said Lavender, whispering to Parvati.

“You haven’t been yelled at by him yet.” said Fred shaking slightly.
“I don’t think anyone could deny you that request.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“A month?” said Colin in disbelief.

“Wow, the heir could wipe out half the Muggleborns in the school by that time!” said Charlie.

“You two dating yet?” asked Sirius nastily.

Ron and Hermione blushed heavily.

“Didn’t want Percy to catch us again.” said Ron.

“That is true.” said Sirius. “Save a whole month’s time, but then again, according to you and Malfoy, he isn’t behind it.”

A few third years looked around in shock. Harry Potter was nervous? Before a game?
“Yeah, but you’ve got much better people on those brooms.” said Bill.

“Wow, all you guys were getting nervous.” said Dr. Clark with a kind smile.
“Good thing we didn’t eat much.” said Fred.
“Wouldn’t have lasted past the Greenhouses.” said George.

“Not good flying conditions.” said Charlie.
“Not with the thunder at least.” said Remus. “Where there’s thunder…”
“There is lightning.” said Sirius patting Harry’s head and running a finger over the scar.
“Get off.” said Harry shoving the arm away.
“His scolding voice does sound like thunder if you think about it.” said George quietly to Fred

“Too much talk, not enough pep.” said the veteran players of Gryffindor.

“Every kind of weather but a tornado and hurricane.” said Fred.

“They can’t, that’s the best choice they’ve got for a Seeker, everyone else sucks.” said Fred.
“What? Does he have a thing for you?” asked Neville with a smile.

“No, he just gets overdramatic when it comes to first Quidditch games of the year.” said Fred.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“He did not just say that to the most selfless person in the world.” said Sirius clapping a hand to eyes.

“He did, After the game, he got to say hello to a black eye.” said George.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“You know, I wanted you to take Wood’s words as a joke.” said Fred his ever present smile changing to a scowl.

“Something tells me this game doesn’t go well.” said Sirius worriedly.

“Gee you think?” said George.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma

“Heck, they’ll cheer for anyone who isn’t in Slytherin, and if they aren’t playing.” said Tonks and Emmeline Vance.

Nineteenth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“It’s easy to hear, because they cast a Sonorous Charm.” said Lee.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

“I think we’ll have to switch to bows.” said Madam Hooch.

“But then they’d try and head butt each other.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue line.
“And he’s on last year’s broom and beats the rest of you up into the air.” said Sirius smugly.

“Stupid show-off.” said one of the Slytherin first year girls.

“Say what?” said Charlie in shock. “Bludgers are supposed to start flying around after the games been playing for at least a minute.”

“Seriously?” asked Dean.

“Yeah, it’s supposed let you get into position before you start having to dodge them.” said Charlie.

“That’s a close one.” said Remus, gripping Harry’s shoulder.

“Well, at least George is there to keep them away from you.” said Mrs. Weasley sighing with relief.

“SOMEONE TAMPERED WITH THAT THING!” shouted Remus and Sirius together.

“Tell me someone stopped the game!” shouted Charlie.

Madame Hooch shuffled nervously.

“I’m going to take that as a ‘no’. ” said Remus weakly
The men in the bowl cringed and held onto Harry tightly. Mrs. Weasley held onto her husband tightly and whimpered into his shoulder.

“There’s no escaping that thing!” shouted Sirius.

“Why did you pause?” asked Sirius.

“Don’t tell me…it hit him?” said Remus weakly.

“No, he didn’t get hit.” said Bill reading on quickly.

“Thank goodness!” said Remus.

“Alright!” shouted Sirius.

“Oh crap.” said Sirius worriedly.

“So you really were holding back your speed.” said Fred in an awed whisper.

“Ouch, that sucks.” said Charlie.

“Wait! It’s not a fair game! That Bludger’s nuts!” said Sirius.
“And no one stopped the game.” said Remus looking over to Madam Hooch. “Why didn’t you stop the game at least?” he yelled at Dumbledore.

“I was not there.” said Dumbledore. “I was in the library trying to research what could have happened to Mrs. Norris. I hadn’t left the library except for meals and some sleep.”

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.**

“I could have gone without that little revelation.” said Sirius.

**End of twenty-sixth paragraph.**

“Man, the game could have gone on forever.” said Angelina. “But still, you shouldn’t have done what you did..”

“What did you do?” asked Remus to Harry.

“Something stupid.” said Alicia, Katie, Angelina, Fred and George.

**Dialogue line.**

“T ook you a while to figure that out?” said Remus faintly.

“We were more concerned about making sure that Harry didn’t lose his head as opposed to actually thinking.” said Fred.

**Dialogue line.**

“What did that look like?” said Sirius chuckling nervously.

“I don’t even know how I did it.” said George.

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

“What the hell? Those things are supposed to fall to the ground the moment Madam Hooch blows her whistled, until the games starts up again!” said Sirius becoming frightened.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**
“What did they do to that Bludger?” asked Sirius angrily.

“Believe it or not, nothing.” said Harry holding Sirius’ hand.

“Then who’s behind it?” asked Remus.

“It’ll tell you soon.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“Stopping an out of control Bludger.” said Remus shortly. “Tell me that the game is called off, at least long enough to get a new Bludger for the game.”

“Would have been a better alternative.” said Alicia bitterly.

“I’m starting to freak out.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“You could have put that a little better.” said Dumbledore his face pale.

End of dialogue set.

“I would hope that no one in my house would stoop to trying to severely harm someone, just for a Quidditch game.” said Snape looking intently at his charges.

“We didn’t do anything! We didn’t know why the Bludger was going after him!” said Draco.

“Where the hell were the two of you to stop it!” shouted Remus to the two heads of houses.

McGonagall cringed guiltily, and Snape averted his eyes.

Dialogue line.

“Doesn’t mean that someone couldn’t have gone in and switched one out, or cursed one.” said Sirius.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“Jackals.” said Sirius growling.
“YOU SAID WHAT?” shouted the men in the bowl.

“Yeah, we’re still pissed at him.” said the Gryffindor team. Harry looked down shamefully.

“Never thought I would say this, but: Listen to Fred.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Exactly, don’t send Harry up into the air again!” said Tonks.

“And what is wrong with that?” said Remus. “If it saves your neck?”

“No! You did not just ask them to do that!” said Sirius. “Harry the fate of the world doesn’t revolve around a freaking Quidditch game!”

Harry hung his head.

“How could you be so stupid?” shouted Remus. Suddenly the book shook and glowed in Bill’s hand. Suddenly, a red light came shooting out of the binder and slammed itself into Remus’s chest.

“MOONY! REMUS! PROFESSOR LUPIN!” shouted the people in the Great Hall. He flew in the air and landed hard on the ground. Harry stood up and flung himself to where Remus fell. Another shot of light came out of the book, heading straight to where Remus and Harry was. Dumbledore sent a spell at the beam of light, but was shocked to see that it was unaffected.

The beam of light continued on its path until it had almost reached Remus, and Harry, who was shielding him.

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“How?...” said Hermione.

“That book really can think! It didn’t want to hurt Harry!” said Ron.

Remus still laid on the ground, unconscious but at least he was breathing. Harry knelt to the ground and placed his hands on his chest. A jolt of electricity came shooting out of Remus’ body, Harry reared his head back and screamed loudly.

“HARRY!” shouted Sirius, but Harry wouldn’t remove his hands, somewhere deep within him, he knew he had to hang on. It was the only way to wake Remus up. His vision went dark.

“Just let him go!” said Mr. Weasley worriedly. “We’ll take care of him!”

Suddenly, two pale white hands came from the book, which had fallen to the floor, and traveled serenely over to where Harry was kneeling and screaming. The hands wrapped their arms around him and gently pulled him back. Harry hung limply in the ghostly arms’ embrace. As they pulled him back to the center of the room, one of the hands released their hold and it laid itself on top of Remus’ body, the same jolts of electricity that slammed through Harry’s body, went through the hands, but it seemed to not feel anything.

When the hand released its hold, Remus finally groaned. Sirius hurried over and threw Remus over his shoulder and carried him to the bowl. Hagrid picked Harry up gingerly from where he laid, and Sirius sat Remus down in the bowl. Hagrid laid Harry down in it as well, resting Harry’s head in Remus’ lap.

“Looks like we’re sitting on the floor.” said Dr. Clark, helping Sirius cover the two unconscious figures.

“I don’t want to read anymore, not if the book’s going to explode like that again.” said Bill apprehensively.

“I think, as long as no one insults Harry like that again, we have nothing to fear.” said Dumbledore, draping the phoenix quilt over top the two men.

“All that, because Remus called Harry stupid?” said Fred.

“It appears so.” said Speckerton. “I have never heard of this occurring before.”

“Let’s hope it doesn’t happen again, c’mon Bill. Nothing’s going to happen now.” said Charlie reassuringly.

“Hope not, too bad Remus will miss out on how Harry gets out of this.” said Bill picking the book up gingerly.

“I think it might be a good thing.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

“You have no idea.” said Sirius. “I wonder what made Harry keep holding onto Remus like that?”

“Who knows?” said Dr. Clark. “I don’t think we’ll know till Harry wakes up.”
“Why didn’t you stop the game, didn’t you notice one of the Bludgers assault only Harry?” asked Mrs. Weasley angrily.

“It was not one of my better jobs at refereeing.” said Madam Hooch.

“You can say that again.” said Charlie under his breath.

“He did not just say that. Tell me that I heard him wrong.” said Dr. Clark covering his eye.

“You didn’t.” said Sirius.

“Why didn’t the Bludger attack him, while he was on the ground?” asked Bill.

“Something held it back.” said Fred. “We couldn’t figure it out.”

“Umm…” said Ron.

“Spill it.” said George. “Do you know what happened?”

“Harry…has an ability, though he's really only used it that time and not often after that…he has to be calm, and not moving.” said Ron.

“What ability is that?” asked Dr. Clark.

“He can…well…control things, but he says it’s not as strong as it could be. He could only hold things in place, but the moment he would move, it would too.” said Ron.

“Impressive.” said Dumbledore in a whisper. “His Grandfather Matthew had the same ability. I feared that it was lost forever.”

“I will admit, he looked really cool.” said Neville, “But it was really scary watching.”
“Took him while to get the rain out of his nose.” said Hermione with a weak smile. But she stopped smiling when she saw Harry still unconscious.

“The only ones laughing were the Slytherin. Everyone else was screaming their heads off.” said Dean.

“With his speed and how light he is, no one can change direction like him.” said Alicia.

“This is getting scary.” said a small first year Hufflepuff.

“Be thankful you weren’t there.” said Hannah.

Dr. Clark started to laugh.

“Why are you laughing?” asked Sirius.

“Holly tried signing him up for ballet classes once. She wanted him to try out, and he ran for the hills.” said Dr. Clark still laughing.

“Don’t blame him.” said the boys in the Great Hall.

“If it was the twirl I think it is. It wasn’t stupid, looked sort of cool.” whispered Dean to Seamus.
“I remember that look. Made me shake all over, and he wasn’t even looking at me.” said Ron quietly.

**Dialogue set, end of third sentence.**

“Alright! Get it and end this suicidal game!” said Sirius excitedly.

**End of dialogue set.**

Draco mumbled bitterly, while the Seekers in the Great Hall laughed.

“Don’t feel too bad, Draco.” said Snape seriously. “Even the best Seekers can’t see behind their heads.”

“Yeah, looked what happened to Harry.” said Seamus.

“What happened to Harry?” asked Dr. Clark quickly.

“Um…” said Ron.

“Just read on.” said Dr. Clark to Bill. “I can’t stand this anymore.”

**Thirty-fourth paragraph.**

“Why did it say agonizing?” asked Firenze wonderingly.

“Well, all Malfoy would have to do is reach out and grab by his ear. Game would be over and Slytherin would win.” said Sirius.

“Hmm…” said Firenze. “Somehow I don’t think that is all that was agonizing.”

**Thirty-fifth paragraph.**

“What happened now?” asked Sirius and Dr. Clark looking up from sponging the foreheads of their charges.

“Bludger caught up with him.” said Fred sadly.

“We never should have left him alone.” said George gritting his teeth.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“Oh no.” said Mrs. Weasley whimpering. Her husband held her tightly.
“Tell me he doesn’t get hurt too bad.” said Dr. Clark clasping his hands tightly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

Everyone took a sharp intake of breath and gripped their elbows quickly.

“That had to hurt.” said Sirius turning pale and looking down at the face he was cooling with a cold washcloth. Since being shocked and carried over by the mysterious force, he had been running a temperature; the same could be said for Remus.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, end of second sentence.

Several people cringed and grabbed their arms.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, third comma.

“Anyone remember if he screamed or not?” asked Alicia weakly.

“I don’t think he did.” said Fred turning pale.

“Kids shouldn’t have that high tolerance for pain.” said Lionus sternly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, sixth comma.

“He can still think? After all that?” asked Madam Pomfrey in shock.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, first colon.

“Not so numb that he can’t think straight enough to get out of harm’s way.” said Firenze with an impressed smile.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

“An odd motivational thought.” said Professor Flitwick with a small smile.
Sirius clasped the hand of his beloved godson.

“Hang on, how did he know what I was thinking?” asked Malfoy quickly.

“What else could you have been thinking?” asked Ron. “He was heading straight for you.”

“He didn’t even need to move. Harry would never have hit him.” said Hermione smugly.

“Thank god, I think it’s a good thing that Remus missed out on it. He would have been freaking out.” said Dr. Clark wiping the sweat off his own brow with another cloth.

“OH, SHIT!” shouted Mr. Weasley and Sirius together, while Dr. Clark turned pale. Harry groaned softly, and was about to awaken, but despite his eyes starting to flutter, he fell back to sleep. Sirius dumped the cloth in the cold water conjured by Dumbledore and dabbed at the boy’s forehead.

“It was hard to look at.” said Neville.

Mrs. Weasley and Hermione both sniffed loudly and wiped the tears from their eyes. Ginny was holding onto her knees, which were brought up to her chest.
“We were happy! One: they beat the Slytherins with their state of the art brooms, and two: watching Harry almost get murdered every other minute was over.” said Anthony.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

“If Harry isn’t careful, I’m going to take his broom away.” said Sirius with a nervous laugh.

Forty-first paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“Why didn’t anyone take him to the castle by then?” asked Charlie.

“He was only out for a minute or two.” said Fred.

End of forty-first paragraph.

“Yay!” said Dr. Clark plainly. “Dazzle Gums to the rescue.”

“Remus would be going ballistic right now.” said Sirius with a dry laugh. “But I’m starting to feel a bit nervous with him around Harry too.”

Dialogue line.

Sirius laughed loudly and kissed the top of Harry’s fevered head.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“The hell he don’t.” said Ron.

“He didn’t want everyone else to think that Harry doesn’t idolize him.” said Moody roughly.

End of dialogue set.

“This won’t end well.” said Bill.
“That must’ve hurt. He’d rather have a broken arm, than let you heal him.” said Luna dreamily.

“He kept turning paler and paler.” said Ron.

“Mr. Creevey, you should be very thankful that Mr. Potter didn’t tell me about you taking his picture when he was injured. I would have taken that camera away from you permanently.” said McGonagall furiously.

“Nothing, just something I remembered from school. One of the girls I…dated…said something about that phrase. Gilderoy said it to her and few of her girlfriends.” said Sirius shaking his head quickly.

“Yeah, take him to the hospital wing.” said Sirius trying to get the memories out of his head.

“Yeah, we sort of gave him another black eye when we saw him smiling like that.” said Angelina clenching a fist, “He learned real quick when NOT to smile.”
“I thought his best one would have been his school record holding catch.” said Sirius.

“Not enough drama.” said George bitterly.

Forty-third paragraph

“It was a near thing, Professor McGonagall sent it crashing into ground about thirty yards away, when it tried to clobber Harry while he was on the ground.” said Ron. “Before you ask, she didn’t want to do it while the game was playing, she might have hit Harry.”

“Then when it got back up, we smacked it with the bats and tackled it back to the Quidditch box.” said Fred.

“I’m amazed we didn’t get busted ribs from that.” said George, feeling his chest.

Dialogue line.

“He actually wore Slytherin colors?” said Blaise. “I’ve never felt so insulted.”

Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.

“If there were several people there, why didn’t anyone save Harry from Lockhart?” asked Sirius angrily.

“Well…we didn’t know what he was doing.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff. “And we sort of thought Harry was suffering from a concussion.”

End of dialogue set.

Forty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“That is not what magical bone healing is supposed to feel like.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Forty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Doesn’t sound good.” said Dr. Clark worriedly.
“What happened?” asked Sirius carefully.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Hagrid began to growl.

Dialogue set.

“He called what I had to do, tidying?” screeched Madam Pomfrey.

Forty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

Mr. Weasley, Mrs. Weasley, Charlie, Sirius and Dr. Clark didn’t know what Harry was talking about. What had happened to his arm?

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

“He did, actually, on the way up to the castle. We had to run back and get Hagrid.” said Ron.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dr. Clark looked worried and confused.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“SAM!” shouted Dumbledore quickly. Dr. Clark had passed out cold on the floor.

Madam Pomfrey and Dumbledore hurried over to him and revived him.

“Wha…what happened? Harry’s arm…?” stuttered Dr. Clark.

“It gets fixed in the end.” said Dumbledore reassuringly. “Do you want me to conjure you up a chair?”
Dr. Clark recoiled slightly, but then shook his head quickly. “Sorry, yeah, a chair would be great.”

“It’s not a crime to start fearing what you are just learning about.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“I forgot you can see into people’s minds.” said Dr. Clark smiling slightly. “I’ll get used to this stuff eventually. Everything else I can understand and go with it, just the magical healing throws me.”

“Understandable.” said Madam Pomfrey comfortably. “Now let’s get you into a chair.”

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“I can understand that.” said Dr. Clark weakly as he was put into a chair and covered with a blanket.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Remind me to apologize to him. I thought he wanted Lockhart to do it.” said Madam Pomfrey sadly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“He was really worried about that. Before we got to the hospital wing, where he woke up, he was mumbling about it not working ever again.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

“Nothing I’m not used to.” said a groggy voice. Harry was trying to sit up, but was failing.

“Just rest Cub, you’ve had a hell of a day.” said Sirius.

“Those are becoming very common.” said Harry. “What’s up with Remus? And why is Dr. Clark sitting over there? Did you have a fight or something? Why do I feel so cold?” he said shivering slightly.

“He’s sleeping, he fainted, no and you’ve got a slight fever. Does that sum things up?” said Sirius pushing Harry back down and continued sponging the boy’s forehead.

“I don’t remember what I asked.” said Harry leaning back and falling back to sleep.

“This sleeping thing’s starting to worry me.” said Dr. Clark. “And so is the fever.”
“You’re telling me. Did you get the owl that tells you what the hell’s going on?” asked Sirius.

“Not yet.” said Lionus looking over to Dr. Nicodemus quickly.

End of dialogue set.

“You threw clothes to a one armed person, real nice.” said Tonks.

“I was…distracted.” said Madam Pomfrey quietly.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“It was really gross. I didn’t want to touch him really.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“You can’t afford to make mistakes like that.” said the adults in the room.

End of dialogue set.

“Really? You’re trying to find the silver lining in this?” said Charlie shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“Oh that stuff’s nasty.” said Charlie.

“Tell me about it.” said Moody.

“Can’t you take it to get your leg back, sir?” asked a nervous third year Ravenclaw.

“Can’t fix what happened to my leg, you can’t fix what happens to some dark magic wounds.” said Moody. “CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” he shouted, making several people jump.
“Well, now we know why he always says that.” said Tonks.

**Dialogue line.**

“Sounds like it.” said Dr. Clark weakly.

“Taking the potion is worse.” said Sirius.

**Fifty-second paragraph, second sentence.**

“It’s one thing to get punished for something you did and have to take that stupid potion cause you hurt yourself in the process. But when you didn’t do anything wrong, it sucks.” said Chalie.

“He didn’t let us stop the game and save his butt.” said Fred shortly.

“I would think that was doing something wrong.” said George.

**Fifty-second paragraph.**

“How much help did he need, that he needed the both of you?” asked Zacharias snidely.

“He threw up the first glass.” said Ron.

“You can’t throw up liquid.” said Zacharias.

“Yeah you can, and Harry proved it.” said Hermione sharply.

**Dialogue line.**

“Oh he was pissed off. There was no denying that.” said Fred.

“First game of the year and he gets owned like that.” said Lee. “Pathetic really.”

“Especially when our little eleven year old got the Snitch while riding a bucking broomstick.” said George with a laugh.

**Dialogue line.**

“I didn’t.” said Draco quickly.

“We know that, but not at the time.” said Hermione.
“Not a snowball’s chance in hell.” said Moody.

Several Gryffindors gagged horribly.

“That was an understatement.” said Fred.

“But it was funny to watch Marcus screaming at a teammate of his.” said George.

“That it was.” said Fred with a smile.

“Good, the party will take the boy’s mind off the stabbing pain in his arm. Distraction is the best of pain relievers.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Madam Pomfrey looked at the Ranger doctor and looked down sheepishly.

“He would have been better off with the party to distract him.” said Dr. Nicodemus shaking his head.

Sirius looked down at his young charge and wiped a small tear away from his eye.

‘No more pain’ he thought to himself. ‘Please, don’t let him get hurt again.’
Fifty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, second sentence.

Sirius snapped his neck upwards, as did most of the people in the hall.

“IT’S THE MONSTER!” shrieked a small first year girl.

“No it wasn’t!” said Ginny hurrying over and holding the small girl.

“Believe us, it wasn’t the monster.” said Ron.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

“Oh, it was just Madam Pomfrey.” said Sirius heaving a sigh of relief.

“It wasn’t me.” said Madam Pomfrey confusedly.

“Then it was Dumbledore.” said Dr. Clark. “He’s fond of Harry.”

Dumbledore shook his head slowly.

“Better not be who I think it is. If it’s Dazzle Gums….” said Sirius clenching his jaw.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, well…than that’s not that bad.” said Sirius. “But he could’ve picked a better time.”

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“What’s got him so upset?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out, I wanted to smack the stuffing out of him when we found out.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

“How does that house-elf know he missed the train?” asked Kingsley leaning forward quickly.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Potter didn’t miss the little slip either.” said Moody with a smirk.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

“Not bad for a twelve year old.” said Nightstrike smiling down at the smaller person in the bowl.

Dialogue set, second sentence, third comma.

“I’d say ‘Poor Dobby,’ but he almost got Harry killed by a tree.” said Dr. Clark trying to stand up.

“Take a seat partner, you, Remus, and Harry have been through the wringer today.” said Sirius.

“All I did was faint.” said Dr. Clark defensively.

“Still…take a seat.” said Sirius pushing Dr. Clark back down.

End of dialogue set.

“Dobby didn’t bet on Ron using a flying car.” said Fred smugly.

“Or that fact WE would have gone and fetched the BOTH of them.” said McGonagall.

“That too.” said George.

Sixtieth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

Draco cringed horribly.

“Is he your house-elf?” asked Mr. Weasley angrily, noticing how uncomfortable Draco looked.

“Yes.” said Draco quietly.

“At the most, you have a lot of making up to that house-elf for your past treatment of him.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Yes ma’am.” said Draco quickly.

“Wow, he called someone other than a teacher or Ministry worker, ma’am.” said Daphne Greengrass.

“Where is Pansy to hear this?” said her sister with a smirk.

“Still trying to get that black stuff off her face I’ll bet.” said Daphne with a laugh.
Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That’s a threat?” asked Fred.

“Who gives a warning before issuing a threat?” said George.

“Someone who really doesn’t want to hurt someone, who knows what pain really is.” said Dr. Clark sadly.

Everyone fell silent. Dumbledore covered his face with both hands.

Bill had to clear his throat to continue.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’ll bet Harry got twice that in an hour.” spat Professor Flitwick angrily.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“So when he shouts at you, all you have to do is cry?” said Fred.

“We’ll have to try that.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Too bad Harry ain’t up, we could question him about what else he knows about house-elves.” said Neville eagerly.

“Let’s not wake him though, let him wake up on his own.” said Ginny.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Harry isn’t safe there!” said a first year Gryffindor.
“Wait…did he say his Bludger?” said Dr.Clark slowly.

“Should’ve throttled him when I had a chance.” said Sirius.

“Harry wouldn’t forgive you.” said Hermione.

“Yeah, he stopped me once already.” said Sirius. “Him and Dumbledore.”

“Tell that to your Bludger.” said Fred bitterly.

“He’s got a funny way of showing it.” said George.

“Yet he’s sent away from home grievously injured.” said Dr. Clark angrily.

“I wouldn’t trust the Dursleys taking care of Harry’s wounds; they wouldn’t even take him to the hospital when he really needed. James had to bring him. Especially when Harry was really sick.” said Dr. Clark.

“What was he sick with?” asked Sirius quickly.

“He had pneumonia.” said Dr. Clark. “Took him a while to get better. It was one of the only times the Dursleys let him spend the night at James’. They didn’t want their precious Dinky Duddykins to get sick.” he finished in a cutesy voice.

“Where’s he at? I’ll go cough on him.” said Lionus with a smirk.
“Then tell the stupid kid! No offense.” said Sirius to the sleeping teen.

**Dialogue set, sixth sentence.**

“Aww. The poor little guy.” said Parvati.

“I hope everything turns out alright for him.” said Lavender.

“It does.” said Ron.

**Dialogue set, eighth sentence.**

“Ain’t he the dramatic one?” whispered Ernie.

“You have no room to talk.” said Ron angrily.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Once more? Has it happened before?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I don’t remember if it ever did or not.” said Sirius.

**Sixty-fifth paragraph.**

“We should fix a pillow to Dobby’s head. So he can’t hurt himself.” said Ron.

“I don’t think he will now.” said Dumbledore.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-sixth paragraph.**

“He’s got a point, he’s in no danger.” said Sirius sighing with relief.

**Dialogue set.**
“Yeah, like last year was as safe as castle full of teddy bears.” said Ron rolling his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It’s like Dobby’s a stuck record.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

The people in the Great Hall stared.

“So that’s why he’s working so hard to solve this thing? So he can protect Hermione?” said Tonks.

Hermione looked down and blushed.

“He has to stop self-sacrificing himself like that.” said McGonagall in a whisper.

“Didn’t anyone want to leave for home when they saw the writing on the wall?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“There were some people who left, but they mostly had confidence that the Headmaster would find out what had happened. And when news got around that Mrs. Norris would be restored, they felt a bit more at ease, that if something were to happen, it could be set right.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That’s going to stop soon; he’s going to learn to ask older people for help.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“So true!” said Fred rapturously.

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“Not surprising, it being the middle of the night.” said Seamus.

“Still, Harry being able to hear something at the same time a house-elf can? That’s not bad.” said Kingsley.
“Why back into a room? What’s wrong with walking forward?” asked Sirius.

“Always the pinnacle of fashion.” said Fred whispering to Lee.

“Why would you put a statue on a bed?” asked Firenze.

“We didn’t even sense that he was awake.” said Dumbledore, “If he was, I would have placed a sleeping spell on him.”

“He’s a good faker.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“Hold on. Did someone else get petrified?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Who was it?” asked Bill quickly.
“RON!” shouted Bill and Charlie.

“It wasn’t me.” said Ron quickly.

“Then who the hell is it?” asked Charlie.

“He must’ve thought it was you too.” said Hermione.

“Sounds like something out of a horror story.” said Justin.

“When Harry left the hospital wing, he was horrified, and he felt so guilty that he yelled at you.” said Hermione.

Colin looked down, his face a pale pink.

“What did you mean by that? Do you mean that if Dumbledore had gone another way, HE would have been petrified, or what would have happened to Colin if Dumbledore had gone the way he did?” asked Tempest.

McGonagall paled, “I suppose, both would have worked, I didn’t think of Dumbledore becoming petrified.”

“Oh yeah! I took a picture of what it was that attacked me!” said Colin excitedly.

“Excellent!” said Sirius excitedly.
Seventy-second paragraph.

Several students leaned forward apprehensively, the same with a few adults.

Seventy-third paragraph.

“So much for a photo of the attacker.” said Dr. Clark glumly.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

“We would all love to know.” said Tonks.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Weren’t you concerned about who was behind it?” asked Charlie.

“I was more concerned with how it was done, so it can be stopped. The person behind it can wait a few moments more.” said Dumbledore.

End of chapter.

“Bet that set his mind at ease.” said Fred.

“Hope Professor Lupin gets better soon.” said a fourth year Hufflepuff. “Him and Harry.”

“Looks like Remus is waking up.” said Dr. Clark.

“Hmm, hope he’s up for the bad news about Harry’s arm.” said Sirius with a sad smile.
Remus felt his himself falling down a long cavernous hole for what seemed like forever, he couldn’t figure out what was going on. Finally, the sensation ended and he opened his eyes. He was standing in a house he couldn’t recognize. There was pictures hanging precariously off the hooks, the curtains were ripped and torn, with red stains on them, the entire room was almost destroyed, then he noticed, that it was the Dursleys. Suddenly he saw a door open, he reached for his wand, but it was gone. The door opened and he saw Harry slowly walking in.

“Harry! Where are we? What happened?” said Remus quickly But stared in horror as he got a closer look at Harry. The sight of the boy almost made Remus scream out loud. He had cuts, and bruises all over his body and there was a deep gash on his head, causing blood to trickle down his cheek. His nose was bleeding and even small rivers of blood were leaking out of Harry's eyes in the place of tears.

“Why didn’t you save me? Why did you let them keep me? Don’t you know what happened to me when I got home? Look what he did to me, after what happened to Aunt Marge.” said Harry holding out his arms. Remus gazed transfixed in horror at the wounds on the poor boy’s body.

“Harry…I…I didn’t know…” said Remus weakly.

“I told you, I sent you dozens of letters to come and save me!” cried Harry tears of blood continued falling down his face. “I told you everything!” he covered his face and cried, blood flowing from the crevices of his fingers. Remus staggered and rushed to Harry, but with every step he took, he gained no ground, but lost it.

Suddenly, a spectral figure that resembled Vernon appeared and in a whirl of gray, and red, Harry was dragged away screaming into the darkness.

“REMUS! PLEASE! DON’T LET HIM TAKE ME!” screamed Harry, his hands trying to claw at Remus frantically.

“HARRY!” yelled Remus, he tried running faster after the boy, but found his way blocked by a large wolf like form. It was the form he took every full moon.

“What makes you think we want to take care of some little brat? You can barely see to my needs. Of course, if you really want to take care of the little morsel, I wouldn’t mind a snack for the next full moon.” said the wolf eagerly.

“NO!” shouted Remus. The wolf grinned maliciously.

“No? But what is to stop me from getting him?” said the wolf pacing back and forth, the same evil grin on his face.

“I…Harry…” Remus fell to his knees. “You’re right, it’s too dangerous for me to take him…”
“That’s right, now, let’s get out of this dump. There’s a full moon in two days and I’m dying to get out and shake the dust out of my fur.” he said pushing another door open with his paw.

Remus slowly stood up, as if in a trance.

“That’s right, come on…you belong to me…” said the wolf licking his chops.

Suddenly a lightning bolt came crashing down right between werewolf and the distraught man. The bolt of lightning left behind a young man, the same young man that was dragged away into the darkness, the only difference was, was that he was a little older and the wounds were gone.

“Harry…?” said Remus weakly the fog in his brain quickly dissipating.

Harry was on all fours and gasping for breath. “Gotta hang on….gotta hang on…” gasped Harry. The werewolf pounced on the boy, but was sent flying back; a strange aura was connecting the two of them. Remus watched as the werewolf began to drain away slowly; the skin grew tight against his skin and the hair slowly fell from the werewolf’s body. The werewolf tried once more to attack, this time, he lunged at Remus, but Harry took a hold of the aura and slammed him into the wall, but then, Harry collapsed from exhaustion.

Then, just as miraculous as Harry arrived, someone else had arrived and Harry was taken away by a man that Remus had seen before, but he couldn’t believe that it was actually him. Harry disappeared with the man, but then the man reappeared. The man then walked over and pulled Remus upward.

“He forgave you, so I guess, I have to too.” said the man with a smile. The light enveloped him, leaving the remains of the werewolf behind. “Watch yourself, cause I will not be kind next time.”

Remus sat up quickly and found himself back in the Great Hall.

“Easy mate.” said a familiar voice. Remus looked up and saw Sirius smiling down at him. “You’re still feeling warm, best let yourself rest a bit more. “

“Harry…where is Harry…” said Remus weakly.

“He’s in your lap, so don’t move about too much, he’s still feeling a bit under the weather.” said Sirius.

Remus looked down at his stomach and saw Harry's head resting, his face looked flushed and his brows were furrowed slightly. “What’s wrong with him?” asked Remus quickly.

“He has a slight fever, and so do you so you take a rest. We’re starting on the next chapter.” said Dr. Clark.

“How did the game go?” asked Remus sinking back into the cushions and running fingers through Harry’s hair.

“He won, but he broke his arm.” said Fred with a frown on his face.

“Then Dazzle Gums magicked the bones out of Harry’s arm.” said George.

“When I feel better, I’m going to kill him.” said Remus with a groan.

“Get in line, there’s a long line.” said Dr. Clark.

“Can we make Justin read?” asked Hermione with an innocent smile..
“Do you feel up to it?” asked Professor Sprout.

“Sure.” said Justin taking the book, but then his face paled.

Eleventh Chapter

Ernie and several Hufflepuffs looked guiltily around.

“You get the feeling it’s another bad one?” said Tonks helping Remus drink a cup of hot chocolate.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“That sort of sounds familiar.” said Dr. Clark.

“It should, you had to take that particular potion at Headquarters.” said Dr. Nicodemus, “Your hands were almost completely nonexistent.”

Dr. Clark looked at his hands, his face twisted with horror.

“It’s okay, you’ve got them back.” said Sirius reassuringly.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“Well of course, I didn’t need him upsetting himself, especially seeing how delicate he is.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“He won’t like you calling him delicate again.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“I have to agree with her, the boy is very brittle. All the abuse he’s been through saw to that.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

End of first chapter.

“You sound about as cruel as a chiropractor.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“What is that?” asked Draco.

“A person you pay to hurt you and twist you into knots.” said Dr. Clark.

Draco stared.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“It was quite adorable.” whispered Madam Pomfrey to Professor Sprout.
“Where the heck were you kids? Why weren’t you guys at Harry’s side?” said Bill with disappointment etched in his voice.

“We were doing something.” said Hermione.

“Nice, real nice.” said Fred.

“This something couldn’t wait until after Harry got out of the hospital wing?” asked George.

“The guy gets up before seven o’clock every blessed morning! You guys would have had plenty of daylight left in the day.” said Lee.

Ron and Hermione looked down shamefully.

“But we did!” said Hermione shrilly.

“You guys have a funny way of showing it.” said Charlie.

“None of your business.” said Percy quickly, turning red.

“Girlfriend.” said the twins together.

Percy turned an even brighter red.

“He received bodily harm, and people are telling him that it was excellent flying? Idiots.” said Charlie. “It would only have been excellent flying if he didn’t get clobbered by the Bludger.”
“You catch him there once and now you label him for life?” said Bill angrily.

Percy bit his lip.

“Moron.” said Bill shaking his head.

“So I guess he didn’t get our note after all.” said Hermione,

“What note?” asked Ron.

“The note you were supposed to write!” said Hermione crossly.

“I thought you were going to write it!” said Ron defensively.

“You guys couldn’t cast a charm so no one heard you?” asked Tonks.

“We didn’t know one at the time.” said Ron.

“What the hell are you two doing in there?” asked Tonks looking over at the two with wide eyes.

”We were just working on the potion.” said Ron turning as bright red as Hermione was.

“You don’t know the sound of his voice and footsteps by now?” asked Sirius. “I could tell if Remus was walking around by the first half of the first year.”

“Now you care.” muttered George bitterly.
Dialogue set.

Hermione blushed.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“Who came up with that priority list?” asked Alicia. Ron pointed to Hermione.

“Figures, she always was one for logic as opposed to other’s feelings.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

Hermione buried her face in her hands, and then a hoarse whisper came from the bowl.

“Leave her be!”

They looked over to the bowl and saw Harry trying vainly to sit up. “We needed to find out what was going on. It didn’t bother me.” said Harry clutching the blanket to his chest, his face deathly pale and his hands shaking.

“You should have gone to the adults.” said Sirius soothingly, “now lay back.”

“They’re picking on Hermione.” said Harry faintly, his whole body shivering.

“We’ll protect Hermione,” said Remus, standing up carefully. “You need to rest.”

“You’re sick too!” said Hermione.

“I know, but Harry might sleep better without someone else in there. I’ll make myself a chair.” said Remus conjuring up a large recliner.

Sirius helped him sit in the large chair and covered up his old friend. He went back to Harry and lightly pushed him back down into the cushions, then turned to Dr. Clark and handed him a cup of tea. “I’m getting worn out.” he said with a laugh.

“I’ll help.” said Dumbledore standing up and standing beside Harry, Madam Pomfrey joined them and tended to Remus, Sirius frowned slightly at Dumbledore, who was making Harry comfortable.

“You two just relax.” said Madam Pomfrey said to the other two men.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

“Why did he have difficulty locking it?” asked Bill, trying to leave Hermione alone. He didn’t want to cause Harry any more stress, and he sensed that Hermione had learned her lesson.

“There were three of us in a bathroom stall. Little hard to do.” said Ron.
“Good idea, no one would go into a haunted bathroom.” said Kingsley.

**Fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Where were you when you heard us talking about it?” asked McGonagall stunned.

“Library. We were in the Muggle History section. Hermione was telling me all about the War of 1913.” said Ron.


**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“That is plausible, but obviously not the case.” said Lionus looking at the still enrolled Draco.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixth paragraph.**

“And here I thought he held something back.” said Hermione looking down guiltily.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“My father’s old but not that old.” said Draco with a smile.

“When was the Chamber last opened?” asked Dr. Clark.

“About fifty-three years ago.” said Hermione adding the years up quickly.

“No, Lucius isn’t that old.” said Severus. “He’s only about four years older than myself.”
“Can it make itself invisible? Or perhaps change it’s appearance to look like something else?” said Kingsley.

“Wow, Hermione thinks like you!” said Tonks excitedly.

“At least she doesn’t sound like you.” said Kingsley with a smile.

“You do!” said Ron holding up his hands. “When was that last thing you did that was fun, WITHOUT a book?”

Hermione had to stop and think.

“That’s okay, take your time.” said Fred with a smile.

“Does he stop trying to save him?” asked Sirius hopefully.

“He actually does save me in the end, not from the heir though.” said Harry thickly, "Sorry, Cub, didn’t mean to wake you. You go back to sleep.” said Sirius tucking Harry in. Harry yawned and buried his face in the pillows. Dumbledore lifted one of the covers and placed a very old, and much worn stuffed dragon, under Harry’s arm.

“Isn’t that…?” asked Sirius.

“You had him?” said Remus with a whisper.

“James forgot it the last time I babysat Harry.” said Dumbledore smiling down at Harry. “I kept it safe.”

“Would you look at that? Look how tight he’s gripping Scorchie.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Still has some insecurities doesn’t he?” said Zacharias with a sneer.

“Want to talk about your bedwetting?” said a fifth year Hufflepuff. Zacharias looked down and quickly blushed.
“Not that the teachers didn’t try and quash those. Professor McGonagall even tried telling the first years that he had to go home, sick relative or something.” said a fourth year Gryffindor.

“There was no telling the difference.” said Percy.

“People avoided the Slytherins like the plague though.” said George.

“And Harry.” reminded Fred.

“That only makes it easier to wipe out a larger amount of children.” said Moody.

“We didn’t need to hear that.” said Bathilda crossly.

Colin smiled brightly over to her, but Fred tugged at the boy’s collar.

“She’s taken.” said Fred. Ginny hadn’t noticed, she was too busy looking over to Harry and wishing to move, but was being restrained by her father.

“Let him rest.” he whispered in his small daughter’s ear.

“What did you two do now?” said Charlie tiredly.

“We only did what we normally did.” said George cautiously.

“That works when she’s upset about not going somewhere, not when there’s a monster somewhere lurking about.” said Bill.
End of eighth paragraph.

“It also didn’t hurt to have Harry shout us out either.” said Fred.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“Who started that trade?” said McGonagall angrily.

“Seventh years.” said Hermione with disgust. “They bought stupid little trinkets, and foul smelling things and tried passing them off as protective stuff.”

“Probably the same people I have to deal with nowadays,” said Tonks. “They love defrauding people, to get a few galleons.”

Ninth paragraph, second sentence, second comma, eighth word.

“I hope you don’t still have those things.” said Professor Sinistra.

“I woke up and all the stuff was gone and the money I paid for it was in my trunk.” said Neville thoughtfully.

“How much do want to bet that Harry gave the seventh years back their stuff and he took Neville’s money?” asked Lee quietly.

“Without them even knowing they were giving a refund.” said Fred with a smirk.

End of ninth paragraph.

“That is a good point. Slytherin’s heir would never attack a pureblood.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“No you’re not, you just have no confidence.” said Professor McGonagall.

Neville smiled.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.
“Wonder how many people would leave and come back?” said Bill.

“Plenty of people left, but only a handful of them stayed home.” said Professor McGonagall.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“You both could have gone home and left it to others to take care of.” said Sirius.

“But Harry didn’t have anywhere to go. I didn’t know if he could come and visit us for Christmas.” said Ron

Tenth paragraph, end of second sentence.

“You gotta admit, it didn’t put you into a good light.” said Sirius.

End of tenth paragraph.

“Nice choice of words. Malfoy’s always were siding with the more powerful and profitable side. They almost always flip-flopped sides.” said Bill.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

“It was nice knowing you.” said Sirius trying to keep a straight face.

End of eleventh paragraph.

“Really?” asked Snape amused.

“Out of all the people I’ve worked for, you were one of the ones that I would rather not mess with on that level.” said Harry, his eyes still closed, and still holding the stuffed dragon.

“Shh…” said Dumbledore soothingly, rubbing the top of Harry’s hair and placing a silencing spell around him.

“Best to let him rest.” said Dumbledore. “Having him wake up constantly will not give him the chance to get any better.”

Dialogue set.
Snape stared at Hermione hard, who shrunk and held onto Ron.

**Twelfth paragraph.**

“We didn’t want to get expelled.” said Ron.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

The teachers stared in shock.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Wouldn’t stop me from expelling you.” said Snape nastily.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Causing mayhem in Snape’s class can get you killed.” said George.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

Snape smiled to himself; that was perhaps the nicest thing any student had ever said about him.

**Fourteenth paragraph, third sentence.**

“Aww…such a cheerful yuletide scene.” said Fred clasping his hands together.

**Fourteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“That was one good thing about Slughorn, he didn’t give a damn what house you were in, if you did good work or were related to someone famous he praised your work.” said Sirius.

**End of fourteenth paragraph.**
Draco couldn’t help but smile, but the smile was washed away by the glare sent by his godfather.

**Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“I thought he wanted to mess up on purpose.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“Yeah, but he was aiming for it to be a little runny and purple, it turned really runny, but it was the right color.” said Ron. “He wasn’t paying close enough attention, for a pretty good reason.”

**Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence.**

“He never cares when you tell him his potions are bad.” said Ron. “Well, sometimes he does...only when you press.”

**Fifteenth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.**

“Perfect choice of words.” said Remus remembering the year in which he taught Harry’s year about Boggarts.

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

**Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

Fred and George stared, shocked to the core.

“When he said he wanted one, we were happy to give it to him, thinking he’d prank someone good.” said George faintly.

“I never thought he’d use it in Snape’s classroom.” said Fred turning white.

“I’m amazed he’s still breathing.” said Lee.

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

Snape stared in amazement. “He actually aimed for Goyle’s potion?”

“Is there something significant about that particular one?” asked Firenze.

“Only that it was not completed fully, and it only had a tenth of the strength the other potions had.” said Snape quietly. “I had thought that it was quite lucky that the potion it landed in was that one.”
Ron and Hermione stared at each other, as well as several other people.

**Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.**

Sirius could hardly contain his laughter.

“I’m so proud.” said Sirius beaming brightly and wiping a tear from his eye.

**Seventeenth paragraph, third sentence, first dash.**

“He got everyone but Crabbe, which might explain why he looked a little upset during all that ruckus.” said Ron thoughtfully.

**End of seventeenth paragraph.**

“That was a pretty good plan.” said Moody. “Not bad for a bookworm.”

Hermione smiled.

**Dialogue line.**

“And you’re going to get caught.” said Fred covering his eyes.

**Eighteenth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.**

“Pansy had gotten some of it on her…fanny.” said Parvati giggling like mad.

“I have that burned in my memory.” said Lavender holding her sides.

**End of eighteenth paragraph.**

**Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“That had to of been one of the funniest classes, EVER!” shouted Sirius laughing hard.
“Here it comes, he’s going to find out it’s Harry’s.” said George. “His fingerprints or something.”

Dialogue line.

“You didn’t see anything? You always see something when we pull something.” said Fred, slightly hurt.

“I tried finding something, something more concrete than just the evidence I would need to issue a detention.” said Snape sourly.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

“He succeeded in that endeavor, but I knew he did it, I just didn’t have the means to prove it.” said Snape angrily.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, and I know that I didn’t believe that he knew, that Snape knew that he did it.” said Hermione.

“What?” asked Ron, completely lost.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Make his life hell.” said almost everyone in the Great Hall.

Dialogue line.

“And Harry was right.” said Hermione in a whisper.
“Oh, did someone start up the Trick Flying Club, again? That was always popular with the guys and the girls loved to go and watch.” said Sirius.

“No, but we would have been a little safer with that.” said Fred.

“I don’t think they’re going to let in third years and under.” said Mr. Weasley. “Dueling is too advanced for smaller students.”

“Harry seemed to do pretty well.” said Fred with a smirk.

“Wow, Ron can even be sarcastic!” said Charlie laughing loudly.

“You wouldn’t shut up about it, till we agreed to go with you.” said Hermione.

“After a whole meal of badgering, yeah, we were all for it.” said Hermione.

“Most of the school? Who didn’t show up?” said Bill.

“The ones who said that it would promote violence and further discord amongst the students.” said Ron.

The Weasleys stared.

“Never heard you put anything quite like that before.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I didn’t come up with it, they were handing out fliers for protesting against it.” said Ron. “I kept one, makes me laugh every time.”
Dialogue set.

“I wasn’t told about it, I would have taught, if I had known.” said Professor Flitwick.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“Too late.” said several people together.

End of dialogue set.

“I’m rooting for Severua.” said Sirius excitedly.

“So are we.” said Dr. Clark and Remus eagerly. Snape stared at both of the men baffled.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

“Nope.” said the twins.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“We thought so too.” said the twins with large smiles.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“He asked to start it up, but he assured that someone who was a qualified Duelist would be teaching them.” said Dumbledore quickly in response to all the glares sent his way. “I had assumed that Professor Flitwick was the one who would be training the students.”

“Why would you assume that, with him?” asked Professor Sprout.

“Because that is what Gilderoy had told me.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

“Well, thank goodness that we don’t have to sit here and hear him preen his own feathers.” said
Sirius sighing with relief.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Trust us, we know who he is.” said Charlie.

“And he's not going to like being called *your* assistant.” said Sirius with a malicious smile.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, twelfth word.**

“A tiny little bit, huh?” said Remus over to Professor Snape with a smile.

“Shouldn’t you be sleeping?” said Dr. Clark trying to sit up, but Sirius pushed him back down.

“I’m feeling quite a bit better now.” said Remus with a smile.

“We’ll see about that.” said Madam Pomfrey placing the tip of her wand to Remus’ forehead. A thin piece of parchment came out and she read it. “Your temperature *is* back to normal!” she said shocked.

“Told you. Now we just need to worry about Harry and Sam.” said Remus with a sad smile.

“I just fainted nothing major.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Dazzle Gums couldn’t duel his way out of a chicken coop.” said Sirius.

“Remember in our third year when he boasted that he could beat anyone in a duel? He got his butt handed to him by Lily. She didn’t even look at him, just waved her wand once and it was all over.” said Remus with a bright smile. “The Disarming Spell is all it took.”

Professor Snape fingered the locket and smiled.

**Dialogue line.**

“RONALD!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

“Sorry, Professor.” said Ron quickly. “But I wished you had finished him off.”

“As do I.” said Professor Snape, sneering.
“And Harry’s not afraid of anything.” said Fred.

“If Harry’s scared, everyone else has already run far, far away.” said George.

“You’ve got to admit, Lockhart *tries* to have style.” said Kingsley with a smirk.

“Well, they’re starting out right.” said Professor Flitwick, eagerly waiting for the fur to fly in the book. He remembered teaching dueling many years ago, and Lockhart would have never stood a chance against Severus Snape, and he doubt anything had changed since.

“Too bad.” said Tonks.

“Doesn’t miss a tick, does he?” said Fred with an eager smile.

“You used Lily’s spell? Nice touch.” said Remus.

The students all cheered, even Gryffindor House.

“You’re awesome!” said a first year Gryffindor. Snape stared at the youth.
“Now if only you would chill out with kids, you’d be one of the more popular teachers here.” said Sirius with a laugh. Snape sat dumbfounded.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

“Who cares?” asked Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark together.

**Dialogue line.**

“Right on.” said Remus smiling hugely.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

“Beautiful, absolutely beautiful.” said Sirius tears coming down from laughing so hard.

**Dialogue set, third sentence, second dash.**

“He began feeling around the ground, like he lost his glasses.” said Ron with a snort.

**Dialogue set, third sentence, third dash.**

“Should have thrown it away.” said Fred looking disappointed at Lavender.

**Dialogue set, end of third sentence.**

“Liar.” said the students and most of the adults.

**End of dialogue set.**

“There were practice dummies in the corner, they could have used them, if he was aiming for showing what happens with what spell.” said Ernie.
“Run Dazzle Gums, run away fast.” said Sirius.

“Good call.” said Remus.

“I hope Professor Lockhart doesn’t pair Harry with himself.” said Remus warningly.

“Nope, he picks someone worse.” said Ron.

“I couldn’t believe it, I was the better dueler.” said Neville with a small smile. “Not by much though.”

“It is a good idea for two reasons. One, it is good to know what other people have learned.” said Remus. “Two, Ron’s wand is still on the fritz.”

“Jeez, there is no getting your way, is there?” said Dr. Clark looking over at the sleeping young man fondly.

Harry was still sleeping soundly, but was still running a temperature. Dumbledore continued wiping the boy’s brow with a cool cloth. Harry gave a quiet moan.

“Poor thing.” said Madam Pomfrey gently fluffing the pillow the boy’s head rested on.
End of dialogue set.

“It’s a double header folks! We’ve got the Pampered Prince, and the Noble Knight going head to head in one ring.” said Fred.

“And Beauty facing the Beast in the other!” said George. “Who will be victorious?” both pretending to hold invisible microphones.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Take a guess who the ‘Beast’ is.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Nice to know that Potter isn’t too trusting.” said Moody.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second dash.

“Now, let’s see how many people actually follow that little rule.” said Tonks with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

“BANG! People lay injured all across the hall.” said Fred dramatically.

“And the source of the blast came from the clash of power between the two rival’s houses.” said George in a hushed tone. Both talking into their microphones.

“Very funny, I thought there really was an explosion.” said Mr. Weasley severely crossed and holding his chest.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first colon.

“What a dirty cheat!” said a Hufflepuff third year.

“Of course he’d start early, the only way to beat Potter’s reflexes.” said Moody.
Harry coughed loudly, moaned a little and buried himself deeper into the soft pillows.

“His fever isn’t breaking, is it?” asked Hermione in a whisper.

“No, not yet.” said Madam Pomfrey worriedly. “And I’ve placed several fever reducing spells on him.”

Moody and Lionus smiled, both couldn’t wait to train him up even farther and see what he could become.

“He said ‘Disarm!’” shouted the Minister.

“Well the Malfoy boy didn’t exactly follow the rules to start with.” snapped Lionus. “Be silent!”

“If there were two different houses going at each other, there was no such thing as only disarming,” said Angelina.

“Not the time to be a gentleman, boy.” growled Moody.

“It was sort of funny.” said Ron. “I caught a bit of it, he said that, that was the only time he could actually dance.”

“Bad is he?” said Sirius.

“In his own words, he’s got the dance coordination of a fawn on ice. Climbing and leaping are one thing, The Foxtrot and all those other dances throw him completely.”
“Shame, his father was a beautiful dancer.” said Professor McGonagall.

“Lily was the best girl dancer in the school. Every guy wanted to do a few steps with her.” said Remus fondly.

“Guess what Harry lacks in dance-floor coordination, he makes up with his vocal chords.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Lockhart is utterly useless.” said McGonagall massage her temples.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, second semi-colon.

“What did his wand do?” asked Charlie.

“My eyebrows were singed off, for the second time in two years.” said Seamus.

Thirty-seven paragraph, second sentence, third semi-colon.

“Go Hermione!” shouted Fred and George.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, fourth semi-colon.

“Oh…dear…..” said the twins in small voices.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

“But he managed to do it.” said Ron. “He tripped her with his feet and for added measure, he pulled her hair.”

“Never touch a woman’s hair. Voice of experience, right here.” said Sirius pointing to himself.

Dialogue set, first pause.

“I got hit with a stray spell took me by surprise.” said Cormac tragically.
“He didn’t say McClaggan, he said Macmillian.” said Blaise.

“He didn’t talk to me, he was actually talking to McClaggan, he got the names wrong.” said Ernie.

“But he did realize that I was hit, he promised that he would find out who shot that stray spell and have a good talking to, to them.” said Cormac, trying to appear dramatic again.

“You didn’t get hit with a stray spell, I jinxed you.” said a Hufflepuff girl. “You were just trying to show off flaunting your wand about.”

Dialogue set, second pause, second comma.

“Aww…were you okay?” said her best friend.

“I was fine, I just got hit with someone’s shoe.” said the Hufflepuff girl.

End of dialogue set.

“He had to pick me up off the floor.” said Terry.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Gee, you think?” said Lee rolling his eyes.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“He didn’t want to be the one to try and block spells. OR the one to cast them, just in case they rebounded.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw sniggering.

End of dialogue set.

“Would have been fun to be up on that stage.” said Justin grudgingly.

“You weren’t up there.” said Malfoy with a snarl.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Sirius, stop laughing.” said Remus with a disappointed look.
“Only because you’re nervous.” said Ron.

“That doesn’t do Neville’s confidence any favors.” said Remus looking over to Snape sharply.

“I’m here to teach, not boost their morale.” drawled Snape.

“I’m amazed none of the Slytherins have inferiority complexes.” said Professor Sprout.

“Oh, come on.” said Dr. Clark. “You don’t think Lockhart is that stupid to put the two students, who hate each other, free reign of a stage and go at each other do you?”

Professor Snape only sneered.

“I wouldn’t be smiling, that just means you’re a stupid fool, for suggesting it.” said Nightstrike with a smirk.

“You…have got…to be kidding me…” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

“Moron.” said voices all over the Great Hall.

“Over excited at what?” said Remus looking repulsed.

“I don’t want to know.” said Sirius covering his ears.
“Never a good sign to see a smirking snake.” said Sirius wisely.

“I don’t blame him, if I was seeing Snape whispering, than one of his house smiling, I’d be a little nervous too.” said Remus.

“So cool.” sighed a few younger girls.

“Not a good idea. Don’t listen to Dazzle Gums.” said Sirius quickly.

“OI! THAT’S NOT A DISARMING SPELL EITHER!” shouted Sirius.

“We never said we would be blocking the Disarming Spell.” sneered Snape.

“He was shocked? How come? Surely he had heard of this spell.” said Sirius.

Hermione turned and looked interested over to Ron.

“Harry didn’t expect to have an animal sicked on him.” said Ron.
“Just back up slowly, keep looking at it, but back up real slow.” said Dr. Clark.

Dumbledore turned and sent a glare over to the Potions Master. Professor Snape released a breath of air and awaited the screaming match that would immediately commence.

Mrs. Weasley glowered fiercely at him, she was quickly becoming hoarse from all the shouting she had done the past weeks, and McGonagall shouted angry threats at him for endangering students and not being there to protect them. Sirius was promising him that he would be torn limb from limb while Dr. Clark stared in disbelief that a teacher would do such a thing.

“You owe, Mr. Potter a very large apology Severus.” said Dumbledore, his voice so cold that the windows were becoming covered in frost.

Snape flinched from the coldness of the Headmaster’s voice, and fingered the locket in his hand. He breathed deeply and stood up. When Sirius noticed he was heading straight for his Godson, Sirius stood up quickly and shielded him.

“Think again.” said Sirius viciously.

Snape said nothing but held out the locket.

“He can have this back.” said Snape quietly. “As an apology.”

Sirius was taken aback, but took the small golden locket. He gave a curt nod, and placed the locket around the sleeping figure’s neck.

“Big help this guy is.” said Nightstrike rolling his eyes.

Justin threw the book down.

“What’s up with you?” asked Zacharias.

“This…this…” said Justin, turning pale.
“Oh for the love of…I’ll read.” said Lee hurrying over and taking the book off the floor.

Forty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

“Of what use was that?” asked a third year Slytherin.

“You’re forgetting what he is.” said Blaise. “He’s a Parseltmouth.”

“So he did say that.” said Ernie.

“Of course he did, you idiot.” said Ron.

Forty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Go Harry!” said Dr. Clark excitedly.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

“Cause you ordered it.” said Lionus with a bright and excited smile.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Justin looked down shamefully. “How was I supposed to know that was what he was saying?”

“Let’s think about this carefully.” said Fred mockingly.

“Harry is a selfless, noble, kind, trustworthy, generous, gentle, brilliant, gentlemanly, and gallant.” said George ticking off each one.

“If he saw someone about to be attacked by an angry snake, and he could only shout one thing at it. What would he say?” asked Fred pointedly.

Dialogue line.

“You’re…an…idiot…” said the twins together.

Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.
“His being a Parselmouth was ...unexpected.” said Snape solemnly.

**Forty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.**

“He must have felt so devastated.” said Luna calmly.

“What makes you say that, Luna?” said Ginny quickly.

“People were already saying he was the heir of Slytherin, now it seemed to have cemented itself.” said Luna.

**Forty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Good Ron, get him out of there.” said Charlie.

**Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.**

“Harry was starting to freak out a little bit. He didn’t know what was going on.” said Hermione.

**Forty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.**

“Way to reassure him guys.” said Sirius shaking his head.

**End of forty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Really? He didn’t know? He never looked up his talent?” asked Parvati.

“He thought every wizard could do it.” said Ron.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Boy, he said that all matter-of-factly didn’t he?” said Rivers blinking.
“Nope, not at all.” said Blaise, “it would be cool to have though.”

“At the time, no one heard that.” said a sixth year Hufflepuff.

“He became really worried when I told him that.” said Ron.

“Even you thought he was egging on the snake?” said Bill shaking his head.

“That’s what I heard from other people in the Hall.” said Ron quickly.

“That is a very good question.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.

“Are you kidding? At that point he couldn’t put two and two together?” said Zacharias.

“Being accused of the heir didn’t outweigh the bonus of being able to speak to snakes.” said Ron. “And thank goodness he had the ability.” he finished quietly.
Justin looked down shamefully as Sirius glared at him. “Yeah, what *is* wrong with that?” asked Sirius angrily.

“Good blend.” said George with a chortle.

“That was when he found the downside to being a Parselmouth.” said Ron.

“Which he is not.” said Dumbledore still cooling Harry’s forehead.

“Poor Harry.” said Tonks.

“But he doesn’t have to worry, he’s not descended from Slytherin.” said Sirius.

“Are you kidding me? There are hundreds of books on family ancestry, for each Pureblood wizarding family. The Potter’s book is in the Ancestry section, fourth unit in, sixth shelf, tenth book from the left.” said Remus.

Hermione looked over to Remus quickly and ran from the room.

“Well, she won’t be back till she can get her hands on that book.” said Ron with a smile.

“That may be harder to get than she thinks.” said McGonagall with a small smile.

“What do you mean?” asked Dean.
“Not just anyone can look at those books. You need to be related to people in the book to just look
inside the book.” said Sirius.

“Madam Pince will let her, she could just say…” said Ron.

“It’s not Madam Pince who will stop her. It’s the book, the cover is enchanted to let no one but a
blood relative open it.” said Remus.

“Yeah, James showed us, we couldn’t open it for the life of us.” said Sirius.

They waited for Hermione to appear, aimlessly speaking of different things, some people even
came up with a great idea for a party.

“A sort of joined up Birthday Parties that he missed out on.” said Fred.

“Yeah…should be a blast. Hermione’s back, she’s got the book, but nope, not opened.” said
George.

“Sorry we didn’t warn you.” said Sirius apologetically. “You’re going to have to wait till Harry
wakes up to read that book.” he pointed to the book in Hermione’s hands.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“That boy does not need to be worrying so much that he cannot sleep.” said McGonagall worriedly.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“No.” said Sirius and Remus.

Fifty-second paragraph, second sentence.

Remus and Sirius paled, and looked down in shame. They should have been there, to tell him all of
this stuff? Would he still want to know?

End of fifty-second paragraph.

“Hell, they ban questions on anything.” said Charlie.
“Well reasoned.” said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

“That, I can’t guarantee.” said Sirius thinking of his biological family.

“Hearing voices eh?” said Fudge nastily.

“Shut up. You’re already in hot enough water.” said Tempest.

“Yeah, now that I think about it, what else could he have said.” said a sixth year Hufflepuff.

“Lucky!” said Sirius with a smile.

“Not so lucky, Harry wanted to talk to Justin in that class.” said Remus.

“Oh, right.” said Sirius.

“We couldn’t afford screw ups.” said Professor Sprout and Madam Pomfrey.

“You did not just snap at him for worrying.” said Fred.

Hermione looked down.
“And girls say boys don’t have tact.” said Lee shaking his head.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

“Should have went with him, Hermione could have been with him and that would have been proof enough for anyone that he isn’t a Muggleborn hater.” said Ron.

Sixtieth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“We need to get him a nice triple thick cloak for winter or something.” said Sirius.

Sixtieth paragraph, third sentence.

“That would be me.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

“I have to keep apologizing for that.” said another Hufflepuff student.

End of sixtieth paragraph.

Ernie gulped loudly, what was everyone going to say about what he says? And what happens if a Scattered Shot shows what else had happened?

Sixty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“Madam Pince won’t like that. The library is not a social place.” said Anthony.

End of sixty-first paragraph.

“Wow, we didn’t even see him.” said Hannah.

“Or hear him. The Invisibility section was right next to us. You’d think we’d of heard his breathing.” said Ernie.

Kingsley looked at Harry, deeply impressed.
“WHAT?” shouted several adults as well as a few students younger than the fourth years.

“Harry wouldn’t attack anyone you nit!” said a second year Gryffindor.

“You’re a bigger idiot than what I thought.” said Ron.

Ernie looked at him.

“Harry didn’t tell us this part.” said Hermione.

“Nothing happened when Justin told us that he was a Muggleborn. Stupid idiot.” said Ron glaring.

“Can we beat him up now?” asked Fred scowling at Ernie.

“The Chamber wasn’t opened at the time!” said George.

“Panic will turn children into mindless idiots.” said Snape shaking his head.

“What a prat! I thought Percy was bad.” said Charlie.

“HARRY POTTER!” shouted the majority of the school at the fifth year Hufflepuff, who cringed in his seat with each passing word.
“And what student hasn’t had a run in with him.” said McGonagall sternly.

**Sixty-second paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“The culprit could be anybody!” said Fred.

“Hell! We could have done it!” said George.

**Sixty-second paragraph, fifth sentence.**

“Wouldn’t you be annoyed?” asked Mr. Weasley to the young man. Ernie swallowed and nodded.

**End of sixty-second paragraph.**

“Harry was regrowing his bones in the Infirmary! Ask Pomfrey!” shouted Tonks. “I’ve never been so ashamed of my own house.”

**Dialogue line.**

“The only one there with a brain.” said Blaise.

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“So far the only true thing you’ve said so far.” said Sirius crossly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“I didn’t want him to be blasted!” said Ernie quickly when he saw the look on the adult’s faces.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

Dumbledore massaged his temple, while Professor Sprout told off the loud mouthed Hufflepuff.
“When you eventually grow up.” said Tonks. “Don’t become an Auror, we don’t’ want you.”

Kingsley smirked. “No comment.”

“I’m not like him!” said Tonks irritably.

“I’m referring to the ‘grow up’ part.” said Kingsley.

“Shut up.” she said throwing a cushion at the man.

“None that he’s going to share with you now.” said Ron.

“Dun, dun, duunnn.” said Lee jokingly.

“I can imagine.” said Sirius forgetting to be angry for a moment.

“And look, he doesn’t attack you right off the bat, gee, what could be the reason?” said Ron.

“Because he didn’t do anything to Colin or Mrs. Norris.” said Hermione.

“That was absolutely the wrong thing to say.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Harry wanted to tell them that he meant Justin no harm. He just wanted to talk.” said Ron.
“To tell him the truth and not have you lot over exaggerate it.” said Lee.

Sirius smiled and gave his godson’s shoulder a small squeeze.

“You need thicker glasses than Harry has.” said Dean.

“Silly fool.” said Professor Sprout.

Ernie didn’t want the rest of the school knowing just how worse it gets later.

“If he really was the heir of Slytherin, you annoying him like that won’t help you in the slightest and he would have made a great exception in your favor.” said Moody.

Ernie paled.

“That’ll teach you to treat people better, you never know what they can do.” said Kingsley.
“Should we let you live with the Dursleys for about a week, see if you like them or not?” said Dr. Clark.

Ernie shook his head quickly.

Remus, Dr. Clark and Sirius looked up quickly.

“T’wasn’t the monster.” said Hagrid reassuringly.

Sirius smiled in relief.

“It’s so easy to pick you out of a crowd Hagrid.” said Dr. Clark with a broad smile.

“What are you doing with a dead chicken in the castle?” asked Remus wonderingly.

“I needed Dumbledore’s permission fer somethin’.” said Hagrid.

“What the heck is a Blood-Sucking Bugbear?” asked Dr. Clark.
“Sort of like a leech, only about five times bigger.” said Remus. “Nasty little bastards.”

“He gets a few of them almost every time he transforms.” said Sirius.

“I still can’t believe that you’re a werewolf.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Shouldn’ta put it that way.” said Hagrid, the face under his beard turning a bright red.

Seventy-second paragraph.

“He shoulda told me, I’d a sort them kids out.” said Hagrid.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“So Harry’s not as thick-skinned as he would like everyone to think.” said Luna dreamily.

That statement shook several people.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

“Was Peeves making a nuisance of himself again?” asked Sirius.

“No, much worse.” said McGonagall.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

“Oh, no! Another attack!” said Remus.

Seventy-sixth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.
“Damn…..the timing could have been so much better.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“What the hell made you leave the dormitory?” asked Hannah.

“I wanted to ask Ernie if it was safe enough for me to come out.” said Justin.

“Well, you got your answer didn’t you?” said Nightstrike.

End of seventy-sixth paragraph.

“The monster?” asked Dr. Clark weakly.

“No, it wasn’t that.” said Hermione.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

“So…whatever it is, it can attack dead people?” said Tonks faintly.

“We’re doomed.” said a third year Gryffindor.

Seventy-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Spiders, again?” said Sirius rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

End of seventy-eighth paragraph.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

“Harry really needs to learn to just run away.” said Alicia.

Eightieth paragraph.

“Not the ideal person to find Harry there.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

“Peeves actually really likes Harry.” said Dr. Clark.
“What?” said Sirius.

“He just tries to make Harry laugh. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn’t.” said Dr. Clark with a bright smile. “He knows Harry doesn’t laugh a whole lot.”

Eighty-first paragraph.

“That is the only time he took his job as ‘School ghost’ seriously.” said McGonagall.

Eighty-second paragraph, second sentence, first comma, fifteenth word.

“Can’t say I’m very sorry to hear it.” said Sirius. “After the headache you gave my cub.”

Eighty-second paragraph, end of second sentence.

“Bet they regretted that.” said Fred with a smirk.

Eighty-second paragraph, third sentence.

“Who pinned him there?” asked Sirius.

“I did.” said Professor Vector, “the students were about to pounce on him. I had to send a few students flying backwards.”

The men that were once in the bowl paled.

End of eighty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I hope you did something about him.” said Sirius.

“Not enough.” said Ron quietly.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-third paragraph.
“Peeves’ singing voice is awful. I sort of envy Justin.” said Sirius shaking his head.

*Peeves Song*

“I’m going to shove him in vacuum cleaner.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

**Eighty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“They made you carry him?” said Sirius to Professor Flitwick. “Sinistra is pretty tall.”

“It did take some doing to get to the Hospital Wing.” said Professor Flitwick.

**Eighty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.**

“I’ll bet he didn’t like that job one bit.” said Remus.

“I, at the time, didn’t care one bit what he did or did not like.” said Professor McGonagall.

**End of eighty-fourth paragraph.**

“At least it isn’t Professor Snape.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

“Or Lockhart.” said Remus, Sirius, and Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I should have told him that I don’t believe it was him.” said McGonagall distraughtly.

“I reassured him for you.” said Dumbledore patting her arm.

**Eighty-fifth paragraph.**
“Wow, that was really close to the Headmaster’s office.” said Remus carefully.
“You don’t think that the monster is after him? Do you?” asked Sirius quickly.
“Sounds like it. The Headmaster had two attacks near him so far.” said Remus.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“That is what Albus hopes for when all come into his office. They forget their fears, calm down and tell him what they need to tell him.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence, fourth comma.

“That’s what it was like for our first twenty times too.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Eighty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“He didn’t know where he was going?” said Fred.

“I didn’t tell him, and he did seem a bit dazed.” said McGonagall.

End of chapter.

“Dumbledore will believe him.” said Sirius with a smile.

Suddenly, the book began to shake and smoke poured out of it. “What’s going on with it now?” asked Lee, holding the book out at arm’s length.

“I’m…not…sure…” said Speckerton faintly.

The smoke etched it’s way across the floor, and the moment it touched one person they couldn’t move.

“What’s going on?” said Fred trying to move his legs, but were cemented to the ground.

“Don’t worry, the books wouldn’t hurt anyone.” said Speckerton trying to reassure the students who were panicking slightly.

“Tell that to Remus.” said Sirius, trying to move, but was unsuccessful. The only person who went untouched by the smoke was Harry. It swirled around him and before the smoke captured the last person, it began to twist and turned into a smoky cyclone, protecting him.
Once the last person was captured, the smoke rose and they felt themselves falling into space.
I don't own Harry Potter

ALSO I have a new job and am going to volunteer at a store, so it may take a while to upload. I would say I'm sorry...but...everyone needs to work, I've had one month vacation...so it's time to get back to work.

The smoke dropped them off in what appeared to be a deserted corridor. At first glance, the students of the past and students of the present recognized their location as the corridor near the library.

“What are you doing?” asked Sirius to Speckerton, who was writing furiously on a roll of parchment.

“This is a new development, I want to make sure I learn everything I can.” he said excitedly, but the parchment suddenly caught fire and was reduced to ashes. He stared at the ashes in shock.

“Apparently the book doesn’t want you to spend your time writing instead of watching.” said Lionus with a smirk. “Just try to remember what you see.”

Then, a large group of Hufflepuffs, mostly seventh years but a scattering of the younger years, came by muttering to amongst themselves and hurried into an unused classroom, leaving the door open a crack.

“Hey Ernie, what were you guys going in there for?” asked Hannah, who pointed out the Prefect. They looked at Ernie, but were stunned to see him looking so pale.

“Um…we won’t get expelled during these things, right?” said Ernie and few older Hufflepuffs worriedly.

“I said no earlier, but should we be contemplating it?” asked Dumbledore seriously.

“Well…I…we…” said Ernie helplessly.

“Hey, look! It’s Harry.” said Colin excitedly.

Harry came walking from the direction of the library and was deeply immersed in a book. He didn’t even notice the Hufflepuffs looking out of the classroom quickly and duck back in.

Hermione hurried over and read the cover, "Fangs and Talons: Magical Beasts and their Weapons.” read Hermione.

“What is he reading that book for?” asked Justin.

“Harry figured that he would try and find out what the monster is, while we try and discover who the heir is.” said Ron. “He never did find out, and for somewhat of a good reason.”
As Harry continued down the corridor, the door opened a little more. When Harry passed the door, still reading his book, hands shot out and grabbed Harry roughly and dragged him into the empty room, the book flew out of his hands, but was magicked into the spare classroom.

“What the hell are you kids playing at?” asked Sirius furiously.

Ernie cringed and looked around nervously.

The scene seemed to have shifted into fast forward mode. A short while later, they watched, in high speed, people from the empty leave, some with satisfied sneers on their face and others with nervous glances towards the darkened room. They all waited, but Harry never came to the door. Then, they saw something that looked like glittery powder come from under the crack of the door and waft down the hall.

“What was that?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Who cares? I want to find out what happened to Harry.” said Sirius walking towards the door.

They all went into the dark room, but they couldn’t see anything. They could hear shallow breathing but nothing more than that. Minutes passed like hours, till the door behind them opened and in came Ron, a large bag slung over his shoulder.

“Harry?” he whispered, peering into the darkness. “You in here?”

“Over here.” said a raspy voice.

“That powder told you to come and find him?” said Hermione in wonder.

“It was something Harry came up with.” said Ron. “He used it only that one time.”

Ron lit the tip of his wand, he and the Watchers both gasped in horror down at the young man laying against the wall. Harry was now sporting two black eyes; his nose was bloodied, and was covered with bruises all over his body.

“What happened to you, mate?” said Ron kneeling beside him quickly.

“Hufflepuffs…jumped…me.” said Harry weakly. “They’re….scared, they don’t know…..what to believe anymore.” he gasped loudly and arched his back when Ron touched a spot on his chest.

“Sorry Harry.” said Ron hastily. “Should I try and get Madam Pomfrey?”

“No, for this, she’d ask questions.” said Harry.

“And why the hell not.” said Ron opening the large bag. “You like getting the magic smacked out of you?”

“No more than the next person.” said Harry reaching into the bag and taking a phial.

They watched as Ron helped Harry drink a clear potion and helped Harry to his feet. “Well that takes care of any broken bones, and most of the cuts and scrapes. But what about those two black eyes, they aren’t going to swell now, but kinda hard to hide the bruises.” said Ron.

“Simple, where’s my bag?” he reached down and pulled out a small compact.

“That’s makeup.” said Ron taking a step back.
“That’s right.” said Harry. “Glamour charms don’t last long and they disappear without warning. At least this stuff doesn’t disappear on me.” he finished putting the fair colored powder on his face.

“You know how to do that a little too well.” said Ron with a smirk. “Now what do we do?”

“Those potions were only a temporary fix. I’ve got more powerful ones upstairs in my trunk.” said Harry.

“Why didn’t you tell me to bring those ones down?” asked Ron.

“I’ve got some other things in there you don’t want to mess with.” said Harry magicking the classroom back to the way it was before the attack began.

“Like what?” said Ron. as they walked towards the direction of the Gryffindor dormitories.

“Dirty socks.” said Harry with a laugh.

They followed the two Gryffindors back to their Common Room and up into their dormitory. Harry opened the trunk and dug down to the bottom of the trunk and pulled out three small vials. He downed one right after the other and went to go lay in the bed.

“You gonna okay mate?” asked Ron worriedly.

“I’ll be fine. Just need to sleep for the rest of the day.” said Harry. “Don’t tell Hermione, she’s panicky enough, she doesn’t need to worry about me.”

The smoke came back to claim them and returned each person safely back to the Great Hall. Harry was still asleep when they got there. Hermione glared at Ron, but it wasn’t as hard or threatening as it could have been.

“I think that’s more than enough reading for today. Let’s get some food in our stomachs and then off to bed.” said Dumbledore with a strained smile, trying not to shout, being so close to Harry. He stayed beside the bed, along with the three men; none of them were feeling very hungry at the moment.

Before the Hufflepuffs could even walk over and get their plates, Tonks, Madam Bones, Professor Sprout and Professor McGonagall gave each of the assaulters (that were present at the time) a severe tongue lashing and promised each of them a long and very strong letter to each of their parents.

Ron even received a slight one from both Mrs. Weasley and Hermione.

“You should have told us!” said the both of them angrily.

“Harry didn’t…” said Ron.

“Harry has to learn to trust us, Ron.” said Remus.

“You’re sounding calmer.” said Sirius looking stunned.

“I don’t want to get shot in the chest again.” said Remus quietly.

“That was scary.” said Tonks giving him a hug. “Don’t do that again.”

“I won’t, I learned my lesson.” said Remus.
“Hopefully.” muttered Sirius.

As they ate their dinner, the members of Hufflepuff distinctly quiet, they discussed what had happened over the course of so many days.

“It’s going to be odd, going back to lessons.” said a fourth year Gryffindor. “Once these readings are done.”

“Yeah, but these books are starting to scare me a bit, can they really think?” said Hannah quietly.

“If it can, I want to give it a piece of my mind.” said Ernie bitterly.

“You deserved it.” said Hannah shortly. “I can’t believe you actually went out and attacked him!” Ernie shuffled his feet.

After Harry was put to bed in the suite prepared for them, Sirius placed an everlasting ice bag on his forehead. He ruffled his hair gently and blew out the candles. He walked out of the room, but not before turning around and looking worriedly at the young boy, who moaned slightly.

“I wish we could find out what is going on with Harry.” said Dr. Clark looking up from his book, *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*. He found reading helped ease his mind slightly.

“So do I.” said Remus looking up from his own book, “But I’ve gone through all the Magical Ailments reference books, but I can’t find a bloody thing on what it might be.”

“Could be that you skipped over it.” said a voice coming from the door. The men turned and saw Lionus and Dr. Nicodemus standing in the door way.

“Did you finally find out what is causing Harry to sleep?” said Dr. Clark

“And why he’s sick?” asked Sirius hopefully.

“We just got the message now.” said Dr. Nicodemus, walking swiftly over to the door and going inside.

“Best let him do his work.” said Lionus, stopping them from going in the room.

“What is wrong with him then?” asked Dr. Clark quickly.

Lionus looked over to the two wizards. “Ever heard of Wizard’s Flu?”

“Wizard’s Flu?” said the two of them, they shook their heads.

“I didn’t think so, it’s not a secret like all the other things we have, but it is an old ailment. Nowadays, wizarding babies have a potion given to them in a bottle after they’ve turned six months. Turns out, Harry was never given it.”

“But we took him to the Hospital for his baby boosters.” said Sirius. “I held him myself….but…there was one potion that he couldn’t take.” he finished slowly.

“That’s right, he was allergic to the wormroot in it. But the Healer said he wouldn’t need it.” said Remus.

“Obviously, he needed it desperately. Or perhaps he was destined to procure this disease?” said
Lionus cryptically.

“Say what?” said Sirius with a raised brow. Lionus ignored him.

“For this disease, it makes you weak, and causes you to sleep uncontrollably. That’s the first stage. The second stage is the fever.” said Lionus. “It was ill luck that it struck when it did.”

“What’s the next stage? When will that hit?” asked Remus.

“It’s hitting him right now.” said Lionus.

“What’s happening?” said Sirius frantically.

“You don’t want to know.” said Lionus. “Let’s just say, it’s a bit traumatizing, and you’d best stay out here for the night.” he addressed Sirius.

“But,” said Sirius.

“No buts, let the Doc do what he needs to do.” said Lionus. “And in the morning, he’ll be right as rain.”

“You guys said that last time.” said Remus skeptically.

“Yeah, doesn’t do much for Doc’s pride, or mine for that matter.” said Lionus scratching the back of his head. “But I think you’ll be surprised at the change.”

Suddenly, a scream emitted from the room behind him again. Sirius leapt into the air and accidentally landed in Dr. Clark’s arms.

“What the hell…that was HARRY!” shouted Sirius.

Lionus quickly casted a silencing charm behind him and smiled towards the men. “Like I said, going in there would be a very bad idea.”

“What is he doing to Harry in there?” asked Remus accusingly.

“Trying to ease the suffering, that scream came from the pain caused by the disease.” said Lionus. “You might want to sleep elsewhere if it bothers you; it’s going to be a long night.”

He motioned them away from the door and ushered them into chairs.

“Going completely off track, remember when I was out cold?” said Remus trying to get his mind off his poor cub’s suffering.

“Yeah, what about it?” asked Sirius looking nervously back to the door to his room.

“Well, you won’t believe what I saw when I was out.” said Remus. He quickly told them all that he saw.

“You saw him? How is that possible? He’s been dead for so long!” said Sirius.

“Do you think he’s controlling the book?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It would make sense.” said Lionus thoughtfully. “The books sometimes do channel a loved one’s spirit. Someone who sacrificed their bodies for the subject.”
“But he…why isn’t…” said Sirius.

Dr. Clark looked uncomfortable.

“We probably won’t know for sure, but at least we know the book means no harm to Harry, we just have to watch what we say and do.” said Lionus.
The next morning, Harry, nor Dr. Nicodemus had left the bedroom. Lionus led the three men down to the Entrance Hall for an early start to the day. However, his early start was six in the morning.

“What the hell did you get us up for?” asked Sirius walking down to the front doors.

“To keep me company, and to make sure you don’t sneak into the room and disturb the Doc.” Lionus said with a smile. “Come on, you can keep me company while I work out today, I feel my strength just ebbing away just sitting in there.”

Sirius and Remus shook their heads and walked with Dr. Clark and Lionus. “I don’t mind going outside. I haven’t been outside much since I’ve been here.” said Dr. Clark.

Well the idea of just a few simple push ups and jogging around done by Lionus was anything but simple, and the idea was just mere fantasy.

They stared in complete shock as he ran up the castle wall and leaped and bounded from tower to torrent and then back down to the ground. Before he touched down, they saw that his nails had extended themselves into what looked like long claws.

And just as soon as one foot touched the grass, he sped off again, but this time, he dove into the lake. Remus looked around for him to start swimming laps or something, but he never came up. Suddenly, after a frantic seven minutes, he came shooting out of the lake like a rocket taking off.

He finally came to a halt and sat on a large boulder beside the lake. He shook the excess water from his hair while the men ran over to him.

“Are you out of your mind?” shouted Sirius.
“How did you do all that?” asked Remus in a shocked whisper. He noticed that the claws were gone.

“Years of training.” said Lionus with a smile. He then looked to the left and saw a dead tree, crowding a young sapling. He brought his arm quickly back behind him and walked away, suddenly the tree slid off the now severed trunk and landed heavily on the shore of the lake.

“Who do you think you are? Chuck Norris?” said Dr. Clark staring in amazement.

“No, but I love watching his movies.” said Lionus with a smile. “Being a Ranger means you have got to be able to handle any situation at any given time. Which means, you have to be strong,” he said flexing his arm, what appeared to be just lean arm under his cloak, was in reality, pure muscle. “Smart, resourceful and not afraid of danger. The real qualifications of a Ranger go on and on. But those are the main ones.”.

“And you want Harry to be one of you guys?” said Sirius in an awed whisper.

“That’s right, all we would need to do is build up his actual muscle tone and he’s all set. He’s lieutenant material already.” said Lionus with a smile. “He’d make a fine Ranger.”

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark looked at each other quickly. “You going to make up his mind for him? Or you going to let him choose?” asked Remus.

“He’d have to decide for himself of course. You have to give a reason for wanting to be a Ranger before you even get to try out for them.” said Lionus.

“…So you won’t try and force Harry to become a Ranger?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Absolutely not, but as a Ranger Captain, I would love to have him on my squad. Hell, I’d follow him into battle if he were put in charge of me. But as an adult who’d love to have a kid of his own, I cannot possibly allow him to get into anymore danger than he already has.” said Lionus with a smile.

“Right on.” said the men happily.
After Lionus had finished toning his body back in shape, and talking the three of them to join in, they walked into the Great Hall for breakfast.

More like Lionus walked, they staggered and panted from exhaustion.

“Never…never…again…” said Sirius collapsing in the bowl.

“I’m hurting in places I didn’t know I had.” said Remus leaning against a chair.

“I’ve worked out before, not enough to kill me in less than two hours though.” said Dr. Clark collapsing to the ground.

“What happened to you guys?” said Fred in wonder.

“All I did was run them about the grounds.” said Lionus with a smile.

“You guys should be thankful that it isn’t Monday, those days are the worst.” said Nightstrike with a smile. “You guys had it really easy.”

“That..was…easy…?” gasped Sirius gulping down glasses of water right after the other.

“Yeah, and if we were back at headquarters, it would be even tougher.” said Nightstrike.

Sirius groaned and fell back into the cushions.

“Good Morning, Dr. Nicodemus. Oh, you too, Mr. Potter.” said Tempest from the door, where she stood with Firenze. Everyone turned and quickly looked at the door. Dr. Nicodemus walked into the Great Hall and was followed by Harry, who looked different.

He was taller, yet still skinny. His eyes were still a brilliant shade of emerald green, but…his hair….
“Harry…why is your hair white?” asked Remus staring at the youth.

His once messy black locks were now long and white. The top was still sticking up all over the place, but the rest was smooth and shiny, like a flat sheet of pure snow.

“Well…Dr. Nicodemus here says that it’ll turn back to black at some time down the line. It’s just, I’ve been really drained of magic last night.” said Harry tugging at the locks of hair. His voice was a little deeper, but Professor Flitwick could tell that his singing voice did not change one bit over night. Of which he was very thankful for.

“Draining your magic makes your hair turn white?” said Sirius examining a gray strand off of Remus’s head.

“Look at your own.” Remus said shrugging Sirius off.

“That hurts.” said Sirius pouting. Harry laughed loudly and walked over to Ron and Hermione.

“It’s great seeing you look so much better.” said Hermione hugging him tightly.

“This is odd.” said Ron, looking eye to eye with Harry.

“Awesome! No more short jokes.” said Harry beaming. “I was about to kick you if I heard another one.”

“So no more illnesses, no more sleeping, no more injuries?” said Sirius hopefully.

“I can’t fix the one thing that is afflicting him, but with Dumbledore’s help we discussed it with him.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“When did you talk to him?” asked Remus.
‘When I took you guys outside, it was a conversation best left to the two of them.’ said Lionus.

‘But he was with him too!’ said Sirius pointing to the Doctor.

‘I went in later.’ said Dr. Nicodemus.

Sirius and Remus looked between each other and rubbed the back of their heads, ‘Now we really don’t have any grounds to treat you like a kid, you’re as big as us.’ said Sirius

Harry smiled at his father’s two friends, ‘I don’t mind if you guys treat me like a kid. For…the…readings…’ said Harry to the two men. They high-fived each other.

‘Mad as a March Hare, the both of them.’ said Harry shaking his head.

The Doctor cleared his throat loudly. ‘Unfortunately, the ailment that afflicted him took away one magical ability that he had.’

‘What do you mean?’ asked Sirius.

‘Everyone is born with different abilities, every witch or wizard, doesn’t matter if you are a Muggleborn or not. It takes a lot of tragedy and hardships to discover your powers. Everyone here has a different ability that sets them apart from the rest. Harry might be the only one to know about his at such a young age. The abuse helped bring that about.’ he added bitterly.

‘What ability did Harry lose?’ asked Sirius.

‘We are not sure; he has all the abilities he knew he was gifted with. It might have been one that he was not aware of yet.’ said Doctor Clark.

‘How many does each person have?’ asked Colin excitedly.

‘Seven. Everyone has seven.’ said Harry. ‘I know of…’ he looked up, counting something invisible flying around him. ‘at least five that I have.’
Ginny walked into the Great Hall, stifling a yawn and as she walked, she nearly walked into Harry.

“Sorry…” she said sleepily. She looked up slowly and her eyes widened when she saw him. Without warning, she leaped into his arms and kissed him fiercely on the lips. Mrs. Weasley blinked at her youngest daughter and moved to say something, but withdrew.

When they pulled apart, she tapped his nose. “You’d better be feeling better.”

“Right now, I could carry this entire castle into London.” said Harry with a mischievous grin. Percy walked up and began to drag her back towards where her family was sitting. Harry waved playfully over to her and sat in between the men in the bowl.

It was decided that George was going to read the next chapter. So when everyone settled down and waited for him to clear his throat dramatically and start reading

Chapter Twelve

“Awesome!” said Fred excitedly.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh that’s right, you were heading to my office.” said Dumbledore happily.

“Oh, I forgot, think you can keep something safe for me?” said Harry reaching behind himself.

“What is that?” asked Dumbledore with a bright smile and twinkle in his eye.

Harry held out the stuffed dragon.

“Think you can keep this safe? Till I have kids?” said Harry with a smile.

Dumbledore stared at the dragon, and smiled. “Of course I will.” he said, with tears pricking his eyes.

End of first paragraph.

“Did you at least reassure him that you thought he was innocent?” asked Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“She did, as I walked in. She told me that she knew that I didn’t do it, and told me not to worry, the
whole not worrying part didn’t work out too well.” said Harry with a smile.

**Second paragraph, second sentence.**

“Yeah, we loved to just go in there and spend the weekends just talking and asking him all about the stuff he had.” said Sirius thinking back fondly.

“I think ‘interrogating’ would be a better choice of words.” said Dumbledore chuckling warmly.

**End of second paragraph.**

“I’m sorry, Harry.” said McGonagall worriedly.

“No real harm done.” said Harry smiling warmly.

“Least his smile hasn’t changed.” said Hermione in a whisper.

“Yeah, his smile was always more pleasing to look at then Lockhart’s.” said Ginny with glee.

**Third paragraph, second sentence.**

“Yeah, he’d never tell us what those things would do.” said Remus. “Only would say how he got them.”

**Third paragraph, third sentence.**

“They’re very good actors, every one of them.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**Third paragraph, fourth sentence, second sentence.**

“That desk that had served countless Headmasters and Headmistresses before me.” said Dumbledore.

**End of third paragraph.**

“And here I thought they just chuck it into an old broom cupboard when they don’t need it.” said Fred quietly laughing.
“There is no rule against it, but even if the hat says a different house, you would still stay with the house you were sorted into.” said McGonagall.

“It did, trust us.” said the entire Gryffindor house.

“Godric must have had a large head.” said Zacharias.

“Larger than a twelve year old’s at least.” said Fred in retort.

“That’s creepy how it knows your name.” said Dr. Clark.

“Once it touches your head, it can recognize your core instantly, even your kid’s core.” said Harry flipping through his little book. “Families have similar cores.”

Umbridge stared hungrily at the book, if only she could get her hands on it.

“So what’s it like to have a bee in your bonnet?” asked Sirius ruffling the teen’s hair.

“Reminds me of you, a pain in my…” said Harry teasingly.

“Harry.” warned Mrs. Weasley gently.

“Sure, we get yelled at, and she only tells you off quietly.” said George pouting slightly.

“Mom always liked me best.” said Harry with a playful smile.

The Weasely children all laughed when Mrs. Weasley got flustered, trying to say that she loved all her children equally.
End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence,

“Yeah, a talking hat would be pretty smart.” said George with a smirk.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second sentence.

“Why would your heart leap?” asked Colin.

“I focused more on the ‘GRYFFINDOR’ part.” said Harry shrugging.

End of dialogue set.

Sixth sentence, first sentence.

“Harry, you really need to stop having your hopes crushed like that.” said Hermione with a laugh.

“My hopes are sort of fragile.” said Harry shrugging. Hermione stopped laughing immediately.

“With height and white hair, comes absolutely no wisdom.” groaned Harry clapping a hand to his eyes.

End of sixth sentence.

“Remember when James got sick in Dumbledore’s office?” asked Sirius, trying to boost the morale.

“Yeah.” said Remus catching on quickly. “Right on Dumbledore’s shoes. They both were facing each other, then Dumbledore was watching James’s lunch try and decorate the nice new shoes he had gotten.”

“You didn’t even blink!” said Sirius laughing, Dumbledore smiling. “You just handed him a potion told him it was alright and cleaned your shoes!”

“Nasty bout of flu was going around the school; I learned many years ago, that being ill is not something one can control. Though some try.” said Dumbledore, sneaking a twinkle over to the twins.

“Think he knows about the Snackboxes?” said Fred quietly.

“I think we can bet on that.” said George. “Especially if the books reveal it.”

Dialogue set.
“Was it your turn to be sick?” asked Sirius.

“No, with Madam Pomfrey around, she never allows me to be sick.” said Dumbledore cheerfully.

“Of course not. Being as old as yourself, a cold could do you irreparable harm.” said Madam Pomfrey hotly.

“Thank goodness she won’t be around when I’m elderly.” said Sirius in a whisper, but Madam Pomfrey heard it.

“You will be lucky to see Middle-Aged if I could have my way. After all the dangerous pranks you pulled on the other students when you were younger.” said Madam Pomfrey, still angry.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“What the…?” asked a first year Slytherin. “What’s a bird like that doing in the Headmaster’s office?”

Seventh paragraph, end of second sentence.

“Note to self: Make a large batch of Pepper cookies for Fawkes, to apologize.” said Harry with a smile.

“Pepper cookies?” said Sirius.

“Hot chili peppers, habanero peppers, jalapeño peppers, hot sauce, all in a biscuit.” said Harry. “Fawkes absolutely loves them.”

“Since Harry has started making them, his feathers have certain gleam to them. Not to mention he’s put on about five pounds.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

Seventh paragraph, third sentence.

“That poor bird.” said Dr. Clark sadly. “Couldn’t you take the poor thing to a Vet, Albus?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out in a small while why it is not necessary to take him to Vet.” said Sirius.

Seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

“He was ill. The poor thing had pneumonia.” said Dumbledore shaking his head sympathetically.
“That sounds so sad.” said Lavender.

“Don’t jinx yourself, Harry.” said Fred with a loud laugh.

“B-b-but I was….I was kidding.” said Fred in shock.

“What the hell…?” said Dr. Clark stunned.

“So was the noise I heard.” said Dumbledore with a smile over to Harry.

“And you came running right?” asked Sirius.

“Alas, I was thinking too excessively to investigate. I only heard the noise and continued to ponder what was attacking my students.” said Dumbledore, regret etched in his face. “It did not sound like a scream to me, or a shout.”

“I was fine.” said Harry smiling reassuringly.

“Poor you.” said Dr. Clark looking over to Harry.

“Man, Harry wants to save everyone, doesn’t he?” said George with a smile.

“That sometimes is the curse of being abused at such a young age. You are taught that there is no worth for your life, but other’s life, must be treasured.” said Doctor Nicodemus. “The abused will go to any lengths to spare others the pain they themselves have been subjected to.”

George’s smile disappeared immediately and everyone turned to look at Harry intently.

Harry looked at everyone staring at him. “Could you lot blink? You’re creeping me out.” he said with a smile.

“No more saving people.” said Fred.

“You start saving yourself.” said George.
“I don’t think I can.” said Harry honestly. “It’s not like changing the curtains from season to season. If what he says is right, it may take years to get me to stop. And I don’t think I would want to stop.” he finished faintly, looking down and rubbing his elbow.

Sirius, Remus, and Dr. Clark looked at each other, then smiled and group hugged Harry.

“We’ll help you with that.” said Sirius giving Harry a tight squeeze.

End of ninth paragraph.

The students stared at Harry, he had to be the unluckiest kid in the school.

Tenth paragraph.

“I had just been to see Nicholas and Mr. Finch-Fletchley.” said Dumbledore seriously. “But seeing the look on Harry’s face was just too amusing.” his frown turned to a smile. “I almost began to laugh.”

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

“I never thought I would see someone smile when they learn their pet just died.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Wait, what?” asked Dr. Clark confused.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Speak of the devil.” said Dumbledore laughing warmly. Suddenly the red and golden bird flew down to the students and fluttered to land on a golden perch conjured by Dumbledore. Dr. Clark stared in wonder at the bird.

“He’s stunning.” said Dr. Clark in an awed whisper.

“He sure is. But he’s not beautiful like you.” said Harry quickly when he saw Hedwig flying down to the Great Hall. She inflated her feathered chest proudly.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That is why it one reason to not have to take Phoenixes to the doctor in case of emergencies. Regular checkups are something completely different though.” said Dumbledore, stroking Fawkes’ feathers.

End of dialogue set.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Sorry.” said Harry quickly, Fawkes turned, flapped over and landed on Harry’s knee and nuzzled against Harry’s chest. Hedwig screeched loudly.

“Hedwig, he was forgiving me. It’s okay, you’re the only bird for me.” said Harry scratching behind her head.

Hedwig hooted indignantly, but buried her head into his palm. Fawkes continued to nuzzle into his chest and then dug his beak into the folds of Harry’s cloak. He came out with a fire red cookie in his beak.

“He seems to have found one of his Pepper cookies.” said Dumbledore with a laugh.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Phoenixes hardly ever let others watch it decline. They are a very proud species of bird.” said Dumbledore. “Fawkes has only allowed myself, Harry and Lily to watch him pass on. Lily dearly loved Fawkes.” he wiped a tear from his eye.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That description does not do you justice.” said Dr. Clark, slowly reaching his hand out to Fawkes. Fawkes looked at the hand and laid his head down upon. it. “He feels so warm.” said Dr. Clark in fascination.

“He was the perfect playmate for little Harry.” said Dumbledore fondly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.

“I remember one time, Fawkes carried you all around the school on his talons. I thought your mother would have been frightened out of her wits or at least murder me in a furious rage, but she
trusted him enough with you.” said Dumbledore beaming. “How you loved going on rides with him.”

“I’d love to remember that.” said Harry dreamily.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second comma.

“Wow, really?” asked Colin eagerly.

“Oh, my god.” said Dr. Clark, touching his patched eye. Fawkes was now sitting on his shoulder. Dr. Clark removed his eye patch and slowly opened his eye, there were pearly drops of what appeared to be water on his cheek, and the slit in his eye…was gone.

“I can see out this eye again.” said Dr. Clark with amazement. “Thanks.” he looked up to Fawkes appreciatively. He let out a beautiful tune that made Harry’s heart soar and he flew back to his perch.

“That…was beautiful.” said Dr. Clark happily. Other people in the Hall nodded, but Umbridge was the only one that was emitting a muffled scream.

End of dialogue set.

Hedwig turned and stared fixedly at Harry. “You’re twice as loyal as he is.” said Harry quickly.

Hedwig seemed satisfied with that statement.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“So you didn’t even need to ask him what had happened?” said Remus.

“I prefer when they tell me. I don’t start using Legilimency unless they cannot find the courage to tell me what is wrong.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“You forget to knock, Hagrid?” asked Sirius playfully.

“I just…was worried he was gonna expel Harry.” said Hagrid sheepishly.

“Of course he wouldn’t expel his favorite student.” said Fudge rolling his eyes.

“You like steak?” asked Nightstrike innocently.

“What?” asked Fudge quickly. “Well…yes.”
“If you would like to chew that at any time in the future, I suggest you shut your mouth, before I knock all your teeth out.” said Nightstrike threateningly.

End of fifteenth paragraph

“I would have fell down laughing.” said Remus.

“I think I would have pissed my pants from laughing so hard.” said Sirius with a bright smile.

Dialogue line.

“Woah, Nellie.” said Fred.

“Easy Hagrid, if Harry was going to be expelled, he would have been chucked out of the school before you even got there.” said George.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Hagrid looked sheepishly down at the floor.

Dialogue line.

“Not like that nitwit of a Minister would recognize the truth.” said Sirius scowling at the cringing man.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He knows Hagrid!” said Sirius shaking his head and smiling.

Dialogue line.

“What was your proof?” asked Fudge, trying hard to build his courage back up.

“Just shut up.” said Tempest gritting her teeth.
Seventeenth paragraph.

“I love you Hagrid.” said Harry with a broad smile.

Dialogue line.

“Sometimes, I wonder if you even give a damn about when people get all flustered around you.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Sometimes I wonder why you don’t just burst out laughing.” said Sirius grinning.

“I laugh later.” said Dumbledore with a twinkle in his eyes.

Dialogue line.

“Bout what?” asked Sirius.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“Not a good sign.” said Sirius, once again, the voice of experience.

Dialogue line.

“Tell him everything.” said almost every adult in the Great Hall.

“I do, sort of.” said Harry.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Yeah, you really told him.” said Zacharias rolling his eyes.

“Wait for it.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry smiled as people turned and stared at him.

“I didn’t say a word.” said Harry.

“Harry! It was supposed to be a secret!” said Hermione worriedly.

“It’s a good thing that he allowed Dumbledore to know that. Without it, I wouldn’t have had the necessary potions to fix whatever would have happened.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“It was very fortunate that Harry took me into his confidence.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“You make it sound like something really bad happened.” said Sirius worriedly.

Harry gave him a ‘you’ll find out look’.

“Whoopie.” said Sirius.

“So if you knew, you could have stopped it!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I thought it best to have them stretch their wings, besides, stopping the brewing process of a Polyjuice Potion, could have some very disastrous effects. Am I correct.” said Dumbledore looking over to Snape.

“Indeed, the fumes, even if you make the potion disappear, over the next few days can cause everyone within a five mile radius seriously ill.” said Snape.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

“And is that when the assault happened?” asked Remus angrily.

“Yep, right before the holidays.” said Harry plainly. “Wait…what?”

“It showed you getting the snot beaten out of you by the Hufflepuffs.” said Ron.

“Geez louise.” said Harry rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“Harry, we want to know about this kind of stuff.” said Dr. Clark.

“I realize that. But really…this happened so many years ago, and I paid them back in full for it.” said Harry.

“How?” said Dr. Clark.

“Once everyone was revitalized and the threat gone, I asked them each to another abandoned room and whupped each of their asses.” said Harry. “One at a time. With the seventh years though, Ron helped me out on.”

“Helped me alleviate some stress.” shrugged Ron.

“How could two twelve year olds go against a seventh year?” asked Sirius.

Harry and Ron grinned wickedly. “We’ll never tell.” said Ron and Harry.
“Good question.” said Remus, still thinking hard.

“He’s a lot calmer now.” whispered Harry.

“Having the light smack into his chest did wonders for his disposition.” said Sirius whispering back.

“And to get away from Harry, so as to not incur his demonic wrath.” said Fred dramatically.

The students laughed, knowing full well that the threat was gone, and that Harry wasn’t the heir.

“They think we're joking?” said George.

“They've never been yelled at by him before...poor naïve things.” said George.

“Hey, he forgot us.” said Fred pouting.

“Yeah, we can make the holidays all the more wonderful for him.” said George.

“Having all the cushions fly over and start bashing us in the head and sides isn’t what I call festive.” said Hermione.

“Haven’t you ever heard of a pillow fight? They’re great fun!” said Fred innocently.

“Only if you can fight back.” said Ron. “And you already took control of all the cushions.”

“I doubt they can even think for themselves.” said Ron in a whisper. Draco suppressed a laugh; he doubted Crabbe and Goyle could think too.

“Oh really?” asked Rivers looking slightly confused.
“Oh, yes, I would be happy with less students too.” said Rivers quickly.

“What were they hissing?” asked Professor McGonagall.

“Some were just trying to sound like snakes, and others were telling him to go home and never come back.” said Ron.

“I got something, something macaroni when they hissed like that.” said Harry shrugging. “Parseltongue doesn’t translate well when you don’t know what you’re doing.”

“Really? What am I saying now?” asked Fred, he hissed softly.

Harry blinked. “Tell him to take bicarbonate and stay off his feet.” said Harry.

“What? What did I say?” asked Fred.

“You told me that your uncle has gas.” said Harry. Several people snorted and others just busted out in laughter.

“How about now?” asked Fred and he hissed again.

“I’m not too sure how to respond to that one.” said Harry.

“What did he say that time?” asked Sirius trying not to laugh.

“His uncle with the gas is now pregnant.” said Harry. The kids fell out of their seats and clutched their stomachs, trying to stop from laughing so hard. The adults could hardly contain themselves.

“It isn’t!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily switching from a jovial mood to an agitated one.

“I appreciated that they did.” said Harry, but sending a quick look over to Ginny and giving her a smile, who smiled back.

“It was so awesome. One of our funnier moments.” said Fred polishing his nails on his cloak.
“Not one of your better lines though.” said Sirius shaking his head.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Remember when he said ‘you’ once?” asked Fred to Lee.

“Yeah, I choked loudly and fell down ‘dead’.” said Lee with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“Smile for me quick.” said Sirius.

“What?” said Harry looking at him.

“Do it.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Harry smiled then stopped.

“Come on. Wider than that. That’s it, little wider…nope no fangs.” said Sirius with a teasing grin.

“Jackass.” said Harry bopping Sirius with a cushion.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Sorry boys.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“It’s okay, Mum, we wouldn’t do it if you approved, really.” said Fred with an evil grin.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Why did it upset you?” asked Snape.

“He was getting all the attention.” said Draco quietly.

“He got all the attention before all this stuff happened. What would have made it any different.” asked Bill.

“He made a pretty good catch in the last game of the term, against Ravenclaw, caught it right in
front of their Beater taking aim on a Bludger.” said Harry.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“He didn’t go to the game, it wasn’t his day off.” said Hermione.

“Day off?” asked Charlie.

“Someone has to stir the potion on the weekends. We can’t have Hermione doing it all.” said Harry.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Close, but this isn’t horseshoes.” said Rivers with a smile.

“Huh?” asked Draco and Blaise.

“Muggle game.” said Rivers.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.**

“You really need to write poetry or something mate.” said George looking up from the book.

“He does a wonderful job writing songs.” said Dumbledore smiling over at Harry.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“Explains why you kept sitting on the window sills and looking outside.” said Ron.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, fifth comma.**

“It’s embarrassing when Hermione beats you every single time.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Everyone one is good at somethings.” said Hermione wickedly.

“It was her idea to play for stuff.” said Ron. “I still owe her three quills and a pot of blue ink.” said Ron.

“You’re lucky, I’m out two books. I need to give up games that don’t involve flying.” said Harry.
“Don’t do that Harry, who else are we going to take for all the candy he’s got.” said Neville with a smirk.

“Or writing material.” said Hermione with a giggle.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, end of second sentence.**

“Man all those wasted nights, WE were the ones showing them how to block them and everything. Could’ve had Harry teaching us.” said George pouting.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.**

“You guys would rather be in danger at school then visit me? That makes me feel REAL popular.” said Bill crossing his arms.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, second comma.**

“So a twelve year old kid, and a pair of fourteen year olds have to act like adults? That’s wishful thinking.” said Sirius.

“Seeing as how Sirius *still* doesn’t act like an adult.” said Remus with a smirk.

**End of twenty-sixth paragraph.**

“We didn’t need the support Mr. Weasley,” said McGonagall sternly.

**Twenty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, second comma.**

“Two less snorers in the dorms.” said Harry with a smirk. Seamus, Dean and Neville looked between themselves and wondered who the snorers were.

**End of twenty-seventh paragraph.**

“Christmas presents could have waited a half hour more.” said Ron.
“Well aren’t you two just full of the Christmas spirit.” said Tonks.

“Hey, it’s a dangerous potion, I didn’t want to be stuck with half of Goyle’s face,” said Harry defensively.

“Not many girls will touch a rat on purpose.” said Dr. Clark looking at her highly impressed.

“Well that’s a pathetic Christmas present. Looking like those gits.” said Lee.

“Wow, it took her a long time to forgive you.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“I didn’t blame her though.” said Harry.

Hedwig repeated the show of affection.

“That is too cute!” squealed Lavender and Parvati.

Hedwig clicked her beak irritably at Fawkes and then continued nibbling Harry’s ear.

Sirius mouthed to Remus, ‘Someone’s a little jealous’.
“Well that’s a kind thing to say.” said Dr. Clark caressing Hedwig’s feathers.

“Nope, wasn’t kindness, it was a fact.” said Fred.

Growls scattered the Hall and glares were fired at the book from almost every angle.

“Would rather have the toothpick then have Goyle’s face.” said Harry.

“You are definitely getting something better than that for Christmas.” said Remus angrily.

“I’d sort of hope so.” said Harry with a small smile.

“Did you at least ask?” said Remus.

“I knew the answer was going to be ‘no’.” said Harry. “There was no point in asking.”

“Though I should’ve known, you could’ve told me.” said Dumbledore sadly. “I never would have sent you back.”

“But I couldn’t stay here; you and the rest of the staff have lives of your own to live. Where would I go? No, I could endure a few months with the Dursleys.” said Harry.

“No more enduring for you now.” said Sirius bringing Harry into a tight, one-armed hug.

“Getting absolutely nothing would be a step up.” said Remus angrily.
“It made it taste even better.” said Harry fondly. “I ate that right away after it softened.”

“Harry, eating sweets for breakfast is not good for you.” said Madam Pomfrey and Mrs. Weasley.

“Didn’t care.” said Harry with a cheeky grin. “It was treacle.”

Thirty-first paragraph, first sentence, second semi-colon.

“Why give him a book on your favorite team?” asked Dr. Clark.

Ron shrugged.

“It was fine. I like that book.” said Harry.

Thirty-first paragraph, end of first sentence.

“I haven’t seen you use it lately.” said Hermione thoughtfully.

“It broke.” said Harry. “Someone accidentally sat on it.”

Goyle and Crabbe laughed dully.

Thirty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“It was really good, took me a long time to eat it all.” said Harry gratefully.

Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“What were you feeling guilty about, dear?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence, third comma.

“Oh…sorry dear…” said Mrs. Weasley sheepishly.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

“Well that probably ruined Christmas for you.” said Tonks sadly.
“That’s true, those are always excellent.” said Remus happily. “And at least your Christmas wasn’t completely ruined.”

The first years and Dr. Clark looked excitedly around the Great Hall, trying to picture the festive sights and wishing that Christmas was going to come tomorrow.

“That were fun actually.” said Harry.

“Did you do any solos?” asked Sirius quickly.

“No and I’m not singing.” said Harry sternly.

“Come on! You haven’t sang in so long!” whined Hermione. “Just one little carol?”

“It’s not Christmas yet.” said Harry. “Kinda stupid to sing Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow, when the leaves haven’t even completely fallen out of the trees yet.”

“The staff’s eggnog was made with wine.” said Harry.

“How do you know?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Where else was I going to bake Dumbledore’s Raspberry Chocolate Chip cookies?” said Harry plainly. “And I took a glass off a tray. Spat it out right away. I like eggnog, but you don’t add anything else to it.”

“Oh, I found out later.” said Percy scowling at his younger brothers.
“Never did care what he said about my sweaters.” said Harry shrugging.

**End of thirty-third paragraph.**

“Didn’t happen.” said Draco.

“Oh, yes it did.” said Harry and Ron.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph.**

“They had three of everything!” said Hermione in response to the glares sent by both Madam Pomfrey and Mrs. Weasley.

“But we were going for five of everything!” whined Ron and Harry.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Sorry about that.” said Hermione.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.**

“‘Best friends’ is not what I would call them.” said Harry quietly. Draco heard and looked down shamefully.

**End of dialogue set.**

“I don’t see how this plan goes horribly wrong.” said Kingsley thoughtfully. He remembered back when Harry had said Hermione’s plans all went to hell.

“You have to wait for it.” said Hermione quietly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“I’d still eat them.” said Ron and Remus.

“That’s sad.” said Sirius shaking his head. “To be that desperate for chocolate.”
“That won’t be too hard. They’d eat *anything* and they always want to have their hands on food.” said Fred.

“Beats the idea of just wrenching them out in the hallway.” said Moody.

“We thought of that idea. Till it dawned on Harry and me that they would turn around and proceed to kill us both.” said Ron.

“I wished I had listened to you.” said Hermione.

“WE wish we had listened to us too.” said Harry and Ron.

“We knew that she wasn’t going to let it go.” said Ron.

“She kept pulling that card.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“How the hell did you manage that?” said Sirius. “The Slytherins aren’t exactly ‘buddy buddy’ with you.”
Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“That, right there, is a bad idea.” said Sirius quickly.

“Why didn’t you stop her?” asked Remus looking at Harry.

“It was the same shade as Millicent’s hair. It looked like hers.”

“By the way you just phrased that, it wasn’t.” said Dr. Clark.

End of dialogue set.

Millicent snorted loudly. “They won’t buy that.”

“She didn’t even have to try it out.” said Harry.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And yet, we blindly followed like sheep.” said Ron.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“We were pretty relived. If it hadn’t of gone well, we would have been in for a serious pounding.” said Harry.

“I thought you took care of the Hufflepuffs on your own.” said Zacharias with a sneer.

“Well…you were one of them, go have a rough and tumble with Goyle and Crabbe. See how you fair.” said Harry. “Take a seventh year with you, while you’re at it.”

Zacharias looked quickly over to the two Slytherins who were only passively responding to their names, turned to Harry and quickly shook his head.

“Thought not.” said Harry.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Hell, they were alone in the entire Great Hall.” said Ron.
“They aren’t that stupid.” said Malfoy. He knew they didn’t succeed in their endeavors, Crabbe and Goyle didn’t act out of character at all that year.

“We were hoping nobody bigger and tougher than them came by to eat those cakes.” said Ron.

Sirius laughed quietly, “They are that stupid.”

“That is too funny.” said Fred rolling on the floor laughing.

The entire school erupted with laughter.

“They are that stupid.”

“We used the Levitation spell to start with, but the problem with that was we just couldn’t stop them from hitting their heads on the doorway.” said Harry looking innocent.

“Tragic really, we had to drag them into the cupboard, problem was, when he we did that, we had to lay all the stuff on top of them. It was the only way to fit them in there.” said Ron just as innocently.

“Ron had to put his foot on Crabbe’s stomach and pull.” said Harry.
“Good thinking.” said Kingsley.

“We came up with that idea together.” said Harry.

“You still run way too damn fast.” said Ron.

“Ummm…..the potion is supposed to smoke like that, right Professor?” asked Hermione quietly.

Snape looked at her, his expression unreadable. “Yes, it’s supposed to be like that. I suppose you did a good job brewing it.”

“No, we failed miserably.” said Fred.

“It’s all up to you Hermione.” said George.

“How the hell do you know where the laundry is?” asked Dean.
“I like to do my own.” said Hermione.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Madam Pince won’t like that one bit.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“How were you whispering?” asked Seamus.

“Cause Hermione was whispering.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“I’d of gotten sick right then and there.” said Remus holding his stomach.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Out of all the colors to represent your character, yellow is not what I would have guessed for Millicent.” said Professor Snape thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

Millicent turned red.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

Snape looked at the larger of the two Slytherin thugs. *Sounds about right,* he thought to himself.
Him too, Snape smirked to himself.

Dialogue set.

Millicent glared at the scarred youth, while other people laughed.

“Good thinking.” thought Firenze calmly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“I’d drop it, nasty stuff.” said Kingsley shaking his head.

“I’m glad I don’t need it.” said Tonks.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“I didn’t make anything out of cabbage for the longest time.” said Harry.

Forty-ninth paragraph, first dash.

Harry absently placed a hand on his stomach and held it there.

Forty-ninth paragraph, third dash.

“Well this will discourage students to try and make this potion, if anything,” said Professor McGonagall.
People began to cringe horribly in their seats.

Sirius rubbed the top of his hands without thinking.

“Who was the one screaming?” asked Hermione trying not to have a squeak in her voice.

“It was me.” said Ron blushing. “Hey, it hurt.”

“I think I screamed too.” said Harry.

“Did you pass out, Harry?” asked Dumbledore worriedly.

“I think I did.” said Harry thoughtfully. “But only for a moment.”

“I can think of several better places to pass out then a bathroom floor.” said Charlie.

“I almost had to cut the shoes off my feet.” said Harry.

“Hated it, I felt…grounded.” said Harry.

“What do you mean ‘grounded’?” asked Remus.

“I couldn’t leap up like I’m used to doing.” said Harry.
“If I had seen that, I would have known you weren’t Goyle.” said Draco quietly. “He doesn’t know how to tie his shoes.”

“Shampoo and Conditioner works wonders by the way.” said Harry over to Goyle.

“That…was frightening.” said Harry.

“You’re telling me, I thought they woke up. But then again, he wouldn’t have asked how we were.” said Ron.

Harry gave a full body shiver, “I’m not the best thing to look at by far, but looking like Goyle was horrible.” said Harry.

“You’ve got to be kidding!” said Ginny staring at Harry in shock. “You’re handsome!”

“She’s right, you’re a little cutie!” said the three Chasers.

“You could light something on fire with how hot his face is getting right now.” said Sirius gleefully. His godson was trying to hide his burning face in the man’s robes.

“Well, you aren’t kind for their descriptions.” said Dr. Clark.

“Never am with bullies.” said Harry plainly.

“Wow, did the Dursley’s actually give you a watch?” asked Sirius shocked.
“It was one of Uncle Vernon’s Rolexes, He got porridge all over it and tossed it. I dug it out of the garbage and fixed it up.” said Harry shrugging.

“Where is that watch now?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Watches and lakes do NOT mix.” said Harry. “I had to pitch it.”

End of dialogue set.

“You didn’t even bother to try and find the Common Room beforehand?” said Bill.

“We tried, it didn’t go too well.” said Harry.

“We got detention for lurking.” said Ron. “Courtesy of Filch.”

Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“It was startling.” said Ron.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“All that work and you’re not going?” asked Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Millicent’s scowl grew and grew.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“No time for jokes, get moving.” said Moody.
“Don’t worry about her, she’ll be fine, just get going,” said Fred.

“MOVE IT!” shouted the people in the Great Hall.

“You stalking Crabbe and Goyle now?” asked Sirius with a smirk.
“I watched them to make sure we acted the right way,” said Harry.
“Good thinking.” said Lionus with a smile.

“Well, I was.” said one of the seventh year Ravenclaw girls, who figured it was Harry and Ron she
was talking to all those years ago.

“They didn’t say you were in Slytherin, they were just hoping you knew where it was.” said Hermione.

“It wasn’t her we asked.” said Ron quietly.

“They really are that stupid aren’t they.” said Fred.

“Can’t believe the real Crabbe and Goyle have to ask where their common room is.” said George shaking his head.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

The girl scowled, she didn’t realize that they were imposters, just overly stupid, but perhaps, if what the red head said was true, perhaps they were that stupid.

Sixtieth paragraph.

“Not when you don’t know where to go.” said Blaise.

Sixty-first paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“Twenty minutes gone.” said Fred. “Or is it only fifteen.”

“Twenty minutes were gone.” said Harry.

End of sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

“What the hell were you doing down there? That’s not a Gryffindor Prefect route.” said Charlie.

“How would you know?” said Percy smugly.

“I dated a Gryffindor Prefect, I knew all of her routes, and her male counterpart. Had to make sure he didn’t see me drag her off to an empty classroom.” said Charlie.

“I think we’d better LOCK all the empty classrooms.” said McGonagall.
“Honest question, did I get an honest answer? NO!” said Ron rolling his eyes.

“Nearly blew it there.” said Moody.

“That badge isn’t an impenetrable shield, Mr. Weasley. You were in just as much danger as everyone else.” said McGonagall sternly

Draco clapped a hand to his eyes, *he let them in.*

“He wasn’t too far off.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Whatever he thinks is funny, you can bet that it isn’t.” said Lee.
“He doesn’t have to show you respect, you can’t take points away from him.” said Hermione.

“Your kindness just about ruined everything. You need to learn to act tough.” said Moody.

“One word…Pansy…” said Harry with a smirk.

“He’s got you there Alastor.” said Kingsley.

“Percy.” said the Weasley family together.

“Not the time to do it, but, good for you Ron, stand up for your brother.” said Mr. Weasley proudly.

“No, I was not.” said Percy defiantly.

“He went to meet his girlfriend.” said Fred with a smirk.

Percy surprisingly turned and glared at Ginny.

“I didn’t say a word to him.” said Ginny defensively.

“So close.” said a first year Gryffindor.
“Who came up with that password?” asked McGonagall.

“The Prefects chose the password not me.” said Snape quickly.

 sounds gloomy.” said Ernie.

“We have more elegantly carved furniture in our house than any other house has to offer.” said Snape.

“They didn’t too bad a job.” said a sixth year Slytherin, he could vaguely remember that Christmas and he didn’t notice anything out of the ordinary.

“Why, what was wrong with it?” asked Sirius.
“Oh…” said Sirius sheepishly.

“It was the smallest amount I could fine you, Arthur.” said Madam Bones apologetically.

“HAH! FAVORITISM!” shouted Fudge.

“But she still fined him! Whereas you take money under the table and look the other way.” said Harry irritably. “A politician such as yourself should maintain dignity, honor and integrity. Each of those things you lack.”

“Amen.” said Madam Bones.

“He's talking fancy again.” said Fred.


Daily Prophet clipping: second line.

“That didn’t get too far.” said Kingsley.

“Thanks for defending me by the way, Dumbledore.” said Mr. Weasley gratefully.

“Think nothing of it. It was our tree that tried to destroy the car you worked so hard on.” said Dumbledore smiling.

“I don’t know how you managed to get the authorization to put the money directly into our family vault for the fine. I was afraid the goblins were going to come and seize our family treasures.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Alas, I couldn’t donate the money, I was not a blood relative.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

Harry and Ron looked at each other quickly. “After we read that, Harry gave me the fifty galleons to have it deposited in the vault.” said Ron.

“Oh, Harry dear.” said Mrs. Weasley, “You didn’t need to.”

“I wanted to. Besides, you just said that the goblins could have taken your stuff, I would say that it was a necessity.” said Harry with a smirk.


Daily Prophet clipping: third line.

“That didn’t get too far either.” said Tonks.


End of Daily Prophet clipping

“And I would have too.” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.
“Not too far off on how Goyle normally laughs,” said Draco.

“I’m not too sure I wouldn’t mind it half the time.” said Mr. Weasley.

“I’d love to go to school here. You and I can switch anytime.” said Dr. Clark.

“That’s a good lie to use, with all the crap he eats.” said Fred.

“Sorry!” said Draco swiftly.

“Of course.” said Dumbledore.

“Why would you?” asked Dr. Clark. “Shouldn’t parents know what is going on?”

“There are wizards and witches that try and make a good thing out of a monster. They come in throngs and jostle the students about. Some may even try and kidnap some of our students that come from wealthier families.” said Dumbledore. “Or for more devious reasons.”

“He would.” said Remus bitterly.
Colin and Dennis glared fiercely.

“I wouldn’t do that; that snake bites back.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Why are you defending him!” said Hermione.

“I’m not, just warning Colin and Dennis not to bite off more than they can chew. Take it from someone who does every year.” said Harry.

“Sorry.” he said to Colin quietly.

“And to think, you saved this for Crabbe and Goyle. I’m hurt.” said Harry with a laugh.

Draco, he was looking intently down at the floor, smiled in spite of himself.

“We were sort of growling.” said Harry.

“They are.” said Draco and Blaise.

George growled when he said the word aloud.

“Sorry.” said Draco still cringing.

“You’d better be.” said Snape with a look of disgust.
“Sorry Hermione.” said Draco.

“Well, he said your first name, so he really means it.” said Harry.

“Is he going to tell you who it is?” asked Dennis.

“Dang nabbit.” said Dennis pouting.

“It’s a good question. If anyone should know who the heir of Slytherin is, it would be a Malfoy.” said Moody.

“Wow, is Lucius trying to protect his son?” asked Kingsley.

“Or is he trying keep his son from screwing things up?” said Moody.

“Could still be both.” said the two Aurors.

Several younger students gasped and a few of the adults gulped loudly.
“SORRY!” yelled Draco.

Hermione turned her nose up. Harry looked over to Draco and shook his head. “It’s going to be a while to get forgiven for that one. Though I’m sure that everyone here is appreciative that your attitude has changed.” said Harry, though his tone was quite cold.

“SO, you would have stopped him right?” asked Tonks. She noticed the glares that she received. “For the good of the mission!”

“I sent him a facial warning, but after that, no, I wouldn’t have stopped him.” said Harry sitting back in the chair.

“No, they didn’t get the person. Not then anyway.” said Harry angrily.

“The person that was framed was expelled, yes, but he didn’t go to Azkaban.” said Hermione angrily.

“Azkaban?” asked Dr. Clark in a whisper that no one heard.

“Oh, I gotcha.” said Dr. Clark with a satisfied smile.

“Yup, he only wanted to keep his son from screwing it all up.” said Moody.
“Oh, just wait till I get my hands on that slimy bastard!”

“Molly!” said Mr. Weasley in shock.

“First time in his life that twit’s gotta work.” said Fred with a snarl.

“Good for the Ministry of Magic!” said Lee. “You can’t say that much for them lately though.”

“We wanted to do it months ago, when he still had the more dangerous lying about, But someone,” said Mr. Weasley looking up to the Minister. “wanted us to wait, to give Lucius more time to get rid of the stuff. Give him a thirty-fourth chance.”

“Tell me, you can’t justify doing that.” said Lionus looking disgusted.

“He is a major financial backer to St. Mungos.” said Fudge defiantly, trying his best to now ignore what the book says.

“Bullocks, the Potter family finances the hospital, Malfoy isn't really needed.” muttered Sirius.

“You’re an idiot. Consider yourself formally under arrest, I’ll get Whizzerd to go through your bank accounts and we will see if you have been taking from the people instead of giving.” said Lionus angrily.

Fudge stared pale faced and obviously frightened.

Suddenly, two cloaked figures flittered down and landed on either side of the now ex-Minister of Magic.

“Say hello to your new guards. Lieutenant Wildfire” the one on the left removed their hood and revealed a beautiful woman, with half her head shaved, but the other half had flowing red hair.

“and Lieutenant Viper.” the other person took of their hood and revealed a gaunt, pale faced man, he smiled maliciously down to the Minister to reveal…

“A vampire?” asked Fred in wonder.

“Very true.” said Viper.

“He won’t bite anyone, don’t worry about that.” said Lionus.

“Of course not.” said Viper sticking his nose in the air. “Cheeldren’s blood ees deesgusting. I preefur adults. Purfectly aged.”
“Wasn’t easy.” said Harry.

Draco paled, his father had accused him of divulging that information, and he had even punished him severely for it. But Draco kept telling him that he didn’t, but now it turns out he did. Oh well, he didn’t rightly care anymore.

“Time to go, get out of there!” said Sirius.

“Yeah, that wasn’t suspicious at all.” said Neville with a laugh.

“I actually didn’t, I just ignored you.” said Draco.

“Didn’t you notice anything when you had to retell them about the newspaper clipping?” asked Hannah.

“No, I have to retell them stuff all the time.” said Draco shrugging.

Harry laughed along with the rest of the school. “This is embarrassing.” said Harry covering his eyes.
The people in Great Hall laughed again.

“Well that was kind, but who came to unlock the door?” said Lionus.

“We didn’t lock it, all they would have had to do is try the knob.” said Harry and Ron with a smirk.

The laughter grew louder and louder. “THAT IS PRICELESS!” screamed Lee holding his sides.

“Harry actually slipped once.” said Ron. “Nearly banged his face on the floor.”

“That’s right, look on the bright side.” said Charlie.

“And we did too, we decided to go a different route, we went straight to Madam Bones.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Explains why you kissed the broken mirror.” said Ron with a smirk.

“Not before you kissed your own arms.” said Harry with a similar smirk.

“Well that’s nice.” said Sirius.
“What happened?” said Remus “The hour is up. She should have turned back by now.”

**Eighty-seventh paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“Ron thinks like you, too bad he don’t keep the group out of trouble too.” said Sirius.

“Nah, I help it along.” said Ron proudly.

**Eighty-eighth paragraph.**

“Something didn’t go quite well.” said Tonks. “It’s the only reason why she would be happy.”

**Dialogue line.**

“Oh dear.” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

**Eighty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“If only it was that.” said Hermione, Ron and Harry.

**Ninetieth paragraph.**

“Another bad sign.” said Sirius.

“Sorry Hermione, I just, didn’t expect it.” said Ron.

**Ninety-first paragraph.**

“The hair was…a cat’s…” said Snape his hand over his eyes. “That is not good. Polyjuice is not for animal transformations. I hope you went and saw Madam Pomfrey, you didn’t come to me, but you had better have gone to her.”

“I don’t think they would want to go to you; that would be like giving a murderer the bullets to kill you with.” said Dr. Clark.
“No I don’t.” said Millicent, “but Pansy’s cat, Twinklefluff, loves to lay all over my robes.” said Millicent thoughtfully.

“That’s what Professor Snape just said.” said a first year Hufflepuff.

“She’s evil.” said Remus angrily.

“I didn’t need to, I gathered all the information I needed from Dumbledore.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“That took some shielding to hide, but thankfully we didn’t have anyone else walking the corridors that day.” said Harry.

“At least you got better Hermione, umm…you didn’t…” said Sirius.

“No, no hairballs.” said Hermione with a grin.

“Thank goodness, nasty things.” said Sirius.

“He stepped on one once, it was hilarious.” said Remus. “He wasn’t even wearing shoes.”

"Took me three days to get the gunk out from between my toes." said Sirius.

Thanks for reading!
“Who’s going to read now?” asked George holding the book up high.

“Let me take a crack at it, brother dear.” said Fred with a posh like voice.

**Chapter Thirteen**

“We picked another doozy I think.” said Fred.

“Is this all about your notebook Harry?” asked Colin.

“Nope.” said Harry plainly.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

“Better to stay in the Hospital wing then walking around looking like a giant cat.” said Sirius helpfully.

“You have got to get over this cat hating thing.” muttered Remus.

**First paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“We thought you were attacked.” said Seamus.

“But then all of you guys wouldn’t have still accused Harry of being the heir…” said Hermione said thoughtfully.

“Did anyone attack you that time?” said Remus to Harry warningly.

“Some people almost did, but Ron came up and said she was just in there because she was sick.”

“Who tried?” asked Dumbledore, his voice growling.

“….not saying.” said Harry folding his arms. "They freaked, they weren’t aware of what they were doing.”

“It was the Gryffindor seventh years.” said Ron angrily. “They had him slammed against a wall by
the collar.”
Dumbledore scowled, as well as several other adults.
“This is getting to be a bit much.” said Harry rubbing his eyes.

First paragraph, end of second sentence.
“We almost lost our voices, all the times we had to say you weren’t.” said Ron.

End of first sentence.
“Thanks again, Madam Pomfrey.” said Hermione.
“You’re welcome, dear.” smiled Madam Pomfrey. She could finally relax; she was assured (most sincerely) by the Rangers that Harry was in no further danger.

Second paragraph, first sentence.
“That really made me feel a lot better.” said Hermione.
“We did what we could.” said Harry and Ron shrugging.

End of second paragraph.
“Oh come on! Take a break for once!” said Sirius looking at Hermione in disbelief.
“I couldn’t! It’s not my nature.” said Hermione.
“Very good Miss. Granger.” said McGonagall smiling down at the fifth year.

Dialogue line.
“You could get a hangnail and you’d still want to shirk work.” said Percy with kind smile.
“Hey, those hurt.” said Charlie with a fake pout.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“You were ahead of everyone else, you don’t need to keep up.” said Neville.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“POTTER! WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME!” came a shrieking voice from the door.

Everyone turned and saw Pansy, the sticky, black slime was still clinging to most of her face, but the other part that she had managed to peel off, had turned her skin to a sick sort of green.

“WHAT DID YOU DO?” she said, scratching at the green parts of her face.

“I said you’d need to wait fifty-two hours or so, now your skin’s all itchy, isn’t it?” said Harry with a broad smile, not bothering to turn around and look at Pansy. “Here,” He flung a small jar of what looked like ointment back towards her. “that’ll clear it all off, but…” said Harry. But before he could finish, the large door slammed shut.

Harry sighed. “I guess she didn’t want to hear about the last part.”

“What last part?” asked Hermione.

“She’s supposed to put that on, and then clean it off…” said Harry.

“Girls normally do that with their cosmetic stuff, Harry.” said Angelina.

“When was the last time you cleaned your face off with milk and honey?” asked Harry.

“Oh, never mind.” said Angelina with a small smile hidden behind her hands.

Millicent hurried as fast as she could out of the Great Hall after her friend, to tell her the important information. But before she could even reach the door, a scream emerged from what seemed to be the first floor girl’s lavatory.

“Too late.” said Harry with an evil smile on his face, the tips of his fingers pressed against each other.

“I told you not to look like that, you’re scaring me.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Try as I may, I can’t really be angry with you.” said Remus thoughtfully.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Wow, you guys just don’t want to drop it do you?” asked Bill.

“It was actually a very good thing that they didn’t.” said Dumbledore, McGonagall nodded.

**Dialogue line.**
“Now you have no suspects that must really suck.” said Charlie.

“It did, now we didn’t feel even confident that this was going to be solved.” said Harry.

“Yeah, especially when Dobby said that it had happened before.” said Ron.

“Does she have money under there? Did the tooth goblin come and visit you?” asked Sirius with a playful smile.

“Tooth goblin? Don’t you mean Tooth fairy?” asked Hermione.

“Fairy’s don’t have money, where else would you get money from if not a Goblin?” asked Ron. "They come in the middle of the night, yank out your loose teeth and leave a sickle under your pillow."

“In the Muggleworld, they have something called a Tooth Fairy,” said Hermione. "She at least waits for the tooth to come out."

“You put a tooth under a pillow and she leaves you money.” said Harry. “Dudley used to knock my teeth out and stuff them under his pillow.” said Harry. “Strangely enough, my teeth grew back in less than a week.”

“Instead of ‘Dinky Duddykins’ as a nickname, his new one will be ‘Gummy’ when I get my hands on him.” said Sirius growling.

“That’s a hereditary thing. Your Great-Great-Great Uncle Broderick had that ability too, he was always getting into scraps.” said Remus thoughtfully. “But then once he hit twenty-four, that ability was gone.”

“Ron! That card belonged to Hermione.” admonished Mrs. Weasley.

“I gave it right back.” said Ron. “She should have pitched it right after she got it though.”

“Okay, now I’m concerned about you.” said Remus. “He didn’t catch you alone without the boys, did he?”

“No! No he didn’t” said Hermione quickly.
“He’s seems to be branching out his affections from Harry to other students.” said Moody thoughtfully. “When he can’t have him, he’ll try someone else.”

“I think Hermione and I were happier without that little notion.” said Harry sternly.

“Nice to know you play hard to get though.” said Ginny with a sly smile.

Harry looked over to her, and smiled brightly.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why would you?” asked Remus with similar disgust.

Hermione blushed. “He was nice to look at.”

“So is a Golden Firetail, but you don’t go right up to one.” said Remus.

“A what?” asked Dr. Clark,

“It’s the rarest breed of dragon, from the tip of it’s snout, to it’s tail, it looks like solid gold, with a bejeweled underbelly. We don’t know a single thing about it’s habits or anything. Some people only get to see a fleeting glimpse of one.” said Charlie excitedly. He sighed, “Everyone at the Dragon Reserve would just love to have five seconds just to stare at one.”

Then he snapped out of his daydream. “Despite how beautiful it is, it’s still very dangerous to go up to one, Dragons are a crunch first and ask questions later sort of animal.”

Fourth paragraph.

“She was turning beet red.” said Harry with a kind smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Dumbest, and most egotistical is what I would say.” said Sirius.

“And that’s being kind.” said Remus grinding his teeth.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“With all the revisions I was going to have to do, I was amazed I got it all done.” said Harry dragging his hand down his face.
“It wasn’t that much.” said Snape smugly.

“Eight feet of essay on the Hair-Raising Potion, and then another two on what happens when you do it wrong, isn’t a lot?” asked Ron and Harry together. "And then Harry doing at least three different versions?"

"You're right, that was a lot." said Sirius.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.

“Twelve.” said Hermione.

“Little late for that now.” said Ron with a smirk. “Besides, Harry answered it for me.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Snape massaged the bridge of his nose. “Meddlesome nuisances.”

Dialogue line.

“If there was someone attacked, don’t you think keeping Harry away and keeping yourselves safe should be a priority?” asked Sirius.

“You don’t want another house beating the magic out of him.” said Remus.

The people who were in on the assault blanched, that’s what the Dursley’s had threatened to do….

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

“What the hell was he complaining about?” said Tonks.

“Something that I do not have the heart to change.” said Professor Dumbledore, guilt and regret radiating off his body.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence.
“We offered him a nice vacation, to get his mind off things, he refused.” said Professor McGonagall.

“Now that I think about it, I haven’t seen hide nor hair of Filch.” said Remus turning around in the bowl. “Not that I want to look at that bastard.”

“I told him that if I saw him anytime soon, I would be the last thing he ever saw.” said Dumbledore growing angry.

Seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Sounds like something we’ve been trying to work on. A portable swamp.” said Fred whispering to Charlie.

“Sounds great, let me know when you perfect it, it would be awesome at the reserve, especially with that new guy. He’s still a bit jumpy.” said Charlie with a wide smile.

End of seventh paragraph.

“He was complaining about Myrtle? And you can’t bear to see her go? Why?” said Dr. Clark curiously.

Dumbledore wiped a stray tear that had slid down his crooked nose, but smiled over to the good Doctor.

“You are as inquisitive as Harry is.” said Dumbledore brightly.

Dr. Clark beamed brightly, reached over and ruffled Harry’s hair. He did not notice that his question went unanswered.

Dialogue line.

“Anything would do to upset her enough to flood the bathroom.” said Ron.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma fifteenth word.

“Never pictured you to be dainty, Harry maybe, but not you Ron.” said Fred.

“Shut up, I didn’t want my robes to end up soaking my socks.” said Harry defensively.

End of dialogue set.
“Sometimes you have to listen to those signs you know.” said Bill.

“Yeah, but we’ve been in there so many times that nothing in there could hurt us.” said Ron with a smug grin.

Harry sent him a pointed look, “Ah…yeah…forget I said anything.” said Ron meekly.

**Eighth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Thank goodness I wasn’t there.” whispered a Slytherin fifth year girl.

**End of eighth paragraph.**

“Well, I can sort of understand why Filch would be a mite pissed off.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“She flooded the entire bathroom, because someone threw something at her?” asked Remus.

“She was very much the same in life.” said Dumbledore.

**Ninth paragraph.**

“You’re so kind.” sighed Romilda.

*What’s her damage?* Harry thought to himself.

**Dialogue set.**

“Who could be that cruel?” asked Charlie. Ginny cringed.

It did not go unnoticed by Harry, he held out his arms, beckoning her to come and sit with him. She stood up and walked over, Harry had Sirius to make the bowl to stretch itself out and motioned her to sit beside him. She sat beside him and laid her head on his shoulder, He draped his arm behind her and held her close.

“What was up with that?” asked Charlie.
“That was right there that I learned logic doesn’t work for a bunch of people under twenty.” said Harry.

“I haven’t quite figured that one out yet.” said Hermione almost silently.

“You try.” said Harry and Ron together.

“The very wrong thing.” said most of the girls in the Great Hall.

“I think she took it wrong.” said Fred.

“Not even we would throw something through a ghost for fun.” said George.

“Someone could have just pitched the book and not realize she was in there.” said Fred.

“Or that she flew through it on accident.” said George.

“Wow…” said Fred and George together. “…gloomy…”

“I was right!” said Fred proudly.

“Okay, a dictionary, or an encyclopedia I could understand being upset. Alive or dead. But a small thin book?” said Sirius. “Someone needs to take a chill pill.”
“Good thinking, Ron,” said Mr. Weasley.

“It’s just a book.” said Dr. Clark.

“Sometimes, the most innocent thing can be the most harmful of weapons.” said Dumbledore wisely.

“Should we keep an eye on you?” asked Sirius, grinning at Harry.

“Stuff it.” said Harry. "I'm far from innocent."

“Guess we should keep an eye on you for another reason.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Ask Dad, he’ll tell you about ninety different ways an unknown book can be bad.” said Fred.

“Hmph, the Minister wouldn’t have confiscated them, without Arthur’s pressuring.” said Madam Bones. “I wish you would take the diplomatic training, Arthur, I think you would make a fine Minister.”

Umbridge struggled against her restraints.

“Don’t make me come over there.” growled Lionus. She immediately ceased.

“Ah, yes, ‘Phoenix’s Firelight Fancy’ I was given that book once, by some unscrupulous person. I had no notion of what it would do, until a house elf was cleaning my office and the book fell opened and he had happened to look at one of the pages.” said Dumbledore sadly.

“What happened to the house elf?” asked Hermione worriedly.

“I placed the house elf with a family member who could take better care of him then I could. After a while, his sight healed itself. Wondrous creatures, house elves.” said Dumbledore.
“Your Great-Great-Great Grandmother read that on accident. According to your dad, she would never shut up.” said Sirius to Harry.

“Though you had to admit, she did write some pretty amazing poetry. I wonder if it’s hereditary.” said Remus looking inquisitively at Harry.

“That was my Great-Aunt Matilda.” said Neville. “She tells everyone what happens in the book, so no one else will read it.”

“Good plan.” said Kingsley. “If she reads it to others, they won’t want to read it.”

“I was getting tired of the horror stories.” said Harry.

“You really don’t listen to warnings do you?” asked Remus.

“I’m starting to listen now, how’s that?” said Harry with innocent eyes.

Remus sighed but smiled. “Better late than never, I guess.”

“Fifty? Did it say fifty?” asked Sirius.

“That cannot be a coincidence.” said Remus thoughtfully.
Ginny whimpered slightly, Harry held onto her tighter.

“What’s wrong hon?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out later.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set.

The school went silent.

“How do you know something like that? Even I don’t know that right off the bat.” said Percy.

“Well, you just have to have a great memory like mine.” said Ron proudly.

Fred read on quickly. “Sure Ron, keep telling yourself that.” he said with a smirk.

“Hey, I did remember, can’t dock me points.” said Ron slyly.

“…Well, you got me there.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Like I said, I’ve got a great memory.” said Ron.

“Continuously polishing and looking at it doesn’t hurt either.” said George.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“That would be a really boring diary.” said Sirius. “You’d need to spice up your life a bit.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, why throw away a blank book?” asked Fred.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
The Hall went silent again.

“What is it this time?” asked Harry looking around.

“For someone who had only been to London twice in his life, you sure knew that Vauxhall Road was in the Muggle part of London.” said Fred.

“There is only one magical street in London, and it isn’t Vauxhall Road. If he was a Pureblood or Halfblood, he would have most likely gotten the book at Diagon Alley.” said Harry. "And I had been to London a few times before I got locked up in my room that year."

Dialogue line.

“RONALD!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I was kidding!” said Ron quickly.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“I cannot say for certain if that was a good thing or bad thing.” said Remus.

“It was a good thing, for the long run.” said Harry and Dumbledore together.

Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, you only missed the time that they review the first term, so you really didn’t miss much.” said Bill.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

“I couldn’t figure out why someone wanted to pitch a blank book either.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

“Good luck finding them.” said Nightstrike. “I’d be impressed if a twelve year old can find out what that book is all about.”

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“Normally, I wouldn’t say a book has feelings, but after all this, I’m not too sure.” said Remus touching his chest absently.

“Does it hurt there?” asked Harry looking concerned.

“No, no.” said Remus quickly. “It’s nothing, it doesn’t hurt.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Moody and Lionus smiled. He’d make a fine Auror.

End of dialogue set.

“Do you know Professor?” asked Colin.

“The books will tell us very soon I believe.” said Dumbledore his eyes lacking their normal twinkle.

Dialogue set, second sentence, fifth word.

“Yeah I know, you don’t get special services to the school for excelling in class.” said Ron.

Dialogue set, end of second sentence.

“But Octavius is friendly.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Hermione, Ginny, Dumbledore, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, McGonagall, Ron and Harry cringed slightly.

“Yeah, I didn’t really mean that.” said Ron.

“Ever get the feeling they’re hiding something.” said Sirius to Dr. Clark.

“Every time we read another sentence.” said Dr. Clark.
“It wasn’t enough to think you were holding back.” said Hermione sadly. “I just thought you had a brainstorm.”

“That’s what I remembered.” said Sirius.

“Hey, I was tired.” said Ron in his own defense.

Fred looked up from the book. “That would warrant a plaque in the trophy room I guess.”

“If they really did catch the heir of Slytherin, they would have found out where the Chamber is. So, whoever they put in Azkaban isn’t the one.” said Luna.

“She’s got a point.” said Sirius.

“That’s another point.” said Sirius smiling.

“You won’t be smiling for long, not when you see what the book has in it.” muttered Harry.
“From what Harry just said, yes there is.” said Tonks.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“Well…you get an ‘O’ for effort.” said Remus kindly.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why would you need a Revealer?” asked Charlie.

“Sometimes, someone changes my notes or removes the words on my homework.” said Hermione.

“Who is it?” said McGonagall quickly.

“Harry and Ron already taught them better manners.” said Hermione giving a quick look over to Parvati and Lavender.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I had a cousin who did that, she has hundreds of journals, not a word in any of them.” said Dr. Clark.

“How would you know?” asked Remus.

“I looked in each and every one of them.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

“We are going to be the best of friends, mate!” said Sirius throwing an arm around Dr. Clark.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

Harry looked over to Dumbledore and then Lionus, they both nodded.
“You looked really different when you flipped through that book.” said Ron. “You looked a lot more intent.”

Not many people noticed the snarl on Harry’s face. Ginny held onto his hand tighter.

“Its okay.” said Ginny soothingly.

“Lousy ass, jerk.” said Neville, not to Harry, but an invisible Dudley.

“You’ve got some determination there kid.” said Wildfire with a smile, her eyes were an almost blinding blue.

“If I had to polish everything in it for four hours, I wouldn’t exactly go back in there either.” said George.

“If he saved the castle from a monster, you’d think that it would right out in front, at least a little further towards the middle than the Prefect and Head Boy/Girl list.” said Remus thoughtfully.

“I chose to put it over there, out of the way of casual glances, and perhaps today or tomorrow you will find out why.” said Dumbledore, a twinge of bitterness in his voice.

“Poor Ron.” snickered Ernie.
“How did he earn that one?” asked Moody, who knew full well who the boy was.

“Getting high marks in his N.E.W.T’s” said Dumbledore. “He actually received one ‘Star Exceeds Expectations.’”

“Wow, and Harry got a ‘Star Outstanding’.” said Sirius whistling.

“I am SO sorry.” said Ron to Percy. Percy was unsure why.

“You still say it like it’s a bad thing.” said Hermione. “And here you are a Prefect.”

Remus looked quickly over at the young man who sat beside him.

“Tell me you aren’t going to be like that.” said Remus.

“I might be going through it now, you never know.” said Harry with a broad smile.

“Merlin, give me strength.” said Sirius groaning loudly.
“At least you don’t need to worry about acne.” said Eloise

“What makes you think I didn’t have acne?” asked Harry inquisitively.

“Your face is still blemish free.” said Ginny, tapping Harry’s nose.

“I’m pretty sure I looked like I had the chicken pox sometime last night.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

“Well, he was whimpering just a bit outside the Hospital Wing.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Those things that were crying, then getting moody, and then having acne...you are going to cut them up and stew them?” said Dr. Clark faintly, he was turning a little green.

“Yes.” said Professor Sprout. “That is what you do with them.”

“Pardon me.” he said and ran out of the room.

“What’s up with him?” asked Draco.

“He went to go and get sick.” said Harry his head still facing the door.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“That was foolish and stupid thinking.” said Harry shaking his head.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“I don’t know, seems like pretty wise thinking.” said Kingsley.

“Wait till someone else sort of thinks along the same lines.” said Harry bitterly.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

“I don’t think the monster hibernates.” said Ron. He looked at Harry and Hermione quickly. “Does it?” he asked.
“I’m not all that sure.” said Hermione.

“They do.” said Harry. “They can sleep for forty years at a time.”

“Can you put us out of our misery and tell us what it is?” pleaded Sirius.

“And ruin the excitement? Never.” said Ginny with a shaky laugh.

“Don’t make me sic your mother on you.” said Sirius teasingly

“Come on, play fair.” pouted Ginny.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“What?” asked Remus.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Dumbledore, tell me that you told the students that you don’t think that Harry wasn’t the heir.” said Charlie tiredly.

“I told the students that the heir was no student going to school here.” said Dumbledore.

“Unfortunately, I do not think they believed me at the time.” he added sadly.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, end of second sentence.

“You’re still an idiot.” said Fred. Ernie shuffled shamefully, his mother’s howler from very early this morning burning in his ears.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

“He was really happy that I didn’t need the eye patches anymore, he took all I had.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh as he came back. He still looked a little pale, but was quickly getting his spirits back up.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“That man needs a reality check.” said McGonagall. “No one made the attacks stop.”
“Lockhart must have seen you and wished to impress you.” said McGonagall. “He talked quite a bit louder when you came to stand behind Miss Granger.”

“Good Lord.” said Remus closing his eyes.

“I think Lockhart was the least of the monster and heir’s worries.” said Bill with a snicker.

Remus snorted and covered his mouth to stop from laughing too loud.

“Don’t sugarcoat it, tell us how you really feel.” said Harry with a smirk.

"You know, what the school needs now is a morale-booster.

“Oh, did he finally leave?” asked Tempest hopefully.

“Great! He really did leave!” said Charlie.

“Wait…what?” said Sirius.

“Valentine’s Day.” said Remus with a loud groan.

“This isn’t going to end well.” said Sirius.
“What was stopping you from just leaving and going to bed?” asked Tonks.

“Wood would have woken me up early the next day to practice again.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“I couldn’t wake you up for the life of me.” said Ron. “I even put on of Fred’s firecrackers under you, you didn’t even make a sound.”

“It was sort of scary, we thought you passed away in the night.” said Dean.

“But Seamus saw that you were breathing.” said Neville.

The teachers and the fourth years and up laughed loudly. Even Snape smirked.

“Something tells me it was good.” said Sirius.

“It was awful.” said Ron and Harry shaking their heads.

Sirius began to gag.

“Boys have no sense of cuteness.” said Angelina to Katie and Alicia.

“Thank goodness.” muttered Fred, George, Ron and Harry.

“It was horrible.” said Ron.

“It thought it looked lovely.” said Hermione indignantly.
“I have to side with Weasley on this one.” said Snape with his face twisted in disgust.

**Dialogue line.**

“That’s the great part about when the other teachers decorate, the stuff floating down from the ceiling doesn’t get on the food.” said Harry. ”I coughed up a little pink heart about ten minutes after breakfast.”

**Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence.**

“Don’t blame you Ron.” said Sirius holding his stomach.

**Thirty-third paragraph, second sentence, second comma.**

This time, Remus and Sirius gagged.

“There is nothing wrong with pink.” said Tonks, her hair turning to a bright bubble gum shade of pink.

“Your pink is one thing, his is something completely different.” said Remus giving a weak smile to his tentative girlfriend.

She smiled and planted a kiss on his lips, which took him completely off guard.

“Get a room.” said Sirius with a laugh.

Without missing a beat, Tonks flipped him off.

“Oooh! I see how it is.” said Sirius teasingly.

**End of thirty-third paragraph.**

Several students smiled weakly and others laughed quickly, but were silenced by the look both McGonagall and Snape gave them.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“*Only* forty-six? I would have thought he’d have more.” said Remus with a smirk.

“It was only morning, he received about two hundred more by lunch time.” said Hermione.
Remus, Sirius and Dr. Clark groaned.

"Tell me he didn't give you anything." said Remus with a groan, looking at Harry.

"I got something in the afternoon," Harry looked pointedly at Ginny. "and then I got sort of frilly valentine towards dinner time, didn't know who sent it."

"How come?" asked Remus.

"It started singing something, then I burnt it." said Harry shrugging.

Ginny looked at Harry.

"Wasn’t yours.” said Harry. “Besides, you can’t burn a dwarf, least not quickly.”

End of dialogue set.

“Dear lord.” said Bill covering his eyes.

“Oh trust me, they get even worse.” said Fred with a frown on his face.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“What are the dwarfs for?” asked Dennis.

“You have dwarfs too?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Not like the ones in our story books.” said Hermione.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Most of the adults in the room stared.

“That…is demeaning…” said Dr. Nicodemus angrily.

“Hope Mighty doesn’t find out about this one.” said Nightstrike whistling quietly.

“Mighty?” asked Remus.

“He’s a dwarf lieutenant to Old Glory, the American Captain. He’s one of the strongest Rangers we have.” said Lionus. “And I hope he doesn’t find out, either. I’m looking for something definite to arrest this twit on.”

“I thought you guys could arrest people just for the hell of it.” said George.

“Yeah, but it makes the paperwork go a little easier when you have a reason. That way it’s just check the box that fits the scenario.” said Lionus. “Otherwise, you need to fill out another piece of
“Then it goes to your superior for approval right?” asked Percy, slightly hoping that there was an escape for his two bosses.

“He only reviews cases every twenty years or so, all the while, you’re in Devil’s Garden. Most people don’t last longer than four years in there.” said Lionus wickedly. “And even then, if he notices that a Captain made the arrest it goes straight for approval.”

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Those aren’t cupids.” said Fred.

“Those are dwarfs.” said George.

“And they don’t like the pink tutus you made them wear.” said both of the twins.

“How did he get them to do it?” asked Tempest. “Like us, they are a proud race.”

“He paid them handsomely.” said Harry. “I saw him give the leader a large bag of gold.”

“Whereas, actual Cherubs don’t cost a thing to have them come, they love spreading love and cheer everywhere.” said Emmeline.

“I think he wanted something that wasn’t as good looking as him.” whispered Rivers to Kingsley, who snorted loudly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Whatever happened to the good old days when boys would almost die from embarrassment from handing a girl a Valentine?” asked Sirius.

“Or vice versa.” said McGonagall with a smirk.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“Crud, I was hoping that it would.” sniggered Dr. Clark.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence.**

“No we don’t!” said the staff loudly.
“I don’t think that Professor Snape would be all that festive and show anybody how to do that.” said Sirius.

“Also, they are against school rules.” said Snape menacingly.

Cho looked disappointed, but Romilda had a sneaky smile on her face.

“You poor man.” said Emmeline and Tonks together.

“I had never been so embarrassed in my entire life.” said Flitwick covering his face.

“No one laughed, and I’ll bet no one asked you.” said Harry.

“No, everyone else respected me enough to not ask.” said Flitwick gratefully.

“Everyone else was just as observant. I received no request to teach how to make Love Potions.” said Snape with a sneer.

“She was.” said Ron, Harry and Sirius kindly.

“You can do better, honey.” said Dr. Clark with a small laugh.

“Why do you call girls honey?” asked Sirius.

“In my line of work, well what was my line of work, I’d get some pretty terrified little kids and when I would talk to the girls and call them ‘honey’, or something along those lines, they would settle down a little bit.” said Dr. Clark. "They don't quite take to being called Miss blankety blank.”

“Bet you guys didn’t like that.” said Remus to the rest of the staff.

“We most certainly did not.” said McGonagall.
“That was an understatement.” said the staff in unison.

“Aww…little Harrykins got a Valentine!” said Sirius giving Harry a slight shove.

“First one from a girl that was actually near my age.” said Harry with a smile, Ginny smiled.

“Who wasn’t near your age?” asked Hermione.

“Mrs. McFinn, she got me a big chocolate heart.” said Harry. “I had the worst stomachache ever.”

“You weren’t supposed to eat it in less than three minutes like that.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head and laughing. “That thing was bigger than your head!”

“‘Friendly’ my ass.” muttered Remus.

“Your face was as red as a beet, mate, it was insanely funny.” said Ron.

“Why did you care if she was in line or not?” asked Cho.

“Well…” said Harry scratching the back of his head absently.

“He knew that Ginny had a crush on him, and he didn’t want to hurt her feelings.” said Bill.

“Sure, we’ll go with that.” said Harry blushingly.

The students slowly began to laugh.

“Wait, you’ll run up to a troll and all that other stuff, but a dwarf wearing golden wings and a Valentine, you hightail it out of there?” said Sirius trying not to laugh.
“Shut up.” said Harry.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

“He never stood a chance.” sniffed Fred.

“Poor Harry, it was so tragic.” said George, his hand over his heart.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.

“A Valentine, and it’s MUSICAL!” said Sirius excitedly. “I’m so proud.”

End of dialogue set.

“Oh, he’s going to sing it. I’m glad I wasn’t there in the flesh.” said Sirius quickly.

Dialogue line.

“Don’t blame you, dwarves aren’t known for their singing voice.” said Lionus trying to hide his smirk.

Dialogue line.

Sirius stopped laughing, as did Remus and Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Madam Pince was royally pissed, there was a library book in there.” said Harry.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“We weren’t sure what the horrible noise was.” said Parvati.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“What’s it to you what’s going on?” asked Sirius.

Draco looked down. “The corridor was being blocked by something.”

“That’s plausible, I guess.” said Sirius crossing his arms.

End of dialogue set.

“How’d that work for you?” asked Remus with a smile.

“Waste of time.” said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

“You were no help, whatsoever.” said Ron.

Percy looked down at the floor.

Fortieth paragraph.

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark looked at him quickly.

“I was fine, no bruise, no nothing.” said Harry quickly.

Dialogue line.

“Please.” said Harry with a broad smile. “Allow me.” He sang aloud the Valentine he had received so many years ago.

Harry's Valentine.

“I can’t believe you remembered it.” said Ginny giggling.

“It wasn’t hard to forget really.” said Harry smiling at her.

“Will you two quit getting all lovey dovey?” asked Fred holding his stomach. Both twins rushed
over and picked their sister up and plopped her down next to their parents.

“Oi!” said Harry, he couldn’t help but smile.

“Be romantic on your own time.” said George.

“Wait till I get my hands on you two.” said Ginny, blushing madly and unable to hide her smile.

“Gotta catch us first.” said Fred teasingly.

**Forty-first paragraph, first sentence.**

“I was twelve.” said Harry defensively, when he noticed Ginny putting her hands on her hips. “And you were there.”

“Still, I can take it out on you now.” said Ginny with a smirk.

“Don’t please,” he said playing along, “I’m already getting the mickey taken out of me.” said Harry gesturing to the room.

**Forty-first paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“Didn’t work mate, you were still blushing.” said Ron.

**End of forty-first paragraph.**

“Like I said, you were no freaking help.” said Ron.

**Dialogue line.**

“Doesn’t sound like he wasn’t much help.” said Mr. Weasley wonderingly. “He’s trying to have Malfoy move along.”

“Wait for it dad.” said Ginny.

**Forty-second paragraph.**

“I thought it was yours.” said Draco.

Harry reached behind himself and tossed the black notebook over to Draco.

“Here, knock yourself out.” he said, not caring.
Draco opened it slowly. “What the…what the hell language is this?” asked Draco.

“I guess you could say my own. Give up yet?” asked Harry.

Draco tossed the book back.

**Dialogue line.**

“I just did.” said Draco with a smile.

“Dear lord, he made a joke.” said Fred.

“And it was funny!” said George in shock. Both pretended to swoon on the spot.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.**

“No I didn’t.” said Draco.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Why were you freaking about Harry’s diary?” asked Charlie.

“I…” said Ginny quietly.

“You’ll find out later.” said Harry quickly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Yeah, like that worked for your younger brothers.” said Bill rolling his eyes.

**Dialogue line.**

Snape looked round at Draco, his face and eyes doing more scolding then his voice ever could.

**Forty-third paragraph, first sentence.**

“And that never goes well for the person on the other end of that.” said Fred shivering slightly.
“Awesome!” said a few first years.

Snape stared at the young man.

“And you thought I don’t learn anything from you.” said Harry with a snide smile.

“That was beyond cool!” said Ron thinking back to that day.

“Blow it out your ear.” said Fred and George.

“Oh, is it Mr. Potter?” asked McGonagall crossing her arms.

“Well…you see…I…” said Harry trying to explain. “…never mind.”

“That was a low blow!” said Bill angrily.

Draco looked down.

“I did start it though.” said Harry cautiously.

“He can go after you then, but not our sister.” said Charlie snarling at Draco.

“Thanks mate.” said Ron.
“What? Did it disappear?” asked Ernie.

“No, something else.” said Harry.

“Okay, that’s just plain freaky.” said Sirius.

“Worst year ever.” said Ron.

“You’re telling me.” said Ginny.

“Oh, come on! Stay up late!” said Sirius. Remus smacked him behind the head sharply.

“He already doesn’t get enough sleep, he doesn’t need to lose any more.” said Remus.

“Oh, I see how you are.” said Ginny teasingly.

“Hey, they didn’t sing it as good as I did.” said Harry, mockingly preening his own feathers.

"Yeah, yeah, stuff it." said Fred teasingly.

“Harry, you have to get rid of that book, you’re becoming infatuated with that thing, just like that blasted mirror.” said Remus.

“I’m siding with Moony on this one.” said Sirius worriedly.
“Be wary lad.” said Moody.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

Hermione stared. “Is that you going all out? What the heck made you do that?”

Harry only smiled. “I’ll never tell.”

Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“That…is not normal.” said Kingsley thoughtfully.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

“What made you write your name?” asked Tonks.

“Call it a gut feeling.” said Harry.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“PITCH THAT BOOK!” shouted Mr. Weasley, Moody, Tonks, Kingsley, Remus and Sirius.

“Throw that book away, don’t write in it anymore.” said Mr. Weasley, desperately hoping that shouting at the book would change his daughter’s past.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Should have went all the way down.” said Mrs. Weasley growling.

“What’s up with Molly?” asked Remus.

Fifty-third paragraph.
“God, he was a slick one.” thought Harry viciously.

“Harry’s the neatest writer in the dormitory.” said Neville.

“But when I’m in a rush, my handwriting looks as bad as Seamus’.” said Harry with a sneer.

“Yeah, yeah.” said Seamus folding his arms and smiling despite himself.

“Formal ain’t he?” whispered George, but they took quick notice of their little sister.

“You okay, shortcake?” asked Fred.

“Fine, just fine.” said Ginny trying to stop her hands from shaking.

Bill stood up, walked over and put her on his lap. “Feel better?” asked Bill soothingly.

“Little.” said Ginny, sending a worried look over to Harry, who smiled warmly over to her.

“Boy…” said Moody.

“Don’t call him that!” said Sirius. “That’s what that walrus called him.”

Moody spat disgustedly, then continued, “Don’t get too involved in that thing, seems like a trap to me.”

“I can’t even disagree with that. In a sense, it was a trap.” said Harry sagely.

“You have a wonderful way of making me feel better, you know that?” asked Remus worriedly.

“How convenient.” said Dr. Clark tensely.

Harry looked up quickly out of his ravine, he hadn’t thought of it like that before. It was convenient, that a diary of someone fifty years ago would miraculously turn up when the same
plight began to affect the school. How could he possibly miss that?

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“No he didn’t.” snarled Ron, Harry and Hermione.

End of dialogue set.

“Can’t argue with him on that.” said Hermione. “The person behind it all was never imprisoned.”

**Fifty-fifth paragraph.**

“It’s the damned mirror all over again.” groaned Tonks.

**Dialogue line.**

“Well you might get a clue, to whoever it is by the person they accused.” said Moody.

“Years ago, I thought this guy was right.” said Harry sheepishly. He sent an apologetic look up to Hagrid, who smiled and waved away Harry’s unspoken apology.

**Dialogue line.**

“Don’t do it.” said Sirius swiftly.

**Fifty-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.**

“Not one word.” said Remus warningly.

“I wasn’t going to say a single word.” said Sirius innocently.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

**Dialogue line.**
“Alright, you are really close to getting grounded this weekend.” said Sirius.

“Hey, now. This happened years ago!” said Harry. “You channeling Remus or something?” asked Harry.

“What the hell?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Wow, kinda reminds you of a Scattered Shot doesn’t it?” asked Ron.

“It does, but then again, it doesn’t” said Kingsley.

Speckerton looked interestedly at the book. It’s not possible for a diary to be a Memorial Book, but it could be something completely different.

“It was like being in a blender.” said Harry shaking his head.

“So you went from the Gryffindor Dormitory to Dumbledore’s office? I guess that’s not too bad.” said Dr. Clark carefully.

“I’m amazed that you didn’t see his picture in the Headmaster’s office.” said McGonagall, recognizing who the old man was immediately.
“I think his portrait was out for cleaning.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph.

“You are way too polite.” said Fred.

“We need to teach him to be a bit ruder, don’t you think?” said George.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If he doesn’t hear you, you didn’t disturb him!” shouted Fred.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“Well aint he rude?” said George.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

“What the heck is he waiting for?” asked Sirius.

“At least you always occupy your time with something constructive.” said McGonagall.

“Now Minerva, he had arthritis, he didn’t have the dexterity I do.” said Dumbledore.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

“Whoa….you got that all in a quick look round?” asked Colin excitedly.

“Wasn’t that hard to figure out, actually.” said Harry shrugging his shoulders.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Right then and there, I was happy you were Headmaster sir.” said Harry looking over to the man.

“Why is that?” asked Dumbledore, a twinkle in his eye.

“One can tell just how strong you are by your voice. You sound more able to protect the people around then he ever gave the impression of.” said Harry, sounding more confident with his words than anyone else had heard before.

Dumbledore smiled warmly and looked down, humbled.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Harry made a sound like a cobra preparing to strike.

“Hate being compared to him.” said Harry grimly. “Even though I’m the one who did the comparing.”

"What's so bad about this Riddle guy?" whispered Dr. Clark.

"Nothing that I know of yet.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That always bugged me. Why did he look nervous I wonder.” said Harry thoughtfully.

"One can only guess." said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

"Why would you send a letter? Just go up and talk to the Headmaster." said Fred.

"Well, years ago, that was the way things were done. You needed to send a letter of request to speak to the Headmaster, and give the reason you wish to speak to him." said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Harry groaned louder.

"You aren't him, Harry." said Dumbledore comfortingly.

Harry smiled genuinely.
"He didn't have an abusive family did he?" asked Colin uneasily.

"No, I actually envied him. He had a much easier lot in life than I did." said Harry.

"Beef cattle have it better than you did." said Dr. Clark angrily.

"Sounds good to me. At least there would have been a chance to get adopted out." said Harry.

"I wonder why he didn't get adopted." said Ginny quietly.

"Strange occurrences happened around him, and he refused to allow anyone to adopt him. Though there were plenty of families who asked for him." said Dumbledore.

"He always had an intense dislike for that place." said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

"More of a reason to want to get adopted out." said George.

"This guy makes no sense." said Fred, shaking his head.

"So what is he doing in a muggle orphanage?" asked Draco wonderingly.

"That's sad. Poor Tom." said a first year Gryffindor.

"'Poor Tom' is not what I would say actually." said Harry bitterly.
"I really hate that sound." said Charlie. "Every time I hear it, I want to just smack the daylights out of the person doing it."

"Could that have happened with Harry?" asked Dennis.

"Yes, he would have come and stayed with a member of the staff, most likely myself." said Dumbledore. "Tom would have most likely stayed with the Head of his house."

"Maybe we'll find out something to show us what the heck is going on!" said Remus excitedly.

"But if he was going to stay with his Head of house..." said Seamus.

"The Head of house would have had the option of staying in the castle, and it was no secret that Slughorn wished to stay all year round." said Dumbledore.

"Hate to say it, but he sort of sounds like you, sir." said Harry.

"Indeed." said Dumbledore choking slightly.

"But not completely." said Harry earnestly.

"They wouldn't dare!" shouted Mrs. Weasley.

"Times were desperate then, and three years ago, it was again." said Dumbledore.
"A child died!" said Mrs. Weasley angrily, "And he calls it unpleasantness?"

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"Sounds like he knows exactly who it is. I wonder how long has he known?" asked Moody suspiciously.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Liar." said many of the students in the hall.

Seventieth paragraph.

"Not entirely the same, dear boy." said Dumbledore soothingly.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-second paragraph.

That is one of the many things that you and him differ." whispered Dumbledore, coming to stand behind Harry to whisper in his ear. "He had horrible posture."

Harry snorted.

Seventy-third paragraph.

"Was he trying to figure out who the heir was?" asked Ernie.

"Not even close." said Harry angrily.
"Gliding?" asked Sirius.

"Turns out, in the memory, that I didn't need to walk, if I willed hard enough, I could float behind him." said Harry.

"Three guesses who that is!" chanted Fred and George.

"Fifty years ago?" said Dr. Clark weakly.

"He was still plenty old back then too." said Sirius in a whisper.

"The one you give me is kinder." said Harry with a smile.

"At least you showed that poor child respect." said Madam Bones.

"Harry's a stalker!" shouted George.

"Don't give me any more bad press. She did enough damage." said Harry nodding towards Rita Skeeter who was sitting secludedly in the corner.

"Why hasn't she wrote or said anything?" asked Hermione.

"We stunned her. We prefer to go about without the press knowing anything about us." said
Lionus. "She's been knocked out since I and Doc started giving away secrets."

**Seventy-seventh paragraph, first sentence.**

"Why is he going to the Potions classroom?" asked Neville.

"That wasn't always a Potions classroom." said Snape, without his normal sneer towards the teen.

"Tha's true." said Hagrid.

**End of seventy-seventh paragraph.**

"He's acting a bit odd, isn’t’ he?" said Colin.

**Seventy-eighth paragraph, second sentence.**

"What the hell is he waiting for?" asked Bill.

"The right moment." said Harry, his face twisted in anger.

**Seventy-eighth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.**

"I was amazed that my patience lasted that long." said Harry with a smile.

**End of seventy-eighth paragraph.**

**Seventy-ninth paragraph, second sentence.**

"Who is it?" asked a worried fourth year Ravenclaw.

**End of seventy-ninth paragraph.**

"Felt like a real idiot, didn't you?" said Zacharias snidely.

"You're really pushing your luck, you know that right?" said Fred threateningly.
"Hagrid, is that you?" asked Luna.
"Yup." said Hagrid, his face darkened.

"What's with the box?" asked Lee.

"This won't end well." said Ernie worriedly.
"It IS Hagrid." said Dennis.

"Ever get the feeling he won't tell you?" said Anthony.

"What is he talking about?" asked Dr. Clark.
"He's saying that Hagrid was the one that attacked those people!" said Ernie.
"It can't have been him! I may not have known him nearly as long as the rest of you lot, but I know he wouldn't have done it!" said Dr. Clark angrily.
"RIGHT ON!" said Ron, Harry and Hermione.
"TWAS'NT HIM!" shouted Hagrid.

"Huh?" said the people in the Great Hall.

"If he knew where to find it so fast, he could have saved that girl!" said Remus angrily.

"Thank goodness you couldn't be hurt." said Sirius.

"That must have been one lulu of a spell to knock Hagrid into a wall." said Rivers.

The students and adults turned and stared at him. Even Hagrid looked concerned.

"What could make you scream like that?" asked Sirius.

"That sounds like...." said Dr. Clark.

"ACROMANTULA!" shouted Charlie.

"Not where I was going." said Dr. Clark.
"An acromantula is a giant spider." said Charlie worriedly.

"Jesus! You have those?" said Dr. Clark lifting both legs into the bowl.

"Yeah, but aren't you reading 'Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them'?" said Sirius.

"It's the unabridged version." said Remus. "It's about four times longer than the school version."

End of eighty-sixth paragraph.

"I don't know who to really root for." said Michael Corner.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

"Destroy...that...book..." said Sirius slowly.

"I agree." said Dr. Clark anxiously.

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I couldn't seem to find you anywhere, I did everything but look outside the tower window." said Ron.

Eighty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You looked really ill. I was about to get Madam Pomfrey, or at the most send a letter to Mum." said Ron.

End of chapter.

"I am really sorry Hagrid, I believed him." said Harry.

"Well...yeh believed me in the end, so it was alrigh'." said Hagrid kindly.

Harry's stomach growled loudly. Much to Harry's surprise.

"Lunch time." said Sirius quickly.
"Good idea, best keep your stomach full, boy. You're still undergoing some changes, slight as they may be." said Dr. Nicodemus.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
“So who is gonna read now?” asked twins together.
“I'll take a turn,” said Dean walking over and taking the book.

“**Fourteenth chapter.**” said Dean loudly.

“Should I be kind and not be present for this chapter?” said Lionus snidely.
Fudge paled and nodded quickly.
"But then again, I'm not necessarily known for my kindness, now am I" said Lionus smirking.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

All three of them looked at each other quickly then turned towards Hagrid.

"SORRY!" they all shouted.

**First paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

"I still miss the poor little tyke." said Hagrid blowing his nose loudly.

“Norberta isn’t exactly little anymore.” said Charlie with a smile. “She’s one of the biggest youngsters we’ve ever seen.”

**First paragraph, end of second sentence.**

"I'm still having nightmares about that. I'm sorry Hagrid, but a dog twice as large as me, with three heads...I'm going to take a pass." said Dr. Clark.
Hagrid shuffled his feet miserably. "Did you go and search after it?" asked Remus curiously, though his face lined with worry and suspicion. "I did, only a little bit though. Never did find nothin'." said Hagrid.

"I'll admit, I did think tha', but after the first attack, I changed me mind." said Hagrid. "Fascinating mental image." said Snape with a sneer. "Quite the Norman Rockwell picture." "What is..." asked Draco. "I'll tell you all about that sort of art, when classes resume." said the Hogwarts Arts teacher. "How do you know about muggle pictures?" asked Draco. "Something I’ll tell you when you’re older.” said Snape.

"Not unless them damned Dursley's hurt you again." said Hagrid cracking his knuckles, which sounded like gunshots sounding off. "Our sentiments exactly." said Sirius rubbing and cracking his own knuckles.

"As I have said before, the truth can be a terrible thing." said Dumbledore looking sadly at Harry. "Don't I know it. I was almost happier being in the dark." said Harry. "But nowadays, being kept in the loop can keep you alive." he sent a pointed look towards the old man.
"So sue us for wanting to make sure we heard it right." huffed Hermione.

"I told you forty-seven times!" said Harry. "If you couldn't hear me right the first twenty times, you need to see Madam Pomfrey."

End of second paragraph.

"I hated that part, trying to find the holes in almost every part of that memory. Just about drove me mad. Its one thing to do it maybe four times, but more than thirty is unbearable." said Harry.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"He did." said Dumbledore, his eyes absent of their twinkling, but filled with a cold fury.

End of dialogue set.

"It was." said Harry with a growl.

Dialogue line.

"Well, we have the current one, there was a troll, and a three headed dog." said Fred ticking off each creature.

"And the most horrible. most diabolical monster to wizardkind." said George.

"UMBRIDGE!" shouted the twins loudly.

“If only she was.” mumbled Nightstrike wistfully.

“We could have more frequent furloughs.” said Tempest.

Dialogue line.

"It wouldn't have made any sense to frame Hagrid and then continue with the attacks." said Kingsley thinking carefully.

Third paragraph.
“Again, I’m real sorry.” said Ron to his older brother.

Everybody was trying to frame everyone else at that point.” said Harry. “I had a few people try and sneak what looked like a list of all the Muggleborns in my bag. Every time I got to a classroom I would have to check my bag and take out all the stuff that wasn’t mine.”

“There was some really weird stuff in his bag.” said Ron. “There was quite a few strange looking darts in his bag.”

“Why weren’t we informed?” said Professor Flitwick horrified.

“We managed to handle it pretty well on our own, Ron and I.” said Harry.

“Still don’t blame him for wanting to stay here.” said Harry looking around the Great Hall.

“Don’t bother with that. You’re staying somewhere just as good. You’re going to love it!” said Sirius happily.

“Now who brought that up?” asked Charlie.

“Hermione.” said Ron.

“Oh, I did not!” said Hermione.

“Which is the only place in London to buy that particular garden pest remover.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile. “It’s a harmful powder that if it comes in contact with children, they can get very ill.”

“No children are allowed in Knockturn Alley, it’s the safest place for the most harmful, yet helpful items. Knockturn Alley isn’t just full of Dark Art shops, there are some kind shop keepers there.” said Kingsley.
Fourth paragraph.
“The same question she kept asking every time they made me retell what I saw.” sighed Harry.

Dialogue line.
“Miss Granger! That would be extremely rude and invasive!” scolded McGonagall.
“We didn’t actually go and ask him about it.” said Hermione.
“We never got the chance.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.
“According to the Ministry, Harry is mad.” said a first year, giggling.
Harry smirked.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.
“If you become and Auror Harry, you’ll have to drop that little bit of kindness.” said Madam Bones somewhat fondly. “But it was nice of you to do that, giving Hagrid a second chance and the benefit of a doubt.”
“We’d of put Hagrid in protective custody, but the Minister overstepped his boundaries.” muttered Kingsley.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.
“Thank bloody goodness.” said Bill.

Fifth paragraph end of first sentence.
“That reminds me, did the people who bet that we would find out how Hagrid got expelled get their money?” asked Ron.
“Yeah, not a whole lot of people had faith in you.” said Fred.
“I won twenty galleons.” said Luna holding her small pouch.

“Wish we could have put our money in.” muttered Ron.

**Fifth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“Wow, time flies when you’re scared witless.” said Fred.

**Fifth paragraph, end of second sentence.**

“Or at least for another fifty years.” said Dr. Clark worriedly.

**Fifth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.**

“You can only come up with so many dance routines and extra verses.” said Ron with a laugh.

**Fifth paragraph third sentence, second comma.**

“I didn’t realize that it was you that I was asking.” said Ernie honestly.

“I figured that after you stared at me when I handed you the bucket.” said Harry.

**Fifth paragraph end of third sentence.**

“How does a plant throw a party.” asked Dr. Clark.

“Haven’t you ever heard of a *garden party*?” said Percy, grinning at his own joke.

Fred and George stared. “That was bad.”

“But you get bonus points for trying.” said Charlie.

**End of fifth paragraph.**

“She always did like parties.” said Tonks with a smile. “She loved the ones I would plan.”

“Yours were more fun than what the other students would have.” said Professor Sprout. “But the reason of my happiness lay a little deeper.”
“Dear lord.” said Dr. Clark massaging his brow. “That was more information that what I would have liked.”

“Do we need to have a little talk?” said Sirius looking at Harry.

“On what?” asked Harry.

“Uh…you know…the birds and the bees…” said Sirius carefully.

“Oh that, sure we can talk about it.” said Harry. “What do you want to know?”

Sirius and Remus both stared, Dr. Clark’s mouth hung open.

“I’m kidding.” said Harry with a laugh.

“I would hope so.” said Remus, trying vainly not to laugh.

“It was nice of you to ask after the Mandrakes by the way.” said Professor Sprout.

“I was curious. And it was getting a little annoying with the Hufflepuffs and the Ravenclaws trying to set me up,” said Harry. “And even a few Gryffindors.”

“I don’t think I ever regretted the classes I chose.” said Tonks.

“Me either.” said Bill.

“I just wish that they offered counseling for third years, so if they have a dream job they can actually take the classes for it.” said Remus.

“Like I told you in your fifth year, Remus, you were told to come to me if you had a job in mind at the time.” said McGonagall.

“But still…” he said with a quiet whine in his voice.

“He still whines about not taking Professor McGonagall up on her offer. Everyone else did, but he took on a self-pity road, cause of his furry little problem.” said Sirius with a smirk.
“Go figure.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“That’s true.” said Luna dreamily. “You never know what could decide your fate, that’s why I wear my radish earrings. They’re made from Wrackspurt scales. They clear my mind and tug slightly when I make a wrong choice, then I quickly change it.”

“Wow, that’s cool.” said Dr. Clark.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"After this," said Harry holding up the little vial around his neck, "I believe you."

Dialogue line.

Professor Snape stared.

“The sneering was getting on my nerves just a bit.” said Harry shrugging.

Dialogue line.

“Ronald!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

“Hey! The teacher teaching the class was a joke.” said Ron defensively.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Learned real fast that doing that was a really bad idea.” said Ron.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“That was a lot of letters to get in one session. He had to ask some people to help him carry all the letters.” said Ron.

“I counted about thirty two letters.” said Harry.
said me people to help him carry all the letters." had to slightlt ttle problem."job they can actually take the cl

“Both are pretty hard.” said Harry. “If you have good math skills than Arithmancy is for you, but Ancient Runes you need to undergo a lot of studying.”

Seventh paragraph, third sentence.
"Yeah, I had to change that tactic, two of the classes I picked were going on at the same time." said Dean with a sheepish grin.

End of seventh paragraph.
"You won't be able to sleep with all the homework those classes issue." said Sirius.

"And you won't be able to do all them, they take place at the same time some other classes are going on." said Tonks.

"I managed." said Hermione proudly.

"Not for long." murmured Harry.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.
Harry whistled low. "How that conversation would have gone, I would rather not think about it."

End of eighth paragraph.
"Here we go." said Fred.

"Brace yourselves." said George.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
"Okay, you got one good point there." said Fred grudgingly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
"And you lost it." said Hermione. Professor Trelawny sent quick scowl towards the fifth year girl.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second comma.

"At least one of your secretaries had a brain." said Lionus sneering up to the ex-Minister.

“But Harry grew up in the Muggle world, it’s would be pointless for him to take the class.” said Seamus.

Dialogue set, end of third sentence.

"Best worker in that department I've ever seen." said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"I wouldn't trade my dragons for anything." said Charlie, thinking fondly of his scaly charges.

End of dialogue set.

"Okay, okay, you gave some decent advice." said Fred.

"Except for the Divination part." said George.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"Really Potter?" sneered Zacharias.

"The only thing I let people know I'm good at, yeah." said Harry smugly.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"We are sort of similar." said Ron with a smile.

End of ninth paragraph.
"What did you mean by that?" asked Sirius.

"Just in case that I studied them wrong. And I would at least have Ron there to make sure that I dumb down my homework enough." said Harry shrugging.

**Tenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

"That's sort of a compliment. He thought he would need to work hard to beat our team. To be honest, the only good players we had was the Seeker position and the Beaters." said Ernie.

**Tenth paragraph, end of second sentence.**

"And sleep, I hope," said McGonagall quietly.

"Yes." said Harry quickly. Professor McGonagall looked at him skeptically.

“Now why don’t we believe you dear boy?” said Dumbledore with a sad smile.

**Tenth paragraph, third sentence, third comma.**

"Drier." said the veteran members of the Gryffindor team.

**End of tenth paragraph.**

"Nice to know that you're humble about your seeking skills. Your dad on the other hand...he was awful about it." said Sirius.

"Thing was, he could back up his claims." said Remus with a smile.

**Eleventh paragraph.**

"What was wrong dear?" asked Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

"Something pretty bad." said Neville.

"It wasn't another attack." said Ron reassuringly.

**Dialogue line.**
"I was afraid he was going to blame me for what happened." said Neville. "But after the first initial shock, he wasn't really fazed."

"Holy….! I didn't have my trunk gone through till I was at least sixth year." said Sirius.

"What did you do?" asked Ron.

"I sort of kissed another guy's girl. I don't recommend doing that." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Thank goodness that wasn't my favorite one." said Harry with a smile.

"Just what I wanted to show God and everyone, my boxers."

"Aww...he's so modest." said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

"I was still finding socks under the sheets the next day." said Harry with a laugh, and sending a sly wink over to Ginny. She smiled warmly.

"I sort of took great care to step on them." said Harry with a laugh.

"It was one that I had never heard of before." said Harry with a smile.
"Someone was desperate to find something." said Moody thoughtfully.

"Good lad." growled Moody appreciatively.

"The books missing, isn't it." said Bill worriedly.

"That's not good." said Remus worriedly.

"That's the telltale sign that says, 'We need to talk, right now.'" said Ron with a smirk.

"It was a very fascinating read." said Hermione with a smile.

"They misinterpreted the fourth line of the sixth chapter." said Harry looking in his little black book.

Hermione and the Ancient Runes teacher stared at him. Hermione reached into her bag and brought out the book from her bag. She flipped to the page as described by Harry, read it slowly and released a gasp.

"You're right! It should be retquard not retquarb!" said Hermione in shock.
Seventeenth paragraph.

"And at this news." said Hermione staring at the book.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You think fast." said Lionus, with an impressed smile.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Well, at least he knows the significance of protein." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

"Hell, you need a decent breakfast every day." said Madam Pomfrey.

“Poppy…!” said Professor Sprout.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"That's a creepy thought." said Dennis.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"How do you report the theft of something that you really cannot stake a claim to?" asked Mr. Weasley.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

"It was bad enough, I was still being framed for almost everything." said Harry.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.
"That problem list just keeps right on growing sometimes." said Harry shaking his head.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Dear God not again." said Sirius his face slowly turning pale.

Twenty-first paragraph.

That startled the hell out of us." said Ron. "First you were silent, then you're yelling in our ears."

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.

"Hold on, if Ron couldn't hear it, could you?" said Dr. Clark asked Hermione quickly. She shook her head.

"Then..." he said slowly.

He reached behind himself and pulled out *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*.

"It has to be a snake." said Dr. Clark flipping through the textbook. He turned to several different pages, and stopped on one. "I remember reading about this one in primary school," he read the section quickly. "Oh, dear. I hope to everything holy that this is not what is crawling around the school."

Sirius looked over his shoulder and turned a ghostly white. "I hope that thing isn't around either."

"What is it?" asked Remus quickly.

"You don't want to know, and if there is any luck in this world, it won't be that thing." said Sirius quickly.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

"She must've figured out the snake part too." said Dr. Clark weakly.
"He was actually shaking." said Ron. "You could've put a milk in his hand and made a milkshake."

"Understatement." said Ron.

"I was freaking out from the voice, I wasn't focusing much." said Harry sheepishly.

"A troll could have walked past me, I wouldn't have noticed." said Harry.

"Another voice speaking of killing and you think of a Quidditch Match!" shrieked Mrs. Weasley.

"Sorry." said Ron quietly.

"You really should have told someone." said Tonks, "That way you wouldn't have to worry about it."

"But I would have, only I could hear it." said Harry. "I would have been asked every other minute if I heard anything."

"Thanks Harry." said Hermione with a small smile, but she stopped when she noticed that he was looking down at the floor, his face turning chalky.
"Well yeah, it was one of the first times to forget our troubles and just be kids," said Fred.

"We had the Valentine's Day thing," said Hermione.

"Yeah...I don't think you quite realized something Hermione." said Ron.

"Guys don't really go for the romantic, touchy feely sort of stuff when we're under seventeen years old." said George shrugging.

"That had to be the first time ever that Oliver didn't have a pregame talk." said Angelina. "He was too excited to play."

"Bad feeling." said Charlie.

"Why not..." asked Kingsley.

"We weren't exactly thinking of most time saving things at the moment." said Professor McGonagall sharply.

Harry took a ragged breath.

"Wow, there has never been a game cancellation before, not even severe weather would stop a game." said Sirius.
"It was hilarious." said Fred. "That was the last time I laughed for quite a while." he gave a quick look over to Hermione.

"That boy needed a reality check." said McGonagall bitterly.

"I'm starting to freak out." whimpered Dr. Clark. "Your life would make one epic of a movie. There would have to be one for each school year though."

"I can’t picture anyone watching it." said Harry.

"We could!" shouted the school happily.

"People love to single you out, don't they?" said Tonks.

"You sure are a pessimist. That's something we can try and help you change." said Sirius with a laugh. But his laughter died when he noticed Harry looking fixedly at the floor.

"I guess that means you aren't accusing him of anything, but what the bloody hell happened?" asked Remus worriedly.
"Those were the smart ones." said Lionus.

"Where would you take them if not to an office?" said Kingsley.

Sirius looked at his old Head of House in shock. "What the..."

"Oh crap." said Remus worriedly.

Hermione looked at Harry.
"Did you know what was coming?" she asked quietly.
Harry did not answer.

Percy turned white and gulped loudly.
“Oh, so it wasn’t me.” muttered the girl quietly.

Harry stood up and walked swiftly out of the room, to the confusion of several people.
Ten minutes later, in the boys’ bathroom, he looked up ashen faced and gazed into the mirror that lay before him. His forehead was sweaty and tears streamed down his cheeks. He held his stomach moaned softly.

"Are you alright Harry?" asked a gentle voice coming from the door. Harry turned and came eye to eye to Dumbledore.

"I'm fine." said Harry wiping his brow quickly.

"Alas, that statement tells me that you most certainly are not." said Dumbledore with a sad smile and he walked over to young man. "You are upset that you could not protect Miss Granger all those years ago, are you not?"

"I should have told her that it could wait, she never should have gone to library alone." said Harry shaking his head.

"Ah...the dreaded 'should have'." said Dumbledore shaking his head. "I am telling myself quite a few of those every day since these books started. When we look into the past, dear boy, we will always find something that we regret most furiously, but there is nothing we can do about them now. All we can do is make the best of what our actions have caused."

"Can't we stop reading these things? Part of the time, they're a great fun reading, everyone is enjoying themselves, but other times...not so much." asked Harry quietly.

"We cannot stop now, not when we have come so far. Besides, if you remember, there are seven books total." said Dumbledore with a slight smile. "You could find out what could happen to you in the last two years of your school year."

"What 'could'? It's not definite?"

"Nothing in the future is definite; their existence relies on the choices we make. By knowing a head of time something, we can do our best to prevent it." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Where were these things last year?" asked Harry with a smirk.

It was a half hour before they came down to Great Hall. Harry was still pale but he had a faint smile on his lips.

"You alright, Cub?" asked Sirius worriedly.

"I'm fine, for the time being anyway." he said with a smile.

“Well, come here anyway.” said Sirius extending his arms.

Harry slowly went and sat beside Sirius, who wrapped his arms protectively around him.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

"Well...you never were one to primp." said Ron shrugged at the indignant Hermione.
"That and we were in shock." said Harry with a small smile.

Dialogue line.

“You poor guys.” said Tonks sympathetically.

“But Hermione was the one who was attacked?” said Lavender indignantly.

“Yeah, but they had to see her lying like that.” said Remus.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I did not want the Prefects or the Head Boy and Girl out, but they wouldn't hear of us keeping them from helping.” said Professor McGonagall.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Wow, that must have hurt your guy’s class preparations.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“We had to plan everything the night before, patrol the corridors and grade the papers. We lost quite a bit of sleep.” said Professor Flitwick.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

Remus stared in shock. “You have got to be kidding me. Why the hell would you have the teachers follow the students into the lavatory? Especially…” he shivered.

“Harry, for god’s sake tell me you didn’t need to go to the bathroom in his class.” said Sirius pleadingly.

“I held it till the next class, so did everyone else.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Damn, that really sucks.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.
“Not that there was a whole lot of them going on anyway.” said Fred.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Hermione always was her favorite student.” said George in a hushed voice.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, third sentence.

“Wow, that’s saying a lot.” said Fred.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"That's a horrible thought." said Remus shivering.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

"And of course, the boys said nothing." said Sirius looking slightly angry at Harry.

"We weren't sure if she would believe us." said Harry defensively. “Besides, she didn’t believe us the year prior.”

“But that was your first year and you proved you were telling the truth, she had to believe you!” said Sirius.

“She and the rest of the teachers were getting theories and suspicions tossed at them every day!” said Harry getting slightly irritated. “I didn’t want to add to her stress.”

Thirty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"You really need to stop noticing everything." said McGonagall with a fond smile.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

"We were starting to freak out right about then." said Lee.
"We were aware of it yes." said Professor Sprout. "But Severus could offer no explanation except for the obvious."

"Mr. Jordan!" said McGonagall shortly.

"Sorry, bout that. I just wanted everything and everyone to be safe again." said Lee apologetically.

“That’s probably the same speech that was going on in other houses.” said Ron. “Only they were slamming Harry as the heir.”

"What was up with you?" asked Sirius.

"The other girl with Hermione was my girlfriend." said Percy quietly.

"Ouch, sorry to hear that." said Sirius sympathetically.

"That wasn't it, but it wasn't too far off." said Percy quietly.

"It's good that you don't join in with the lynch mob." said Dr. Clark.

“There already was a lynch mob after him.” said Ron with a growl.

"Ron and I both were about ready to get sick." said Harry faintly.
Harry flinched horribly.

"Don't blame you." growled Remus.

End of forty-first paragraph.

"Still doesn't give him the right to have an innocent person chucked out." said Harry angrily.

Dialogue line.

"I'm sorry, but they'd be stupid not to." said Lionus. "Not that I believe them." he added quickly to Hagrid.

Dialogue set.

"I am REALLY sorry, Hagrid." said Harry sincerely.

"It's alrigh' I wouldn'ta believed me either." said Hagrid with warm smile.

"Should have been obvious though, at least this current round, if Hagrid had been the one, he never would have let Hermione in his house." said Ron thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

"Like that ever stops you three." said McGonagall crossing her arms, but her eyes held a small hint of fondness.

Dialogue line.

"You did not just do that." said Remus with a hint of anger in his voice. "You did not go out of the tower with a monster out and about."

"Not even your dad would let you get away with that." said Sirius shaking his head. "And he would let you get away with basically murder."

"We got some information out of this little adventure." said Harry shrugging.

"Next time...you...get...a...teacher..." said the three men.
"You have a lot more magical artifacts in your main vault. It's just your dad loved that cloak more than most of the other stuff." said Sirius.

"Which you really shouldn't have done." said Sirius.

"Did you two flipflop roles or something?" asked Harry with a smirk.

"Hey, with a monster running amuck, I'm going to step up the worrying." said Sirius sternly.

"You're beautiful when your angry." said Harry playfully, trying not to laugh.

"Stuff it." said Sirius trying not to crack a smile.

"Kiss me." said Harry, finally laughing.

Sirius shoved him out of the bowl and all three men plus Harry fell into peals of laughter. It took Harry awhile to gain the strength to get up off the floor.

Dumbledore could only smile, it was nice to hear the boy’s laughter, especially how distraught he was earlier.

"Sorry, Harry...but I like blondes." said Sirius still laughing hard.

"Works for me, I'm into redheads." said Harry sending Ginny a beaming smile.

"I just about went around and knocked all of you guys out." said Harry.

"Took forever for you guys to shut up and go to sleep." said Ron with a smile.

"Well duh, there's a monster loose!" said Tonks worriedly.
"Where were I for those walks?" asked Ron.

"When you can't sleep, you can't sleep." said Harry plainly. "And you were lost to the world. Trust me, I tried to wake you up the first couple of times."

"Staring about was a really bad idea." muttered Hermione.

"Or from being solid, said Sirius with a small smirk.

"I'm lucky at the completely wrong times." said Harry shaking his head.

"How do you mean? I'll say I agree with you this time, Merlin knows what could have happened with you two wandering about, but all the other times you really needed that luck."

"I could use the luck for Poker Nights, I've won, maybe two out of twenty hands. Ron wins five, Seamus three, Dean wins two, Neville wins flipping eight!" said Harry.

"Why the hell were those doors open?" asked Remus quickly.

"I was expecting two people to arrive, it would not have been a wise idea to keep them outside that night." said Dumbledore calmly. A half emptied vial of Calming Draught beside him.

"I love that painting." said Harry dreamily.

"What painting?" asked Sirius.

"Starry Night, by Vincent Van Gogh. A beautiful painting, the artist was a nutter towards the end, but his works of art are just beautiful." said Harry looking up and smiling fondly.
"How was he a nutter?" asked Mr. Weasley.

"He cut off his own ear and sent it to his girlfriend." said Harry.

"Yep, he's a nutter." said Bill.

"I wish I could have the opportunity to get that request. I'd love to borrow that painting for a night." said Harry sighing. “Just the chance to touch the frame would be enough.”

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

"Good idea." said Moody. "Don't let others see you, not until you are ready to get inside to somewhere safe."

Forty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

"Were you waiting for someone, Hagrid?" asked Dennis.

"I expected it, but not them." said Hagrid, turning a bit pale.

Forty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

"Whoa! Just how freaked were you?" asked Fred.

"So, you would have shot whoever would have come to the door eh?" said Fudge loudly. Wildfire smacked his head.

"Be silent, or you'll end up in the same fix as her." she said venomously.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I never woulda expected ter see the two of you ter show up." said Hagrid.

Dialogue line.

"Appropriate question." said Flitwick.
"Well, now it's obvious who you were expecting," said Charlie looking at Fudge.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

"Poor Hagrid." said Luna, sending Hagrid a warm smile.

"I was amazed Harry didn't walk up and take over the tea making process." said Ron.

"I didn't want to accidentally get smacked, I saw what happened to the pot, that could have been my head." said Harry.

“I wouldn’ta hurt ya.” said Hagrid looking frightened.

“I know you wouldn’t.” said Harry.

Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, second sentence.

"He was quite distraught when I told him.” said McGonagall.

Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, end of parenthesis.

"Sorta explains why neither of you two drank." said Hagrid with a weak smile.

Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, eleventh word after parenthesis.

"Hagrid's fruitcake actually isn't all that bad." said Harry.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

Harry cringed, "I hate wasted food."

Forty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.
"You know, kids aren't suppose to be this resourceful. Kids are suppose to just get into minor hijinx and prank people, not be all stealthy and solve crimes." said Tonks.

Forty-eighth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

"Not that's a good friend." said Bill.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

"Did you have it pointing towards the door this time?" asked Professor Sprout.

"Yep, this time, I needed to protect the boys in the back." said Hagrid sheepishly.

"Good man." said Madam Bones appreciatively.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"Not a good thing, not by a long shot." said Sirius.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Fudge glared at Harry, who shrugged innocently.

Fiftieth paragraph, first sentence.

"Are you color blind?" asked Dr. Clark seriously.

Fudge glared at him in turn.

"It was an honest question." said Dr. Clark taken aback.

End of fiftieth paragraph.

"I think he is." said Harry.
"That right there, alerted me to your presence." said Dumbledore smiling.

"I knew what was comin'." said Hagrid quietly.

"Yeah, that's the only reason he'll step in, when it's starting to make him look bad." said Sirius with a snarl.

"I've always believed you Hagrid." said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

"Cripes, even they were dragging their feet." said Remus angrily.

"I want their names." said Lionus his face stern and his fingertips touching.

"You've had that look in your eyes quite a few times since." said Harry with a smile.

"These books do take quite a toll on my temper." said Dumbledore sending Harry a smile in return.

"Really don't want to, thanks." said George.
"You've never been seen doing anything, so no one is really all that shocked." said Nightstrike with a sneer.

"Not like you've ever done it to start with." muttered McGonagall viciously.

"Better not to be where I think it is." said Lionus drumming his fingers angrily.

"You are not long for this world if you send him to where I think you are going to." said Loinus growing angrier and angrier.

Lionus glared at the ex-Minister. "He'd had better of just been kept at the Ministry's holding cells, or you won't like what I have planned for you."

"At least I didn't speak." said Harry.

"It was a near thing." said Ron.

"Good dog." said Remus, his teeth bared.
"WILLIAM!" scolded Mrs. Weasley after she heard her oldest son utter a particularly foul word.

"You tell him, Hagrid." cheered the Weasley boys.

"Does he still act like that?" said Lionus swiftly.

"He hasn't changed one bit." said Harry with a snarl.

"Viper..." said Lionus looking at the vampire. When everyone else looked towards the thin gaunt man, he was gone.

"Where did he go?" asked Padma, who was staring fixedly at the man, but the moment she had looked away and then looked back, he was gone.

"My guess is to fetch Lucius Malfoy." said Harry with a smirk.

"On the money." said Lionus with a sneer.

"On what charges?" asked Fudge looking incredulous.

"If he gives me the creeps and I don't trust him. That's good enough for me." said Lionus plainly.

"I wish I hadn't opened my mouth." said Flitwick regretfully.

"At least Dumbledore's on his guard." said Dr. Clark.

"He's never off his guard." said Sirius.
"Blasted man." said Madam Bones irritably. "Whatever you do to him, it's not enough." she added looking over to Lionus.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

"No...way...they honestly took him away?" asked Dr. Clark stunned. "That was the dumbest thing they ever could have done."

"You don't know how true that is." said Sirius.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Two, it turns out, were forged. The rest were threatened. Not one of the governors, except for Malfoy wanted me out." said Dumbledore his eyes quickly losing their twinkling.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"Like he ever cared." said Mr. Weasley with a growl.

End of dialogue set.

"It would be a bad thing, but an idiot like that wouldn't really understand that, now would he?" said Ron bitterly.

Dialogue line.

"So far the only right thing you've ever said." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

"And to no fault of his own!" snapped McGonagall.

Dialogue line.
"It seems I have another reason to arrest Mr. Malfoy, in addition with his Knockturn Alley business." said Lionus.

Draco said nothing, he only focused his attention on his knees. He wanted to tell the Ranger… Captain…person something important, but he couldn’t seem to locate the courage to do more than just swallow.

"Yeah! You tell him Hagrid." yelled the twins loudly.

"You're done." He whipped out the what looked like same pin that had transported Filch to Devil's Garden. In a second, Corneilius Fudge, ex-Minister of Magic, was gone.

"How long are you going to keep him there?" asked Sirius.

"Twenty-five hours." said Lionus sitting down. “More or less.”

"Wow. Filch got five days." said Fred.

"That was to Devil's Garden, this place is far worse." said Lionus with a sneer.

"Where did he go?" asked George.

“Some place where he will learn a very valuable lesson.” he said still sneering.

"That takes a lot to have Fang become like that around Hagrid." said Charlie.

“He was right actually, someone did sort of die.” said Harry thoughtfully.
“Not a good idea.” said Kingsley, “The students are only safe with him there.”

“Explain then how we kept getting petrified.” muttered Zacharias.

“Better petrified, then dead.” said Harry wisely.

“Never turn you back on a Death Eater.” said Moody.

“Gee, wonder who he was trying to send that message to.” said Hermione with a smile.

“What were you trying to tell them?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“If they had sent me an owl, I would have come. It seems Harry took it another way, but his way was very effective as well.” said Dumbledore, stroking Fawkes feathers.

“I heard both the gasp and Mr. Weasley.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“He doesn’t know what’s going on.” said Kingsley with a smirk.

“No one could ever be the Headmaster you are.” said Remus loyally, forgetting his recent dislike for the man.
“I wanted to smack that smile right off his face.” said Harry.

“Coward.” said Charlie. “Hagrid never runs away. Not when he’s knows he’s broken the law.”

“Huh?” asked a majority of the students.

“Is he talking about those spiders that Harry and them see every time someone is attacked?” asked Fred.

“Spiders?” said Dr. Clark he said weakly. He flipped through his textbook quickly and stopped on the page he had looked at earlier. His face paled.

“Not good.” he said in a fear ridden voice. He sent a panicked look over to Harry, who could only run his fingers through his own snow-white hair.

“Don’t worry, we did.” said Harry.

“Yeah, we sort of walked him a bit too.” said Ron.

“Poor Fang.” said Charlie. “Fang has never been away from him.”

“I can’t believe they took you without any evidence. He’s should have been removed years ago.” said Lionus angrily.

Then, as it was soon becoming the norm at nights, a scroll blossomed out of the book.

“Dear Lord, I hope it’s good one.” said Bill.

“I’m still here, so it’s got to be at least a decent one.” said Harry with a smile.
The room was enveloped in a golden light and then, the light over took them all.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks of reading!
They were deposited by the light in a giant museum. There were people, some with their children and some wandering about on their own, exploring the room that The Watchers found themselves in. The Watchers gazed about, Umbridge, whose gag and chains were removed by the power of the scroll, sniffed indignantly.

"Too bad these aren’t as good as the first one." she whispered to herself.

Madame Bones, hearing this and remembering the absence of their wands, walked behind her and smacked the back of her head. Tempest, Wildfire, Viper and Nightstrike smiled at the Law Enforcement Head.

Tonks looked to the left of herself and noticed a giant marble statue of a man, a naked man.

“Nice statue.” she said with a smile.

Remus looked over to her, saw the statue and looked at her quickly, his eyes wide and his face red. She noticed his look and gripped his hand tightly. “You’re better.”

“I appreciate that, nice to know I’m better than some non-living statue.” said Remus with a smirk.

Harry looked around quickly and groaned, he knew what was going to happen, and he remembered this place. People were walking slowly out as the security guard wandered amongst them and saying quietly:

"Museum is closing." said the security guard.

"Sorry." said Fred and George. "We aren't leaving."

“We like it here, let’s put the sofa in that corner, Fred.” said George, pointing over to a distant corner.

As the people were leaving, a skinny elderly man with a long mustache and bushy eyebrows came striding out of one of the further rooms, being followed by a very heavy-set man with red cheeks, and short black hair with graying strands randomly on his head.

"Honestly Mr. Claydonin, you needn't worry, the jewel will be protected with the utmost caution." said the fat man trying to keep up. "My security system and guards are all top of the line designed
"True, Brildir, I know that the security system is your pride and joy. But the 'Dragon's Eye' diamond is mine. And I want my diamond protected, and I am more than willing than to prove, if it is just to myself, that my diamond is not in any danger of being stolen." He said gesturing towards a pedestal. The Watchers, excluding Harry, moved forward and saw what was being displayed. They all gasped, even Dumbledore and the Rangers.

It was a brilliant and shimmering yellow diamond, spinning slowly on a revolving dais, and light refracting off it. It was almond shaped and six inches wide, but only three inches thick in diameter. Charlie stared at it in amazement. The color and size of it explained the name. "It does look like a dragon's eye," he whispered.

"It's so pretty!" said a few of the first year girls.

"And that is why I asked Shadow to come and see what he makes of the security measures." said Mr. Claydonin gazing at the stone along with The Watchers. Harry strolled behind the rest of them and stood behind Sirius.

"That scoundrel, 'Professional Security-Tester' they call him. 'Professional Thief' is more like it." growled Mr. Brildir.

"Thieves do not return the spoils to their original owners the next day." said Mr. Claydonin calmly. "Please, let your men know what will transpire, have them be at their best. If we catch Shadow, then I will give you and your men a significant bonus. If we don't, Shadow will let us know where to improve our skills. Fair enough?"

Mr. Brildir growled even more, but nodded.

"Also, Mr. Brildir, you do not hurt Shadow, no shooting," said Mr. Claydonin sternly.

After Mr. Claydonin left for the night, Mr. Brildir summoned his entire security team. He stood in front of the 'Dragon's Eye' jewel.

"Alright boys, we've got Shadow coming tonight. Be on your guard. If we catch this miscreant, we all get bonuses. Let’s catch this so-called 'Professional Tester', oh...and no guns. Apparently we can't use them against him. After all the trouble we went to get the proper permits...."

"What is so important about this diamond?" asked Bill, he looked at Charlie, but he was still fixated on the diamond.

“You've been around jewels too much.” said Charlie, his eyes transfixed on the stone.

“No, it's a beautiful stone, but I deal with stones with magical abilities, the novices handle the plain ones.” said Bill.

“I think the uniqueness of the stone is what makes it so precious.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

The scene shifted forward rapidly, Neville looked queasy again.
"Hate when that happens." he said, getting paler by the second.

"And Vernon's chair ain't here either." said Sirius, patting Neville on the back softly.

"I've got some gingerbread here. Made it this morning." said Harry taking out a sheet of something brown.

"Why do you make them so often? Didn't you say earlier that it makes your stomach feel better? Do you get sick often?" said Remus looking worried.

"No, just really like it." said Harry taking a bite and handing some to Neville.

Neville took some, he took a small nibble and was amazed at how good it tasted. Harry had to break more chunks and hand them out when they noticed some color coming back to Neville's face.

A security guard came to the doorway, leaned in and glanced around closely. He pulled himself back and gazed at the dark room. A crash was heard someone further away in the museum, the lights outside, which were visible from inside, were gone. The guard turned and hurried away from the room. A few students made to go with him, but Dumbledore stopped them.

"We were placed here for a reason, it must have something to do with this jewel." said Dumbledore quickly. The students stopped.

"Look up," said Harry quietly.

They all looked up quickly, to see a tile in the ceiling being removed. No noise was being made, how could Harry possibly know that something was happening up there?

A pale hand dropped down and dropped some sparkling powder. When the light powder drifted down far enough, the room was a blazed with thin red lines.

"What the hell is all this?" said Sirius looking crossed-eyed at the one going through his head.

"They're lasers, if someone trips them, an alarm will go off." said Dr. Clark as he stared around, there were lasers everywhere.

Suddenly a wide, transparent fabric fluttered down, miraculously missing the beams of light, they looked up and they saw a small, thin, darkly dressed person started sliding down the fabric, head first, he only stopped to check the doorway. When he was halfway, the figure reached into his bag, dangling from clip on his shirt, and dropped a single black box. When it hit the ground, it emitted a low hum and flashed dully. The camera's normal red light turned to a pale yellow and the lasers that intertwined about the room, disappeared, but the floor lasers were still activated.

The person continued down slowly and landed nimbly on the ground, he crept cautiously towards the pedestal, avoiding the lasers zigzagging across the floor, and gazed at the diamond in the case. He looked at the doorway, then the cameras. He pulled the black mask off his face.

*It was Harry Potter.*

The Watchers stared at the younger version of Harry and then to the present day one. Was this
another job? They wanted to ask Harry himself, but they were all too interested in watching and remained silent.

Shadow (Younger Harry) pulled out another black box and placed it on the side of the pedestal. The lasers that were reflecting about the box and the jewel disappeared. Shadow reached into his bag and pulled a fat tube of something, he squirted it all around the base of the glass, being careful to not touch one of the lasers that ran along the ground.

Once the gel was in place, he blew on it, the glass instantly cracked towards the bottom and continued all the way up. He watched as the glass collapsed under its own fragile weight. The glass fell like powdered snow in a thin square around the diamond, Shadow caught the top of the glass box before it had disintegrated onto of the diamond and set off an alarm. Shadow placed the glass on the side of the pedestal, and took ahold of the diamond. He pulled another Dragon's Eye from his knapsack. There was a definite difference between the two of them. In a quick motion he exchanged the two of them.

Shadow put the real Dragon's Eye in a silk bag and took out a folded piece of what looked like plastic. He flipped it open to show it was a cube and threw it over the fake diamond. He then took a thick syringe and sucked up all the gel that was left over, He placed the glass lid onto of the plastic cube, and removed the small black box. They watched as a laser bounced off the lid of the cube and then the fake diamond and then landed back on the sensors.

Shadow jumped up onto the fabric and began to climb. Little over halfway up, the fabric, began following him up for he had tucked the end into his bag, and then he flicked his wrist and the black box, which was attached to a very long, thin wire, flew up to Shadow and the lasers and the camera's resumed functioning.

They watched as Shadow pulled up the remaining fabric and covered the hole with the tile once again. The Watchers turned to Harry, who looked around the dark room. When he turned to face the rest of them, he saw a mixture of shock, anger, and excitement.

"You're stealing from the museum?" said Mrs. Weasely weakly.

"If you had heard Mr. Claydonin, Mrs. Weasely, I'm considered a Professional Security Tester, anything I take, I return the next day. I only work during the summer, when I'm at the Dursleys, I don't do this during the school year." he said simply and shrugged.

“And this is how we know so much about Kage.” said Lionus with a smile. “His methods are beyond normal.”

“I thought the Museum dude called you ‘Shadow’?" asked Seamus quickly.

“'Kage' is Japanese for shadow.” said Nightstrike, with a sneer.

The scene shifted forward once again but it was considerably shorter. They were now floating
above the roof and they watched as Shadow slinked out of a hole in the roof, the mask back on his face. He closed the hole in the roof behind him.

He then took a tight hold on his knapsack and turned towards the side of the roof. He looked down the side of the building and saw that the lights had kicked back on.

"I had the bulbs blow." said Harry, when The Watchers were looking over the side of the building curiously.

They watched as Shadow stepped back, and then turned to the left and ran headlong across the roof and leaped off the roof.

The Watchers floated right beside him, and fell with him.

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!" bellowed Sirius. Several girls screamed and Professor Trelawny almost fainted.

Shadow reached into his bag, brought out a long, thin, cord-like object and aimed to towards the flagpole several feet below him.

CRA-CRACK!

They watched as Shadow swung on the whip and landed on a fourth floor landing, continued running and jumped off this roof as well.

“Are you freaking out of your mind mate! What the hell?” shouted Ron as they glided along with the younger version of his friend. Harry however didn't pay attention, he was feeling his back absently.

This time he landed in a tall tree and sat there, perched like a hawk waiting to strike. He was watching the passing traffic and when a large freight truck went underneath; he fell forward and landed on the roof of the freight. The truck was going about ninety-five kilometers an hour so Shadow whipped two circular objects from his bag as he quickly slid backwards off the truck. He slammed the both of them down on the roof of the truck and he stopped sliding.

“Magnets.” said Harry simply at the shocked faces on the rest of the Watchers.

He looked back and saw that no one was trailing the truck and then he looked forward, right on time, the Veldon overpass, trucks just barely scraped underneath it, some would even cause sparks as they passed under, if they were too tall. Shadow lifted the magnets and continued to slide back until he was almost completely off the truck. He took a magnet and placed it right on the unloading doors of the truck. Sparks flew above him, but were extinguished before they came too low. When the over pass was gone, he climbed back onto of the truck, pulling the magnet off and slamming it down at a higher point, and there he laid for several kilometers.

When he reached Little Whinging, Shadow took the magnets off the truck and jumped off again. He tumbled into the grass and stood up and ran down the street, sticking to the shadows, the
Watchers, except Harry, watched in amazement, they could barely see him, if at all.

“How old are you here?” asked Neville.

“I was eleven, this is a few days after learning what I really was from Hagrid, I needed something to do, something to vent out on. I don’t know why I was angry, perhaps it was because I was kept in the dark, and I felt exiled somewhat” said Harry watching the younger version of himself. Dumbledore looked over to Harry sadly. “I’ve been doing this for at least two years before Hagrid came to me.” Harry continued “It kept me active, physically, and mentally. I used this to raise the money to find Dr. Clark, not too sure what I’m going to do with that money now.”


As they watched Harry’s younger self running in the darkened patches of Little Whinging, they knew where the name Shadow came from. They could barely see him, they caught only fleeting glimpses of him.

His running, leaping and sneaking around didn't end till he reached Privet Drive. The Watchers gaped at Harry, Privet Drive was a long way from where he jumped from the truck. He stopped just under an opened window and threw up a fabric that he had taken from his bag and climbed. Once he was inside he took the bag off his shoulder and ripped the black mask off his face. Hedwig flew in through the opened window with dead rat in her beak.

"Did you have good hunting Hedwig?" he whispered joyfully, tickling her feathers. "Me too, look at this.” he pulled out the diamond. Hedwig peered at the jewel with great interest.

"You know what this is? The Dragon's Eye, this thing is worth over a hundred million pounds, to the right people! People have been killed over this thing; more blood coats this piece of crystallized carbon then the Hope diamond! This little sparkler is more trouble than it's worth though, and it's not even guarded in the right fashion.” He then yawned.

"Well, I better get some sleep, need to take this thing back to the museum in the morning and prepare my assessment for the curator.” He stuck the diamond in a loose floorboard under his bed. Yawned hugely and prepared to change his clothes. He ripped his shirt off and tossed it into the corner. The girls were going to turn around and give him some privacy, but they couldn't. What attracted everyone’s attention were the healing cuts and deep purple bruises. He was insanely skinny, but he still had some muscle tone to him, not a lot but a little.

“How did you come by those injuries?” asked Tempest to Harry.

Harry said nothing.

“That tells you, that his Uncle did it.” growled Remus.

He then flopped down into bed, not even bothering to cover up with a blanket. He fell asleep instantly. Mrs. Weasely wanted to pull the covers over Harry, but the scene shifted again.

They were outside on a busy street, the sun was shining but something odd was happening at the entrance of the museum across the street. The Watchers could see the security man Mr. Brildir orchestrating a team of security personnel, and they were examining the possessions of everyone who came in the doors. All of a sudden, a delicate, young, red headed girl came walking up and
"That kinda looked like Lily..." said Remus quietly. Harry smiled mischievously, Sirius took notice of that and ran in front of the girl. His eyes widened in shock.

"BLOODY BANSHEES! HARRY, THAT'S....THAT'S...THAT'S YOU!" he bellowed. The Watchers stared at Harry and then back to the girl. “And you’re wearing make-up?” he added faintly.

She, well, HE was wearing a green blouse with a red skirt and matching red flowered flip-flops, and clutching a large, fluffy, glitter laden red purse. Hiding the scar on his forehead was a red ribbon wrapped around his head.

Ron looked over at Harry with his eyebrows raised and leaning a little ways away from him, a restrained smile was about to break on his face.

"Stuff it, this was the only way in that didn't rely on me getting back on the roof." said Harry with an uncaring smile. Ron shook with laughter.

"I think I would rather see you in a dress then watch you jump off the roof again." said Remus quietly. Sirius and Dr. Clark stared at him. Remus quickly added. "Not that wearing...just that I....never mind." sighed Remus. Sirius snorted a laugh, while Dr. Clark’s knees buckled he was laughing so hard.

The girl/guy walked up the steps of the museum and stood in line to get inside. She/he looked around the people in front of her, she/he looked nervous, but the Watchers could tell that that was an act, only because they knew Harry. Or at least, they thought they knew Harry. These books and Scrolls were showing sides of him that they had never realized were there.

It came to be her/his turn; the youth looked between the menacing security guards and pulled off a perfect tremble and girl's voice. "Umm...I just wanted to see the pretty paintings." Harry covered his eyes and smiled in shame as his younger self cried nervously.

"What the hell...?" asked Dean, but they were amazed when the guards patted her on the back and allowed her/him in without checking the bag. "You sneaky git!" shouted Dean gleefully. They followed her/him down the hall and watched as she/he wandered down different hallways.

"Should we call you Harriet now, Potter?" said Draco snidely.

"The name I used for this persona was actually 'Amber', Malfoy, I wasn't foolish enough to use a feminine version of my birth name."

"You've done this before?" said Professor Flitwick with his eyes wide.

"The dress or the using different names?" said Harry innocently.

"Both." said the teaching staff.

"Well, it was the first time for the dress, the different names, no. I've used several names and never the same one twice." said Harry with a smile. “I learned one thing; I’m not wearing a dress again.”

“Thats too bad, you have great legs.” teased Ginny holding his arm.

“Gee, thanks.” said Harry with a smirk. “But I really don’t understand how you girls can wear those things. They give you an awful draft.” he added in a teasing whisper.
Ginny was overcome with a giggling fit.

They watched as Amber smoothly entered an 'Employees Only' door.

"Harry, you aren't supposed to be down there!" admonished Mrs. Weasely.

"I had an appointment." said Harry with a smile. "And I’m pretty sure I shouldn’t do what I did the night prior to this, or wear a dress."

Amber ducked into an employee restroom when she heard someone come down the hall. After the guard walked past, the door to the bathroom opened. Amber was gone, and young Harry was back. He was wearing a white shirt and white pants and one of his new, black Hogwarts robes, without the school crest, and was stuffing the skirt and blouse in the knapsack. He looked both ways at the fork in the hall and continued down the right.

He continued down and stopped at a fancy ornamental door. He knocked softly on the door and they could hear a voice on the other side.

"Come in."

Harry entered the room, and Mr. Claydonin smiled at him.

"What can I do for you, young man?" he said kindly.

"Well sir, I would like to give this back to you." Harry said, taking out the silk bag and handing it to Mr. Claydonin.

"What is this?" he said as he opened the bag, and as he tipped the content of the bag out, the grandfather clock in the corner struck nine-thirty. When he saw the Dragon's Eye his face paled, "You're Shadow?" he said in a faint whisper. Harry nodded and smiled.

Taking a gulp of air, he looked at the clock in the corner and laughed nervously. "The man that told me to get in contact with you was right. You are amazingly punctual. I should apologize for the disturbance out in front of the door."

The young man laughed and sat down in the chair. "It's alright. Your Head of Security was furious he didn't catch me. Greed is a great motivator, and unfortunately a great abductor of one's senses."

"Merlin, Harry, you sound like Dumbledore, again." said Colin with his eyes wide.

“So, Shadow, what should we improve on?” asked Mr. Claydonin, smiling down at the young man.

“Well, for your front door…” said Harry whipping out a white notebook.

“I thought you had a black notebook…why do you have a white one here?” asked Ron.

“Black is for magic, white if for summer stuff.” said Harry. “That way I don’t write the wrong stuff in it.”

“…and that’s it. Your security is basically fine but I would amp it up, especially around the Dragon’s Eye. It only took me fifteen minutes to get in and out.” said Harry closing his book.
“I understand. I have a question for you.” said Mr. Claydonin. “What do your parents think about this? Doing what you do?”

Younger Harry sighed heavily. “Well…my parents are gone, but the family I stay with don’t have any idea what I do. And I would be most appreciative if you don’t mention it to anyone. They and I…we don’t get along at all…”

Mr. Claydonin looked at Harry, and smiled. “Alright then, Shadow, as you wish. If you need anything…”

“Come see you…I know…almost everyone I test security for say that, except for that odd American, he just asked for report and kicked me out with my money. What I want, no one can help me it seems, but me.” said Harry with a smile. He looked outside quickly. “It’s eleven twenty-four, I’ve gotta go.” he said standing up. “Just send my fee the bank account here.” he handed over a small card.

“Oh well, thank you for taking time out of your summer vacation to test the security system of my beloved diamond.” said Mr. Claydonin with a smile.

Then a knock was heard coming from outside the office door. “Mr. Claydonin, may I speak with you?” said a voice.

Harry hurried over to the fireplace, that held some glowing embers, and tossed a powder down on the embers. They immediately went dark for a brief moment, as Harry crawled up the chimney.

This was good timing, for Mr. Brildir had just come in. “No sign of Shadow, sir, and no visitor had the gem on ‘em. I knew he couldn’t be trusted.”

“I have the diamond.” said Mr. Claydonin, pulling the stone out of the silk bag once again. Mr. Brildir stared in shock at the curator.

“I…don’t….” stuttered Brildir. Then suddenly, the flames started up again. The watchers zoomed up to the ceiling and watched as Harry climbed out of the chimney. He stepped out of the shaft and shook his entire body to get rid of the soot, all the while laughing.

"Life just keeps getting better and better!” he said excitedly.

And the light from the scrolls claimed them once more.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading
When the light dropped them off in the Great Hall again, many of the people began asking him several different questions about the tools he used in the museum.

“Muggle science stuff, you wouldn’t understand.” said Harry to everyone who came up to him.

“Try me.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk, when Harry absent mindedly told him the same thing.

Harry sighed, “What bit?”

“We’ll start with that powder you dropped.” said Sirius eagerly.

“Just regular powder with miniature crystals inside, they keep the lasers from disappearing for about five minutes. After a while, they get absorbed into the floor, by the moisture lingering in the air.” said Harry.

“And that ribbon, cloth thing.” asked Remus.

“Just a special fabric, normal fabric would completely stop the light from coming through if it accidentally hits one.” said Harry. “That fabric at least lets laser go through, if even a little bit.”

“What about that gel stuff that made the glass shatter like that?” asked Ron.

“Just a compound my old chemistry teacher and I found. He couldn’t really see a use, but I sure did.” said Harry with a smile. “Anything else?”

“Yeah, that little black box, and that other powder stuff.” asked Sirius.

“The box is an invention of mine,” he said plainly and didn’t extend on that. “the powder, was just soot with some chemicals in it, they build the fire back up again.” said Harry.

Harry stood up and stretched his legs arms. “Well, it’s too late to go and make something I think.” he looked up at the sky and located the moon.

“Yeah, the house-elves are almost done. No point now.” said Ron.

Suddenly, the doors flung open and two men came running in and shouting at the top of their lungs.


One of the men, who had very long salt and pepper hair, which came all the way down to his calves in a long braid came up to Dumbledore, picked him up by the collar and brought him close to his own face.
“What…happened…to their house?” growled the man holding tightly to Dumbledore’s collar.

“Rudolph, if you would let go of his throat, he’ll tell you.” said Bathilda shortly.

“Batty….what in blazes are you doing here, and what is going on? Why are the tables missing, and…” said the man with short blonde hair, looking around quickly.

“Rudolph, Leroy…” said Remus, he tried to speak, but couldn’t find the words.

“Lily and James are gone.” said Dumbledore sadly. “Voldemort killed them.”

Rudolph and Leroy stared at Dumbledore in shock, Rudolph slowly released Dumbledore from his grasp and then both strangers fell to their knees and screamed out in pain.

Harry stared at the two men who were trying to pull out their hair, clench their fists and curse the sky. Sirius rushed over and pulled both men to their feet. He motioned Harry over to him.

“C’mere. Listen you two, Lily and James are gone, but someone is still here.” He threw an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

The blonde haired man blinked and placed a thin hand on Harry’s cheek.

“I know that face. Can it be…” he whispered. “Rudy…look…”

Rudolph stopped weeping bitterly and looked over to where his partner was. He saw Harry.

“It can’t be…is that you? It is…it’s our little Harry.” He said, his eyes brimming with tears.

Immediately, the two men enshrouded Harry with a hug and kissed the top of his head repeatedly.

“You’re all grown up…” said Uncle Rudolph smiling and laughing. “I can’t bounce you on me knee anymore. Oh my god, look at you.” He ran his fingers through his great-nephew’s hair. “How come you have white hair?”

“I’ve been sick.” said Harry with a small smile. These were his uncles?

“With what? Rudy where is our bag?” said Leroy stammering.

“The illness already past.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Now we are merely waiting for his cores to come back online.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ron.

“What he means is, I can’t do magic, I’m extremely vulnerable.”

The school went silent.

“How long will that take, for your magic to come back.” asked McGonagall in a fearful whisper.

“Could be a day, a week, a month, or a whole year, we don’t know.” said Harry shrugging.

“It was another reason to bring more guards; I’ve got my entire company stationed outside these walls. I thought another two in here would do nicely.” said Lionus seriously.

Some of the students looked around out the windows into the night sky. Harry looked up into the windows that lined the top part of the wall, and saw a fleeting glimpse of someone swooping past.
“Don’t worry, you all are safe.” said Lionus with a smile.

A little past midnight, all the adults, including Lionus and Doctor Nicodemus stood in Dumbledore’s office.

“So Harry has no magic, what’s going to happen when we continue with these readings?” asked Sirius.

“The book has it’s own magical stock, it won’t feed on his.” said Speckerton.

“So what can we do?” asked Tonks

“We can do nothing, but I can assure you, Harry won’t be in any danger.” said Speckerton.

“Every time we turn around, it seems that Harry’s getting the stuffing taken out of him in some sort of way.” said Sirius.

Do I really want to know?” asked Rudolph worriedly.

“We’d best tell them what is going on, or they’ll never understand.” said Flitwick.

It took the better part of two hours to tell them what has happened to their Great-Nephew and just the events that had happened before school had started. Hearing the horrible tales of their little Harry, they held onto each other for support.

“Our little Harry was forced through all that?” said Leroy in a frightened voice, tears streaming down his face.

“I’ll kill those bastards if I ever get the chance.” growled Rudolph.

“You don’t need to fret about that,” said Madam Bones. “They are already in Auror custody.”

“They’re safer there.” snarled Rudolph. “I’ve got some venomous plants in my bags that I would love to introduce them to.”

The next morning, the adults somewhat staggered downstairs, they had spent almost the entire night discussing what the books were revealing with the two men and trying to calm them down.

When they entered the Great Hall, the saw all the students waiting for them and Harry passing around several small bowls of what looked like little bits of cereal and pretzels.

“You guys all slept in, it’s nine twenty-four.” said Harry looking up at the sun.

Rudolph and Leroy rushed over and hugged Harry once more.

“This again?” said Harry with a smile. “You guys brought them up to speed then, I take it.”

“We did, I hope you don’t mind.” said Remus carefully.

“It’s fine.” said Harry. “Should we get started then?” said Harry.
“Who wants to read, now?” asked Dumbledore settling into his armchair. Rudolph and Leroy took the opportunity to conjure up a large, blue sofa and stretched themselves out on it. They made sure they were within arm’s reach of the bowl chair.

“I think I’ll read this time.” said Nightstrike. “If I may sir.” he added looking over to Lionus.

“By all means.” he said.

Fifteenth chapter

“This won’t go well.” said Ron shaking his head.

“I don’t think you guys really told me what happened.” said Hermione.

“You really didn’t want to know.” said Harry.

"Who, or what is an Aragog?" asked Sirius.

Ron and Harry remained silent. "Just lovely." groaned Sirius.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“I always loved those flowers.” said Mrs. Weasley.

First paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“It’s not Hogwarts without you.” said Harry up to the half-giant, who blushed behind his bushy beard.

End of first paragraph.

“Oh boy.” groaned Remus. “I don’t think I want to know.”

Second paragraph.

“Security reasons.” said Madam Pomfrey plainly.

“They were already attacked, what more could happen?” asked Sirius.

“I didn’t want to risk it.” said Madam Pomfrey stiffly.
“It was nice of you two to want to see me though.” said Hermione with a blush.

“We kept coming back, we were sort of hoping you would just wake up.” said Ron turning a bit red as well.

“We never did blame you, I wouldn’t let anyone in either.” said Harry.

“The first day, I swear, I heard so many people screaming spontaneously I had to wear earplugs.” said Harry.

“It was like someone turned off the heat in this place, and the only time you could get warm was if you stepped outside.” said Harry.

“I cannot imagine that.” said Rudolph quietly. “This place is always full of laughter and cheer.”

“Except for that one year, the one you told me about.” said Leroy.

“I don’t like talking about that year.” said Rudolph quickly.

“How old are you?” asked Ron.

Rudolph stared fixedly at Ron.

“It’s impolite to ask that, kid.” said Leroy with a smile. “Let’s just say, he’s perfectly aged.” he gave his partner’s hand a squeeze.

“I must remember that.” said Tonks with a smirk looking over to Remus.
“That is my big downfall, I never consider the obvious.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of fourth paragraph.

“Even the teachers?” said Remus with an incredulous look.

“They were a bit jumpy, yeah.” said Ron.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, yeah, it wasn’t encrypted or anything.” said Fred.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“That’s the famous Harry Potter luck for you.” said Dean.

“I take it that you aren’t all that lucky.” said Leroy with a small smile.

“Not on a bit.” said Harry with a smile.

Fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“Don’t like spiders.” said Ron shortly.

Fifth paragraph, fourth sentence, second comma, thirteenth word.

“Sorry to inconvenience you with safety precautions.” sneered Snape.

Fifth paragraph end of fourth sentence.

“Who the hell came up with that idea?” said Sirius. “Now it’s easier to pick off the students.”

“The Governors actually.” said McGonagall. "It seemed like a good idea at the time.”

“Hate to say it, but that means that Lucius had a hand in that idea.” said Remus.
“As did I.” muttered Snape. “Classes weren’t as prepared as they were before the last attack happened.”

“My money’s on Lucius’s son.” said Sirius.

“Yeah, I can see that.” said Leroy. “My cousin Lucius never was the most sympathetic man.”

The room turned and stared, even Draco stared.

“Wait a minute…you’re a…” said Ron.

“On my mother’s side.” said Leroy with a smile. “She was actually really happy that I didn’t marry into the Black family. Bellatrix was my betrothed, then I found this twit,” he nodded his head over to Rudolph. “And my mother told me to run away with him. Screw my dad.” said Leroy with a smile. “My dad however found out, and came to Rudolph’s house. It didn’t go well.”

“What happened?” asked Hermione eagerly.

“I’ll tell that story at another time. There’s a few kids in here, and…well…the beginning’s a bit graphic.” said Rudolph with a smirk. “And you’re a bit young still.”

“If you would just get your grades up you could be a candidate for that.” said Snape in a whisper.

“But I’m a prefect.” Draco whispered back.

“You were the only choice. Nott and Zabini were also eligible, but due to your father, I had no choice but to nominate you.” muttered Snape. “Though, I might have chosen you anyway.” he gave his godson the rarest of smiles.

“I could smack myself for not knowing right away.” muttered Harry massaging his temples.

“I wanted to smack the daylights out of him.” said Dean.
Lionus stared at the youth, Draco cringed under his gaze.

“How dare…” said Bathilda irritably.

“I’d let it go, he’s changing for the better.” said Lionus.

“Thank you Severus.” said McGonagall.

“I’m not heartless.” said Snape.

"Can you imagine Snape being Headmaster?" asked Fred in a whisper.

"It would be all dark and gloomy here." said George.

"I cannot explain that action." said Snape rubbing his eyelids.

"Thank you Severus." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"You mean that you don't do it all the time?" asked George.

"He just wanted to say that in front of everyone." said Dean.
Eighth paragraph.

Seamus made sure to look elsewhere, besides the chair where the Potions Master was sitting.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"And you allowed that?" said McGonagall with a snarl.

"I had left the room, by that time." said Snape, sending a stern look to the young man sitting beside him.

End of dialogue set.

"You are lucky that we cannot take points away, Mr. Malfoy." said Dumbledore sternly, his eyes missing their shimmering light. "You owe Miss Granger a very sincere apology."

"I'm sorry." said Draco quietly, but sincerely.

Ninth paragraph.

"Can you really be that oblivious?" asked Moody with a stunned look, Malfoy looked down.

"He could use some of your teachings." said Tonks with a scowl.

Dialogue line.

"I don't think I can scold you for that." said Mrs. Weasley quietly.

Dialogue set, first sentence, seventh comma.

"Why were you guys in the back?" asked Fred.

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

"Ah, that will do it." said George.
"Yeah, couldn't really come up with a plausible excuse to go back inside the castle." said Ron bitterly.

"Both Houses were missing someone." said Harry.

"I hated that chore, out of all of the classes, that particular one I hated the most." said Sirius with a frown.

"What's so wrong with them." asked Neville curiously.

"My mother had a bunch of them, and she always had me doing that." said Sirius with a scowl.

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark sent a scowl over to Ernie, the staff however didn't go to that extreme, they only glared.

"It wasn't bad." said Harry with a groan.

"I haven't exactly forgiven him for beating the snot out of you." growled Sirius.

"Have you even apologize to him?" asked Remus angrily. “For smacking you about?”

"Not then, no." said Harry rubbing the back of his white-haired head. "This is where he apologizes for suspecting me. But he apologizes later for the smackdown."

"And did." said Ernie in a whisper.
Several people snorted. "I guess this sort of counts as payback, huh?" said Harry with a chuckle.

"I wouldn't." said Bill with disgust.

"Only thing I can say is that at least you apologized." said Tonks in disgust.

"Who invited you?" asked Fred.

"Hannah's fine, Ernie can shunt off." said George.

"Oh, my bloody god." said Charlie clapping an hand to his forehead.

"It took you that many months to figure that out?" said Bill incredulously.

"And you made him a prefect?" said Sirius in shock. Professor Sprout cringed slightly.

"Well you saw what he looked like after Ernie and his mates got ahold of him, I don't think any one of you lot would jump at forgiving him." said Ron stubbornly.

"Now you're trying to be all "buddy-buddy" now, huh?" said Charlie.
"So...is that..." said Draco quietly.

"That's why no one came to rearrange your face, yeah." said Lee. "Harry stood up for you."

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

Dr. Clark's knuckles paled on the textbook in his hands.

**Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

Dr. Clark released a sigh of relief; it wasn't what he thought it was.

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

"Ooh! That hurts." said Fred.

"Don't do that." said George.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Can't hide anything from you, can I." said Ron pouting.

"That's not exactly true, you and everyone else seems to completely rip me off on Poker Night." said Harry smirking.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

"As nosey as us, but not quite." said Harry with a smile.

"We couldn't even figure out what you were talking about." said Hannah.

**Eighteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
"Don't go in there." said Remus, almost pleading. "If you do, I'm going to take you over my knee and smack the daylights out of you."

"I'm as big as you now. That would look really...awkward." said Harry leaning away from him with a wary.

"Don't even try and twist it like that." said Remus getting more and tenser by the minute.

"Listen, I'm right here, nothing truly bad happens. I'm all right." said Harry soothingly.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"Go figure, due to someone," said Charlie looking over at the twins. "him and spiders don't get along."

Twentieth paragraph.

"You kids shouldn't be keeping back like that, especially with something dangerous walking about." said Professor Sprout scolding slightly.

Dialogue line.

"Except tha' he's a ruddy coward." said Hagrid. "But no one in the forest will 'urt him, or you if yer with him."

Dialogue set.

"Not really." said Remus tiredly.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"He was already nervous, didn't want to add to it." said Harry.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

"Don't just focus on the good things, notice the evil too." growled Moody.
"See? It's not like I wanted to go back in there." said Harry defensively.

"Never saw a man leap like that." said Ron.

"Jackass." muttered Sirius.

"Seriously?" said Dr. Clark. "Oh, my bloody God."

"We thought he had lost his blinking mind." said Neville.

"The only dim one is him." said Remus with a growl. "And Harry's got more intelligence in his little finger than he's got in his wildest dreams."

"Atta boy, Dean!" said Fred clapping loudly.
"Took Dazzle Gums three years to figure out that a wand can't cure split ends." said Remus.

Dialogue line.
"Careful, you aren't supposed to know about it." said Kingsley.

Dialogue line.
"Bull, he makes it sound like he was the one who arrested Hagrid single-handedly." said Bill.

"He never really liked Hagrid." said Sirius. "Hagrid wouldn't let him take one of the hippogriffs out for his date with a Slytherin girl. Also, not reading any of his books didn't help matters either." he grinned cheekily up to Hagrid.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.
"Wow, Harry looks so gentle." said Fred.

"And yet, he keeps smacking Ron about." said George.

Dialogue line.
"At least someone's watching what you both say." said Moody.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.
"Accurate way of putting it." said McGonagall with hint of a growl in her voice.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.
"I could have killed him." said Harry rubbing his scarred temple with two fingers.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, end of first sentence.
"Oh, come on! We would have been so proud of you!" said Siruis and Remus together.
"Didn't need to add onto McGonagall's troubles." said Harry.

"I would have given you seventy points to Gryffindor for that." said McGonagall with smirk.

"As would we." said Snape and the rest of the staff.

"Dang, wish I had done that then." said Harry with a smile.

**End of twenty-sixth paragraph.**

"Quit giving me gray hair." said Remus groaning and throwing an arm around Harry's shoulders.

"But it's so much fun," whined Harry playfully.

"I'm betting your dad would have hair like yours right now, by the time you would turn seven." said Sirius fondly.

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

"You're so brave!" cooed Lavender.

"Oh...thanks..." said Ron uncertainly.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.**

"We *couldn't* go anywhere." said Ron.

**End of twenty-eighth paragraph.**

"No one was sleeping much." said Ron.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

"Nice thing to do with the family heirloom." said Sirius snickering.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

"Cripes, sorry about that. Didn't know you were out to save the school." said Fred with a shrug.
"Wasn't too sure if it was right for me to sit there." said Ginny.
"She didn't have her name on the chair." said Harry shrugging.

"Knew we couldn't beat Ron that easily." said George pouting slightly.

"So, you two went out, to the forest, with nobody knowing where you are heading?" asked Sirius in a stunned voice.
"Uh...yeah...not our best move by a long shot." said Harry.

"Well, at least they were keeping watch." said Remus tiredly.

"Harry didn't have to do much squeezing." said Ron.

"That's right, keep a happy thought." said Charlie with a smirk.
"Not likely." said Harry with a smile.

"Dead depressing that was." said Ron.

"He must've thought Hagrid was coming back with you." said Tonks.

"Actually, we've been taking him for walks, and with classes, we haven't been able to do that much, the Care of Magical Creatures teacher is supposed to take care of him during the normal class week." said Harry. "But apparently, with the escorting, he wasn't able to."

"No offense, Hagrid, but knowing your cooking, that's cruelty to animals." said Charlie with a smile.

“It wasn’t Hagrid who gave him the fudge.” said Harry.

"Bad move, dear boy. Very bad move." said Dumbledore quietly.

"Not bad for someone who is somewhat afraid of dogs." said Harry with a laugh.

"You're what?" said Sirius in shock.

"Since Aunt Marge and Ripper, I've been sort of afraid of handling dogs without their owners being around.” said Harry.

"Wow, I didn’t' really know that." said Ron.
"Oh, so cute!" said Emmeline Vance.

"Cute part gone." said Sirius snorting loudly.

"Did you have to notice that, Harry?" asked Seamus laughing loudly.

"Good idea for a weapon, though." said Moody with an appreciative smirk.

"You are going to follow two tiny little spiders in a deep dark forest? You both are mad." said Rudolph.

“And that’s coming from a man that backtracked an ant trail to find a rare plant in Africa.” said Leroy teasingly.

"You are one of the bravest men in the world." said Hermione giving Ron’s hand a squeeze.

"Hope he doesn't try and go to the bathroom again." said Remus with a snicker.

"Good lads." said Dr. Nicodemus with smile.
"You have an uncanny way of making things sound just as scary as if we were there beside you." said Cho shaking slightly.

"I don't think I could even begin to reassure you three." said Harry guiltily.

"Good idea." said Remus darkly.

"Good idea." said Charlie.

"Bad idea," said Moody. "others travel the pathways too."

"Let's just focus on them not getting lost, how about that." said Kingsley.

"Which should never have happened." said Lionus with a snarl.

"Oh crap!" said Sirius worriedly.

"Light as you are, wasn't much crushing, I'll warrant." said Madam Pomfrey.

“Cripes all mighty, don’t do that.” said Sirius shortly over to Nightstrike.

“Take it out on the book, not me.” said Nightstrike defensively.
"You looked creepy." said Harry and Ron to each other.

"Jeez, just get out of there." said Tonks worriedly.

"Didn't have any more treacle fudge." said Harry shrugging.

"Dammit Harry! Do something else at school besides get into dangerous stuff, do something like collect butterflies or something!" said Siruis covering his ears.

"Too exciting, my poor nerves wouldn't be able to take it." said Harry teasingly.

"It's like a horror story." squeaked a little first year girl.
"Right little ray of sunshine, aint you?" said Fred as he and George walked over to where Ron was sitting.

"Okay, I've got nothing." said Sirius worriedly. "What the bloody hell is it?"

"If you hadn't stopped me, I would have told you." said Nightstrike with a smirk. "And it's not all that bad."

"Judging by Fang, it sounds bad." said Remus.

"It's not." said Lionus with a smirk.

"How do you know? You aren't reading the book!" said Parvati.

"If my lieutenant says it's not dangerous, it's not." said Lionus.

"What?" said the congregation of the school.

"I can't really tell if that's a good thing or not." said Lionus thoughtfully.
"Did it just say...empty?" said Rudolph.

"Yeah, the car is somewhat possessed." said Ron with a smile.

"It's a...car....though..." said Leroy.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

"Interestin' thought." said Hagrid with a thoughtful look.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

"Poor Fang, he's always been a ruddy coward." said Hagrid with a sympathetic smile.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

All eyes turned to face Harry, who took this opportunity to hide under the phoenix blanket.

"Oh no you don't." said Sirius tugging the blanket off him. “Get back here and face the music.”

"What were you thinking?" asked McGonagall, almost screeching.

"You could have been attacked! At any moment!" said Mrs. Weasley fearfully.

"I can't even...explain what made me do that." said Harry.

"Try." said Moody sternly.

"Stupidity." said Harry simply.

"You did a good job explaining it, if you ask me." said Snape with a raised brow.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

"Good, if the car can be driven, get the hell out of there." said Charlie.

Dialogue line.
"Two words." said Remus. "Learn them: Get...out..."

Fifty-first paragraph.

"Ron, if you want..." said Harry.

"I'm fine." said Ron.

Fifty-second paragraph, second sentence.

Nightstrike looked at the book in horror. It couldn't be *acromantulas*, could it? He looked up and saw his Captain staring at Nightstrike in shock and noticed the men in and beside the bowl reach and try and grab any piece of Harry they could.

"You aren't to move from this spot, understand." said Leroy in a whisper to Harry, his hand tight on the boy’s sleeve.

"Got it sir." said Harry with a small smile.

"Good lad." said Dumbledore, clutching Harry’s collar as he stood behind the young man.

Fifty-second paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

"Well, then, Ron's as good as doomed." said Fred.

"If Harry is scared." said George. Both of them were standing behind Ron and keeping an eye on him, just in case he disappeared right in front of them.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, Remus, Sirius, Dr. Clark, Rudolph, Leroy and Dumbledore all gave the boys a quick squeeze, (on whatever they were holding at the time) to make sure they were still there.

Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence.

"They're spiders!" shrieked Tonks loudly.
"What...?" said Dr. Clark quickly.

"Acromantulas." said Dr. Nicodemus. "Large spiders, very rare, very deadly."

"Now here..." said Hagrid quickly.

"I think, Hagrid, that we will see just how these two second years handle them, and we shall see if they are dangerous." said Lionus quickly.

Fifty-third paragraph, third sentence,

"That doesn't make it sound any better." said Charlie worriedly.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

Sirius threw both arms around Harry and enclosed him tightly.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

Harry could feel the hands holding onto him trembling.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

Girls in the Great Hall began to whimper and cry. A few teachers had to step over to them and console a few of the hysterical ones.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

Both Ron and Tonks began to shiver uncontrollably.

End of fifty-fifth paragraph.

"Makes me sound like five pounds of beef from the butchers." said Harry with a laugh, but then he stopped abruptly when he saw the looks on people's faces. "Never mind."

"Thank you." said Remus, his face pale.
"Get the hell out of there!" shouted most of the adults and the staff.

"What did Harry look like?" asked Zacharias with a smirk.
"I wasn't exactly looking at him at the time." said Ron with a growl.

"You mean that you can speak spider as well?" asked Dr. Clark in a stunned voice.
"No, it was speaking English." said Harry and Ron together.
"Best send a letter to Scamander then, huh?" said Charlie with a half-hearted laugh.

Sirius gave a slight whimper, like a whipped puppy and held onto Harry even tighter.

Tonks began to shake almost violently, until Dumbledore threw an arm around his graduated student and offered her some comfort. Remus was otherwise busy whispering feverishly a prayer that Harry and Ron get out of there unharmed.

"I'm impressed boy, despite the danger and being frightened, you can still take in your surroundings and deduce." said Moody.
"Start using that energy for running away." said Dr. Clark fearfully.
"Children." said Sirius almost drowning in worry. "Tiny, defenseless babies."

Harry and Ron looked at each other, letting it slide. Now was not the time or the place to defend themselves.

The school went as quiet as a tomb. Hagrid was as white as a sheet, and kept muttering "No." over and over again.

"Hope that works and keeps you safe." said Bill, standing behind the loveseat where Ron and Hermione both sat, enshrouded in people who wanted to make sure that Ron and Hermione were still there by hanging onto them.

Ron and Harry exchanged nervous looks.

"Still couldn't believe that you were able to talk, the most I could do is whine." said Ron with a nervous smile.

"Well, then it sounds like he won't hurt you then, if he wants to help you save Hagrid." said Charlie.
"I guess that Aragog could interpret that as a form of respect, kneeling in front of him." said Dr. Nicodemus hopefully.

"Didn't want to say monster, not there." said Harry.

"Smart move." said Michael Corner.

"Where he should never have gone." said Lionus with a growl.

"Why would they applaud that?" asked Ginny weakly.

"That's what it sounded like, they weren't exactly clapping." said Harry. "I guess that's their way of being angry."

"Tell me that this is almost the end of this chapter." pleaded Tonks.

"Just about." said Nightstrike.

"Can a spider sound fretful?" asked Colin wonderingly.

End of dialogue set.
"What made you so nervous?" asked Fred.

"I was starting to think we weren't going to get out of there." said Harry. "I could see more and more spiders coming to join the party. Trying to plan a means of escape, while talking to a giant spider, and keeping Ron from fainting wasn't a very easy task."

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

"Where the hell do you get spiders that grow that size?" asked Dr. Clark worriedly.

"They mostly live in the Middle East." said Hagrid.

**Dialogue set, sixth sentence.**

"So you had an adult give you something so dangerous?" said Mrs. Weasley angrily. "You were only a child!"

"I was tall for me age, he thought I was older." said Hagrid with a shrug, he told himself that Aragog wouldn't hurt the two boys.

**Dialogue set, eighth sentence.**

"He most surely did. This is the first time that I learned that this was the creature that Hagrid had. He wouldn't even tell me about it." said Dumbledore with a kind smile up to the half giant.

**End of dialogue set.**

"Wow, that was kind of you, Hagrid." said Charlie. "Though, I would be regretting the whole mate thing right now."

"They wouldn' do nuthin' to the boys." said Hagrid, though in his voice, he was starting to show some doubt.

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

"Which wasn't much, anymore." said Harry with a small smile.
"Not yet." said Remus, voice full of worry.

"That would be horrible to die in a bathroom. If given a choice, I’d like to die of old age and in my sleep. Thank you very much." said Fred crossing his arms.

"I'm not too sure why I asked him that, he just said that he never left the cupboard. Then again, it's a really good idea that I did ask." said Harry with a smile.

"Don’t' piss them off!" cried Lee.

Dr. Clark whimpered slightly, still clutching the textbook.

"I sort of don’t want to know." said Remus looking over at Dr. Clark's pale face.

"See? I was tryin' to figure out what was goin' on. Only I never did." said Hagrid rubbing the back of his head.
Sixty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

Ron began to start shaking even more so than before.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley as well as the rest of her family gave a small whimper. Harry’s extended family remained silent, but Harry could hear their breathing becoming faster.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"What?" said Hagrid in shock.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"HAGRID!" screamed most of the people in the Hall.

"I DIDN’ KNOW HE WOULD HURT ’EM! ARAGOG NEVER...." said Hagrid loudly, but he couldn't finish it, due to the glare that Dumbledore sent his way.

"Hagrid, I will create a barrier so that no one walks into that part of the forest. But you tell Aragog that if he or any of his children attempt to cause harm to any students here, I personally will see to them myself." said Dumbledore darkly.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

"You okay, kid?" asked Nightstrike looking over to Ron, who was deathly pale and trembling.

"F-F-Fine, n-n-never bet-better." said Ron who was being held tighter in his mother's arms.

"Here lad." said Dr. Nicodemus walking over to Ron and handing him a small capsule. "It's a Ranger tranquilizer, a bit stronger than a calming draught and lasts almost the rest of your life."

"Hold up." said Bill, as Ron reached for the small pill. "You mean to say that, that thing will keep him calm his whole life?"

"Yes, and no." said Dr. Nicodemus. "This little pill will keep him nice and calm for an hour or two,
but for the rest of his life, when he meets up with another acromantula, he will stay nice and calm and keep his wits about him.” he finished with a smile.

“How can you pinpoint it to acromantulas?” said Fred.

“I just programmed it for that.” said Dr. Nicodemus waving a thin black wand.

"And the side effects, downsides?” asked Charlie with scrutiny.

"Well...there is one." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"And that would be?” said Bill.

"Since he is a child now, on the night he turns seventeen..." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"What would happen?” said Mr. Weasley quickly.

"Let's just say, his brothers should come and fetch him. He's going to desire a long night of drinking, of an alcoholic nature." said Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

"That's it?” said Fred.

"That's it." said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile. "To steady past nerves."

"Hell...we could take him out tonight." whispered Charlie. Bill shoved his shoulder hard.

"He's too young." he snarled.

"Like that stopped us." said Charlie with a sneer.

**Sixty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.**

Every eye turned towards the two boys, every eye bursting with horror and fear.

**Sixty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, fifth comma.**

Harry turned to look upwards into the sky, not desiring to meet any of his uncle's eyes.

“Children should not be prepared for that.” said Tempest shaking her head.

**End of sixty-eighth paragraph.**

**Sixty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

"Thank God, hop in and get the bloody hell out of there!” shouted Dr. Clark.
“Where's a giant flyswatter when you need it?” asked Fred.

"Or at least some bug spray." said George.

"Found out he gets car sick." said Ron with a laugh, the capsule was doing it's job beautifully.

"Oh, that's nice." said Fred.

The school began to cheer, yet Hagrid was still sitting dumbfounded. He almost got Harry and Ron killed, he never thought that Aragog would let them get hurt, perhaps it was time for Hagrid to draw the line in the sand. Didn't matter if he was ill, Aragog had no right to do that.

"You'd think that it would run out of gas." said Dr. Clark calming down at last.

"I...um...upped it's gas mileage." said Mr. Weasley with a blush. "It won't need refilling for a real long time."

"That’s...amazing..." said Dr. Clark with awed look.

"At least he won't suffer a heart-attack then." said George.

"Can't say the same thing for us though." said Fred wiping the sweat off his brow.
"Oh yeah, just fine, just got down having a nice sit down tea with Aragog and his family." said Ron with a smirk.

"Nice to know you're feeling better." said Harry with a laugh.

"You're safe, you get out ok." said Sirius sighing with relief.

"Well that shoots the safe part down." said Sirius with a nervous chuckle.

"Should have had your seat belts on." said Dr. Clark.

"Poor thing." said Hagrid sadly.

"Yeah, it took a lot of Harry's homemade biscuits to get back on his good side." said Ron with a smile.

"Dog biscuits?" asked Sirius.

"Buttermilk." said Harry. “Now when I bring a knapsack to Hagrid’s he knocks me down and ruts through my bag.”

"Arthur, I think the school and Hagrid owes you a great debt of gratitude, for enchanting that car." said Dumbledore tidying up the empty phials of Calming Draught.

"The school, sir?" asked Mr. Weasley confused.

"Well, it saved two students, and helped them come back with the truth." said Dumbledore.
"You alright now, Ron?" asked Luna dreamily.

"I've fine, thanks Luna." said Ron with a smile.

Dialogue line.

"I forgave you Hagrid, I was still scared out of my mind." said Ron quickly.

Dialogue line.

"That I did, I'm really sorry." said Hagrid sadly.

"It wasn't your fault, really. You should really trust people you call friends." said Harry.

"Not always boy." said Moody disapprovingly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

Ron looked apologetically up to Hagrid and tried to offer an apology, but no words came past his throat.

End of dialogue set.

"You found out that Hagrid was not the one behind the Chamber of Secrets the last time." said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

"Still can't believe you managed to bounce back that fast." said Ron.

"I'm not arachnophobic," said Harry. "Though, if you put in me in a glade full of dementors, I think I would be in way worse shape than you."

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Seventy-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"So...who left the door unlocked?" asked Charlie.
"Filch wasn't exactly all that focused that year." said Fred.

End of seventy-sixth paragraph.

"You alright, Remus?" asked Sirius and Dr. Clark, noticing how tense the man look.

"This was a bad chapter to read so early in the morning." said Remus running a cold hand over his sweaty face.

"Better to read it in the morning, as opposed to last night." said Harry.

"You got a point." said Remus with a sigh.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

"Harry, you need rest too." said Mrs. Weasley.

"After that night, I don't think sleeping would have been all that restful." said Harry.

Seventy-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"That's a scary thought." said a first year.

End of seventy-eighth paragraph.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

Eightieth paragraph.

"Just leave it for tomorrow." said Ernie, "We were still safe for a little while."

"You've got a really bad memory." said Fred.

Eighty-first paragraph.

"You and your inspiring thoughts are going to drive me nuts. I still don't figure how you managed to remember everything that Aragog said. I still can't remember a tenth of it." said Ron shaking his head.
"I thought a spider had snuck in." said Ron sheepishly.

"Oh crap!" said George.

"Is that what you meant by; you didn't have the heart to remove her?" asked Dr. Clark.

"That it is," said Dumbledore with a sad look.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
I’ll read this chapter, I think.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “It may be best, if you let us read the ending parts. That way, the story keeps going on.”

“Thank you.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Chapter Sixteen.

“Thank heavens that you’re reading.” said Bill nervously.

“I don’t think I really want to know.” said Remus putting his hands to his ears.

“Me either.” said Sirius doing the same.

Dialogue line.

“It’s not all that abnormal to walk up to a ghost and ask how they died. When you do, they tend to embellish it just a bit.” said Bill. “Nick’s story keeps changing almost every time you ask.”

First paragraph, first sentence.

“You looking for spiders again?” asked Charlie.

“No, spider searching was done.” said Harry.

End of first paragraph.

“Gee, you make it sound like a bad thing.” said Remus. “Protecting students.”

“The teachers leading us about, is one thing, but Lockhart is something completely different.” said Harry.

“Understandable.” said Sirius, Dr. Clark and Remus quickly.
“In Transfiguration? What the hell could be so important in there that…um…er…” said Sirius quickly but his voice faded into slight whimpers under McGonagall’s furious stare.

The visiting adults in the room went silent.

“Exams? After all that terror and the attacks, you’re going to have them take the exams? They won’t be thinking clearly. Especially the first years, fifth years and the seventh years. The first years will be too traumatized to think about their first tests, and the other two will ruin their chances for future careers.” said Remus incredulously.

“The school had to continue on as normal.” said McGonagall, “Dumbledore’s orders.”

“Doesn’t put you in a good light.” said Sirius shortly.

“I had a plan.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

“Go figure, a boy would be the first one to shout out.” said Emmeline Vance with a smirk.

“I got nervous.” said Neville meekly.

“You’d be foolish not to be nervous about those exams.” said Remus with a comforting smile.

“It’s always been commonplace to replace the legs of desks in my class.” said McGonagall.
“We couldn’t even sleep without having nightmares, what makes you think we’re studying?” said Fred.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“I couldn’t even open a textbook and focus on a subject for the past few weeks.” said Harry.

End of fourth paragraph.

“That silenced everyone quite quick.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

“Well, one thing we learned was that terrified kids will become savages and beat the crap out of the first thing that sneezes.” said Sirius sending an angry look over to the Hufflepuffs.

“And that there is a Chamber in the school that holds a terrifying monster that can petrify people without much trouble.” said Dr. Clark weakly.

“And Hagrid was framed for a crime he didn’t commit.” said Remus.

“And that Harry is in deep trouble for going in the forest.” said Rudolph and Leroy.

“That too.” said the three men in the bowl.

“And to think, once upon a time, I wished for people that cared about me.” said Harry with a teasing smile and a dramatic sigh. “What was I thinking?”

“You’re asking for it.” said Sirius, though the sternness in his voice didn’t reach his eyes.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“All I could manage to do to them was make the bunnies themselves tap-dance.” said Ron shaking his head.

End of fifth paragraph.

“Yeah, we didn’t exactly cover Polyjuice Potions in Potions class, and running away from spiders won’t exactly help in Charms.” said Harry with a smirk.
Sixth paragraph.

“I think I actually would have rather go in there as opposed to facing the exams that year. One wrong move with my wand, I would’ve blown up the entire class, and everyone in it.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

“You’re doomed.” said Charlie shaking his head.

Seventh paragraph.

“Goody, more good news.” said Tonks rolling her eyes.

“Don’t knock it, it was good news.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Never happens when Dumbledore talks.” said Rudolph with a smile.

“We were freaking out, thank you very much.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

“That would set the kid’s minds at ease.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue line.

“Now that would be good news. Hell, good enough reason to throw a party.” said Tonks.

“Or cancel the exams.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

“She’s a Quidditch nut, but not that much of a Quidditch nut.” said Charlie.
“That IS good news!” said Sirius happily. “Though, catching the heir would have been better.”

“Not really, I don’t remember much.” said Justin rubbing the back of his head.

“Strange, Nick remembers, kept talking about it for months as a matter of fact.” said Fred.

“How do you cure a ghost?” asked Dr. Clark. “You can’t exactly pour a potion down his throat.”

“We had to waft him through the potion.” said Madam Pomfrey with a smile.

“Sort of…” said Ron and Harry.

“What do you mean?” asked Remus.

“It sort of happened, the heir getting caught.” said Ron.

“Fabulous.” groaned Leroy, burying his face in Rudolph’s chest. “‘Sort of happened’ when applied to catching a criminal means, you don’t get him.”

Seeing an opening in the fear and the terror, the school did an encore of the cheers and yells, to the amusement of the adults.

Malfoy shuffled his feet nervously.

“Didn’t know it was that bad.” said Leroy looking over at the small boy sadly.

“Finally had something to look forward to, after the whole spider incident.” said Ron with a slight
Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Hey! There you go! Then for about the millionth time,” said Sirius smiling widely, then he bellowed “GO GET A TEACHER AND TELL THEM!”

End of dialogue set.

“With anyone else, yes, but not Hermione.” said Remus fondly.

Tenth paragraph.

“Were you okay short-stuff?” asked Bill coming over to sit beside her.

Ginny shrugged and looked away.

“Scoot, we’re sitting here, now.” said Charlie as both elder Weasley children sat on either side of her. “You look like you could use some big brother time.” as they both wrapped their arms around her.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

“You yourself?” asked Zacharias snidely.

“She’s braver and stronger than me, it wasn’t me that she reminded me of.” said Harry with a smirk. “Someone just as equally brave and strong as her though.”

Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence, first comma, third word.

Ginny looked over to him in confusion, but slowly her confused frown turned to a smile. She knew what he was talking about.
“I still don’t get what you mean.” said Sirius confused.

“She knows something, and she’s not telling.” said Ron.

“So who’s she talking to?” asked a first year.

“Harry, but she was still suffering from her crush.” said Hermione with a kind smile.

“Nice Ron.” said Angelina rolling her eyes.

“Way to reassure her, mate.” said Fred. “Pressuring her to talk to you is a great way to calm her down.”

“You could have come to us, sweet-stuff.” said George looking at Ginny.

“Didn’t know who to go to. I though you two would have laughed at me.” said Ginny quietly.

“When do we ever laugh at you, we laugh with you, not at you.” said George.

“Unless you really deserve it.” said Fred.

“Well…yeah.” said George. “Like that time that you put hot sauce in our jell-o?”

“We’re still trying to find a way to get you back for that one.” said Fred.

Ginny began to giggle.

“Haven’t eaten the stuff since.” said the twins together. “And we used to love that slimy stuff!”
“Oh, what was wrong, Percykins?” said George in a baby voice.

“Did you go patrolling again?” said Fred.

“What’s wrong with trying to protect the students?” said Percy indignantly.

“It’s a problem when you don’t even remember to sleep or eat, Perce.” said Fred.

“That’s why we snuck that sleeping potion in your tea that one time.” said George.

“And left you in the laundry room.” said Fred. “On a nice bed of pillows and linen, slept like a baby.”

Percy snarled at his brothers, but it was short-lived.

“Thank you boys, no need for Percy to get himself sick.” said Mrs. Weasely praising her sons.

Percy, Fred and George stared. “Who are you and what have you done with our mother?” said Fred and George together.

Dialogue line.

“PERCY! Leave your sister alone!” said Mr. Weasley. “Couldn’t you see what she was like?”

Percy shuffled his feet nervously.

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Huh?” said Charlie.

“You know, I’ve sort of wondered what that was about.” said Percy absently.

“You were always going on about how you were willing to turn Fred and George in if they broke the rules.” snapped Ginny. “I didn’t want to be your first sacrifice down the path you chose.”

Percy stared at his little sister. “Ginny, I never…not you…”

“Really? How was I to know that you were going to spare me?” she spat. “You threatened to take Ron to McGonagall when you saw him come out of the bathroom! You even ratted out Charlie when he snuck into the dorms late one night when he was still here.”

“You did that? What the hell…?” said Charlie looking at his younger brother.

“Then you sided with that monster! Both of them!” shrieked Ginny pointing up to Umbridge and Fudge’s empty seat. “Against Harry! What has he ever done to you? All he’s ever done was protect this family! Better than you ever could, or ever will.” she finished, her voice as cold as ice.

Percy sat in shock, his parted lips trembling.

“Easy sweetie…Percy just…took us for granted…that’s all.” said Bill soothingly.
Nightstrike cleared his throat and pressed on.

End of sixteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.
“What the heck for?” asked Mr. Weasley curiously, trying to breeze past the rant his daughter had just released.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“How would you know?” asked Rudolph curiously.

Dialogue line.
“Yeah, what he said.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

Dialogue set.
“What the…just spit it out already!” said Sirius.
“I think his little sister walked in on him snogging someone.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.
“Oh that would be precious.” said Remus with a laugh.

Eighteenth paragraph.
A few of the people in the Hall began to laugh, Percy looked just about as uncomfortable as the book described.

Dialogue line.
“Nobody would buy that if you’re smiling like that.” said Tonks with a smirk.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Compared to Harry, you don’t know the meaning of the word.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

Twentieth paragraph, first dash.

The adults in the room stared at the boy.

“And why is that?” asked McGonagall sternly.

“I just had a bad feeling.” said Harry shrugging. “That it was really important to talk to Myrtle.”

End of twentieth paragraph.

“Damn, I thought we were done with that imbecile.” said Remus groaning.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“Which was never very hard.” said Harry with a smirk.

Twenty-first paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Oh…if he had said that in the teacher’s lounge...” growled McGonagall angrily.

“There wouldn’t much left of him to send him to the Hospital Wing after we would get done with him.” said Professor Flitwick angrily.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

“Aww…poor baby.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

“Hey now, I can remember freaking out about my hair.” said Rudolph.

“Yeah, but you mostly just braid it and have done with it.” said Leroy.
“Sure, now. Before, I was a nervous wreck trying to get it to do things God never intended hair to do.” said Rudolph with a smile.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“That never goes well, that’s about as bad as saying ‘Thing’s couldn’t possibly get any worse.’” said Michael with a laugh.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“I’m hoping that the next attack happens to him.” said Sirius.

“If he was the only one attacked, I’d forget completely how to make the Mandrake draught.” said Poppy with an evil grin.

“As would I.” said Snape with a sneer.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Stupid fool.” muttered Moody grimly.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.**

The school went completely silent.

Sirius stared at Harry in confusion. “What?”

“You’ll see.” said Harry.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Forget dropping the books, I’d faint if I had been there in person hearing that.” said Bill.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“His fondest wish, Harry agreeing with him.” snarled Remus.
“Why that loathsome cockroach! It is our duty to protect the students from any and all danger!” said Professor Sprout shortly.

“You two are pretty good about going about and acting on the spur of the moment.” said Moody impressively.

“You should hear Harry soon after this.” said Ron.

“Prepping a class?” snorted Sirius. “More like to style his hair up.”

“Awesome!” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Note to self, never do that.” said Harry. “Things only get worse when you do that.”

“Unaccompanied students in these troubled times was only asking for another attack to happen.” said McGonagall, she remembered this day, and they had lied to her!

“Never stutter. That won’t help with convincing anyone.” said Kingsley.
“What?” said the school.

Moody laughed. “Now there’s an insight to his real way of thinking. I wouldn’t have come up with that one!”

“I wasn’t too sure if that card was going to win me the game, or send me home.” said Harry absently.

“I’ve never seen you like that before, I wasn’t too sure if you could act like that anymore.” said Harry helplessly.

“I can’t see anything wrong or make fun of that.” said Sirius, “all it shows is that you have a heart.”

“Who the hell are you?” asked Harry and Remus together.

“Hey…I’m….” said Sirius but stopping himself quickly.

“Say it.” said the three people in the bowl eagerly.

“I’m…human…” growled Sirius.

“HA!” said Remus with a laugh.

“Screw detention, we were lucky she didn’t lop off and kill us.” said Ron.
“I’m sorry.” said Harry guiltily.

McGonagall sent him a fierce look over his way, but her anger wavered when she saw him flinch.

“Good idea, she might check up on the story.” said Tonks appreciatively.

“Well, there isn’t.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“You’re about as good at sympathy as Hermione.” said Ron absently. Hermione replied by shoving in elbow into his side.

Hermione glared at both of the boys, who then looked at each other.

“Oh that’s nice.” said Katie.
“What?” said Katie and Alicia. “Her hand?”

“James would be so proud.” said Dr. Clark with a loving smile. Harry looked down and smiled to himself.

“Both of them.” said Sirius.

Dr. Nicodemus lowered the book, then he and the rest of the Rangers, including the Aurors turned and stared at the two boys.

“You two are good.” said Lionus with a smirk. “I’m going to have to keep an eye on you two, along with Miss Granger.”

“Or snap her fingers off.” said Harry.

“We replaced the book!” said Harry quickly.

“IT’S A BASILISK? EVACUATE THE F*%&^%&^% SCHOOL!” yelled Remus.

Several adults and students then began to panic, no amount of sparks from Dumbledore’s wand
could bring them back to their senses.

Lionus stood up and shouted. “TEN SHUN!” the school went quiet. “Now, that’s better, the threat is long gone, relax.” he said sitting back down.

Everyone else sat slowly back down and settled into their chairs nervously.

“How did you do that?” asked Dean.

“A great leader can command anyone.” said Viper proudly.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Is that how the monster was getting about?” said Remus calming down.

“Glad I didn’t find it.” said Hagrid. “I woulda been killed.”

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Crap, that makes everything come into focus doesn’t it.” said Charlie.

“You both a had better of gone to a teacher.” said Bill warningly.

“We did.” said Harry honestly, but the sides of his mouth twitched.

“Can’t wait to hear this one.” said Madam Bones with a groan

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“I loved that camera, and I had some really good pictures on that roll.” said Colin sadly.

End of dialogue set.

“That’s exactly what happened.” said Hermione looking at Harry in shock.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.
“That’s von hell of a memory you’ve got there.” said Viper with an impressed look.

“He even remembered that, you’re way too much.” said Tonks shaking her head.

“I had a brainstorm of my own right there.” said Ron proudly.

The people in the school took a sharp intake of breath.

“And you’ve been in there several times.” said Sirius weakly. “You kids are the luckiest people on the planet.”

“I’m taking a Calming Draught, Albus.” said Remus reaching over.

“Pass ‘em on.” said Dr. Clark.
“Dear me.” said Bathilda worriedly.

Dialogue line.

“Finally! They’re showing some sense.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.

“Good, tell a whole bunch of teachers, one of them is bound to believe you.” said George. But the teachers looked worried, when they went to the teacher’s lounge that day…dear lord.

Forty-second paragraph.

“But, then, where did you go?” said Professor Sprout, hoping they weren’t in there for much longer.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Huh? But then what told everyone that class was over?” said Sirius.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, no, another attack.” said Remus faintly.

Forty-fifth paragraph

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, please yes.” said Professor Flitwick worriedly.
“You know, I was sort of skeptical about how clever you were and if you were really holding back. Now I’m seeing, you do hold back quite a bit.” said one of the Unspeakables.

“Those were the smart ones.” said Mr. Weasley.

All around the room, where every guest and ever student third years and under sat, a collective nervous gulp went around the room.

Ginny began to start shaking.

“It’s alright short-stuff, was she a friend of yours?” asked Bill. But Ginny wouldn’t reply.

Both Charlie and Bill jumped about a foot in the air and enclosed their little sister in their arms.

“B-bu-but she’s right here! She’s not down there!” said Charlie nervously.

“She was saved from the Chamber of Secrets.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“What saved her?” asked Bill.

“She was saved by her brother Ronald, and Harry.” said Dumbledore with a smile over to the two boys.

Charlie and Bill stared at their little brother; they didn’t look at Harry, who was having a staring contest of his own to deal with. It was between him and the floor.
“You went down there…?” said Remus grimly.

“Um…” said Harry slowly.

**Forty-ninth paragraph.**

“I couldn’t believe it, I thought she was gone.” said Ron sheepishly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Always said what?” asked Sirius.

“That if another student had died from this, I personally would shut the school down myself.” said Dumbledore sadly.

**Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Hope mixed with desperation.” said Harry.

“You aren’t allowed to talk for the rest of the book. Or I’ll tape your mouth.” said Remus sternly.

Sirius turned and looked at Remus. Remus must be getting really worked up, he hadn’t done something like that since James tried to convince Peter to scale the roofs of Hogwarts with him. If Peter had gone along with it, there was a good chance Peter wouldn’t have lived past Christmas his fourth year. Remus had been furious when he heard what James had planned for “Fun”.

Remus had taped James’ mouth for an entire weekend and refused to take it off.

**End of fiftieth paragraph.**

“What right does he have to be happy?” said Remus angrily. Harry opened his mouth, but swiftly a magical piece of tape went across his mouth, and then it faded. Harry tried, but he couldn't speak or remove it. He could feel it still there, despite it looking like it disappeared.

“I told you…” said Remus warningly.

"Remus..." said Dumbledore in a warning like tone.

"It'll only stay till this chapter's over." said Remus shortly. Harry glared at Remus.

“Remus…” said Sirius. Remus glared at his old friend, a wild look in his eye.

“Just endure it for a bit, only he can take it off.” said Sirius whispering to Harry.
“I’ll kill him with my own hands if I can manage it.” said Bill angrily. He looked worriedly over to Harry. He had his arms folded across his chest and his face was twisted in a scowl. He didn’t know who to feel sorry for, Harry for having his mouth taped, or Remus for when the tape finally came off.

“It wasn’t ‘like it’ it was ‘it.’” said Snape with a scowl. He also looked over to the boy…a slight twinge of pity flitted through his mind.

“For god’s sake hex the man.” said Sirius, positively begging Snape.

“That’s his mind screaming ‘MOMMY!’” said George with a laugh. He didn’t want to look over to bowl, he and Fred figured they wouldn’t notice, giving Harry some dignity.

“He’s backfiring on himself, this is priceless.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh. “Do you really have to tape Harry’s mouth, I’m not too happy about that.” he added with a frown. He looked at Harry, but Harry only shrugged, though he still looked far from happy.

“He always dances around me punishing him with his talking, I’m not letting him get away with it this time.” said Remus angrily.
“Just like his grandpa.” said Rudolph with a chuckle.

“What do you mean?” asked Sirius.

“When we were little, his grandpa would always manage to get out of trouble, talked his way out of anything. Drove me just about mad.” said Rudolph. “I'd get punished some of the time, not him though. But you can take the tape off, now, he gets the picture.”

“It’s only till the end of the chapter.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Didn’t recall? He told me the day before.” said Flitwick with a light laugh.

Dialogue set.

“Students would have been petrified left and right.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Bull, you make sure that no one misunderstands you.” said Professor Hooch.

Dialogue set.

“Free reign to choke yourself.” said Remus.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Who’d want to rescue him?” asked Dean.

“Rudolph asked me that once. Lockhart’s not my type, I like older men.” said Leroy with a sly smile.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.
“Wuss.” said Charlie, still hugging his small sister.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“You sneaky…” said Remus with a laugh.

“I have my moments.” said Professor McGonagall smugly.

End of dialogue set.

“You’re about to find out that two of yours are out.” said Sirius. Harry shook his head. Sirius looked uncomfortably at him and at his old friend.

“We made it back in time.” said Ron who was looking at Harry.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

The Weasley family went silent.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Good reasoning lad.” said Dr. Nicodemus kindly.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixtieth paragraph.

“Thanks for not saying that.” said Ron.

Harry shrugged.
“You really thought that he was going in there.” said Remus staring at Harry and Ron.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Well?” asked Remus.

“Uh..Moony? Are you hysterical right now?” asked Sirius.

“Little, why?” asked Remus quickly.

“Cause you’re asking him a question that he can’t answer, his mouth is all taped up.” said Sirius.

“Oh, right…” he looked uneasy “what is he doing?” said Remus looking at Harry.

Harry began to quickly move his arms and hands spastically.

"Is he okay?” asked Neville worriedly.

“Hang on.” said Dr. Clark watching Harry closely. “He said that Lockhart was the only one they knew going down into the Chamber, it was Ginny’s only hope.”

“How the hell do you know that?” asked Remus.

“Sign language, I taught him that years ago, can’t believe he remembered.” said Dr. Clark he looked at Sirius “That’s enough silent treatment.”

Sirius nodded and grabbed Remus by the collar. “Let him go.”

Remus looked full of regret and waved his wand over Harry's mouth.

“Ow.” said Harry as the final piece of the tape was taken off, it fluttered down onto his lap. “Let's put tape onto your mouth, and see how you like it.” he sent a scowl up to Remus, then he slammed the piece of tape on his mouth.

“Yowch!” said Remus as he pulled the tape off.

“You hurt me one more time as a form of punishment, I’ll kick your ass.” said Harry sourly.

He stood up and sat between Leroy and Rudolph, Remus stared at Harry as he lounged on the sofa, then he was smacked twice in the back of the head.

“You better find a way to get him back over here.” snarled Dr. Clark and Sirius.

“So it was Ron’s idea, huh?” said Fred proudly. He was relieved that the awkward punishment was over.
“Damn, we would have gone with you to save Ginny.” said George.

“You guys were stressed enough.” said Ron.

End of sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph.

“You mean he was actually preparing to go down?...Nah…” said Sirius shaking his head.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“He was freaking out like you wouldn’t believe.” said Ron with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Remus bit his bottom lip. *Don’t go in there!* He couldn't think of a way of convincing the boy to come back and sit, but he would have to think of something very quickly.

“We could be holding him right now…you’d better fix this.” snarled Sirius baring his teeth.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Bloody coward.” snarled Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“The only unavoidable thing you have to worry about is Ginny in the chamber!” said Kingsley angrily.
“Bullshit.” said Remus through gritted teeth.

A small ripple of laughter fluttered about the school.

“Well that ‘s your own stupid fault, isn’t it?” said Fred.

“Well...we can charge him with fraud at least.” said Moody with a large grim like smile.
"Would rather hear about true events, despite what the hero looks like." said Tonks sourly.

"He always put looks before actual talent." said Sirius with a snort of disgust.

"I've seen it done it the Muggle world. But with people here going about how they're better than they are, it was shock that this world and the Muggle world was nothing different. Both places are similar." said Harry with a smirk.

Umbridge thrashed about in her seat, gag still on her mouth. Tempest gave her a sharp slap across her face.

"Behave." she spat.

"The hell it isn't." said Harry.

"He's as feisty as Lily was." said Rudolph patting Harry's head.

"No, I think she could give him a run for his money. She was a terror when you got her all wound up." said Leroy with a laugh. "Remember when I ate her plate of cookies she was making for McGonagall that one time? I had to hide in our closet for two weeks, just to escape her wrath."

"I've still got the footprints on my shorts from all the time you stood in there." said Rudolph with a smirk.

"Horrible...absolutely criminal...going to get him." muttered Madam Bones angrily.
"That's a shock, he couldn't do it in school, what made him think he could do it then." said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

"He still thinks that he's more famous than Harry?" said Kingsley with a laugh.

"He's always been a delusional moron." said Sprout angrily.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Sirius, Dr. Clark, Rudolph, and Leroy went deathly quiet.

"Good thing Remus isn't here, he go off and bite Lockhart if he ever gets the chance." said Sirius in a cold whisper.

"I have half a mind to tell him just where he is." said Dumbledore coldly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"DON'T YOU DARE!" screeched Mrs. Weasley.

"Do not worry, he doesn't hurt either of the boys." said Dumbledore with a malicious smile.

"With that smile, how can we believe you?" said Lionus with smirk.

End of dialogue set.

"That's a plus." growled Fred.

"We didn't know about this part of the story." said George angrily.

"Didn't want you two sent up for murder." said Ron shrugging.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Cheers erupted in the school, then Remus entered. He was carrying a large plate of what looked like small pie pieces.
"What did I miss?" asked Remus looking around the room somewhat confused.

"Harry disarmed Dazzle Gums when he tried to oblivate him and Ron." said Sirius excitedly.

Remus almost dropped the plate in shock. "He...he did what?"

"Yeah, but Harry was faster than Lockhart was, it was cool." said a squeaky first year boy.

Harry didn't look back at Remus when he came back. He was still cross at him for taping his mouth shut, his Uncle Vernon had done that years and years ago, and he thought he and Sirius were different than his Uncle had been.

"Harry, I um...I went down to..uh...I got something for you. To say, I'm sorry for putting tape on your mouth." said Remus quietly.

Harry still did not look at him. Leroy smiled sadly and cupped his hands under the boy's chin.

"Come on, Harry. He's new at raising kids, he doesn't know what is a good thing or not." said Leroy kindly.

"Common sense helps." muttered Harry darkly.

"Give him another chance, Harry, after the life you've had, you know what is a good thing and what's a bad thing. He's not too sure." said Rudolph.

"He had a childhood, he could tell." said Harry still angry.

"Once he got bitten, Harry, his whole life changed, he didn't have as happy a childhood as you think. His own family began to shun him, it doesn't rate on the scale of abuse you have, but still..." said Leroy. “You can teach him the appropriate boundaries.”

Harry sighed, turned on the sofa and faced Remus. "Alright, I'm listening."

Remus gulped and sighed. "I...I'm sorry that I did what I did. I said I was going to settle down and I didn't. I'm really sorry and well, I got you these..." he handed the plate to Harry. He look at it slowly and stared at it in shock. It was piled high, not with pie slices, but treacle tart.

Harry reached for one immediately, but withdrew his hand quickly. Remus's face fell, but was confused when Harry went back to the bowl and ducked underneath it. He pulled his knapsack out from under the bowl and withdrew what looked like several wrapped treats.

"I’m still cross at you, but I guess let's bury the hatchet. I won't hurt your feelings, as long you don't hurt me." he handed the treats to Remus.

"What are these?" asked Remus, his eyes drowning in unfallen tears.

"Well, I tried my hand at making Mars Bars, and I found out that I could improve the recipe with some simple ingredients. Try them out." said Harry with a smile.

"You have got to be kidding me. Treacle Tart? That's your attitude changer?" said Rudolph with a laugh as he looked at the plate.

"Salt water taffy had the same effect on James, don't you remember?" said Leroy with a smile. "He could be pissed off about not getting the dark wizard he was after, give him a piece and he's all smiles."
Remus extended a hand to take Harry back to the bowl, but Harry looked away. “I’ll sit with them for right now.”

“Oh…ok.” said Remus slowly. “I’m sorry, and I do love you…”

Harry still looked away. Remus sighed and walked past him to sit in the bowl, he slowly unwrapped the treat and took a bite.

"How’s the chocolate?” asked Sirius.

"I will never piss off Harry again.” said Remus thickly, the entire candy bar crammed in his mouth.

"Just, don't try and punish me for stuff that's happened years ago. When we get to year five, then by all means, let me have it.” said Harry fairly.

“Without hurting you.” agreed Remus.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

"You could have used that wand.” said Moody. "Seeing as how Ron's wand is unpredictable.”

"Lockhart's wand would have been the same way, besides it worked out for the best.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

"The first spell Snape teaches you becomes your pretty much favorite. I don't think I'll ever get over that.” said Tonks.

Snape stared hard at the boy, who had, through much coaxing from the two uncles, taken his old seat back in the bowl.

End of dialogue set.

"Twelve years old and he knows Ranger protocol about not taking your eyes off a criminal." said Nightstrike in awe.

"That's Auror protocol too.” said Moody defensively.

"And you guys got your first trainings from whom?” said Nightstrike with a sneer.

Dialogue line.

"First time that whole year he was right." said Remus with a smirk.
"God, this is precious! When he was younger, he wanted to be the leader of the pack, the dominating male, and here you are. A shrimpy, underfed scruffy little toddler telling him where to go and what to do." said Sirius laughing hysterically. "I love you!" he engulfed Harry in a tight hug.

"Very good plan, he can be replaced with another ludicrous idiot." said Professor Sprout shortly.

"That made my day." said Harry with smirk. "Ron and I weren't shaking, but he was."

"Wow, normally she ignores people when she doesn't want to be overly-dramatic." said Lavender.

"She must like you." said Parvati.

"How do you have a relationship with a ghost?" asked Dr. Clark.

"You can't, you just go nuts after a while." said Sirius in a whisper.

"I haven't met a ghost yet that doesn't love telling their death story." said Dumbledore with a small smile.
"I swear, children can be just as cruel, if not more so, than the most hardened criminals." said Dr. Nicodemus sourly.

"Poof? Just like that?" said George.

"Well there's a discovery, you can't really look into a Basilisks eyes without getting killed, and really after you kill one, the color disappears. Have to write that one down." said Charlie.

"Oh, she haunted Miss Hornby for many years." said Dumbledore, "After a while, I had to step in and tell Myrtle to come back to the castle."

"Nice to know she cares about what killed her." said Hannah.

"He's never had to face any sort of dark creature." said McGonagall with a scowl.

"Harry took over when I squirted him and Lockhart with water." said Ron.
"You can fix sinks too?" said Sirius.

"The Dursley's never wanted to pay for a handyman. They can't wait for the day that I finally learn how to fix cars." said Harry

"That day will never come for them, you aren't ever going back to them." said Remus

“But you still learn how to do that if you really want to.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“Good, cause there is a really nice car down at the Little Whinging Junk yard.” said Harry.

End of seventy-fifth paragraph.

"The past Headmasters and staff of the school have searched for the Chamber of Secrets for over two hundred years. And it takes three second years a little under a year to find it." said Flitwick shamefully.

"You lacked what they had an abundance of." said Lionus wisely.

"What was that? Luck?" asked Snape with slight disdain.

"Imagination." said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Well that sucks." said Fred.

"Yeah, how are you going to get down there now?" asked George.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

"And of course you and Ron are going to slide down into." said Remus sighing.
"Hey, we toss something down there to make sure it was safe." said Ron defensively.

"A stone won’t tell you it’s safe." said Sirius.

"It was something a little more worthless than a rock." said Harry with a smirk.

### Seventy-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"We’ve got to do something about your 'saving the world' fetish you’ve got going on." said Sirius.

"Huh?" said Harry in shock.

"Not that definition of 'fetish'." said Sirius with a laugh. “There’s another one that works with this.”

“I hope so, I was just about ready to smack you.” said Harry with a smile.

“You’re so violent.” said Fred with mock surprise.

### Eightieth paragraph.

“Okay, that is a slightly good reason, but you really should have gotten a teacher to go down instead.” said Remus.

“Well…” said Ron.

“A real teacher, not a pathetic faker.” said Remus stopping Ron quickly from finishing.

### Dialogue line.

### Eighty-first paragraph.

### Dialogue line.

“Isn’t that nice.” said George wickedly. “He’s volunteering to go first.”

“Such a brave and senseless soul.” said Fred rapturously.

“Give the Basilisk indigestion for us!” said the twins together.

### Eighty-second paragraph.

### Dialogue line.
“GO RON!” said the Weasley’s together in unison.

_Eighty-third paragraph._

_Dialogue line._

“Better you than them.” said Dr. Clark.

_Eighty-fourth paragraph._

_Dialogue set, second sentence._

Harry noticed the looks of shock on the other people’s faces. “I waited till he hit bottom.” he reassured them. “That’s the first rule of a slide.” he added with a smirk.

_Eighty-fifth paragraph._

“Kept forgetting to keep my feet together.” said Ron.

“That’s okay, I just about dislocated my shoulder trying to grab onto a passing tunnel.” said Harry.

_Eighty-sixth paragraph, first sentence._

“Well, at least the Basilisk wasn’t waiting for you at the end of the tunnel.” said Sirius worriedly. “With it’s mouth open.”

“I would have liked to have not realized that little tidbit of information.” said Dr. Clark.

_Eighty-sixth paragraph, second sentence._

Several people laughed maliciously at the old Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher’s misfortune.

_End of eighty-sixth paragraph._

_Dialogue line._
“Keep your voice down!” hissed Rivers.

“Aw…I was hoping the hysterics bypassed you.” said Harry. “You hadn’t spoken in a while.”

“Terror silenced my tongue.” said Rivers meekly. “You have a very terrifying life.”

Dialogue line.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It’s not easy to be quiet when your sloshing through a sewer.” said Harry.

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

“Lockhart screamed twice.” said Ron with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“Getting around the fangs however, not a clue.” said Harry.

“One problem at a time.” said Lionus.

Eighty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Not the best time to use that analogy.” said Remus.

Eighty-ninth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Such a happy sound.” said Sirius.

“That’s nasty.” said Harry. “I understand where you’re coming from, but it’s still nasty.”

Eighty-ninth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

The Weasley family shuddered, and all converged around Ginny.
Dr. Clark looked quickly over.

“I’m fine.” said Harry quickly.

“You are now lad. You had a weak heart.” said Dr. Nicodemus. Harry looked quickly over in shock. “The malnutrition, your cores working in overdrive just to keep that heart pumping, despite the fact you should have died by the age of seven, and the fact that I’ve told you about before.”

“Then what solved it? Or does he still have it?” asked Dr. Clark. “Why didn’t I see that in hospital when he came the time I met James?”

“The pod cured and strengthened his heart.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “And we look quite a bit deeper than what normal means do.”

Several people whimpered in fear.

“Foolish coward.” said Moody with a snarl.

“I’m going to kill him!” shouted Mr. Weasley, “First for wanting to abandon Ginny, then for tackling Ron!”

“I’ll help!” said Mrs. Weasley.
Ninety-fifth paragraph.

“Oh, no…” said Tonks.

“He didn't obliterate the boys. If he did, they wouldn’t have the faintest idea what is going on.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.

“And Albus would have killed him for taking the boys down there.” said McGonagall.

“If I didn’t kill him, I’m sure the entire staff would have.” said Albus.

End of dialogue set.

"He's a dead man, after I get ahold of him." growled Remus angrily.

Ninety-sixth paragraph, ninth word.

"Oh, that's right! He's got Ron's wand! I wonder how that went?” said Charlie eagerly.

End of ninety-sixth paragraph.

Ninety-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

"Not a good thing," said Charlie worriedly.

End of ninety-seventh paragraph.

"Ron! Where did you get to?” asked Mr. Weasley as his wife sobbed.

"I was alright." said Ron trying to reassure his family, which was difficult, as both of the twins had him in an unintended choke hold.

Dialogue line.
"Sort of says that Lockhart's unconscious." said Moody with a smirk.

"Good boy." said almost all of the adults in the room.

"Kick him again, this time in the face." said Remus.

"So that means that you've tried with smaller stuff, huh?" said Seamus.

"Rocks shaped like Dudley, yeah." said Harry with a smile.

"It was my only way out, that wouldn't have been the best idea. And anything could have happened to Ron over there." said Harry.

"Kicked him again." said Ron proudly.

"You had better have had a meek and mild year this year." growled Remus.

Harry looked from side to side, and then looked back at Remus.

"Right, never mind." said Remus sheepishly.
"I didn't want to say it." said Harry looking down.

"And I didn't want to hear it." said Ron.

"I didn't want to think about losing my sister and best mate all in the same twelve hours." said Ron quietly.

"So you didn't want to die either, that's good." said Sirius wiping the sweat off his brow.

"I'm fond of living thanks." said Harry.

"What about your wand?" asked Mrs.Weasley worriedly.

"Buried under the rocks." said Ron.

"The Real Chamber of Secrets." said Severus in a hushed voice. Malfoy gulped, as well as the rest of the school.

"Just run in and grab Ginny and get the hell out of there, no sticking around." said Remus frantically.
"That was the game plan yeah." said Harry slowly. Harry then swung his legs up onto Sirius' lap.

"What's wrong? You're legs hurt again?" asked Sirius quickly.

"No, just, giving you something to hold onto, this won't be an easy chapter." said Harry.

"They never are." said Dr. Clark turning pale.

"I'll read the next one." said Lionus. "I won't faint from shock."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.
Harry looked between the six people that Harry was sitting closest to and cleared his throat.

“Um…we need to talk.” said Harry carefully.

“Bout what, cub?” asked Sirius ruffling his hair. He was so relieved that Harry had come back to the bowl, nothing could bother him.

“This chapter, can we go somewhere private?” said Harry.

“Sure, just us three?” said Remus kindly, doing his best to keep in Harry’s good books.

“No, you guys, Dumbledore and um…” he pointed to Rudolph and Leroy.

“The names you are looking for is Uncle Rudy and Uncle Lee.” said Leroy with a broad smile.

“Yeah.” said Harry rubbing the back of his white haired head, embarrassingly. “Can we go to the teacher’s lounge or something?”

“Of course, we won’t be a moment.” said Dumbledore standing up and smiling to the others in the room.

All seven of them made their way into the Teacher’s Lounge and took seats at the table. Everyone except for Harry, who stood beside the wardrobe and ran a hand down the paneling that had hidden himself and Ron from the teachers all those years ago.
“You wanted to talk to us about something Harry?” said Leroy, trying to gently prompt the boy to speak.

“This chapter…down in the chamber…things don’t go well.” said Harry quietly.

“Things never go well towards the end of any book.” said Dumbledore wisely, “Not even these sorts of books.”

Harry muttered quietly, his words unheard by the men in the room.

“What was that, Harry?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I…I almost die, I get really close.” said Harry quietly.

The room went silent.

“What did you say?” asked Dumbledore weakly. He hoped that the boy had misspoke.

“I almost died.” he repeated, “But I got help just in time.” he added reassuringly.

“Harry…” said Remus in an almost inaudible whisper, his face pale. Guilt ripping through his chest at his actions earlier.

“Was it the Basilisk?” said Dr. Clark weakly. Knuckles began to whiten as Harry nodded.

Dumbledore buried his face in his hands. “Harry..”

“I just wanted to…pre-warn you, before it…was read to you.” said Harry

“We can understand that, Harry.” said Rudolph, who was a sickly sort of green. “And we appreciate it, but do your friends know?”
“Well…I don’t remember if I ever told them that…” said Harry thoughtfully. “I didn’t want them to worry.”

“Well, they’re worrying now.” said Leroy his whole body shaking. “Should we get back to the readings? End this blasted book, like taking a Band-Aid off a wound, fast and painless.”

“Excellent idea, let’s get this over with.” said Rudolph, “Best stretch that bowl out, so we all can sit in it.” He handed a large box of tissues around the room and each adult took one, blew their nose and wiped the tears forming in their eyes.

They made their way back into the Great Hall, and were met by Ron and Hermione, standing right in front of the Great Hall’s door.

“What did you guys talk about?” asked Hermione quickly.

“Harry, you’d best tell them.” said Leroy softly.

Harry took them outside of the Great Hall, leaving everyone else sitting and wondering what was so terrible that Harry had to talk to people in private.

“Let’s stretch this bowl out, shall we?” said Rudolph, rolling up his sleeves. The men, except for Dr. Clark who just watched and was preparing to run to the nearest bathroom to throw up, lengthened and stretched out the bowl.

“Okay, now we’re just missing the green eyed terror and we’ll be all set.” said Remus with a shaky smile.

They watched as the door to the Great Hall open and in came Ron and Hermione both being supported by Harry. Hermione was weeping bitterly and Ron was deathly pale.

“Why didn’t you ever tell us?” hiccupped Hermione.
“Didn’t want to freak you guys out.” said Harry quietly.

“Come here, cub.” said Sirius holding out his arms. “We aren’t letting you get away today.”

Harry gave his friends one last hug and went to go and sit in the bowl.

“Alright, let’s get this show on the road.” said Lionus. “I’m amazed the kids didn’t want lunch.”

“We were too nauseated to even think about eating.” said Ron who was pale and shaking.

“Chapter seventeen” said Lionus loudly.

“Well…at least the nightmares will end.” said Charlie with a weak smile.

First paragraph.

“Harry, this is the one time that having a very good descriptive mind is not a good thing.” said Bill holding Ginny tightly.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

People in the Great Hall took a collective gulp.

End of second sentence.

“Damn good question.” said Charlie.

Third paragraph, third sentence.

“Good boy, very good boy.” said Rudolph as he hugged Harry’s elbow.

“I didn’t expect to be draped across you guys again.” said Harry. He was laid across the men’s lap and unable to really move.

“Again? We’ve never held you.” said Leroy, trying his hand at being funny during the current chapter. “You’ve leaned against us, yeah, but we never held you while the reading was going on.”
“I’m amazed that Dumbledore isn’t sitting over here.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“Best let you bond with him, I’ve had five years, the rest of you haven’t had the time.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “When the opportunity arises, I will make every effort to let my fear get the best of me and latch onto Harry’s shirt.”

“Good luck finding a piece that isn’t otherwise occupied by us.” said Sirius.

**End of third paragraph.**

“Did it?” said Neville with a squeak.

“Yeah.” said Fred with a low voice. “They say that the statues down there are haunted.”

“With the poor unfortunate souls of the victims of the monster.” said George.

“They stand guard over the entrance to the chamber, trying to deter people from awakening the monster that laid dormant in the chamber.” said Fred finishing on a soft voice.

“But if they fail, and the unfortunate individual continues down the gloomy path, they have no choice, but…to…” said George.

“EAT YOU!” shouted the twins in Neville’s ear. He squeaked loudly and jumped about a foot in the air.

“You guys sure aren’t helping to ease people.” said Dean.

**Fourth paragraph.**

**Fifth paragraph, first colon.**

“You are in the Chamber of Secrets, Ginny’s been captured, Ron’s stuck back there with an idiot who tried obliterate the both of you. AND YOU TAKE IN THE SITES?” said Tonks in shock.

Harry mouthed an apology to Ginny, who was too busy giggling to take offense.

**Fifth paragraph, first comma.**

“He wasn’t the handsomest man around.” said Dumbledore honestly.

“If he posed for that, then that’s an understatement.” muttered Ginny with a small smile.

**Fifth paragraph, end of first sentence.**
“I’ve got a question, why did he not pose with shoes on?” said Harry.

“He walked barefoot almost everywhere he went, he believed that shoes inhibited him from using the powers of the earth. There are some people still in this world that believe that their skin should always be in contact with the earth.” said Rudolph.

“We met two tribes of them down in Africa. One of them were pretty pleasant people, their sister tribe however, not so much.” said Leroy.

“Sad thing is, they behave the same way, same clothing style, same homes, only difference is that they’ll kill you when given half a chance.” said Rudolph.

End of fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Wow, just like in the movies.” said Dennis in a whisper.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.

"You didn't tell us about this part.” said Dumbledore in shock, "Never throw your wand away." he scolded Harry gently.

"Yeah, I learned my lesson pretty quickly." said Harry sheepishly.

"I can permanently fix your wand to hand if you ever have the desire to throw your wand again.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, second comma.

"You touched my face?” said Ginny blushing.

"Well...I wasn't sure if you were okay, and I sort of...slapped your face.”

"Does this mean I get a free hit?” said Ginny with a teasing smile.

"Whether it hits or not is completely up for debate." said Harry wickedly.

End of dialogue set.

"I couldn't think of it, I didn't want to think of it." said Harry clapping his hands to his ears.

"She's okay, Cub. She's fine." said Sirius.
“I just about went mad.” said Harry quietly. “It was all my fault.”

“How do you figure?” asked Ron quickly.

“I should have figured it out sooner, I should have woken up and fixed everything right away.” said Harry.

“Do you think you could have managed it?” said Remus.

“I could have tried!” shouted Harry. “I could have given up the idea of making people think that I was nothing more than a mediocre twelve year old! I could have put all my resources into finding out what the hell it was! No, I was too busy…too busy…”

“Acting like a twelve year old, and enjoying what you had at the time. It’s not your burden to solve the world’s problems, dear boy.” said Dumbledore kindly but his eyes were saddened. “I should have had half of the mental prowess you, Mr. Weasley and Miss Granger used that year. It should have been my weight to bear.”

Harry looked unconvinced.

“Wow, have you ever tried breakdancing?” asked Lee.

“What part of, ‘can’t dance to save my life’ didn’t you catch?” said Harry with a smirk.

“You could learn…” said Fred.

“I’ve tried dancing, didn’t go well for my dance partner, or teacher.” said Harry with a slight blush. “They couldn’t walk for weeks.”

“That’s when we decided to sign him up for electronic’s classes.” said Dr. Clark. “He did pretty good in that class. He managed to make a remote controlled airplane out of a pop bottle.” he said proudly.

“Who the hell would be down there?” asked a fourth year Hufflepuff.

“How long was he down there? Did the monster grab him too?” asked a second year Slytherin.

“No, he planned on being down there.” said Ron with a snarl.
“Wait? What the hell is he doing there?” asked Bill.

“He’s just a memory! What is going on?” asked Charlie.

“Wait? What the hell is he doing there?” asked Bill.

“He’s just a memory! What is going on?” asked Charlie.

“That’s disturbing, it’s like he fancies you.” said Sirius.

“Sometimes, I’m not too sure he doesn’t.” said Harry matter-of-factly.

People turned and looked at him quickly.

“What makes you say that, Mon?” asked Rudolph quickly.

“Mon?” said Harry confused.

“It was short for ‘Little Monster’.” said Leroy. “You were the absolute definition of a monster when you were a baby, running amuck here and there, well I should say crawling amuck. You would crawl right to where your favorite cookies were, reach in and grab one. And when we would catch you, you would point to us and motion that you were getting one for us, and then when we’d say that we didn’t want it, you’d point to yourself as if you were asking if you could have it.”

“Like we said, Little Monster.” said Rudolph said with a smile, “And like I said, what makes you say that?”

“Just the way he looks at me, makes me uneasy.” said Harry clutching his shoulder.

“Why does it sound like you’ve seen him a few times since?” asked Ernie.

“I’ve sort of met him one more time after this.” said Harry quietly.

“You weren’t this frantic in the last book.” said Sirius.

“Nobody was what looked like dead lying in front of me.” said Harry quietly.

Ninth paragraph.
“Wishful thinking.” snarled Remus.

“Tell me about it.” said Harry.

“Harry, wonder about that some other time!” said Bathilda Bagshot worriedly.

“Well, you got your good sense from your mother, your father would just start wandering about.” said Professor McGonagall fondly.

“I was gentle this time.” said Harry holding his hands up quickly.

“You’re asking for help? The world is doomed.” sneered Zacharias. Suddenly he was blasted back by six curses, miraculously dodging four of them and a trio of shouting adults.

“NOT THE TIME FOR THAT SORT OF HUMOR!” screeched the Weasleys and Dr. Clark.

“I thought Ron said you were tough.” said Zacharias cursing as he climbed back into his seat.

“Didn’t mean I was used to picking up unconscious people.” shot back Harry.
“That’s what happens when you throw your wand like that. Better hope that Ollivander doesn’t hear about this.” said Sirius trying to tease his gloomy godson.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Dear lord.” said Dumbledore faintly. “Him wielding your wand could prove disastrous.”


“He doesn’t have a real body, if he were to cast, even the simplest of spells, he could have drained Harry’s wand of all it’s magical energy.” said Dumbledore.

“That is something to worry about.” said Dr. Clark weakly.

Dialogue line.

“While you’re holding Ginny? That’s impressive.” said Sirius.

“I wasn’t heavy!” said Ginny indignantly.

“You were to someone who weighed even less than you.” said Poppy gently.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Ginny pouted and crossed her arms.

“Ginny…I…” said Harry hopelessly. “I didn’t…you weren’t…you aren’t…”

“You are on your own kid.” said Sirius with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Wait, what?” said Charlie.

“That’s becoming the slogan for these books.” said George.
“Might? We can go well beyond ‘might’!” said Moody sharply.

“What do you mean; he won’t be needing it?” said Remus faintly.

“Bad feeling.” said Sirius worriedly.

“Yeah, he’s gone from Prefect and Head Boy, to stalker and pedophile.” said Charlie.

“Sounds as creepy as Lockhart.” said Dr. Clark.

“Oh, he got it, alrighty.” said Harry sourly.

“I’m going to attribute the slowness of the mind to seeing Ginny on the floor.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Works for me.” said Harry.
“You did what?” said Bill.

Ginny looked down shamefully.


Both Bill and Charlie grew pale.

“Who teased you?” asked Fred and George. “We didn’t tease you!”

“We certainly didn’t do it either!” said Bill and Charlie. Both Ron and Percy shuffled their feet.

“Mom, sit this one out, we’ll handle them.” said Charlie snarling.

“Ron made up for it, for coming to find me.” said Ginny quietly.

“They Percy is going to have a lot of explaining to do.” said Bill angrily.

Mr. Weasley looked at his daughter, with a sorrowful look on his face.

“I didn’t mean it Daddy.” said Ginny quickly.

“What would have gotten you to like me, Harry?” asked Ginny quietly.

“I already did like you.” said Harry with a smile. “I was a twelve year old boy, I wasn’t interested in relationship making.”
“Okay, now that’s really creepy.” said Ron.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.

Ginny looked at the book in shock, and looked at Harry. He smiled slightly at her and mouthed, ‘You’re far from boring.’

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

“Would rather listen to a little girl than an insane maniac.” muttered Harry.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Harry, you’re sounding like Sirius when he’s in his animagus form.” said Remus as he heard Harry growling fiercely.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

Ginny blushed a deep shade of red.

End of dialogue set.

Ginny blushed even deeper, but no one laughed, this was too serious a moment to make fun of her.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Not everyone he needed.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

“Oh, Ginny.” said Charlie worriedly.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were too busy sobbing into each other’s shoulders and whispering prayers to
even move or take in the fact that their daughter was just fine and safe in her brother’s arms.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

The school went silent. Even the fourth years and up hadn’t heard who was the one who opened the terrible chamber, they had only heard that the nightmare was over. They couldn’t believe that Ginny had been the one.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Yes.” said Ginny weakly.

“No you didn’t.” said Harry strongly, making Ginny jump slightly. “He controlled you, you had no idea, no choice in the matter. You didn’t do it, he only used your physical body to do it, not your soul, or your heart.”

“…Harry…” said Ginny, eye brimming with tears. Romilda scowled.

“What the hell is up with the sappy talk?” said Sirius sticking his tongue out. “You’re sounding like a love sick nut.”

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, third comma.

Harry began to growl even louder, this time his teeth baring fiercely. Strangely, his white hair began to swirl around in an unknown wind.

“Cub…?” said Sirius quietly.

“Fine, just getting a mite pissed.” said Harry angrily.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence.

“At least I thought it was paint.” said Ginny quietly.

Dialogue set, ninth sentence.

Mrs. Weasley glared at her ambitious son. “You did what?” shrieked Mrs. Weasley.
“No! I didn’t, I swear!” said Percy quickly.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“They weren’t all that long.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Had a manicure recently?” said a sixth years Slytherin with smirk.

“No, I was nail biter, well…should say am a nail biter. Haven’t kicked the habit yet.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“She was wise and strong enough for her to almost break your hold on her.” said Dumbledore sternly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“You’re right, there is some other feelings in that…thing…besides hate and bloodlust.” said Lionus with a careful voice.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, Harry’s getting pissed, time to run for it Tommykins.” George.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“He sounds like a demented fan.” said Dean.

End of dialogue set.

“Back fired on him. Didn’t trust him and went to prove him wrong.” said Harry with a smirk.
“Jerk.” said Seamus. “Framed the first available person.”

“If the current Headmaster had a brain, he never would have chosen Hagrid to be the scapegoat.” said Tempest shortly.

“Brave…sure…whatever you say.” said Lee rolling his eyes.

“Model for what? Psychos Illustrated?” said Ron.

“Huh?” asked Remus confused.

“I never did that!” said Hagrid quickly.

“I didn’t think you could, werewolf cubs are humans during the day, and during the nights without a full moon.” said Nightstrike.

“He was just inflating Hagrid’s mischief making.” said McGonagall.

“That is actually an instinct for a young half-giant, wrestling. The school should have been eternally grateful that Hagrid choose to go into the forest and play with the trolls. Imagine if he tried to tumble with the students. Madam Pomfrey would still be working on them.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“How do you know?” asked Hermione.

“One of our past Captains, called Mountain’s King, was a half giant. He told us everything about giants and half giants.” said Lionus.
“And we’ve got Atlas.” said Nightstrike, “he’s full giant, but he never talks about them.”

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Dumbledore knew it right away!” squeaked Dennis quickly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first pause.

“And it took three second years, one year to find it and what the monster was.” said Sirius proudly.

“Only because someone was attacked by it.” said Harry. “There were clues all over the place.”

“Quit that, we’re trying to boost your confidence here.” said Sirius playfully.

End of dialogue set.

“He could still squish you with one hand.” said Harry proudly.

Dialogue set.

“I’m not so easily beguiled by a child’s charm.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

The staff and a few of the adults looked between him and Harry quickly.

“That’s different.” said Dumbledore quickly.

“Whatsoever you say, Albus.” said Flitwick with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Good for you.” said Kingsley to Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Yeah, then your credibility would have been shot.” said Seamus.
“Noble work? Who’s sick and twisted mind would think that that’s noble work?” asked Lee in shock.

“You tell him Harry.” said Fred.

“No you didn’t say anything about that.” said George.

“What? Dear God.” said Dr. Clark.

“If it was your diary Ginny, without Mr. Personality in it, I wouldn’t have opened it.” said Harry kindly.

“The only thing she destroyed were the Lockhart books, for that I’m very thankful.” said Harry with a smirk.

“So…” said Hermione weakly.
“You were the fire that ignited both of the boy’s desire to find the Chamber.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

End of dialogue set.

“More like hissing at me, and saying some pretty weird stuff.” said Harry.

“Like what?” asked Seamus.

“One person said something about putting turnips and pudding in their socks to divert the weather.” said Harry.

“We must try that Fred.” said George with a solemn face.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

The Weasley family began to growl so much that it sounded like a pack of angry wolves had made their way into the castle.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Why are you still talking? Get her and get out!” said Leroy worriedly.

“That git still has his wand.” said Rudolph. “It’s alright Lee, he gets out of it just fine.”

Dialogue set, first sentence, second dash.

“You clever boy, hiding your power away from him.” said Wildfire with a large smile. Her smile was large and bright, which didn’t fit her occupation, nor her eyes, which looked as if she had seen many dangers.

End of dialogue set.

“The mystery of the century.” said Lionus thoughtfully.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Quit mentioning the hungry eyes bit.” said Fred moaning slightly.
“What made you say that?” asked Sirius.

“If it was a memory, and he wasn’t there in person, I assumed he was dead.” said Harry.

“Sound reasoning.” said Flitwick.

Silence etched across the hall.

“Whoa.” said Dennis.

“Gee, and here I thought his mommy came up with that name.” said George.

“I thought he really was a Lord.” said Fred “Apparently, he’s only a wanna-be royal.”

“He had friends like I had a happy home life.” scoffed Harry.

“Alas, that fate has happened to several poor witches, wizards and their children. Some cannot bring themselves to believe that their husbands, wives and children could possess such wondrous abilities. Though, Tom’s mother brought that upon herself with her actions.” said Dumbledore.

“How can you say that?” said Hermione.

“Quite easily, for I just had.” said Dumbledore. “Though I didn’t mean for it to come across as though I approved of such abandonment, but she did help what had come to pass, occur.”

“What happened?” said Hermione pressed on.

“A tale for another time Miss Granger.” said Dumbledore.
“He’s not! Dumbledore’s the greatest sorcerer in the world!” said several students indignantly.

“IT didn’t make any sense, psychologically speaking.” said Harry. “He must have smacked his head really hard when he was really young. If he lost his parents, why take someone else’s? He knows what the pain is like. Unless he wants to everyone else to feel the same way.”

“Oh, that’ll piss him off.” said George.

“Harry, didn’t anyone ever tell you not to antagonize a poisonous snake?” said Fred.

Slowly a small evil smile crept across Harry’s face and he pressed his fingers together. “But where is the fun in not doing so? Though, you are right, debating with him isn’t a great idea. But I had nothing else to do, until I could come up with a way to get Ginny out of there.”

“Oh.” said Fred.

“And his past statement, was not going to go unchallenged.” said Harry darkly.

“He can be really really scary sometimes.” said George in a whisper.

“Harry’s got attitude.” said a seventh year excitedly.

“And hutzpah.” said Rudolph. “Just like what um…George?” said Rudolph.

“Fred.” corrected Leroy.

“Oh, yeah, Fred. Just like Fred said, don’t antagonize a poisonous snake.” said Rudolph.

“He started it.” said Harry in a whiny voice.

“I’ll end it.” said Rudolph with a smirk.
“That’s actually true, even Africa you’re famous, and some of those wizard tribes haven’t even left their villages at all in their lives.” said Leroy.

Dumbledore looked down humbly.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry, his eyes twice as shiny as normal. “You didn’t mention this part.”

“Didn’t seem like the time…” said Harry sheepishly.

“After what he looked like in the last book, I would know if it was an improvement or a hindrance.” said Ron.

“An ugly Voldemort would be an improvement.” said Harry with a laugh.

“No, he was forced out by the cowardice of the school governors.” said Kingsley shortly.

“Hey that’s what Dumbledore said!” said Colin.

“It worked, Riddle turned a bit paler.” said Harry.
“Alright, who brought the accordion?” said Fred putting his hands on his hips.

“What is music doing down there?” asked Charlie.

“Is that a good thing?” asked Sirius.

“Oh, yeah. It’s a really good thing!” said Harry.

“Sounds painful.” said Luna.

That same bird reappeared in the Great Hall.

“So, Fawkes went down to be with Harry?” asked Dennis.

“That he did, I couldn’t find the way down to the Chamber of Secrets, and it turns out, even if I could, I wouldn’t have been able to get inside. I gave Fawkes something that I had a feeling would come handy.” said Dumbledore.

“Good thing you had the feeling.” said Harry gratefully.

“That’s the thing you sent with Fawkes? A bundle?” said Sirius in an uneasy voice.

“Don’t knock it, it’s important.” said Harry.

“I remember him meeting Riddle once before, but he didn’t get along with him very well.” said
Dumbledore with a fond smile as he stroked Fawkes’ feathers.

“What happened?” said Neville. “Why didn’t Fawkes like him?”

“Well, he tried to take a feather without asking. Fawkes didn’t like that one bit.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “I wonder if he still has that cut on his finger?”

“What cut?” asked a first year Slytherin.

“Fawkes bit him.” said Dumbledore.

“Good birdie.” said Remus with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“You’re a genius.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“I’ll admit, it was like you were standing right there.” said Harry looking up at Dumbledore, who was standing behind him.

Dumbledore smiled fondly at Harry and patted Harry on the shoulder.

Dialogue line.

“Why did you send him the school Sorting Hat?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It’s said that when a student is in danger, the Sorting Hat will give aid to the student. What aid they receive depends on the house they belong to.” said Dumbledore.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Yeah, it’s a great big help.” said Tonks skeptically.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“That’s a terrible idea.” said Professor Sprout.
“That songbird whupped your ass.” said Harry with a beaming smile.

“He always did hold some resentment towards Fawkes since he wouldn’t let him take a feather.” said Dumbledore.

“Why did he want a feather anyway?” asked Hermione.

“Phoenix feathers are a very sought after feather for quill use.” said Dumbledore. “One feather quill could go for at least a hundred galleons.”

“A hundred galleons?” said Hermione weakly.

“Phoenixes are rare, and they don’t drop feathers all that often. Phoenix feathers have a sort of oil on the base of the feather that can either allow or forbid it to be used as a quill. If the feather was given willingly it can be used as a quill. If not, then the feather will disappear once the phoenix reaches it’s next burning day.” said Dumbledore.

“So, Riddle wouldn’t have been able to use it as a quill anyway.” said a small first year Hufflepuff.

“Correct Mr. Jacobs. He would not have.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Matter of fact…yeah.” said Harry.

“See?” said Harry with a smirk.

“Piss off.” said Bill.

“William!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“Well it seems he was informed in torture.” said Moody.
“Boy I was wrong, on both parts.” said Harry.

“Wow, Harry was going to fight dirty!” said Fred excitedly.
George wiped an imaginary tear from his eye. “We’ve taught him so much.”

“Um…should you really tell him that?” asked Tonks.

“I didn’t want to say common.” said Harry regretfully.
“That’s alright. You were just trying to piss him off.” said Remus.
“You’re a mommy’s boy, even if she isn’t around anymore.” said Leroy. “You always were.”

“Bet he loved that.” said Percy with a smirk.

“Quit arguing with him, he’ll only kill you faster.” said Remus worriedly.

“Tom at a young age was quite the narcissist. He wouldn’t have liked that.” said Dumbledore gravely.
“You love flirting with danger don’t you?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Wow, so you pulled a fast one!” said a second year Gryffindor. “You made him think that you weren’t smart!”

Hermione looked over and sent Harry a shy smile. I thought so.” she said.

“Didn’t want to notice.” said Harry grumbling.

“You made him that way!’ said Sirius angrily.

“That might not be true. Not many people admit to being a Parselmouth.” said Snape.

“Oh he does not!” said Ginny angrily.

“Thank goodness.” said Harry.

“What were you going to do?” asked Dennis.

“Well, I had an idea, if he was able to use the wand, then he was solid enough for me to attack.”
said Harry.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fortieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Stupid jerk.” snarled Parvati.

End of fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He was no better than the other Founders.” said Madam Bones shortly.

Forty-first paragraph.

“At least he didn’t leave you.” said Madam Hooch.

Forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Oh, no. It’s…the…basilisk!” shouted the students fearfully.

Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh, no. he did leave you.” said Madam Hooch worriedly.

“Oh, no. Fawkes was still there.” said Dumbledore.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

“He can hold his own pretty easily.” said Dumbledore. “He’s quite the fighter.”

“Then why isn’t he staying?” said Sirius hotly.
“My eyes were shut.” said Harry.
“Good, keep them shut and get the hell out of there.” said Remus.
“And take Ginny with you.” said Dr. Clark.

“Wow, you’re good.” said Viper impressed.

“Dear lord, Harry’s fighting blind.” said Charlie.

“Sadistic bastard.” said Kingsley furiously.

“Harry! What happened?” asked Remus quickly.
“I cut my lip and knocked out a tooth.” said Harry. “Madam Pomfrey fixed me up.”

The men in the bowl paled horribly.
“Harry?...” whimpered Sirius.
“Tell me when it’s over!” said Dr. Clark covering his head.

“Oh no you don’t!” said Rudolph moving his hands. “If we have to sit through it, you do too.”

“We were okay?” asked Leroy weakly.

“I was sore for a bit.” said Harry honestly.

Forty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

Several girls screamed loudly.

Sirius then leaned over and shielded Harry’s body with his own.

“I’m okay, I’m right here.” said Harry reassuringly.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

“What is that damn thing doing?” asked Remus frantically.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“ARE YOU NUTS?” shouted the adults in the room.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Sirius whimpered even louder.

Charlie was staring fixedly at his sister and refused to remove his gaze.

Fifty-second paragraph, second sentence.

Dumbledore smiled at the shocked looks on the people’s faces turned towards him.

“I told you that he could hold his own.” said Dumbledore happily.

Fifty-second paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma.
“HARRY!” shouted the people in the room.

“What the hell are you doing?” asked Hermione nearly scared out of her mind.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

“GO FAWKES!” shouted the students.

Fawkes looked around the room confusedly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“Thank goodness we didn’t eat anything.” said Ron holding his stomach.

“Never thought I’d hear that come out of your mouth.” said Mr. Weasley with a small, weak smile.

Dialogue line.

“Come Harry! The eyes are gone!” said Colin.

“But the fangs were still there.” said Harry.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“That was too close!” said Hannah.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“What? What’s happening to the hat?” asked Tonks.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Now is not the time to pass out Harry.” said Sirius worriedly.
“Well…whaddaya know?” said Nightstrike with a smile. The hat is useful.”

“He actually said the word, *sniff*?” said Fred with a nervous chuckle.

“Harry, don’t say stuff like that!” said Leroy fretfully.

“That explains the burn you had on your side.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Calming Draught time.” said Harry reaching over and grabbing a large handful of them.

“Is this the bad part?” asked Sirius turning very white.

“Yeah, chug this.” said Harry passing out the phials to everyone he could reach. He even got up and passed phials over to the Weasley family, Ron and Hermione included.

“I’m fine.” said Mrs. Weasley, despite her hands shaking.

“I’m not reading till you drink that potion.” said Lionus sternly.

Obediently, they drank the potions.
“GO HARRY!” shouted the students.
“I thought you said this was bad.” said Sirius with a deeply calmed face.

“Harry…” whimpered Remus softly.

The Hall went silent. Suddenly the bowl exploded with a horrific bang and the bowl and it’s contents were slammed into the wall.
“This again?” said Harry throwing the bowl off of himself and the rest of the men.
“Sorry, but you know…that’s a little hard to listen to.” said Dr. Clark weakly, holding his side again.
“Little?” said Remus incredulously. “He got poisoned by the most venomous snake in the history of the world! It’s…he’s….” tears began to form in his eyes.
Harry sighed, and tried squirming out of the surrounding hug that was being given to him by Sirius, Rudolph and Leroy. “I’m fine”
“Liar.” said Rudolph.
“Maybe not then, but I am now.” said Harry with a smile. “Put the bowl back upright and lets get on with the story. You guys broke through the Calming Draught quickly.”
“You nearly dying has that effect.” said Sirius still gripping Harry.
“Okay, well, let’s sit down then.” said Harry patting Sirius on the back.
“No, let’s just stand and fret.” said Leroy trying to hold Harry tightly.

The men holding him let a sharp hiss of pain.
“T-too…too late?” said Mrs. Weasley weakly.

The Hall went almost completely silent, minus the whimpers and sobs coming from random parts of the Great Hall.

“Basilisk venom can stop the body's ability to form clots and stop the bleeding after a while the body bleeds out. That way the basilisk can have the taste of blood in its mouth when they eat their prey.” said Snape quietly.

"SHUT UP!" bellowed Sirius.

"But the place where Potter was bitten, the poison would have eaten away a great hole until it went straight through his arm." said Snape, his voice getting quieter and quieter.

"I told you to SHUT UP!" said Sirius angrily.

"Oh, no...Harry..." said Mr. Weasley as he tried to console his wife.

"Wait, if Fawkes is there, he should be fine!" said Leroy excitedly.

"Damn you, you son of a bitch." muttered Leroy. But he knew that Harry got out of it okay, but that would never stop him from worrying about his little monster.
"I'd love to watch him die." snarled Sirius. “I’m talking about Voldemort.” he added quickly.

"Don't fall asleep, Harry!" yelled Hermione fearfully.

"No we didn't!" said Harry's closest friends.

"No, that snake thing did it, you just stood back and watched it try and do the job you never could." said Fred.

"You'd think the stupid twat would learn not to come after me." said Harry with a sly smile.

"WHAT?" shouted the people in the Hall. Harry noticed Ginny looking intently down at the floor. He tried to make his way down to her, thought it was a wee bit difficult, as the men were trying hard to cling to him as tightly as they dared.

He took Ginny by the hand and embraced her tightly as she jumped up and hugged him.

"What's wrong, Ginny? You still a bit nervous?" said Harry in a gentle voice. He smiled as she nodded. "I'm right here, see?" He placed a hand softly to the back of her head and held her head to his chest. "Hear that? That means I'm just fine."

Ginny smiled as she heard and felt the constant thumping of Harry's heart. Suddenly the warmth of
Harry's body and beat of Harry's heart was gone. She looked up and laughed, Harry's uncles were dragging him back to where the bowl laid forgotten on the floor.

"Enough with the sappy stuff" said Sirius.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Seventieth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"How would you know?" said Professor McGonagall said in a frightened voice.

"One of the first times in the hospital...I...um...never mind." said Harry but not finishing his sentence.

Several people whimpered.

End of seventieth paragraph.

"Thank bloody god." said Rudolph heaving a sigh of relief.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He wasn't the only one who forgot." said Harry sheepishly.

Seventy-second paragraph.

"If he had done that to start with, he'd still have his monster." said Moody.

"ALASTOR!" scolded McGonagall.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

"Huh? I forgot all about it." said George.
Seventy-fifth paragraph, first paragraph.

"So did they apparently." said Fred.

"Just like in the cartoons!" said Dennis with a giggle.

End of seventy-fifth paragraph.

"Bout time!" said Dr. Clark happily.

Seventy-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"Tell me that wasn't you." pleaded Leroy.

"No, it wasn't me." said Harry with a smile.

End of seventy-sixth paragraph.

Seventy-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"Goodbye and good riddance." said Kingsley smirking.

End of seventy-seventh paragraph.

"Oh, my god! That would have happened to your arm!" shrieked Hermione.

Suddenly, the familiar little balls of light came shooting out of the book.

“NO! NOT NOW! NOT THIS! WHAT ABOUT THE BASILISK?” shouted Remus.

“We can’t be affected.” said Speckerton faintly.

“What the…” asked Leroy.

“Are these those Scattered Shots you talked about?” said Rudolph.

“Yeah, but we haven’t seen them around for a while.” said Ron.

The balls of light entered the bodies of everyone there, even Rudolph and Leroy. They all landed in a large, dank and stone walled chamber, pillars lining each side, and a large pool of water towards the end of it. But the décor didn’t attract their attention, it was the giant snake towering high above them.
“Oh…my…GOD!” screamed Tonks. They looked behind them and saw Harry running with his hands stretched out, as if he were blind.

The snake lifted its head and sent it crashing into Harry’s side, slamming him into the wall, younger Harry screamed out loud, as his back and head bounced off the wall harshly.

“You didn’t say anything about you screaming!” said Sirius accusingly.

“I didn’t expect you to watch it firsthand.” said Harrys quickly. The basilisk pulled its head back slowly and opened its jaws and prepared to swallow the stunned boy whole.

Sirius rushed over and did his best to shield Harry from the giant beast, he wasn’t the only one, every adult and Weasley rushed over and did the same thing.

Suddenly, they saw Fawkes come swooping out of nowhere and use its talons and beak to gouge out the eyes of the giant basilisk.

They watched in horror as the phoenix continued its calculating attack, so much so that they didn’t even notice that younger Harry had already crammed the tossed Sorting Hat on his head.

“Hurts more than it looks.” said Harry smiling at the younger version of himself as it staggered.

They watched as Harry slowly made his way towards the Basilisk and raised the sword almost parallel to the ground.

“I can’t watch this.” said Leroy covering his eyes, but he allowed himself to look through the cracks in his fingers.

Younger Harry swung the sword swiftly and managed to slash at the nose of the basilisk, which sadly, only made it angrier.

“Harry! Your side!” said Hermione. “It’s tongue cut your shirt!”

“We covered this in the book.” said Harry shaking his head.

The Watchers ignored Tom’s psychotic cheering on the monster, which was getting harder by the minute. The basilisk lunged again and Harry met its fangs with the blade in his hand. But as the basilisk’s fang sank deeper into his arm…

“AHHHHHRRRGGGG!” screamed Harry, his head reared back and his eyes clenched in pain.

“HARRY!” screamed the Watchers. They paid the dying basilisk no heed and rushed to Harry as he fell slowly to the fall along the wall.

“Harry…oh my god…Harry.” said Dumbledore, tears falling from his eyes.

“Um…I’m right here.” said Harry with a raised brow.

“We know Harry, but…” said Sirius weakly.

“You’ve got to understand it from our point of view.” said Rudolph.

“YOU’RE DYING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US AND WE CAN’T DO A THING TO HELP YOU!” screeched Hermione.

Harry stared at her, “Fawkes doing a great job if you ask me.” said Harry pointing. They looked
back at the younger Harry and saw Fawkes, his healing tears falling slowly off his beak and landing on the wound. Suddenly the balls of light left their bodies, and they found themselves back in the Great Hall.

“That…that was horrible.” said Neville weakly.

“Captain?” asked Tempest from her post. Strangely, Umbridge wasn’t thrashing about, all she was doing was sitting there and staring at the floor.

“Doctor?” said Lionus looking at Dr. Nicodemus.

“I’ve got a phial of his blood already here.” said Doctor Nicodemus pulling out a small crystal phial of a red liquid. “Should be excellent for what I need.”

“What do you want his blood for?” asked Remus quickly.

“Phoenix tears heal the wounds and are an antidote for basilisk venom and other poisons. But the tears do not take the basilisk poison out of your system. The venom stays in your body for the rest of your life. Turning it into your advantage.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“What are you trying to say?” asked Fred.

“If Harry ever gets poisoned by another basilisk, he has nothing to worry about, he’s forever immune to it.” said Lionus with a smirk. “And the reason we want the blood, is so we can make our officers immune to it as well. That will take a large load off of Icarus.”

“Who’s Icarus?” asked George.

“He’s our phoenix.” said Nightstrike. “And he gets overworked at times. So this will help him out immensely.”

“So if Harry’s immune to it…” said Sirius thoughtfully.

“Voldemort is immune to it as well.” said Harry.

“Well so much for going down there, grabbing a fang and stabbing him in the face with it and watching him die.” said Remus.

“Let’s get this over with, my poor nerves can’t take much more.” said Leroy, reaching for a phial of calming draught.

“Good thing I had St. Mungos send some more over.” said Snape with a smirk.

Seventy-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"Oh, lord, you hate that stuff too? I cannot stand that damn stuff." said Leroy.

"The plant part is fine, but not the traveling aspect." said Rudolph.

End of seventy-eighth paragraph.
"Don't hurt yourself again!" said Tonks.

Seventy-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"Thank goodness!" said Charlie.

Seventy-ninth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

"I didn't have the faintest idea what the heck that monster was." said Ginny quietly.

Seventy-ninth paragraph, fourth sentence, third comma.

"I thought you were dying there for a moment." said Ginny.

Seventy-ninth paragraph, end of fourth sentence.

"I could tell that you were freaking out about that one." said Harry.

End of seventy-ninth paragraph.

"Poor Ginny." said Sirius with a sort of compassion that he hadn't shown anyone else besides Harry.

Dialogue set.

"You weren't to blame dear, little one. You had no control over what you did." said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"I was still a little weak from the loss of blood and Ginny was still a woozy." said Harry.
"If they had blamed you for anything, they would have another thing coming," said Harry.

"My sentiments exactly." said Dumbledore.

"Why did you make her go ahead of you?" asked Remus.

"She wouldn't stop staring at the blood on my robes." said Harry.

"Thank goodness all that excitement is over." said Kingsley wiping the sweat off his brow.

"What did it say?" asked Ginny.

"For some strange reason, it said Thank you." said Harry.

"I believe that that might have been Salazar, thanking you for saving what little honor was left to him." said Dumbledore.

"Ron's still hard at work." said Mr. Weasley proudly.

"Well, yeah, it was the only thing that kept me going." said Ron sheepishly. "And other than kicking the daylights out of Lockhart, I had nothing better to do with my time."

"How about getting a competent teacher?" asked Bathilda.

"Couldn't get up the tunnel." said Ron shrugging.

"I was busy trying a lug a boulder out of the way." said Ron.
"I was impressed, I wouldn't have been able to do that much in that short amount of time." said Harry.

"How long was Harry down there?" asked Remus.

"Only about forty minutes or so." said Ron.

"I never hugged her so tight in my life." said Ron with a smile.

"I could hardly breathe." said Ginny.

"How could he miss a giant flaming bird?" asked George.

"He can erupt into flames and appear anywhere in the world he chooses." said Dumbledore slightly proud. “He would not have had to pass Ron to get to where Harry was.”

"Squeezing?" asked Sirius with a smirk. "You could stroll through a keyhole."

"I had to carry a hat, book and sword, squeezing was required." said Harry.

"Every hero has a sword." said George.

"Hang on, you focused on the sword, but the blood didn't catch your eye?" said Fred.

"I thought it was from whatever he fought back there." said Ron.
"I didn't notice her crying, I just wanted to know what the hell happened." said Ron.

"Why do you care?" asked Sirius in a confused voice.

"Didn't want to make a second trip down there." said Harry.

"Dear God shoot me." said Remus.

"Dazzle Gums can't sing." said Sirius.

“When justice happens, it’s wonderful.” said Charlie.

“He deserves more than that.” said Remus with a growl.

“You rule Ron!” said a third year Gryffindor, laughing so hard that he fell out of his chair.

Ron perked up and puffed out his chest proudly.

“Do we have to cover this again?” asked Harry with a groan.
“You should have said, ‘Yeah, you do.’” said Sirius.

“That’s why I looked at Harry, I wanted to, but Harry looked a bit tense and didn’t want to push it.” said Ron.

“I couldn’t believe you were asking me that.” said Ron.

“I was devoting my time trying to think of a way to stay alive.” said Harry with a smirk. “Wasn’t thinking how we were going to climb the miles back to the castle.”

“I didn’t think he could lift everyone. He was really light when he landed on my shoulder, and us three weighed a little bit more than the idiot decorating the floor with rocks, was.” said Harry.

“Wow, you guys do think alike don’t you?” said Bill with a laugh.

“I decided to trust him, which wasn’t very hard to do.” said Harry.

“Aww! Does that mean that you get to hold his hand?” said Tonks cooing.
“This is wonderful!” said Dr. Clark laughing hard.

“Well, damn.” said Tonks.

“I didn’t want her to lose her grip on me. Ron would hold onto her, he was stronger than I was.” said Harry.

“I would not have put a sharp, pointy object near there.” said Sirius.

“Us either.” said the twins.

“Did you burn yourself dear?” asked Bathilda, Mrs. Weasely would have said it, but she was too busy hugging her two youngest tightly.

“I had light burns, but Fawkes helped me out again.” said Harry.

“Oh, sweet Merlin…” groaned Moody.

“It was a lot of fun, actually. Despite the slow burning.” said Harry.

“Must be an unconscious thing.” said Dean with a snicker.
“Thanks for caring.” said George.

“She was disappointed?” said Remus in shock.

“She’s got a crush on Harry.” said Ron with a smirk.

“She sort of pulled a Ginny though.” said Hermione.

“What do you mean?” asked Ginny quickly.

“She still wants to be with him, but she’s settling down a bit.” said Hermione.

“How would a living person date a dead one?” asked Sirius.

“Do you get a choice to come back as a ghost?” asked a third year Slytherin.

“Well...in a way.” said Dumbledore. “It all depends if you are ready to pass on. If not, you may come back as a ghost.”

“I don’t think I’d want to hang around as a ghost.” said Harry thoughtfully. The men surrounding him looked at him quickly.

“You’d leave us?” said Sirius in a whimper.

“Would you stick around, or would you go to wherever dad and mom are?” questioned Harry.

“Good point, but...don’t be in too big of a rush to see them.” said Remus with a constricted voice.

“I was trying to be funny!” said Ron defensively.
“And there I learned it didn’t work.” said Ron.

**Dialogue line, first sentence.**

“See, and I thought she needed some attention.” said Ron.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Ninety-second paragraph.**

“How did he know to go there?” asked Michael.

“He can find me, wherever I go.” said Dumbledore.

**End of chapter.**

“Forget knocking, just walk in. You deserve a little leniency from good manners.” said Fred.

“Only one chapter left, should we press on?” asked Seamus looking the thinness of the book in the Ranger Captain’s hands.

Suddenly, a scroll blossomed once more from the book.

“My guess would be, no.” said Lionus as the bright light enclosed around them.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.
The Keep

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Watchers were deposited just outside of a neat house, which mirrored all the other houses next to it. The only difference was that the lawn and garden was absolutely pristine.

“Hang on…we’re at Privet Drive.” said Dean aloud. “What’s a good memory doing here?”

“I’ve had some…not a lot…but some.” said Harry kindly.

“Yeah, and I’m Chinese Fireball.” said Charlie rolling his eyes.

“The garden looks beautiful.” said Professor Sprout.

“No doubt Potter did it, I cannot see Petunia getting her hands dirty for anything.” sneered Snape.

They saw a younger Harry walk out of the door of Privet Drive and call into the house.

“I’m done with the chores and made your lunch, I’ll be back soon.” said Harry.

“Wow, they let you do that?” asked Ron in shock. “How did you manage to get away with that?”

“If this is when I think it is, it was a few days since I went to get the Dragon’s Eyes. They were still reeling from Hagrid’s visit at the hut on the rock.” said Harry with a bright smile up to Hagrid.

“Glad I could help.” said Hagrid beaming back down to the white haired lad.

The scene shifted and they found themselves in a small pub, there were only a small handful of people in there, sitting at a booth towards the back of the pub, talking amongst themselves. The Watchers noticed that the sign on the door said ‘Closed’.

“Hang on, how are these people in here, if the place is closed?” asked Lee.

“They work here. They’re prepping the food.” said Harry. “Though it doesn’t look like it now.”

“Then why are we here, do you work here?” asked Hermione.

“Not always, just a few times a month or so.” said Harry. "Only during the summer and whenever I can manage to get away from the Dursley's. Which wasn't much time the next two years after this."

“So, you gave up with the whole Mission Impossible thing?” said Dean with a disappointed tone to his voice.

“No, I’m still doing that. Like I said before, if this is the day I think it is, it has something to do with it.” said Harry with a smile.

Then the door to the kitchen opened up and Harry came out with a large serving tray, with a silver
“What are you doing here?” asked Sirius.

“I’m trying out a new recipe.” said Harry.

“What have you come up for us this time?” asked one of the men in the booth.

“Something I came up with last night, I call it “Sunken Treasure.” said Harry with a smile as he lifted the silver cover. Inside was what looked like eight giant clams.

“What are they?” asked Remus.

“What are they?” asked one of the women in the booth. Remus slammed his elbow into Sirius’ side, after he sniggered.

“They’re cakes!” said Harry. “Lift the top of the clam, and see what’s inside.” said Harry excitedly.

The people in the booth lifted the top of the clam and saw that it was indeed a sort of soft cake. Inside was a creamy pink custard and a white pearl sitting carefully on top.

“See, it can either be strawberry or cherry custard, and each will have a sugar pearl in the middle.” said Harry opening his own.

“That’s pretty ingenious.” said Leroy, a slight frown on his face.

“Uh, oh.” said Rudolph, “Someone might have finally met a challenger…” he smiled wickedly.

“What do you mean?” asked Blaise.

“Leroy is a culinary master. There isn’t a person we know that knows more about food than Lee.” said Rudolph with a smile. “He gets sort of jealous sometimes, if someone else comes along.”

“I do not!” said Leroy angrily.

“You do too, don’t deny it.” said Sirius with a laugh, he laughed even harder when Leroy crossed his arms and pouted. "Azkaban couldn't take away that memory of you trying to sabotage Lily's pecan pie."

The people in the pub finished off the clams and sat back completely filled with the delicious cakes and custard.

“That was delicious. It’s definitely something that has to go on the children’s menu.” said one of the men that happened to be wearing an apron.

“He’s one of the cooks.” said Harry with a smile. "He taught me how to make a really awesome shepherd's pie, haven't mastered it completely yet, though."

“Forget that, it’s going on the regular one.” said one of the waitresses.

"She's one of my cooking fans." said Harry with a slight blush.

“Now, you better tell us all about how that last job went.” said one of the waiters excitedly.

“But I’ve already told you.” whined Harry.
“Tell us again, Harry, they’re always so exciting!” said one of the waitresses.

“You told them about it?” asked Remus.

“Sure, the Inspector told me I should have a alibi ready in case it’s a trap and they're just out for revenge or something.” said Harry.

“So...he's playing both sides of the law.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“What I do is legal, they tell me to come in, they just don't unlock the front door.” said Harry with a smile.

So Harry sat down and told them what had happened, and it turned out, he described what had happened in the last scroll.

“Aww, come on! You could have told a different story.” said Fred pouting slightly.

Suddenly, a loud banging knock came at the door.

“Who the heck is that?” asked said one of the waiters standing up and walking towards the door.

He came back and was followed closely by a young woman, who was obviously distraught.

“Emily? What’s wrong?” said one of the waitresses worriedly.

“I…It's…” said Emily frantically.

“What is it?” one of the waiters.

“It’s my Aunt’s necklace! It was stolen!” said Emily.

“Have you called the police? Haven’t they been able to figure out who took it?” said Harry quickly.

“Who’s he?” said Emily calming down enough to look about and seeing Harry for the first time.

“He’s...he’s uh…” said one of the waiters.

“So, this Emily person doesn’t know who you are?” asked Hermione.

“No, just the people who work here.” said Harry. “She’s friends with one of the waiters.”

“I did call the police, and they did find the person that has it, but the man said that my mother sold it to him, he has a bill of sale and everything! But she would never sell that! Especially for the price he said she got.” said Emily finally answering Harry's question

What was it?” asked one of the cooks.

“A thousand pounds!” said Emily.

“That’s a heck of a lot, are you sure she didn’t sell it?” said one of the waitresses.

“No! That necklace has been passed down in my family for over two hundred years! It’s priceless!” said Emily. “A thousand pounds isn’t even enough to take care of the solid gold chain! The strange thing is, when Mother checked the bank balance, there was the thousand pounds!”

“So what's the name of the guy who stole your necklace?” said Harry from the back.
Suddenly, a telephone rang from behind the counter. The barkeep went behind the counter and answered the phone.

“Hello? Yeah, he’s here. Harry! It’s for you?” shouted the barkeep. Harry walked up to the counter and took the phone from the older man. Suddenly, a faint buzzing entered the Watchers’ ears.

“What the heck is this?” said Draco, covering his ears.

“It’s…a telephone call.” said Hermione in awe.

“Hello?” said younger Harry.

“Harry, I’ve got a job for you.” said a familiar voice.

“Hey! That’s the Inspector’s voice!” said Colin.

“Does it have something to do with a necklace?” said younger Harry quietly with a small smile.

“Okay, how’d you figure that part out?” said the Inspector, his voice sounding amused.

“Miss Emily came in and told the people here at ‘The Keep’ what had happened.” said Harry.

“I see, well…meet me at the pond in the park. I’ll clue you in on the details.” said the Inspector.

“Sure thing sir, happy to help.” said Harry as he hung up the phone. The faint buzzing disappeared.

Soon, the scene shifted again and they found themselves at a large park, with a calm pond in the center, little ducks waddling about, the ones on the water dipped their bills into the water and coming up with little bits of water grass. There on a bench, staring out onto the water was Inspector Homes.

“Thanks for coming, Bud.” said the man standing up and shaking Harry’s hand. “Haven’t seen you about in a while, I had something all planned for your birthday, and you never showed up.” he said with a smile.

“The Dursleys…decided to go for a…road trip.” said Harry.

“And they took you with them? That’s a shocker.” said Inspector Homes.

“Well…” said Harry looking slightly uncomfortable.

“You’re not telling me something again.” said Inspector Homes with a stern look.

“Well, my parents signed me up for a certain school before they died and the Dursleys didn’t want me to go. It’s a boarding school and they wouldn’t have me to do all the cooking and gardening. So they tried outrunning the…the representative from finding me and telling me that I was to go to their school.” said Harry with a smile.

“Don’t the Dursley's get to decide where to send you?” asked Inspector Homes, slightly confused.

“It was my parents’ wishes that I get sent to that school, and I’m sort of really excited to go.” said Harry. “I’ll finally be away from the Dursleys, at least for most of the year.”

The Inspector looked sideways quickly, his face clouded, but then turned his head back towards the small boy with a forced smile. “Well, as long as your happy…but if you ever want to come
back, just give me a call, I’ll come and fetch you….where is this school of yours?”

“Scotland, I believe.” said Harry sitting down on the bench.

The Inspector blinked, “Well, I’ll still come and get you anyway.” he said with a smile. “You just let me know if you get homesick.”

“I can send you letters in a different sort of way.” said Harry with a bright smile. “That way I don’t homesick much.”

“Well, you were doing moderately well about not telling anyone about us.” drawled Snape.

“I don’t think he’d believe me if I tried.” said Harry.

“How’s that?” asked the Inspector.

Younger Harry looked up into the tree and called Hedwig’s name. From the higher branches, she came fluttering down.

“This is Hedwig, she’s brilliant.” said Harry proudly, “This way, I don’t have to wait on the postman to come, and she can make the trip in a blink of an eye.”

The Inspector stared at Hedwig and then at Harry. “Harry, where did you find her?”

“We sort of found each other. Hedwig, this is Inspector Homes.”

She looked up at him and landed lightly on his shoulder, giving his ear an affectionate nip.

“I’ve never seen an owl behave like this.” said the Inspector hesitantly stroking the top of Hedwig’s head. “Well, alright then…”

“Now about this necklace…” said Harry.

“Right, well, the person that took it, you know all too well.” said Inspector Homes, he watched as Hedwig flew back into the tree she had come down from.

“Not Mr. Buckthorn…” groaned Harry.

“The very same, we found out that the bill of sale was forged and bullied him into admitting that he took it. He's sitting in a jail cell, but there’s a problem with getting the necklace back.” said Inspector Homes.

“He keeps sending forgeries huh?” said Harry.

“Right on the nose, we sent the one his lawyer said it was to Miss Emily, the real owner and she said it wasn’t it. Though a jeweler said the necklace itself was worth about a thousand pounds, she said it wasn’t it. I think the necklace in question is still in Buckthorn's house. So? Do you remember how to go about the place.” said Inspector Homes.

“Like those gossiping ladies down at the supermarket say, you always remember your first.” said Harry with a smirk.

The scene shifted once more and they found themselves back at ‘The Keep.” The wait staff and the cooks were gathered about once more at one of the booths, trying to console Emily. The girls noticed that Emily was wearing something different, so they knew this was a different day.
“This was the next day.” said Harry with a smirk to the boys who hadn’t noticed Emily's clothes.

“Aw! Come on! I want to see you do awesome stuff again!” said George pouting.

Suddenly the police Inspector came in, with Harry lagging behind. They watched as Harry dodged behind the counter.

“Miss Emily, I have your necklace, and we took it to the jeweler, this time, he matched it perfectly to the picture you gave us.” said Inspector Homes.

“Just to double check.” she said with a choked voice, she took the necklace gently and turned it over. “Yes! This IS it! It has my teeth marks on the gold!”

“There’s what?” said the Inspector In shock.

“I accidentally gnawed on the gold when I was little, it was the worse paddling I ever got, but here they are!” said Emily. “They weren’t on any of the copies.”

“What about that guy that took it?” said one of the waiters. “What are you going to do about him?”

“He's already in jail for having stolen objects in his possession.” said the Inspector with a smirk.

“Thank you so much!” said Emily happily.

“Don’t thank me, we had help.” said the Inspector. His eyes flittered over to the counter, where Harry was crouched down, hiding behind it with a satisfied smile on his face.

Suddenly the light enveloped them once again.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
They were all deposited back into the Great Hall without much trouble, much like all the times before.

"Are you serious?" said one of the first years. "We have to wait till tomorrow to finish the book?"

"Actually, if you remember last week, I said that we would not be doing any reading on the weekends," said Dumbledore smiling brightly.

"It's Friday, isn't it?" said Ernie sadly.

"That it is. No readings on the weekend, that way we have two days to stretch our legs and perhaps some of the teachers can issue some essay or something along those lines for the students to work on." he gave a sympathetic smile to the students that groaned.

"Can't we just read in the morning?" said one of the second years.

"Well, we could, but then that would cut into your Hogsmeade time." said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

"Our...what?" said one of the second years. "We aren't third years."

"Yes, but last night, it was discussed with the staff and some of our guests that we ask some of the adult guests here to be chaperones for Saturday. Sunday is the day, that they can have off and unfortunately the Hogwarts second years and under are required to stay within the grounds." said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling.

"How soon can we send owls, to our parents asking for some money for tomorrow?" asked the second year excitedly.

"Don't worry, we already sent the notices." said McGonagall. "Most of you will receive money in the morning and the rest of you; we have taken some money out of the funds for muggleborns, that money can be reimbursed later."

"Awesome!" shouted the younger students happily.

"Alright!" said Leroy happily. "Harry! Tomorrow when we go, I'm going to tell you all about our travels down in Africa!"

"Um..." said Harry uncomfortably.

"He's got a date, and then early Sunday, I'm going to take him to the eyeglass shop in Diagon Alley." said Lupin with a small smile.
"Oh..." said Leroy sadly.

"I've got no plans for later on Sunday." said Harry quickly.

"Great than we can drag you about the place and be a happy, happy family." said Rudolph with a bright smile.

Harry looked over at Ron and Hermione.

"Save me." he whined piteously.

"You're on your own." said Ron with a straight face.

Harry had turned in early so he and Ginny could get up and head off to Hogsmede. While Harry slept soundly, Leroy, Rudolph, Remus, Dr. Clark, Sirius and Dumbledore sat in the sitting room of Harry, Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark's suite.

"I can't believe how grown up Harry is." said Leroy sadly. "It seems like only yesterday that I was feeding him mashed peas."

"Yeah, and now he can out-cook almost anyone." said Sirius with a smile.

"He grew up way too fast. He should have had a happy childhood." said Dr. Clark bitterly.

"Damn them Dursley's." said Sirius angrily.

"I should have seen it, I should have known it." said Dumbledore, tears falling down into his beard.

"Unless you yourself struck him, I don't have any grudge against you." said Rudolph waving his hand dismissively to Dumbledore. "What's happened happened. We're as much to blame as you are, we should have stayed in the country when Voldemort was out and about before. If we had stayed, we would have gotten custody of Little Monster."

"But the blood wards..." said Dumbledore bitterly.

"Would have worked with us. James laid down his life for Harry too. He had a chance to run, and he didn't. But like I said, we should have stayed back and made sure they were safe." said Leroy.

"I didn't think of James' sacrifice..." said Dumbledore faintly.

"Can we talk about something else?" said Sirius slamming his wine glass down on the table.

Remus looked at Sirius, "How many glasses have you had?"

"Only two." he said honestly. "But, if we talk about....I'm going to have another."

"Well, what do you want to talk about?" asked Leroy.

"Well, we aren't done finishing the designs on Harry's wing." said Sirius whipping out a stack of designing books.

"Like a kid in a candy store." said Remus shaking his head.

"Oh! Let me at them! Have you designed the kitchen yet?" said Leroy quickly taking the papers
"Well sort of, here's what we thought." said Remus handing Leroy the drawings. Leroy flipped through the drawings and the small pictures of different appliances.

"How did we do?" asked Sirius with a smile.

Leroy chewed his tongue slightly. "How about I take over this one room?"

"What's wrong with the way it is now?" asked Remus wonderingly.

"Well, you've got two different types of wood for the cabinets, and different stone for each of the countertops, and the metal doesn't match." said Leroy with a sympathetic smile.

"Oh, oops." said Sirius sheepishly. *Didn't know it had to match...*

"Did Harry decide what sort of stove he wanted? Does he want electric or gas?"

"This is a surprise." said Dr. Clark. "What's the best thing to cook with?"

"Well, it all depends on your cooking style. Gas gives you more control, but electric is a bit faster." said Leroy thoughtfully.

"So go with gas?" said Sirius.

"Yeah." said Leroy.

"What other rooms do you have for him?" asked Rudolph.

"Well, we have a music room, kitchen, huge bedroom, library, his own living room, bathroom...I don't think we came up with any other room for him." said Sirius ticking off the rooms they had already discussed and planned.

"How about a training room?" said a voice from behind them. They turned around quickly and saw Lionus and Moody.

"Hello Lionus, Alastor, a good idea to have that. Especially if Harry wishes to continue his security testing." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Well, unless that old hag has destroyed it with kittens and pink fluff, there is a large gym in the north part of the house." said Sirius.

"She'd most likely would have trashed it." said Remus with a grim look.

"Yay, oh well, it won't take much to get all that stuff back." said Sirius shrugging.

"So what brings you guys here?" asked Leroy looking back at the two champions of justice.

"Oh, right, I've got Wildfire and Viper willing to escort the children around Hogsmede from Slytherin and Gryffindor." said Lionus with a smile. "They should be able to handle them with no problem."

"Tonks and Kingsley are going to show the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs about." said Moody. "Tonks volunteered for the job pretty quickly, Kingsley took a bit of time."

"I would have thought he was going to jump at the occasion, he actually likes being a mentor to
"Teaching Auror skills is one thing, but minding a bunch of little kids doing some frivolous sweet shopping?"

"Oh, right." said Remus with a smile. "Poor guy."

"Glad you think that, because Tonks volunteered you to help with the Hufflepuffs." said Moody with a smirk.

"Wait, what?" stuttered Remus.

"That's a large bunch, and as....accident prone as she is....best have someone else there to keep an eye on her as well." said Moody.

"Oh...uh...Sirius and I..." said Remus quickly.

"Don't drag me into this." said Sirius throwing up his hands. "Besides, it's been a long time since you've had a date."

"Not much of a date when you're chaperoning students about town." said Remus through gritted teeth.

"Make do with what you have." said Dr. Clark with a mischievous smile. "Dumbledore and I are going to get all the stuff for the house, could the both of you come with us?" said Dr. Clark to Leroy and Rudolph.

"Sure, but...aren't you MIA?" said Rudolph.

"We fixed that right up." said Lionus with a smirk. "We made it so that he was found by neutral powers and he's in the hospital undergoing treatment, only the military have authorization to know it."

The next morning Harry made his way down to the kitchens, very, very early in the morning, he left the castle while the dawn had just began to stain the dark sky, came back and prepared a picnic basket full of different foods. He had the whole day planned out, and he hoped that it would at least go close to plan.

He was going to meet Ginny up in the Great Hall and they were going to have a quiet breakfast alone, then go to wandering about for a while, stop in at the Three Broomsticks for a pint or two of butterbeer, hit Honeydukes for a shopping spree of chocolate and sweets, and then go for their picnic. After that, the rest of the day would be up to Ginny.

As he placed the last piece of fried chicken in the basket the door to the kitchen and in walked in Bill and Charlie.

"Hey, how's it going?" said Harry happily, as he gently placed a small towel on top of the basket.

"We want to talk to you, before you leave for Hogsmeade." said Bill his voice stern.

"Alright, sit down or stand up chat." said Harry with cautious smile.

"Either way." said Charlie.
Harry placed the basket down and sat on one of the stools. Bill and Charlie sat across from him and stared fixedly at him.

"We want to give you fair warning." said Bill.

"You hurt our sister or try anything funny with her, as young as she is," said Charlie.

"We'll kill you." said the both of them together.

Harry stared at them in shock. But did his absolutely best to reassure the two men that he viewed as older brothers.

"I promise, nothing will happen, and I won't hurt her. If I do, kill me all you want." said Harry honestly.

"We'll hold you to that." said Charlie, and with that, they left.

Harry released a sigh of relief. "Thank bloody god I have some morals. Or I'd be a dead man. And without magic, I'd be screwed twenty times over." He finished off preparing the basket and then headed up to the Great Hall.

After Harry and Ginny had a quick breakfast, quicker than Harry even expected, due to the glares that he received from Percy and a few small glares from Ron. Ron's glares were stopped soon afterward, after a smack from Hermione. Harry hadn't noticed that Ginny received a few glares of her own, from Romilda and a few other girls.

Harry and Ginny walked down to the small village nestled safely beneath the grandeur of the castle. They walked arm and arm and chatted candidly with each other.

"C'mon, tell me what's in the basket!" whined Ginny playfully. "What are we having for lunch?"

"Not telling." said Harry with a bright smile.

They wandered about aimlessly, pointing at the things in the shop windows. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed two separate shadows that followed him, He saw Sirius's foot behind a tree and saw the glinting of Bill's earring.

"Something up?" asked Ginny.

"Nope, everything's fine." said Harry smiling genuinely down at Ginny. "What do you want to do? It'll be another half-hour till Three Broomsticks opens up. I'd kill for a butterbeer right now."

"Mmm, me too." said Ginny closing her eyes dreamily. "Let's see, mind if we head to the Gladrags? I've got a potion stain on my robes."

"House-elves couldn't get it?" said Harry in shock.

"This sort of potion burnt a hole right through the sleeve of my robes." said Ginny.

"Hiccup solution?" said Harry.

"Hiccup solution." said Ginny.

They entered Gladrags, and Harry stopped Ginny from walking over to the second hand robe section.
"Nuh uh." he said with a smile. "Call it really belated Valentine gift." he led her over to the more stylish robes.

"They don't meet the Hogwarts' dress code, Harry." said Ginny with a shy smile.

"We can wear whatever we want on the weekends, whether we read this damned books on my life or not." said Harry with a smile. "Pick out whatever you want."

Harry and Ginny took about a half hour in that shop and when they left, they left with two bags each of clothes, they both held onto the basket as they made their way to the Three Broomsticks.

"We're going to pick up a few bottles of butterbeer for our lunch and then stop at Honeydukes." said Harry with a smile. They walked towards the door but a wizard beside the entrance to the Three Broomsticks, held out his hand to stop them.

"Sorry kids, no children allowed in there today." said the man holding out his hand and stopping them a sneer on his face.

"Then why is there a Hogwarts crest on the door?" said Harry.

"What?" said the man, his sneer faltering slightly.

"The crest, that means that kids are allowed in there. That's the way it has been since this place was built and kids have been allowed in." said Ginny.

"Maybe they've forgotten to take the sign down?" said the man trying to make a comeback.

"It's a magical crest, it comes down when Madam Rosemerta wants it down." said Harry.

"LOOK!" said the man angrily, "no kids allowed!" suddenly he brought a wand up to the air and was about the swing it back down. However, he was stopped by Ginny's disarming spell and Harry's swift round-house kick to his legs.

Suddenly, Madam Rosemerta came stomping out of the pub. "What's going on?" said Madam Rosemerta, and then she looked down and saw who it was on the ground.

"You again? I've told you I don't want you in my pub! What are you doing here?" said Madam Rosemerta irritably.

"He said that Hogwarts students weren't allowed here. Yet, there is the crest." said Harry pointing to the crest on the door.

"Of course he would stop the students from coming in here. I do most of my best business on these days." said Madam Rosemerta crossly. "Get out of here! Jack, Robert!" said Madam Rosemerta calling into the pub. Two large and beefy wizards came out of the pub and looked down at the man lying on the ground.

"Yeh need something Rosie?" asked one of them.

"Get him out of here, I don't care where you take him." said Madam Rosemerta.

"Here's his wand." said Ginny handing it to the man.

"C'mon in kids, your drinks are on me." said Madam Rosemerta appreciatively.

Harry and Ginny sat in one of the booths towards the back of the pub and smiled at each other.
"Well, adds a bit of excitement to today doesn't it?" said Harry with a smile.

"With you, as magically drained as you are, I don't think excitement is a good idea. That's what I thought anyway. That was a really awesome looking kick." said Ginny.

"I thought that your Expelliarmus spell was excellent." said Harry with a beaming smile.

"Learned from the best." said Ginny with a smile.

"So did I." said Harry, giving credit where credit was due.

"Here's your butterbeer kids. Anything else I can get you?" said Madam Rosemerta.

"Can we get a few bottles for later, we're having a fall picnic after this." said Harry reaching into pocket.

"Like I said kid, on the house, you'll have six bottles when you leave here." said Madam Rosemerta giving him a wink.

"What was that guy's problem, anyway?" asked Ginny sipping her butterbeer.

"Old boyfriend, he thinks that women shouldn't be running a business. Thinks we should be in the home, cooking cleaning and serving men." said Madam Rosemerta.

"Smack him." said Harry and Ginny together.

"Oh, I have. And now Jack and Robert smack him about when he comes around." said Madam Rosemerta with a satisfied smile.

After they enjoyed their pint of butterbeer each, they expressed their thanks to Madam Rosemerta who slipped the six bottles in their picnic basket and headed out. They couldn't see hide nor hair of the man that had impeded their and the several other students, who were now in the pub, from going inside.

"Can we go to Honeydukes?" said Ginny.

"Anything you want." said Harry with a smile.

They stopped in at Honeydukes at examined all the candies.

"Since you got my outfit, I'm getting you candy." said Ginny.

Harry opened his mouth to decline, but her hand flew up to his lips.

"No arguing, my treat." said Ginny with sly smile. "By not paying for my own robes, I've got a bit of spending money."

"Saved your allowance?" said Harry, hoping that this sweet shop spending spree wouldn't break her.

"And borrowed a bit from Charlie and Bill." said Ginny looking at the different colored toffees in the case. "So pick out something, and I'll buy it."

He went and grabbed several sugar spun quills and three bars of his favorite flavor of Honeydukes' chocolate.
After she paid for all their sweets, Harry looked at the woman behind the counter and said "On another order, I'd like a pound of everything in here, have it sent up to the Hogwarts kitchen please."

The woman stared at him, with a doubtful look on her face, till he whipped out from his knapsack a jet black bag, and deposited ninety galleons on the counter.

"Does that cover it?" said Harry with a smile. The shopkeeper nodded quickly. After much figuring and counting she reached into her till and pulled out several Sickles and Knuts and pushed back a few galleons.

"A p-p-pound of each?" said the woman stuttering.

"That's right, and just send it up to the castle's kitchens, with the letters...never mind, just put "Shadow" on them." said Harry.

"All right." said the woman as she gathered up all the candy she could reach.

"Save it for when you have no one else in here, wait on them first, then you can work on my order, I don't need it today, but I'd like it by tomorrow evening." said Harry.

"Yes sir!." said the woman nervously.

As Ginny and Harry left, Ginny sent Harry a questioning look.

"What's with all the candy?" she asked. "And why not write your name...oh...wait, you didn't want her to get even more flustered right?"

"Right. Well, I like making things with candy, thought I'd come up with some interesting stuff for snacks during the readings." said Harry.

"Can I help?" asked Ginny.

"Anytime." Harry smiled then looked up at the sky. "It's about eleven fifteen; do you want to have lunch?"

"Sure! Where at?" asked Ginny.

"Somewhere I found a few years back."

Harry gently pulled the long willow strands out from Ginny's path and when she saw it, she gasped loudly.

There was a large red and gold blanket laying on the ground, with a two cushions for sitting side by side, a single rose in a crystal vase. A stream, leading away from the vastness of the Black lake traveled past their spot and gurgled softly. The sun was scattered by the willow branches and added a sort of dazzle effect on the water and the blanket.

"What do you think?" asked Harry with a smile.

"I didn't think that boys could be this romantic." she said, her eyes bright.

"We can, it's just...Ron's got a romantic side." said Harry.
"I can't see it, but maybe it's cause I'm his sister." said Ginny.

"Shall we?" said Harry with a bright smile.

Ginny and Harry enjoyed their lunch, which included a large helping of the spaghetti that Harry had made for her, fried chicken, chocolate raspberry torte, salad, and the butterbeer that he and Ginny had earned from helping Madam Rosemerta.

Ginny and Harry laid side by side to each other and watched the clouds go rolling gently by.

"It's getting colder out, we aren't' going to see many days like this." said Ginny.

"With Voldemort around, we may not even have much of a future." said Harry absently.

Ginny turned on her side and faced him. "The books may have a clue to what we have to do to survive." she said quickly.

"We can only hope." said Harry looking over to Ginny. "If I have a chance at a future..." he looked unblinking at her, and took her hand gently into his own.

They laid, minutes passing them by unknowingly, they were lost in their own serene little world. Until they heard the snapping of a twig. Quickly they both stood up and looked around.

"Harry..." whispered Ginny. "Get behind me." she flung her arm out to protect him in his still weakened state. "WHOEVER YOU ARE YOU'D BETTER COME OUT BEFORE I COME IN AFTER YOU!"

"Easy Shortstuff!" came a voice behind one of the trees.

"You'd best come out too, Sirius." called Harry.

"Dammit." muttered a voice a little ways to left.

"You knew they were here?" said Ginny.

"I thought they'd give us privacy and keep quiet, apparently I overestimated their tact." said Harry.

"We just wanted to make sure you kids were alright." said Sirius.

"But you didn't step in at the Three Broomsticks." said Harry smugly.

"Why? What happened there?" said Bill quickly.

"We must of ditched them on accident." said Ginny with a smirk.

"What...happened?" pressed Sirius.

"Nothing you need to worry about." said Harry.

"Fine whatever, but it's time to head back." said Bill.

Harry looked up at the sky. "It's only two-twenty."

"But it's going to take forever to get back." said Bill, trying to convince them that the date was over.

Ginny groaned and glared at her over-protective older brother.
"C'mere and look to the east." said Harry with a smirk. Bill and Sirius walked over to them and looked to the left. And there they saw the castle, only a thirty minute walk from where they were.

"Oh...." said Bill sheepishly.

"Can you leave now?" said Ginny impatiently.

"I just want to make sure Harry's alright." said Sirius.

"I can protect him just fine." said Ginny getting more and more impatient.

"You'd best leave. We'll see you guys later." said Harry, his tone of voice meant the sincerity of his words and the hint of the severity of punishment if they had bothered them again for the rest of the day.

Sirius and Bill looked at each other quickly and strolled off, hurtfully.

Ginny groaned again. "Ugh! Sometimes, he's the coolest guy in the world, but sometimes, he's worse than Ron."

"But you still love him." said Harry, laying back down on the blanket and cushion.

"Of course I do, I love all my brothers." said Ginny.

"Even Percy?" said Harry with a playful smile.

"That's up for debate still." said Ginny with a slight scowl. Instead of lying on her cushion, she rested her head on Harry's chest. "Thank Merlin that this book is over." she said yawning slightly.

"Tell me about it." said Harry yawning as well. He knew that neither he nor Ginny were in any danger if either of them had fallen asleep. In the parting of the willow branches, they could faintly see a lone and silent sentry.

Lionus.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Harry and Ginny came back into the castle just as dinner was being served, Sirius and Bill turned in their seats and kept a close eye on the both of them as they both sat down.

"You know, I'm amazed that Charlie wasn't stalking us today." said Ginny. "I figured he'd follow us all over the place."

"He didn't need to, I don't think. He trusted me." said Harry.

"He had a talk with you didn't he?" said Ginny.

"Yeah, he had the 'hurt her, you die' talk with me." said Harry with a smile.

"Ugh." groaned Ginny embarrassingly. "Why do boys do that?"

"Cause you're their only sister? They want to protect you." said Harry still smiling.

Ginny rolled her eyes, but she had a smile on her face and tucked into the stew that was ladled into her plate.

Later on, Harry was in the kitchens finishing a chocolate mousse when Mr. Weasley came in and stood behind him.

"You too?" said Harry with a slight smile.

"I just came down, to thank you…for being a gentleman." said Mr. Weasley. "Ginny told us all about what you did."
"Even..." said Harry.

"Yeah, we had a little chat with Bill, and Remus had a nice talk with Sirius. You must have noticed that little limp Sirius had?" said Mr. Weasley with a small smile.

"Yeah, I'm guessing a Stinging Hex." said Harry with a smirk.

"On the nose." said Mr. Weasley tapping his nose. "Are you going to go out with her tomorrow?"

"No, I have plans with uh...Uncle Leroy, Uncle Rudolph, Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark." said Harry.

"Oh, that's right, sorry about that. I was just wondering, because we were going to have a family outing, especially after this book." Mr. Weasley's eyes grew cold quickly, but his eyes warmed up back to his normal, kind temperature. "I think we all need to have a bit of a sit-down."

"Don't blame you, I think my family needs to have a bit of a chat too." said Harry. "Don't know where we are going to do it, though. Here, I've made a lot, take some chocolate mousse with you, it can be a sort of before bed snack for...well...whoever you want to give it to."

He handed Mr. Weasley a medium sized bowl full of the fluffy chocolate treat and put the rest of it into another, much larger bowl. "This ought to keep Remus happy." he said with a smile.

Harry woke up the next morning bright and early. Last night, Remus, scooping as much chocolate mousse as he could into his mouth, reminded him that he was going to take Harry to the eyeglass shop in Diagon Alley. Harry thought however that the store was closed on Sundays, but Remus said that he got in touch with the owner and she’d open up the shop just for them.

Harry went down into Great Hall and ate breakfast with Ron and Hermione. Once Ginny had told her family what had happened on their date, Ron seemed to have calmed down and accepted the fact that she and Harry were dating. He had to admit, she could have picked a really worse off choice than the one she made. But it did slightly irk him that Harry hadn't asked him if he could date Ginny, but he dare not voice that opinion, not with Ginny or Hermione within striking distance.
'What are you guys going to do today?' asked Hermione.

'Well, I was told that my family was going to have a little meeting.' said Ron.

'I'm going to Diagon Alley to get new glasses, after that, I wouldn't have the faintest idea.' said Harry. 'What about you?'

'Well...I'm not all together sure. I might do some research on these Memoir books, that and everything else we've learned.' she said and without further ado, she finished her breakfast and headed up to the library.

'I swear, she doesn't believe in days off.' said Ron shaking his head.

'Get done with your family meeting quickly, then go join her.' said Harry, his voice strangely calm.

'What's up?' said Ron quickly, that tone of voice was never good.

'She won't like what she reads. I know what she will find, if she asks you to keep a secret about the books, do it. Take one of these,' said Harry, he pulled a few small phials of Calming Draught from his jacket pocket. 'give her one of these just in case.'

'I'm not going to like it either, am I?' said Ron.

'There's another reason why there are Rangers are all about, if something were to happen to the books, like being snatched away, and then we weren't able to read them for about a week or so...' said Harry. 'Or if I'm taken...'

'You start dying, don't you?' said Ron in a weak voice.

Harry spoke no further.
Much later, at the Eyeglass shop with Remus, Tonks, Rudolph and Leroy, Harry stared straight ahead, glasses off and trying to see the large poster on the end of the room.

"Can you tell me what that picture is?" said the woman that was Remus' cousin.

Harry leaned forward in the chair and squinted, he was oblivious to the fact that the woman was casting a silent spell over Harry's line of vision.

"Umm... is it a horse?" said Harry uncertainly.

"Actually, it's a chicken. So Mr. Potter, let's get you a better set of glasses." said the woman kindly.

"How do you get a horse from that?" asked Tonks.

"I don't know." said Harry shrugging.

"Alright dear, I've got your lenses all done. Let's pick you some frames." she said with a smile.

Harry walked over and looked at all the choices he had, strangely, there were a bunch frames that looked just like his.

"Are these popular in this world?" said Harry with a raised brow.

"They are because you wear them, dear." said the woman with a smile.

"Time for a change." said Harry quickly. Suddenly he saw the glasses he wanted; they were a thin square framed pair, sort of like Professor McGonagall's glasses.

"You like those?" said the woman kindly. "Alright, then." she then took her wand out again and magicked the lenses to slip seamlessly into the frames.

"Thanks Winny." said Remus, but the look in her eyes told him, that she wanted a small chat with him.
"Um, Harry, go outside with Leroy. I'll be right there." said Remus, looking slightly worried.

Harry looked slightly confused, but left with his Uncles and Tonks.

"What can I do for you, Winny?" said Remus curiously.

"His eyes...I can tell what caused it..." she said with a growl in her voice.

Remus gave her a small smirk. "The people that caused it are already in Auror custody."

"Hope they stay there." she snarled.

"Sometimes, I swear you're more wolf than I am." he said with a smirk. He dodged a heavy blow to his shoulder.

After Remus had a nice, lengthy chat with his cousin, he went outside to find that the rest of his party was gone, nowhere to be seen. He had to travel down Diagon Alley a bit to find them, enjoying ice cream treats in front of Fortescue's.

"Aw...come on!" he said throwing his hands up. "I wanted some!"

"You mean this?" said Harry holding up a three scooped chocolate ice cream cone.

"Remus, you're going to give yourself a brain freeze." chided Tonks as she watched him almost swallow the entire cone.

"Too late." said Harry laughing. "What do we do now?" said Harry.

"Ugh..." moaned Remus holding his head. "Stupid brain freeze. Now we go to where we're meeting Sam and Sirius." Remus took ahold of Harry's shoulder and side-apparated with him.
Before Harry could look around, after the sickening spinning had ended, a blindfold was placed over his eyes.

"What the...?" said Harry.

"It's a surprise." said Lupin his voice sounded excited.

"Goody, I love surprises." said Harry sarcastically.

He allowed himself to be led quite a ways, until he was finally getting slightly annoyed. But the smell of ripened fruits quickly calmed his nerves.

"Alright cub," said Sirius' voice. "Here you go! It took all morning, with Dumbledore's help, to get rid of all the pink crap."

Suddenly the blindfold was taken off and Harry, blinking in the early afternoon sun, gazed at the surprise. The best surprise he had ever seen.

It was a house, then it dawned on them, it was their house.

It was a large manor, with at least three floors and countless grand windows. There were vines that intertwined about the front of the house, giving it a classic country house look. There were gardens stationed on both sides of the large path up to the house. There were fruit trees lining the walls of this large manor and Harry looked briefly behind him and saw that the entire house was blocked by woods, and Harry couldn't see an end to them.

"What do you think?" said Sirius.

"I love it." said Harry looking all around, and taking in all of the house he could see.

"We'll take a tour of the grounds later, first things first, let's go in the house, you're going to love it even more!" said Sirius grabbing Harry by the hand and dragging him into the house.
Sirius took a hold of the double oak doors and opened them both. When Harry saw the entrance hall to their house, he could only stare.

"It looks like the Entrance Hall of Hogwarts..." said Harry with an awed whisper.

"That's what I was going for." said Sirius with a smirk. "I wanted the entrance to look just like it. Alright, then, let's give you the grand tour!"

"The entire place would take too long, let's just take him around his wing." said Remus.

"My wing?" said Harry faintly.

"Yeah, you're getting a bit older and...yeah...I thought you'd like some privacy and well...it may keep you living at home for a long while." said Sirius.

"Even after I get married? I think you're nuts." said Harry with a smirk.

"We'll see." said Sirius with a bright smile, "Let's take you to your room, I think you'll like it."

They went up two floors and took Harry to a large ornate door. Harry opened the door and saw that his room looked so much more different than what his room, Ron's or even Dudley's room looked like.

Dudley's room was littered with posters of rock bands, wrappers of different sweets, boxing gloves, video games cartridges, disks, consoles, three TV’s, and weights. Ron's had an assortment of different magical games, Chudley Cannon merchandise, and then a fish tank with frogs spawn and full grown frogs.

Harry's room had an enormous fireplace straight ahead of the door, and a few large armchairs sitting beside it with ottomans. There was a large king size bed with gossamer curtains on each side, with deep red curtains on the right side of the room and directly across from the bed, there was a large balcony that overlooked the eastern part of the house and it’s estate.
"So, Harry? What do you think?" said Dumbledore with a bright smile. "Dr. Clark and I went about London and picked up all the furniture and other appliances."

"It's not done yet, but it should be done by the time the summer comes." said Dr. Clark with a smile. "I wanted to pick you up a T.V. and stereo, but...these guys didn't know what I was talking about." he added in a whisper.

"I love it." said Harry faintly. "I...I actually can't wait till summer."

"This isn't the best part. We have two surprises, the rest of the house isn't done, but this one, and the two surprises are done." said Sirius.

"Um...actually the music room isn't done yet." said Dr. Clark guiltily.

"What, why not?" said Remus.

"We wanted to put wind instruments in there...um...there was only one guy in London that had any...and we didn't to touch them." said Dr. Clark.

"Don't ask." said Dumbledore trying not to laugh.

"That and I haven't found a really good wallpaper." said Dr. Clark.

"Oh, well, then for dramatic flair we won't go in there." said Sirius half-heartedly.

"That and the piano hasn't been delivered yet." said Dr. Clark in a whisper to Remus.

"Well, then let's go downstairs." said Leroy.

"I think I can guess what that room is going to be." muttered Harry with a large smile.
And just like Harry thought, it was a kitchen; it had a large refrigerator, stove, large counters, and an immensely large pantry. There were pots and pans hanging down from thin wires from the overhead cupboards.

"This kitchen is all yours." said Leroy with a smile and a one armed hug.

"Huh?" said Harry.

"There's another kitchen in this house. During the school year, we'll use that one. This one is for you coming up with your own recipes and hopefully adding some weight to you." said Sirius teasingly.

They smiled as Harry wiped tears away from his eyes.

"Come on, let’s get back to the castle, I'm starving." said Sirius with a smile.

"I could make dinner here, then after dinner we can go back." said Harry.

"I haven't stocked the kitchen yet, there isn't any food." said Sirius.

"Damn, well, it was a nice idea anyway." said Harry shrugging.

“Wish we stocked the pantry now.” said Sirius pouting slightly.

They left the house and after one quick tour of the fruit tree orchard, and the garden, they apparated, with Harry holding on tightly to Dumbledore's arm and a large smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
The next morning, they all gathered back into the Great Hall, all excited to finish the second book. Harry grabbed himself a plate full of food and sat in the bowl beside Sirius and the others.

"Tell me that the book ends on a good note." said Remus pleadingly.

"Yeah, it turns out pretty good." said Harry shrugging.

It was decided that Madam Bones would read the final chapter, after a bit of coaxing from Harry, saying that she would find it most interesting.

**Eighteenth Chapter.** said Madam Bones.

"Great, just what we need, another chapter where he breaks your arm with rogue sport's equipment." said Dr. Clark rolling his eyes.

"Don't worry, I'm safe in this chapter." said Harry.

"That'll be a refreshing change." said Sirius.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

"Goddamn it, you're still hurt." said Remus quickly.

"I was fine." said Harry. "Just really tired."

The adults weren't reassured when Madam Pomfrey shook her head.

**End of first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Second paragraph, first sentence.**

Most of the adults in the room looked sympathetic over to the Weasley family.
A few people in the Great Hall were holding handkerchiefs and sniffed.

"Nice of you to care." whispered Rudolph with a smirk.

"I knew she was fine!" said Harry defensively.

"You were there? What the bloody hell stopped you from going down there?" said Bill.

"You forget, the boys didn't tell anyone about where the Chamber of Secrets was. That and he wasn't a Parselmouth." said Lionus.

"Oh, right." said Bill sheepishly. "Sorry."

"You were quite right to shout, Mr. Weasley." said Dumbledore with a sad smile. "I should have stayed."

"But you couldn't." said Madam Bones. "If you had stayed, Lucius would have come to the Ministry and with that lump." she gestured towards the seat the Minister held, "he'd of let Lucius kick you out of the castle permanently."

"Whatever happened to the Minister? Shouldn't he have been back by now?" asked Percy.

"I inquired about that." said Lionus with a smile. "It seems that his turn-key felt that he didn't learn a good enough lesson. He'll be there for a little while longer."

"Good." said McGonagall fiercely.

"Turn-key?" said Percy worriedly.

"What did you expect?" said Professor McGonagall. "We had just told them that they're daughter was taken away by a monster, and you three came, covered in filth with Miss Weasley and a blood drenched sword."

"Not to mention Harry was covered in blood too." thought Remus.

"Sorry ma'am." said Ron and Harry sheepishly.
"He did a fantastic job. As did all of you children." said Dumbledore with kind smile. "Though you shouldn't have had to do it." he finished with a guilt ridden look.

"It wouldn't have mattered, I would have had to of gone anyway, if we told a teacher." said Harry.

"Oh, really?" said Snape with a sneer.

"I don't rightly recollect any of you being Parselmouths." said Harry.

"He's got a point." whispered Charlie. "He shouldn't have gone, but he still has a point."

"Harry jumped about a foot in the air when you did that. He almost raised the sword and hit you." said Ron to his mother.

The Weasley's looked over at Harry.

"I was nervous, and still pretty freaked out." said Harry.

"I had to make some very strong tea, very quickly. I would have lost my Deputy Headmistress for a short while." said Dumbledore with a smile over to McGonagall.

"It was a very horrific day." said McGonagall sternly. "Not just for me, but for the Weasley family as well. I was so relieved that everything came out all right. But I wish I never knew what horrible cost it could have been." she added with a sorrowful glance towards Harry.

"I was waiting for someone to yell at me, or demand for me to speak. It never came." said Harry.

"It is best that if a child had suffered from an ordeal, to let them speak, at their own pace." said Dumbledore.

"I noticed that last year." said Harry with a smile. "You didn't push it."
"A very much watered down version of what had transpired." said Dumbledore and McGonagall.

"You already looked done in, I didn't want to add to it, and I didn't want Ron and I expelled any faster than we were already going to be." said Harry.

"I'm not much of a speaker, and with no one else talking, it made me awfully nervous." said Harry.

"I think you do just fine." said Cho, remember the D.A meetings.

"Which we admit, we wouldn't have believed you." said Professor Flitwick regrettably.

"Which was bloody brilliant." said Ron.

"Which was flipping SUICIDE! I don't want to hear about you guys going in there again." said Bill sternly to his youngest brother.

“Count on it.” said Ron.

"That solved a great mystery, I had always, for the want of a better word, wondered how that happened." said Dumbledore.

"You should have told a teacher." said Remus.

"We did, we just...didn't pick the right teacher to tell." said Ron shrugging his shoulders.
"Who the bloody hell cares if they broke school rules or not? They saved Ginny and came back alive!" said Bill in shock.

End of dialogue set.

"Lots of luck, and lots of help." said Harry. Dumbledore smiled over to Harry and Sirius pulled him into an even tighter hug.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"Mr. Potter, you could have asked for some water." said McGonagall.

"I didn't want to push whatever luck I had left." said Harry.

Sixth paragraph, third sentence.

"And the part about you almost dying." said Dumbledore his face pale.

Sixth paragraph, fifth sentence.

"I would never have let that happen." said Dumbledore.

End of sixth paragraph.

"Wow, thanks Harry." said Charlie.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

"Only twelve years old, and he already knows to look immediately to Dumbledore for help." said Kingsley shaking his head.

End of seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You looked into his mind again, didn't you?" said Tonks.

"I did, I had a feeling he was hiding something from me, but I didn't see that Tom had almost killed
him." said Dumbledore looking down. "You were right Harry, you do know what cards to lay forward, and what cards to hide up your sleeve."

**Eighth paragraph.**

"I was so happy, you had no idea." said Harry. "I just about collapsed."

“You should have, you would have been sent to me sooner than when you did.” said Madam Pomfrey.

**Dialogue line.**

"I wouldn't have believed it either, Molly," said Rudolph.

**Dialogue line.**

**Ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"I wouldn't have complimented him." growled Remus.

"You got to admit it, Remus, he was a brilliant kid, completely twisted and sadistic, but he was brilliant." said Moody.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

"Wonder if Malfoy knows?" whispered Ron to Hermione.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"Yeah, remember that he said that he and Harry looked the same?" said George.

"Yeah I do," Fred looked at Harry intently. "I don't know, Harry looks pretty evil and powerful to me. I'd of recognized him."

"Don't make me come over there." said Harry. "I don't have magic right now, but that won't stop me from beating your ass."

"Watch your mouth." said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

"Sorry." said Harry. "Won't stop me from smacking the daylights out of you."

“Little better.” said Dr. Clark.
End of dialogue set.

"Still can't believe he was Head Boy." said Tonks

"Headmaster Dippet chose him, not I." said Dumbledore, his eyes cold.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I learned never to do that again." said Ginny.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"Seriously? You tell your kids that?" said Dr. Clark.

"In my line of work, I warn them about a lot of stuff." said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Did you get the books at Flourish and Blotts or the second hand store, Turner's, dear?" asked Madam Bones.

"Turner's" said Mrs. Weasley.

"Well, you never know what people could leave in the books. I had a cousin find an old bookmark that once belonged to Newt Scamander, she returned it to him and got a signed copy of his book, and a beautiful phoenix feather quill." said Madam Bones. "It was quite unfortunate that your daughter didn't get the same pleasant surprise."

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"That's one of the qualities I admire about you, Albus," said Bathilda taking a sip of tea. "If you see a student distraught, you'll insist that they rest."

"After they tell him what had happened." said Sirius, thinking about Harry's exhausted frame from the year before.

"Well of course, how else is he supposed to correct and fix it if he doesn't know what had happened?" said Bathilda.
"I don't know, wait until they wake up after resting first?" said Sirius sarcastically.

"Then it might be too late." said Bathilda shortly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"If I wasn't freaked out at that time, I would have been really happy about that." said Ginny.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence.**

"Well, Fudge fits the older part, but not so much the wiser." sniggered Fred.

**Dialogue set, seventh sentence.**

"Works wonders at home too." said Charlie.

"Your father actually got me, how do you youngsters put it? Hooked, on hot chocolate when I feel particularly worn." said Dumbledore with a smile. "I caught him in the kitchens when he was, let's see, a second year, making a large batch of hot chocolate."

"Mom actually went down into the kitchens and made me some hot chocolate for me." said Ginny.

**End of dialogue set.**

"How the hell is that timed that good?" said Sirius.

The staff merely shrugged. "Fate?" offered Professor Sprout.

"Fate's got some great timing." said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

Hermione looked at Ron, with look of pleasant surprise on her face.

"Well, you know." said Ron trying to sound cool, however it didn't work too well, especially when Hermione gave him swift kiss on the cheek.

"Dear me, Fred. Look how red Ron is getting." said George.

"Positively shocking." said Fred.

"Absolutely scandalous." said George.

"Get off." said Ron to the twins.
"I apologize, Miss Weasley for that statement, I should have phrased it differently." said Dumbledore swiftly.

"What? What do you mean, sir?" asked Ginny.

"After hearing what I just said, I can see how it could be taken as that you were at fault somewhere along the line. I deeply apologize." said Dumbledore.

"Oh, um...it's okay." said Ginny with a small smile.

"He passed out up in the Hospital Wing." said Ginny.

"I was worried sick." said Mr. Weasley stiffly, "It just got to be too much."

"Don't blame you, Mr. Weasley." said Lionus. "If I had children, and this happened. I'd faint...right after I kill and disembowel everyone that was involved in hurting my daughter."

"What about son?" asked Lee.

"Well, I'd let him get in a few shots, then I'd kill them and behead them." said Lionus with a vicious smile.

"Go daddy." said Lee gulped.

"They were overjoyed. They love to cook for feasts." said McGonagall with a weak smile.

"Oh, come on! All that death-defying stuff and you're going to give detention and take points away?" said Nightstrike groaning.

"You've gone native." said Tempest with a smirk.

"Well, like me, you've gone for a native." said Nightstrike raising his eyebrows.

"What do you mean?" asked Tempest shortly.

"There aren't any Willow trees in the rooms we were assigned." said Nightstrike plucking a thin leaf from her hair.

"I was out for a morning run." snapped Tempest.

"And Firenze happened to go about the same way, attracting the exact same ornament in his tail?"
said Nightstrike.

"Permission to kill Lieutenant Nightstrike, sir?" said Tempest hotly, a fierce blush reached her face.

"Permission denied. Behave Nightstrike, or I'll mention the traces of lipstick on your cheek." said Lionus. Nightstrike took on the same shade of red as Tempest as did Emmeline Vance.

"Don't think that I didn't notice that you both left the prisoner, unguarded." said Lionus with a smirk. "She's not as dangerous as the others, so that may be why you thought that leaving her alone for a while was fine. Don't...do...it...again..."

"Yes, sir." said Tempest and Nightstrike together.

"Go on dates in shifts from now on." said Lionus with a sneer.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

"If we were expelled, you'd have carry me out of Hogwarts, cause I would be passed out on the floor in a dead faint." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

"Now you're a stickler for rules?" said Bill in shock.

"I was in my younger days, now I can see ways of dancing around the rule book." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Thank goodness." said Harry quietly.

"Go figure." said Professor Snape rolling his eyes.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"If Dumbledore had been like any of the other Headmasters, you both would have been expelled." said McGonagall sternly.

"I don't think we'd have been around past first year." said Ron.

"I wouldn't be here past Christmas." said Harry quietly.
"I took Tom's award for services to the school down and destroyed it." said Dumbledore. "As it was fitting."

"Ours are there now." said Ron proudly.

"I'm going to have to go and look at it tonight." said Sirius with a smile. Harry groaned.

**End of dialogue set.**

"I remember Severus coming to me and complaining about the four hundred point leap." said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

"I found it unfair." said Snape shortly.

"Especially after you took about two hundred and fifty points away from the Weasley twins for causing the fifth floor's suits of armor to jitterbug in the corridors, the day prior." said Professor Flitwick with a smile.

"So you only won by...?" said Sirius.

"We won by one hundred and fifty points." said Harry.

"So you two really only got about seventy-five points each for saving the school and defeating a giant basilisk? That's pathetic." said Sirius.

**Thirteenth paragraph, ninth word.**

"Arrgh!" Ron cried out, and lunged at Harry, the entire bowl was knocked over backwards. The men found themselves laughing as Harry and Ron tussled around.

"Take it back!" said Ron in a muffled voice as he and Harry rolled about on the floor.

"No." said Harry with a smile. "It was the same color! Leggo my arm!"

"Take it back, quit hitting me!" said Ron.

"You hit me first!" said Harry as he flipped Ron over and held him in a light choke hold.

"Will the both of you knock it off?" said Ginny, her hands on her hips.

"You're both idiots." said Hermione standing beside Ginny.

Ron and Harry looked at each other. "But we're your idiots." said the both of them with broad smiles.

The school laughed as Harry and Ron continued to wrestle around frantically, finally Harry apologized after Ron grabbed his arm and pulled it behind his back.

**End of thirteenth paragraph.**
"It was most unusual." said Dumbledore.

"I kept staring at him, waiting for him to take all the credit." said McGonagall.

"I saw you had your wand drawn." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"I had just about had it with him." said McGonagall stiffly.

"I can't wait till I can forget him again." said Remus.

"Did he honestly think someone could stand behind him, when he's standing in a corner?" said Sirius with a laugh.

"Stole my wand, tried to obliterate us and instead he shot himself and made the ceiling of the tunnel to sort of collapse." said Fred.

“Horrible accident it was.” said George.

"Before you even went down into the tunnel." said Lupin.

"Before he even started his first day working here." said Sirius.

"Oh, I wouldn't have told him that." said Fred.

"But then he would have gotten better and he would have gotten away with everything." said George.

"Oh, never mind then." said Fred.
"Harry also divulged what Gilderoy had done to all those champions of the people." said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

"Dear lord." groaned Tonks.

"You trusted Lockhart with Ron?" said Mrs. Weasley.

"Actually, Mom, I kept kicking him all the way there. Kept telling him it was mice biting his ankles." said Ron with a smile. "He said something about how we needed more cats around here."

"Didn't know what he wanted to talk to Harry for." said Ron.

"That's what supposed to happen when you talk to the Headmaster, however...the same cannot be said for the Weasley twins." said McGonagall, the faintest trace of smile on her lips.

"Yeah, when we've been sent to him lately, we just kick back." said Fred.

"Slouch in the chairs." said George.

"And tell him how our day went." said Fred.

"Then we tell what we did." George.

"Then he gives us detention, but you know what? It's nice to talk to him and ask him for his opinion on stuff." said Fred.

"Our conversations are quite entertaining." said Dumbledore with a wide smile. "Though I have yet to answer their final question that ask every time."

"How to go about getting away with everything." said the twins together.
"I thought you said you sent him." said Remus wonderingly.

"I did, but judging from what Harry had told me, I sent Fawkes, in the completely wrong direction. I thought that the Entrance was towards the eastern dungeons. I didn't know that the chamber was in a bathroom, especially Moaning Myrtle's." said Dumbledore.

"But I thought he flamed in." said Ron.

"He did, but if he is near enough, he doesn't waste his strength flaming about, when he can just fly towards the area." said Dumbledore. "But the dungeons he was heading to were about three-quarters of a mile away. I told him that he had to get to Harry, you, and Ginny as quickly as possible."

"Oh." said Ron.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"Why are you grinning?" asked Zacharias.

"Don't answer him." said Sirius with a snarl.

Dialogue line.

"Albus..." hissed McGonagall.

"He was fine, from what I saw, he was exhausted, and slightly battered, but other than that he was fine. I wanted him to think carefully about what he had seen and heard." said Dumbledore.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Dumbledore absent-mindedly touched his eyebrows slowly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Don't blame you, Cub." said Remus ruffling Harry's still snow white hair.

End of dialogue set.
"You're better than him." said Bill.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"You could have been placed in any house and done frightfully well, just like how you are as a Gryffindor." said Professor Flitwick with a broad smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"What does Harry's ability have anything to do with Voldemort's?" asked Remus.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"...oh..." said Remus. He looked over to Harry swiftly.

"So..." said Sirius.

"We're hoping that some of the powers he lost during his illness, is some of the dark lord's power." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"Why?" said Dr. Clark.

"Because then maybe some of his own abilities will come to view. If not, he'll lose two abilities, instead of one." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"What....?" said Sirius.

"You'll find out, I believe. Much later." said Dr. Nicodemus.

End of dialogue set.

"Unless he's dumber than I think." said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

"First time I ever wanted to make myself sick." said Harry, he had brought his legs up into the bowl and wrapped his arms around his legs. "Every time I think of it, I can't eat, or sleep." he laid his head on his knees.

"Are you alright?" said Dumbledore worriedly.
"Yeah, just don't expect me to eat for a while." said Harry's muffled voice.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"It put you in Gryffindor." said McGonagall proudly.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"That didn't make me feel any better." said Harry, still talking through his knees.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second comma.

"Minus the Parseltongue part, those qualities also belonged to...your dad and his family. And that side of your family were loaded with Gryffindors." said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

"You knew?" asked Seamus.

"I would have gone with anything. I myself am very resourceful." said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

People sat in their chairs and cushions in silence. Even the adults were bombarded with deep thoughts.

End of dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

"He reached for it too fast. I had to tell him to be careful." said Dumbledore, he stood up and stood behind Harry. He placed his hands on Harry's shoulders. "Harry, do you want us to take a break?"

"No. I'm going to be fine." said Harry quietly.
"Wow!" said a few first and second years.

"Nice of you to help yourself." said Rivers with a smile.

"I asked earlier if I may borrow some parchment and ink, much earlier." said Dumbledore.

"And medical attention from me." said Madam Pomfrey loudly.

"Yeah, I slept in the Hospital Wing that night." said Harry, slowly recovering from his overpowering thoughts. "Didn't wake up till dinner time the next day."

"I was grateful to that letter." said Hagrid, his face slowly paling.

"No thanks to Potter, he killed the first one and drove the other one insane." said Zacharias with a smirk.

"Mr. Smith!" said Professor Sprout angrily. "Do not make me send you to your dorm for the rest of the readings."

Zacharias snarled towards Harry and crossed his arms furiously.

"Caught me right on my wrist, that was another bruise that Madam Pomfrey had to look at." said Harry.
Malfoy cringed in his seat under the furious gazes from people across the room.

"So, Dobby belongs to your family?" shrieked Lavender.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, good then I did sound pleasant, I was afraid I wasn't." said Dumbledore with a smile. "It took all I had to not berate that man."

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

"He's another person that just signed onto my 'Gonna die' list." spat Sirius.

"Just because he nearly knocked me over?" asked Harry quietly.

"Especially because of that, you're my baby." said Sirius.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

"Poor Dobby." said Parvati sadly.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

"Poor guy, my heart bleeds for him." said George with mock sympathy.

"We mean, Malfoy." said Fred.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"And thank God he did." said Remus.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Sort of sounds like what happened at the Dursley's." said Harry absently.

Dialogue set, third sentence.
"They were quite relieved when they discovered that Miss Weasley was found to be alive." said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

"Indeed?" said Madam Bones with a raised brow.

"Have we arrested Malfoy yet?" asked Dr. Nicodemus.

"Not yet, I don't think." said Lionus, "I haven't received word of his capture yet."

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

"He won't act on it. He's a coward." said Moody with sneer.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Your boss." said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"I wanted to see his reaction, and peer into his mind at the same time." said Dumbledore.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

"Good thing, too." said Harry.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

"Guess he's trying to tell Harry that the book belongs to Malfoy." said Kingsley with a deep, calm voice.
"As you children say, he has a terrible poker face." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Don't drag him into the conversation with a Death Eater." said Sirius in a whimper.

"Oh, you're rubbing it in his face, love it." said Sirius losing the whimper and taking on his bark-like laugh.

"There's a heads up to what was going to happen." muttered Harry thoughtful.

"Bet Malfoy loved that one." said Charlie with a smile.

"His face did turn a bit red." said Dumbledore thinking back.

"So that was what Malfoy's motive was." said Moody with a smirk.

"Wiped? I pretty sure, due to all ink, the memories were drowned out." said Sirius.

"Exactly what Malfoy would have wanted." said Moody.
"Doesn't he sound relieved?" said Fred.

Thirty-first paragraph.
"Yes, Dobby, we know, you can stop beating yourself now." said Ron.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence.
"Wow, you didn't figure it out right away?" said Seamus.
"I was tired, battered and slimed, I didn't want to focus on anything." said Harry defensively.

End of thirty-second paragraph.
People grabbed their ears and cringed slightly.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.
"You love picking fights don't you?" said Sirius with raised brows.
"What could he do?" said Harry shrugging.
"Let's make a list. How about that?" said Remus.
"But Dumbledore was sitting right there." said Harry looking up at Dumbledore with a smile.
"Oh, list gone." said Sirius with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
Bill and Charlie had to restrain both of their parents. "Easy Mom, Dad. He'll get what's coming to him." said Charlie while trying to hold onto his mother's arm.

End of dialogue set.
Bill had to throw his arm around his father's neck working hard to hold his father back.
"Can you arrest him, Madam Bones?" shouted Fred angrily.

"No, I cannot use these books to apprehend him." said Madam Bones regretfully.

"Not stopping us." Lionus snapped his fingers and suddenly a figure dove out from nowhere and landed at Lionus' feet. He dropped down on a knee and kneeled before the Captain.

"You summoned me, sir?" said the man.

The students noticed that this guy had some sort of strange looking cloak wrapped around his shoulders, like leather.

"Have you got Lucius Malfoy?" said Lionus.

"Yes sir, we have him." said the strange cloaked man.

"And you didn't come and tell me?" said Lionus shortly.

"You told us to not interrupt the proceedings, under any circumstance. Do you want him now?" asked the man.

"I'd love it." said Lionus with a vicious smile.

The man looked up and suddenly the cloak stretched out and it showed what it really was.

"Wings? He's got wings?" said Ron in a awed whisper.

"Like a bat." said Hermione in shock.

"If they followed proper protocol, then it will be after lunch when they get back here," said Lionus with a smirk. "I think that I'll speak to Mr. Malfoy Senior somewhere alone. I hope that you, Mr. Weasley will join me."

"With pleasure." said Mr. Weasley with snarl.

"Um?" said Draco quietly.

"Best you not hear what I'm going to tell your father." said Lionus, trying to be kind.

"I was exceedingly proud of Harry for what he said." said Dumbledore with a smile.
"Better believe it." said Mr. Weasley angrily. "Why didn't you tell me he was the one behind it though?"

"What would you have done if I had told you?" asked Dumbledore curiously.

"I'd have killed him." said Mr. Weasley hotly.

"Then you would have gone to Azkaban. Best keep you around, Arthur, goodness knows what might happen to your department without you." said Dumbledore kindly.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

"He never would have cleared his pocket without Dumbledore slamming him into the wall with a curse of his own." said a third year proudly.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

The people in the Great Hall groaned sympathetically.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

"Why didn't you do anything, Headmaster?" asked Hermione tearfully.

"It's his House-elf, I cannot lawfully admonish him or curse him for it." said Dumbledore. "Hopefully, some day, that law will change."

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"What are you planning?" asked Tonks.

Dialogue line.

"You're worried about the feast?" said Madam Bones.

"He didn't need to get any thinner that what he was. Also, I was giving him a subtle hint that I would be close behind him." said Dumbledore with a smile.
"That hint I caught." said Harry.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.**

"Ugh...burn that sock." gagged Dr. Clark.

"How could you get that diary to get stuffed in your sock?" asked Remus.

"It was Uncle Vernon socks." said Harry.

"Oh." said Remus.

"I had to hop on one foot just to take my sock and shoe off." said Harry with a smirk.

"I wish I could have seen that." said Sirius with a smirk.

**End of thirty-seventh paragraph.**

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

**Thirty-ninth paragraph.**

The students laughed loudly.

"His face was priceless." said Harry laughing along with them.

Dialogue line.

"It's a sewer drenched sock." said George.

**Fortieth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

"Can we join in the beat down?" asked Remus with a scowl on his face.

"No, I think that Mr. Weasley will do just fine." said Lionus.

**Forty-first paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.
"Huh?" asked Dr. Clark.

"He didn't..." said Remus with a smile.

"I think he did." said Sirius. "Oh this is priceless."

Dialogue line.

"That's right, take the loophole and run with it." said Moody with a smirk on his face.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

"OI!" shouted Sirius loudly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

Everyone, but a few of the people in Slytherin House cheered and shouted joyously.

"Was that you?" asked Sirius to Dumbledore.

"No, Dobby beat me to the punch." said Dumbledore honestly.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

"A House-elf's finger is threatening?" scoffed Lee.

"Was to Malfoy." said George.

Dialogue line.

"You tell him Dobby!" cheered a few third years.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“That's right you slimy bastard.” muttered Sirius.
“Yeah, you don't want the big mean House-elf to knock you on your ass, do you?” said Charlie with a snicker.

“How much do you want to bet that he would throw himself into Harry's service if given half a chance.” said Terry.

“Someone would finally look after Harry...provided Dobby doesn't try and save Harry's life again.” said Hannah.

“Seriously.” said Dr. Clark. “That wasn't his best work.”

"Oh, that's gross. Tell me he washes it soon." said Dr. Clark.

"So he lied." said Remus.

"Not quite." said Harry and Dumbledore.

"Huh?” said several students.

"At the time, I didn't have the strength to question any further.” said Harry.
"Thanks for thinking of me." said Hermione with a faint blush.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

"Took everything I had not to make him actually promise never to try and save my life again." said Harry with a smirk. "Not just joke about it."

Dialogue line

Forty-ninth paragraph.

"Hope he has a nice life." said Neville.

Fiftieth paragraph, second sentence.

"Did you stay up all night?" asked Kingsley.

"Madam Pomfrey came down and dragged me off to the Hospital Wing about five o'clock in the morning." said Harry.

Fiftieth paragraph, third sentence, end of quick dialogue.

"Aww." said a few girls in the Great Hall.

Fiftieth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

"Not even close, I wouldn't have given him the time of day." said Sirius sourly.

Fiftieth paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma.

"Sorry." said Hagrid sheepishly.

"Trifle is good with or without spoons." said Harry and Ron.
"Go Gryffindors!" said the Gryffindor table joyfully.

"Oh, well I know what you were talking about. Good thing you got rid of the tests, it wouldn't have been fair." said Sirius.

"What about the fifth and seventh years?" asked Remus.

"They were able to come back during the summer to take their tests, with plenty of studying under their belts." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Only you." said Ron shaking his head.

"You could almost hear the sarcasm." whispered Madam Hooch to Professor Sinstra.

"Thank goodness he wasn't going to come back." said McGonagall rolling her eyes.

"I still miss kicking him about." said Ron.

"We never left our favorite tree." said Harry fondly.

"You didn't learn anything that year anyway." said Remus.

"Except not letting loose a bunch of pixies." said Sirius.

“And that won't help with your exams.” said Remus.
"Not many people could really figure out why that was really important." said Ron.

Draco continued to cringe in his seat, silently begging for the chapter to end.

"That was one of the better things to happen." said Harry with a smile.

"Wow, did nothing happen at all for the rest of the year, or the train ride?" said Sirius.

"Nope, and it was really nice." said Harry with a smile.

“Strange how we love excitement and he loves boredom.” said Justin.

"Girlfriend." said Fred and George.

"Our Ickle Percy's growing up." said Fred wiping a tear from his eye.

"Hey! No more 'Ickle-anything' remember." said George quickly.

"Was that intentional or accidental?" asked Sirius with a chuckle.

"It had better of been accidental." said George shortly.

"Maybe..." said Fred with a mischievous smile.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

"So you gave up family time, for a girl?" said Fred.

"Whom you were going to see all year round?" said George.

"What were you doing in your room while waiting for the letters, anyway?" said Fred.

"Yeah...you....uh...um...ah..." said George, his voice faltering.

"You figured it out? Spill." said Fred. George leaned over and whispered in his ear Fred's eyes bugged out slightly.

"Never mind continue on." said Fred to Madam Bones in a slightly high pitched tone.

"What are you going on about?" said Bill.

"Nothing, but you may want to talk to Percy at some point." said George whispering to Bill.

"I'm an adult!" hissed Percy.

"Sure Perce, whatever you say. I'd still have a talk." said George in a hushed voice back.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"I thought you said you weren't going to tell them?" said Percy hotly.

"I would have, if you hadn't of kicked me out of the Great Hall before I was taken." said Ginny.

"I didn't kick you out!" said Percy defensively.

"You kinda did." said Ron. "You took her seat and she was so freaked out that she ran out."

End of dialogue set.

"See, I'm not heartless, I asked them not to." said Ginny.

"Why tell them anyway?" said Percy, his face red.

"Harry asked." said Ginny.

"Doesn't mean you tell him." said Percy.

"Harry saved her life." said Charlie.

"He's got dibs on anything he wants from us." said Bill.

Dialogue line
"Did you tease him?" asked Charlie.

"Only when he picked the fight." said Fred.

Dialogue line

"And he picked a lot of fights, not too sure why." said George.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second comma.

"Oh, I rue that day." said Harry with a slightly smile.

"Why?" asked Dr. Clark.

"It didn't go well." said Harry still smiling.

End of dialogue set.

"I should have told you quick how to use it." said Hermione to Ron.

Dialogue set.

Hermione turned a faint pink color under all the shocked looks she received. "I don't know what I was thinking." said Hermione with a blush.

Dialogue line

"And that didn't tell you that something was horribly, horribly wrong." said Sirius.

Hermione shuffled her feet shamefully.


"Well that's the end of this book." said Madam Bones.

"Thank bloody God. That was horrible." said Sirius giving Harry a one armed hug.
"You'll like the next one." said Harry. "Sort of."

"Oh, yeah! I'm in that one!" said Sirius happily.

"I think I'll start off the next book." said Dumbledore walking out from behind Harry and striding over to the now shrinking pile of books.

He picked up the next book with a strangely worn leather cover.

"You'll like this title, Sirius, *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban.*" said Dumbledore.

"Yay!" said Sirius. "Can't wait till the end."

"Goody." mumbled Snape sourly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading Please review
"Third Book, Chapter One," said Dumbledore.

"Who cares about the post?" muttered Zacharias.

"You can say that again." muttered Nightstrike with a smirk.

"Don't blame you." said Sirius shortly. “I did too when I was younger.”

Harry looked up to the ceiling innocently and whistled.

"We should spank your fingers for wanting to do homework." said Lee.

"We don't know you anymore." said the twins with a disdainful sniff.

“Nothing wrong with wanting to do homework!” said Hermione.

“It is when it’s a bloke working on it.” said Ron.

“Nice...” said Bill and Percy.

"Sounds like one of your 'jobs'." said Neville.

"Did you do any that summer?" asked Colin.
Harry reached into his back pocket and pulled out a little white book, and flipped though it thoughtfully.

"I was commissioned to check on a painting and oriental vase." said Harry reading from the book.

"You keep track?" asked Dennis staring eagerly at the book.

"Have to, if I had a bad experience, I want to remember where and who." said Harry.

"How much money did you make for one of those trips?" asked Ernie.

"Not telling." said Harry. "Don't want you lot going off thinking it's easy money."

"Spoilsport." smirked Fred.

"Seriously, if we can't use magic, how the hell does he think it's easy?" said George.

**End of first paragraph.**

"Mr. Smith, one more word...." hissed Professor Sprout to the Hufflepuff that opened his mouth.

**Second paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

"I never could lay on my stomach." said Sirius thoughtfully, "It always made me feel ill."

"Didn't help that James hid under the mattress and punched you through it when you went to lay down." said Remus with a laugh.

“How can you hide under a mattress, it sort of doesn't sit right.” said Ron.

“Sirius was really tired, at least that's how he says he was...just an excuse.” said Remus.

“Shut up.” said Sirius.

**Second paragraph, first sentence, end of parenthesis**

Bathilda beamed happily from her rocking chair.

**End of second paragraph.**

"You needed help with that essay?" said Hermione.

"I needed something obvious." said Harry.
"They aren't round, anymore." said Remus with a smile.

"I thought you said last week that the Eyeglass shop wasn't going to be open Sunday, how did you manage to get the glasses yesterday?" asked Hermione as she watched Harry adjusting his square framed glasses.

"I only had to send her a letter for her to open shop." said Remus with a smile.

“He keeps forgetting that there are people who will drop everything for them.” said Sirius. He then ruffled Harry's hair, “He's not the only one it seems.”

"They never are." said Tonks "Oh! Sorry Dr. Clark." she said quickly looking over to the man.

"It's okay, I never knew this entire world existed." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

"Wow, wish they had told somebody over in Salem." said Dr. Clark wide eyed.

"But how do you explain not reducing to ashes?" said Dr. Clark.

"He's got a point." said a first year muggle-born.

"They apparate, leaving only the wood's ash." said Bathilda Bagshot.

"Ah." said Dr. Clark, but then his face fell. "What about the poor Muggles that were accused?"

"Aurors stepped in and rescued them, they stunned all the Muggles that were present and whisked them away, obliviated them and gave them new identities." said Bathilda.

"Well that makes me feel better." said Dr. Clark.
"There's a Wendelin the Weird Famous Witch or Wizard card that has a misprint, I heard it sold four thousand galleons." said Ron

"What made it a misprint?" asked Dean.

"Said she was set on fire about one hundred and seventeen times." said Ron.

"I don't think I'd enjoy it even once." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

"Why?" asked a first year Hufflepuff.

"Let him finish and you'd find out." said Madam Bones in a hushed voice.

End of fourth paragraph.

"But you're too big to fit in there!" said Hermione shrilly.

"Wouldn't have stopped him to be perfectly honest." said Harry thoughtfully.

The people in the Great Hall turned to look at him, a muscle went in and out of Lionus' cheek.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence.

"I wouldn't even call them relatives." said Sirius with a snarl.

Fifth paragraph, third sentence.

"Medieval?" said Sirius and Remus quietly. "They wouldn't...burn you, would they?"

"They tried hurting Hedwig once, they found out right quick to not touch her again." said Harry with a smile.

"What happened?" asked Professor Flitwick.

"She clawed them and snapped at them so much that they didn't want to get anywhere near her." said Harry.

"Then what did they try?" asked Neville.

"Don't want to talk about it." said Harry quickly.

"Harry..." said Sirius worriedly.
"Don't want to talk about it." repeated Harry sternly.

Fifth paragraph, fourth sentence.

Sirius and Remus both growled fiercely.

Fifth paragraph, fifth sentence.

"Both definitions of downtrodden work here." said Professor Flitwick bitterly.

Fifth paragraph, sixth sentence.

More and more people in the Great Hall started snarling and growling.

End of fifth paragraph.

"They did much worse to you the year before, what made them not go to that extreme?" asked Blaise.

"They didn't want part of the house ripped off again." said Harry with a smile.

"What did they do the moment you got home, because of that little stunt with the car?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Lots of shouting, got smacked about, nothing major." said Harry shrugging.

It completely broke Dumbledore's heart to hear Harry speak nonchalantly about his terror filled home life.

"Albus, are you alright?" asked a far off voice. He looked up and saw everyone staring at him.

"I'm fine, I apologize." said Dumbledore, slowly picking up the book he had accidentally dropped.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"And what about it made it nasty?" asked Dumbledore, as he sipped a small portion of Calming Draught, his heart was pounding and made continuing quite painful.

"It needed to be a six feet long." said Harry.

"That'll do it." said Sirius with a sour look towards the potion master.
"Sorry." Harry muttered as he rubbed the back of his head.

Snape smirked to himself.

"If you had told me how you were unable to do your work, we could have worked something out with me and the other teachers." said Professor McGonagall.

"I would have had it done, the only thing that was time-consuming was dumbing down my thoughts." said Harry.

"Well the discomfort of that summer didn't last long." said Justin with a relived smile.

"It get's worse, way worse." said Harry. "Least on my stand point."

"What kind of car was it?" asked Dr. Clark.

"I'm not sure, but it was white, four doors, sort of looked like Mr. Weasley's Ford Anglia, only the front was a bit longer." said Harry.

"And he bragged about that car?" said Dr. Clark.

"Sort of nicked one of the Ginny's hairpins." said Harry, "Forgot to give it back."

"When did you take it?" asked Ginny.

"The summer before." said Harry. "George went in your room with me and helped me find one, that's where he got his."

"Your hairpins are good luck." said George with a smile.
"It was the same place that I used to store the stuff I would go after." said Harry.

"You changed the spot?" asked Sirius.

"Uncle Vernon almost found it, had to change it." said Harry.

"Amazed you don't do the laundry." said Hermione hotly.

"Not after I shrunk one of Aunt Petunia's cocktail dresses, so it turned into a kid's dress." said Harry with a smirk. "I suck at laundry, can just barely fold clothes right."

“So...he doesn't do the laundry...” said Tonks.

“Like a bloody house-elf.” said Moody.

"When aren't they?" said Fred rolling his eyes.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Dr. Clark, "other than the Dursley's don't give you the rights that normal people have."

"They don't like the 'W' word, or anyone associated with it." said Harry.

"'W' word?" asked Sirius.

"Wizard, or Witch." said Harry.

"Albus, I think Muggle Studies should be one of the mandatory classes for third years and under, so they would at least have the muggle basics down." said McGonagall.

"I quite agree." said Dumbledore. "It would do us no good to be discovered by untrained generations in the ways of the Muggles."
"Wow, he actually sound mildly decent." said George.

"I knew this wasn't going to be good." said Harry.

Several people laughed loudly.

"His face looked really funny." said Harry.

"I thought this was how you were supposed to talk on those things." said Ron sheepishly.

"Running away only makes it worse." said Harry quietly.

"That would have been fun to do." said George with an evil smirk.
"Wonder if he meant Harry too?" asked Colin.

"Doubtful, Mr. Creevey." said McGonagall with a frown.

"What is with you and talking about spiders?" asked Ron.

People looked over to Harry fearfully.

"What happened?" asked Remus worriedly.

"Aside from a black eye, busted lip, bloody nose and lump on my head, it was only a shouting match." said Harry.

"So in short, you got the snot beat out of you." said Sirius.

"He hasn't ever actually spit on you, on purpose, has he?" asked Remus with a growl.

"Only when he talks right in my face. He never learned to say it, not spray it." said Harry.

"Yeah, your uncle didn't sound all that happy." said Ron.

"Sorry Harry, but Ron sent word to me that calling you wouldn't have been a good idea." said Hermione.
"Oh, you already guessed that." said Hermione, turning pink.

"Don't know how you were going to get around to talking to me, though." said Harry thinking hard.

"Nothing was as bad as last summer." muttered Madam Pomfrey, remembering the near starvation the poor boy suffered.

"Screw the promise, send her out to get you out of there!" said Sirius.

"He told me what would happen if he saw her with so much as a post-it note leaving the house on her leg or in her beak." said Harry. "Wasn't worth it."

"What was he going to do?" asked Hermione.

"Clip her wings, and he wasn't going to do it cleanly." said Harry.

"He couldn't sleep very well at night." said Harry with a smile.

"Poor baby." smirked Fred.

"How do you know that?" said Dennis.

"He doesn't get around to snoring till about twelve fifty-nine in the morning." said Harry.
"I needed just two more feet and then I would have been done." said Harry.

"Good hiding spot, in that pristine house no one would expect a hole in the floor." said Kingsley with a smile.

"Fished that out of the garbage, had to go to the junkyard just to find the parts I needed." said Harry.

"What's your stomach got to do with it?" asked Terry.

"Just the thought that it was my birthday and never noticed it." said Harry.

"Haven't had a decent birthday for over five years." said Harry slouching into the bowl.

"I sent you one that last year!" said Ron.

"So did I!" said Hermione.

"And me." said Hagrid.

"Dobby never gave me my letters, not even after he was sent free. He still can't remember where he hid them." said Harry.

"My faith in them died when I turned four." said Harry.
"If you’re tired, go to bed." said Zacharias rolling his eyes.

"Were the bars gone?" asked George.

"Yeah, he left them off, after you, Fred and George ripped them right off." said Harry.

"Can't find many mice around Privet Drive, especially with Mrs. Figg's cats wandering around." said Harry.

"That might have a hand in why it annoys me so much when people flinch at Voldemort's name. Reminds of what the Dursleys did." said Harry sourly.

"That's an understatement." said Sirius.

"Hey, I got taller." said Harry defensively.

"Yeah, at a cost, but you’re still as skinny as a needle." said Sirius.

"Not that you could tell in Dudley's old clothes." said Harry. "He always was taller than me by five inches. Though I'm pretty sure I'm taller than him, now."

"Not that you could tell in Dudley's old clothes." said Harry. "He always was taller than me by five inches. Though I'm pretty sure I'm taller than him, now."
"It got longer though." said Hermione.

"It was longer than any of the other boys in the dorm. Remember one night when we slipped him a sleeping potion and cut his hair?" asked Ron over to the other boys in the dorm.

"Remember when I kicked your guys' ass the next morning when I work up?" said Harry with a smirk.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

"That particular shape, it always interested me." said Dr. Nicodemus rubbing his chin.

Twenty-second paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

"Which is an insult to their memory." said Sirius with a growl.

Twenty-second paragraph, third sentence.

“Grindewald is an easy close second." said Bathilda Bagshot.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

"Something I should never have allowed." said Dumbledore sadly.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

"You are far too young to have thoughts like that." said Tempest.

"Yeah, kids your age should only be thinking about girls, sports, and fast brooms." said Nightstrike.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

"She'd always get it." said Harry with a smile.
"What the hell?" asked Remus curiously.

"Good lad." said Moody appreciatively.

"Must have been Hedwig." said Seamus.

"An unconscious owl?" asked Tonks.

"Errol." said the Weasley children together.

"Oh, Ron. That was too far a trip for Errol." chided Mrs. Weasley.

"I know, but, it was Harry's birthday." said Ron apologetically.

"Your bed was probably more comfortable." said Hermione crossing her arms.

"There's no water on my bed." said Harry.

"Oh." said Hermione, unfolding her arms.

"Hope she wasn't around to hear the 'large' part." said Harry looking around, hoping for the first
time not to see his beautiful white owl.

**End of twenty-eighth paragraph.**

**Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.**

"I hated that piece of paper that that owl carried." said Harry.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Dr. Clark.

"You'll see." said Harry pouting slightly.

"I couldn't do anything Mr. Potter." said Professor McGonagall, no regret on her face.

"I know, but it's not often that I get to have a hissy fit for no reason." said Harry with a smile.

**End of twenty-ninth paragraph.**

"They always were stuck up." said Fred.

**Thirtieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

Several boys started to snigger and laugh.

Professor McGonagall groaned and rubbed her forehead. "Adolescent boys are horrible."

**Thirtieth paragraph, second sentence.**

People began to snarl again, no one should be that happy to get a birthday card.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

**Newspaper clipping title.**

"I was happy to see the picture that went with that." said Harry with a smile.

"So was I." said Sirius with malicious smile.
"Couldn’t have happened to a nicer chap." said one of the Unspeakables.

"I couldn't tell you two apart at the time." said Harry looking at Bill and Charlie.

Sirius chuckled darkly.

Mrs. Weasley sent a teary eyed smile over to Harry.

"Yeah, that was a wasted hope." said Ron sadly.

"Gee, really?" said Dean.

"Who do you think warned her about that tomb? I didn't want her having nightmares." said Bill.
"Well, we had to. You're wand was lost down underneath the school." said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

"At the moment, not all that great." said Harry.

"Too late." said Harry.

"You did look awfully important." said Harry kindly. Percy puffed out his chest.

"Why bother telling him?" asked Fred.

"Pre-warning him." said Ron.

"Thought the soup was a little crunchy." said Bill turning green. "Explains why you two were snorting over your pigeons."

"We ate pigeon?" said the twin also turning green.
"You sure are easy to please." said Leroy with a fond smile.


"What did you think happened?" asked Remus quickly.
"Maybe that he got grounded." said Hermione.

"Were you in Paris, Miss Granger?" asked Lionus with a smile.
"Um..yes sir..." said Hermione quietly.
"Under the Eiffle Tower, there is a small star shaped bolt, push that and then you get sent down underground. That's where the french version of Diagon Alley is." said Lionus with a smile.
"There's an Owl Post office in there."
"Not to mention a wonderful bakery." said Dr. Nicodemus with a fond smile.
"He's got one heck of a sweet tooth." said Lionus with a smile.

"Wish I had an owl like that." said one of third year Ravenclaws.

"Why are you so formal in your letters?" said Hannah.

"Wow, Ron. Did you learn loads?" said Fred teasingly.
"Yeah, bunch, like not to break into an Egyptian tomb." said Ron with a smirk.

\textit{Letter from Hermione, fourth paragraph.}

"He doesn't read them anyway," said Sirius with a laugh.

"How do you?" said Hermione disdainfully.

"We found out." said Sirius and Remus together.

"James wrote about seven feet of the filthiest jokes ever thought of by a third year." said Sirius with a laugh.

"He didn't even tell James off for it. Binns doesn't read the homework." said Remus with a smile.

"That will change, as you are now the new History teacher." said McGonagall with a proud smile.

Remus turned pink slightly and smiled.

\textit{Letter from Hermione, fifth paragraph, third sentence.}

"No." said most of the people in the Great Hall.

\textit{End of Hermione's Letter}

"What made you think that?" asked Charlie with a smirk.

\textit{Thirty-ninth paragraph, third sentence, first dash.}

"What else would she give someone?" asked Marietta.

Hermione looked smug.

\textit{End of thirty-ninth paragraph.}

"How's that for a birthday present?" said Hermione looking smug at everyone staring at her.

"That's a good one." said Sirius with a smile.
Sirius whistled. "Good present." he repeated slowly.

"Crazy nuts." said Madam Pomfrey shaking her head.

Dumbledore and McGonagall smiled at each other.

"It's not what I think it is, is it?" asked Bathida.

"It is." said Professor McGonagall knowing the author very well.

"Sorry, Hagrid." said Harry sincerely.

"It's alright, after Aragog, I guess I'm not all that sure." said Hagrid sadly.

"They just weren't loyal to you." said Nightstrike kindly.

"Don't blame you." said Sirius in a whisper.

They couldn't help it, the people in the Great Hall laughed, as well as Hagrid.
"Shouldn't Hermione's and Hagrid's gift be switched?" asked a seventh year Slytherin.

People laughed even harder.

"Hope that Uncle Vernon didn't wake up," said Colin quietly.

"It chased any noise anything in my room made." said Harry.

"Were you okay?" asked Sirius, not finding it funny anymore.

"Yeah, just a bite mark on the top of my hand." said Harry.

"Good, he's still sleeping." said Remus heaving a relieved sigh.
"Beats my idea for tape." said one of the other fifth years.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

Hagrid's card.

Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

Harry gave a shamed smile up to Hagrid, but Hagrid only smiled gently back.

Forty-ninth paragraph, end of first sentence.

"I went from no cards to three in one night." said Harry.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Letter from Hogwarts.

"The Dursleys aren't going sign that." said Tonks sadly.

Fifty-first paragraph, first sentence.

"I had the same thought." said Harry with a sad smile.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

"Too bad you can't use blackmail." said Moody.

"Alastor!" shouted McGonagall.

"Actually..." said Harry with a smile.

Professor McGonagall groaned loudly as Moody laughed loudly.

Fifty-second paragraph.
"I stopped doing that after first year." said Zacharias with smirk.

"Wow, that chapter was sort of...not all that bad." said Remus.

"Shall we take a break for lunch?" asked Dumbledore with a smile.

Suddenly the door opened and in came the winged man from earlier that day, he shoved a long blonde haired man into the Great Hall.

"Here he is Captain." said the man standing behind the frightened looking man and shoving the man forward again.

"Hello, Lucius Malfoy, thanks for coming by. I'd like to have a word with you." said Captain Lionus standing up with a smirk on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading Please review.
The Cost of Inflation

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lionus motioned for Mr. Weasley to follow him, and led the three people into the spare classroom across the hall. Twice along the way, the Ranger that had brought Lucius had to restrain Mr. Weasley from pummeling every inch of Malfoy he could reach.

"Well, this is will serve our purposes just fine. " said Lionus. "Now Mr. Lucius, I believe that you have some retribution coming back to you."

"Don't know what you are talking about." said Lucius stiffly, trying to sound aloof, but failing miserably.

"Do we have his wand, Darkhunt?" asked Lionus.

"Yes, sir. I have it." said Darkhunt, twirling the wand around his fingers.

"Good, and," he snapped his fingers and suddenly another wand came shooting out of the folds of Mr. Weasley's robes and landed gently into Lionus' hands. "There now the odds are evened. Mr. Weasley, if you wish?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Weasley, he was too busy snarling at Lucius to even pay attention to the fact that his wand was gone.

"Have at him; pummel him to your heart's content. I'll give you ten minutes, but no more." said Lionus leaving the room. "Darkhunter, make sure they play nice. I'm going to go back to the Great Hall, there's someone I need to talk to."

"Yes sir." said Darkhunter saluting and smiling at the first uppercut that was delivered to Lucius.

Lionus went back to the Great Hall and smiled as all the eyes of the students, teachers and guests were staring up at him. Then a whirl of yellow came up to meet him, but a quick shove sent the yellow blur back flying.
"Let me go!" said young Mr. Malfoy angrily.

"Now why would you want to go in there?" said Lionus with a smirk.

"That's my father!" said Draco angrily.

"Well aware of it. Your father is getting his due, and he should consider himself lucky that I'm not going to kill him or imprison him." said Lionus.

"Why the hell aren't you going to arrest him?" shouted Bill.

"I think life without magical abilities is punishment enough, don't you?" said Lionus to Bill with a broad smile.

"Wait..What?" said Malfoy weakly.

"Your father is no more powerful than a Squib now." said Lionus. "The Ranger that's with him now has a very peculiar ability. If he gets ahold of your wand, your magic is done for. Until he releases the magic from his body. Deal with it, unless he does something in these books or beyond, he isn't getting his powers back. Besides, if you go in there, you'll only see your dad get the shit beaten out of him."

"You're letting Arthur use magic on him?" said Kingsley with a shocked expression.

"Nope, he's using his fists and his feet." said Lionus tossing Mr. Weasley's wand into the air lightly. "I'm not so foolish as to let him use magic."

"I would have." snarled Moody.

"And that is what separates you and me." said Lionus with a smirk.

"Now, boys, don't start fighting, you may find it not in your best interests." said Dr. Nicodemus, sending a pointed look over to Harry.

Immediately they stopped.

Then, Mr. Weasley came back into the Great Hall, sweat pouring off his forehead and had a large smile on his face.

"You finished up quickly." said Lionus with a smile.

"That felt great!" said Mr. Weasley rubbing his knuckles. "Oh, your Ranger left."

"I know, he's taking Mr. Malfoy back home. He should find out really soon that he won't be able to even use the most basic of wandless magic." said Lionus with a smirk.

"Why didn't you keep him here for the readings?" asked Tempest.

"I've got enough to keep an eye on, don't need another person to babysit." said Lionus.

"Well, let's get a move on, shall we?" said Dr. Nicodemus. "I'm quite eager to see what Harry has going on this coming year."

"Who'd like to start reading this time?" asked Dumbledore.

"I'll do it." said Tonks raising her hand.
"Bad idea." muttered Harry.

"Second Chapter" said Tonks loudly.

"Who's that?" asked Dr. Nicodemus.

"Uncle Vernon's sister. I hate her guts." said Harry.

"Harry, remember our talk on hate?" said Dr. Clark warningly.

"Yeah, I know." said Harry grumbling.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"Did you get in trouble for not making breakfast?" asked Hermione fearfully.

"No, it was Thursday, that's the day that Aunt Petunia tries out her cooking classes." said Harry. "Most she can do is toast and scrambled eggs though."

First paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"He got a TV? All we get are kisses and hugs from Great Aunt Winifred." said Colin.

First paragraph, end of second sentence.

"Do I want to know how far away it is?" said Madam Pomfrey.

"It's right in the next room, not even ten feet away." said Harry with a smirk.

"Sweet Merlin." said Mrs. Weasley.

"Should have taken him to that track meet." said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

"He wouldn't have gone." said Harry. "Unless they had made an all you can eat buffet."

First paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

"I had to make triple recipes of anything I wanted to make." said Harry.

"Why triple recipes?" asked Seamus.

"Cause he ate the first two batches." said Harry.

"Holy crap." said Dean.

"Crabbe and Goyle have nothing on him." said Harry with a smirk. The two bullies of the scowl looked at him stupidly, not even attempting to follow the conversation.
There wasn't a hand in the Great Hall that didn't touch the bottom part of their chins.

"How could you fit?" asked Sirius.
"I'm skinny, that's the only way I could fit." said Harry with a smile.

"Ugh, quit describing him." said Ginny squirming and gagging.

"Don't even start singing!" said Harry looking around sternly.

"That's all you had for breakfast?" shrieked Mrs. Weasley.
"I didn't even get that, but it was my own fault." said Harry.

"Wow, are they talking about me?" said Sirius.
"Yeah." said Harry.
"Why?" asked Sirius wonderingly.
"Extra eyes, Mr. Black." said Madam Bones. "Too bad it didn't really work."
Sirius stared at her.
"Not that...not what I meant to say." she said hastily.

"You were armed?" said Dr. Nicodemus, "how did that come about?"
"Stole it from a wizard, never realized it was gone, till way later." said Sirius.
"You always did have quick fingers. He used to pick our pockets all the time for laughs." said Remus with a smirk.

"So that's what happened to Cadogans' wand." giggled Tonks.

**End of dialogue set.**

"Which went straight to the Ministry of Magic didn't it?" said Bill with a smirk.

"Of course." said Kingsley with a smirk.

"Not one person that called led us anywhere, all nutters." said Tonks.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

"I'm going to be your worst nightmare, Vernie." said Sirius with a smirk.

"You already are. I mentioned you a few times last summer and this past summer." said Harry with a bright smile.

"Good boy." said Sirius with a smirk.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Well excuse me, they don’t have showers in Azkaban." said Sirius with a frown.

**End of dialogue set.**

"Don't remind me, I looked horrible." said Sirius shaking his head.

"Narcissist." muttered Remus smirking.

**Third paragraph, first sentence.**

"Wonder what he would say about it now?" said Harry with a smirk. “Probably call me a punk receiver.”

“A what?” asked Ginny.

“Never you mind.” said Harry with a laugh.
"You're picking a fight with the wrong Marauder, kid." said Sirius giving Harry a shove.

"Aww, come on! I warranted only about thirty seconds?" said Sirius pouting.

"At least your more news worthy than a warning about the rising price of beef and fish." said Harry with a smirk.

"Who cares, he was supposed to be a dangerous man!" said Tonks.

"Supposed to be?" said Sirius crossing his arms. "I think I'm pretty dangerous to the Death Eaters."

"Don't tell me you're going to be sensitive the entire book?" said Remus.

"How does knowing where he's escaped from going to help you protect yourself against him?" said Kingsley.

"He hates it when people don't tell him the full story." said Harry. "He called the television station and told them off."

"What did they do about his complaint?" asked Sirius.

"Ridiculed him in front of thousands of viewers." said Harry with a smile. "It was beautiful."

"What is she trying to do?" asked Hermione.

"See if she could see Sirius come strolling up the sidewalk." said Harry with a smile.

"She calls almost every single hotline that asks for information. Cops hate it when they see her name on their I.D."

"Boring is the best way to put it. They're about as exciting as watching grass grow." said Harry.

"That's the signal to agree with whatever the heck he says." said Harry.

"From shoplifters, to murderers." chanted Harry. "Same thing every time someone escapes from somewhere."

"If hanging is the only way, let's give him a dose of it, he's one of those kind of people." said Remus with a cruel smile.

"What's she looking for? Bad beans?" said Ron.

"You must really not like her." said Luna dreamily. "If your mind comes crashing down like that."

Neville stared, "Wow, you actually stuttered."

"What else would you have called her?" asked Ron.

"Well, the one name that I can actually call her, in a room full of adults, is Miss. Dursley." said Harry with a cute smile.

"No surprise she isn't married." muttered Kingsley. "If she's anything like her brother and what you've said."
"As ordered by a judge to manage her anger issues." said Harry. "I learned that from Inspector Homes."

"She has a gardener." said Harry. "She hates dirt."

"If she has anger issues, how does she have the ability to raise dogs." said Hermione.

"They're a special kind of guard dog." said Harry.

Sirius turned and looked at Harry in horror.

"Harry?" said Sirius worriedly.

Harry leaned against Sirius heavily. "Wish I could fall asleep right now." he muttered.

Sirius and Remus each put an arm around his shoulders.

Mrs. Weasley turned and looked horrified at Harry.

"Sort of hard to stand frozen in place when someone is fracturing your ankles." muttered Harry.

"Wasn't even the good kind." said Harry. "She gave me the chicken liver flavor. She could have at least gotten the ham bones. They've got meat on it at least."

"That's not funny." said Dr. Clark looking at Harry in shock.

"Who's being funny, I'm dead serious." said Harry.

"You ate dog biscuits? said Ron in amazement.

"Locked in a cupboard, with no food for who knows how long? I'll eat anything that even remotely looks like food. I'm not picky. I'm picky about what I serve, but not what I eat." said Harry.

"Also explains why you hate waste." said Luna. "You know what it's like to be hungry and you..."
appreciate the value of food."

"Unless we get a dog, we're not having any dog food in the house." said Remus.

"That's too bad, those ham bones are good." said Harry with a smirk.

**Ninth paragraph, third sentence.**

Wasn't the first time." said Harry shaking his head.

**Ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

"You have got to be kidding me!" said Dean.

"What time did you get sent up the tree?" said Hermione, her eyes flashing.

"Little bit after lunch." said Harry. Growls, snarls and promises of bodily harm to the Dursley's erupted around the hall.

**End of ninth paragraph.**

"He's a dead duck." said Fred.

"He's a dead over-stuffed duck." said George.

**Dialogue set.**

"Don't tell me he's going to tell you to behave! From the sounds of it, she starts it!" said Charlie.

"She does, she loves winding me up." said Harry.

**Tenth paragraph.**

"That boy needs a severe talking to." said Professor Sprout angrily.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"You're giving the man that can smack the sense out of you, cheek?" said Sirius in amazement.
"Thankfully." said Remus.

Snape rolled his eyes and rubbed his forehead. "Keep pushing your luck, Potter."

"That means you are way too close to getting the snot beaten out of you." said Bill warningly.

"What?" shouted the people in the Great Hall.

"I know that place." said Nightstrike. "Thank goodness you aren't in there. Those people are vicious. They steal, lie, assault and cheat, and that's just the teachers!"

"You hurt him and I'll make trouble for you." muttered Dumbledore darkly.

Harry smiled warmly at his headmaster. "That I would love to have seen."

"You are getting spoiled on your birthday, next year." said Uncle Rudolph through gritted teeth. "Party, presents, vacation, everything."

“Horses, dogs, cats, birds, anything in the muggle world you want, you’re getting.” said Leroy darkly.

“Even a unicorn if we can get one.” said Rudolph sternly.

“I’ll settle for the small party thanks…” said Harry with a twinge of red in his cheeks.
"Not when the TV is on." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"That boy will come to no good." muttered Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

"I've only seen one guy who can wear ties, on anyone else they look sort of stupid." said Leroy.

"Who would that be?" asked Harry, he sent a pointed look at his Uncle Rudolph.

"Believe it or not, it's not him." said Leroy. "You don't know him."

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

You don't freeze in front of trolls, dark wizards, three headed dogs, giant spiders or basilisks but you lock up at the thought of this Aunt Marge coming for a visit." laughed Seamus, some other students laughed as well, but then they slowly stopped laughing.

"Hang on, if..." said Seamus and he looked over horrified at Harry who was looking down at the floor.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"Dudley snatched it up the moment I turned away." said Harry.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

"You're going to ride along?" said Hannah in shock.

"Nope, but I had a plan, and it would have worked, but with Aunt Marge..." said Harry with a snarl.

Fourteenth paragraph.
"As if he's taken me anywhere, just the two of us." said Harry with a laugh.

"You're going to ask him about the Hogsmede visits?" said Terry, his eyes wide.

"Wow, you've got guts asking him." said Tonks.

Lionus rubbed his chin and had a mysterious smile on his face. "You blackmailed him, eh?"
"With you and Madam Bones sitting here, I think I'll call it a business deal." said Harry.
All the law enforcement officers sniggered and chuckled warmly.

"I'd enjoy it too." said Sirius with a laugh.

"You'd make a devious criminal." said Tempest shaking her long mane-like hair and smiling.

"If he so much as looks at you threateningly I'll do worse than just raise my fist to him." said Sirius.
"No, but it would land you in the hospital." said Remus worriedly.

"He went back on his word didn't he?" asked Neville, who remembered that Harry hadn't been able to go to Hogsmede that year.

"Doubt he would have followed through with that promise." said Dr. Clark.

"Yeah, but it gave me a motivation to try and behave, and I would have threatened not to have cooked at all after that, that would have set him right, right away." said Harry with a smirk. "Don't come between Uncle Vernon and his Jammy Dodgers."

"That man needs anger management really bad." said Nightstrike.

"If he ever gets out of prison." said Madam Bones with an evil smile.

"How the hell are you going to do that?" asked Blaise.

"Hide anything and everything magical related." said Harry.

"At least when you come home for the summer, you won't have to hide your homework under the floor." said Sirius with a wide smile.

"So what was your room like?" asked Hermione in a whisper.
"It's awesome, this summer you guys have got to come over and stay a while." said Harry whispering back.

"They can come and stay anytime they like. We got plenty of guest rooms." said Sirius hearing the whispered conversation.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

"I hated to wake them up, after the long flights they both had." said Harry regretfully.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"She never came to us. Errol was home when we got there, but she never came." said Ron.

"I think she was just hanging around, hunting and enjoying a bit of a vacation from me." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"I got it, but I didn't see Hedwig." said Ron. "Wonder how she managed to get the letter off?"

"She can, I don't know how either." said Harry with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

"Aunt Marge only likes dogs, she hates any other kind of animal. Knowing her, she would have sicced Ripper on her, and I didn't want that to happen." said Harry.

Twentieth paragraph.

Too bad it didn't have a good side to it. Thought Harry miserably.

Twenty-first paragraph.

"Welcome?" scoffed Harry. "Have me present so she can ridicule and bully me is more like it."

Dialogue line.

"Have you seen his hair lately? You can't do a dang thing to it." said Ernie with a laugh.
“Hey, now, yes I can.” said Harry pouting slightly.

“Like what?” said Zacharias with a sneer.

Harry sighed, he didn’t really want to, but just prove him wrong…he’d do anything. He sent a pointed look over to a little girl with a pair of braids.

“Alright then.” said Harry.

She smiled with ecstasy and hurried behind him.

“Just one.” said Harry as he lifted his hair and let it drape behind the bowl. In a few moments, his long hair that was now almost always in a long pony tail, was now in a long braid.

“How’s that for you?” said Harry with a smile as he thanked the first year Slytherin girl.

“I’m amazed you trusted her.” muttered Draco.

“She asked nicely, I said I’d think about it.” said Harry with a shrug. He didn’t want to say out loud that if she had tried anything funny, the men in the bowl would have stopped her.

Twenty-second paragraph.

"Sounds like an absolutely lovely week you're going to have." said Fred.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"And straighten you butler suit!” said George.

"I was going to say pillowcase." muttered Charlie. "He's treated more like a slave than a servant."

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first dash.

Several people gagged and laughed hysterically.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, end of first sentence.

"Oh my god!” said Lavender weakly.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.
"Evil tempered? That's a huge understatement." said Harry rolling his eyes.

Dialogue line.

The students howled with laughter.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"Could just tell what color it was." said Harry with a smirk.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

Sirius gave his godson a little squeeze while his arm was around his godson's shoulder.

"Whoa Mom, didn't know you could be so violent." said Bill taking a step back away from his muttering mother.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

"Bet Dudley loved getting all the attention." said Tonks with a growl.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

"Horrid child, he should love all the adoration he's getting." said Madam Hooch angrily.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"A hat-stand would have a better life than what I've got going on." said Harry.

"How about recently?" said Remus with a smile.

"Life is better." said Harry, "Now if the whole Voldemort thing would just get fixed then I'd be sitting pretty."

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.
"Water, you moron." said Charlie shaking his head.

"You don't give a dog tea." said Charlie shaking his head.

"Heave?" said Rivers sitting forward in his chair.

"I swear she packs half of the stuff she owns in there." said Harry.

"Who made the fruitcake." said Neville.

"I did, Aunt Petunia tries to subtlety make me make extra food. If I had known she was coming, I would have made my food halfway decent, she's not good enough for the best cooking." said Harry.

"Have you gone all out on cooking yet?" asked Ginny.

"Well, every time I've cooked here, I've gone all out." said Harry shrugging.

"There isn't an animal she does like." said Harry.

"What about that parrot that Dudley had?" asked Charlie.

"Uncle Vernon said he could have it, and it was in a cage so the rest of her house wouldn't have gotten destroyed." said Harry.

"What's he like?" asked Charlie.
"He's halfway decent, but he's bullied by her all the time, she fancies him." said Harry with a dry chuckle. "He can't stand her."

"Why doesn't he just not be around her?" asked Hermione.

"He's her boarder. He pays less rent if he helps out around the place and she charges a lot per month, he could barely make ends meet before he broke down and helped her out about the place." said Harry.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Translation: he's got to do it and do it right by the time she gets home." said Harry.

**End of dialogue set.**

"I pine when your here." said Harry to the snicker of the students.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Who the hell did you think took your suitcase you stupid old..." said Mrs. Weasley.

"Molly!" said Mr. Weasley staring at his wife in shock.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Who's opinion is that?" said Dr. Clark with a shocked look.

**End of dialogue set.**

"I would have thanked my lucky stars if you had sent me to an orphanage instead of you keeping me." said Harry.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

"She's delusional." said Ron shaking his head.
"I always had manners, it's just you didn't deserve them." said Harry shrugging.

"Did you have mention that again." said Lavender with a disgusted look.

"Not where he was hoping." said Colin with a laugh.

"You seem to mention the cane quite a bit." said McGonagall with a slight whimper.

"It's her favorite form of punishment." said Harry. "And boy does she love doing it every chance she gets, whether I've been good or bad around her."

The people around the Great Hall blanched.

The Rangers closed their eyes…how they wished their rules were different.

"That..." growled Sirius as his grip on his godson's shoulders tightened.

"That sadistic bitch." snarled Ginny.

"Ginny!" said Mr. Weasley, he had to say it because his wife was muttering darkly to herself and not paying the least bit of attention to what her children were saying.
"What has he ever done to you?" said Sirius, then he looked at Harry. "What have you done to her, to make her hate you so much?"

"Dudley put a frog in her soup, and she blamed me." said Harry. "She really hates frogs."

"Sounds like something we should remember doesn't it Fred?" said George with a wide smile.

"What I wouldn't give to arrest that woman." said Tonks through gritted teeth.

"I know, but that damned law is standing in our way." said Kingsley his hand tightened it's grip on his wand.

"And just by his sadistic uncle." said George.

"Foul...vile...evil..." muttered Mrs. Weasley as Dumbledore drained another phial of Calming Draught.
"Lots of bad words and pretty much the same as Uncle Vernon, though she whispered to Aunt Petunia that if you had a little more weight and a haircut you looked cute." said Harry.

It took a little while for Sirius to come back to the Great Hall after he ran to the bathroom to be violently sick.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Wow, that gotta suck." said Dean shaking his head.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.**

"Yeah, Harry, you have so much room to improve!" said Fred.
"Yeah, you need to gain about two hundred pounds," said George.
"Beat people up for no real reason." said Fred.
"Grow a mustache." said Lee.
"And lose the good looks." said Ginny adding her two knuts in.
“Then you’d be just like her precious Dudders.” said the little group together.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.**

"No contest, Harry's better in every shape and form." said Lavender with a smirk.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph, end of fourth sentence.**

"Gave that up after she had come to visit about three times." said Harry.
"That's emotional and mental abuse." growled Madam Pomfrey.

**End of thirty-fifth paragraph.**

"Harry?" asked Leroy leaning forward in the sofa he and Uncle Rudolph were sitting in.
"I stopped listening to her after a while." said Harry.
"But you listened to her for a while." said Uncle Rudolph sadly.
"Only a few years." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Harry placed a hand on his chest and then looked over to Dumbledore. Dumbledore met his eyes and shook his head quickly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"I'm starting to feel sorry for that lady, when Harry blows up at you..." said Fred.

"It aint pretty." said Lee.

"And you'll promise him whatever he wants to get him to stop." said George.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

"Wonderful, she's getting drunk, things can only get better." said Professor Flitwick, his face getting red with restrained anger.

Dialogue line.

The entire school went deadly silent. Not even one of the coarser Slytherins said a single word.

"She didn't say that." said Hermione in shock.

"Yeah, she did." said Ron.

"That horrible....she makes Umbridge seem human!" shrieked Ginny.

Snape's face was tense and white with fury.

Remus, Sirius, Leroy and Uncle Rudolph were occupying their time by planning on how they were going to go about cursing Marge Dursley to hell.

“This is starting to be fun again.” said Harry listening to a few of their plans.

Dumbledore made a mental note to request Severus to brew a few more Calming Draughts, he was quickly running out.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.
"What happened?" asked Zacharias.

"Who cares?" said most of the students, "she earned it."

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

"Did any glass hit her?" asked Sirius gleefully.

"She had some shrapnel in her hair." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

"Hope not." said Kingsley.

Dialogue set.

"Wow, we really do come up with stupid excuses to explain magic." said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

"Harry, you really shouldn't be skipping meals." said Mrs. Weasley, calming down enough to speak normally and not speak in hisses.

"I just needed some air." said Harry.

Fortieth paragraph, second sentence.

"You've made something explode before?" asked Sirius.

"It was the Dursley's television. He knocked me for a loop big time." said Harry.

People looked at him with a horrified look.

Fortieth paragraph, third sentence.

*For three different reasons.* thought Harry.
"That and he'd beat the snot out of you." said Remus.

"Can you read minds?" whispered Harry.

"No, why?" asked Remus.

"Nothing." said Harry.

"That wasn't your fault, Mr. Potter." said Madam Bones stiffly.

"He has more mental strength than all of them put together." said Rivers with a scowl.

"Thank goodness, I don't want to hear about her anymore." said Dr. Clark.

"She cooked the dinner?" asked Remus.

"She reheated it, she went around to the different catering businesses and picked them all up." said Harry.

"Why not have you cook?" asked Sirius.

"Uncle Vernon figured that I was doing enough keeping my end of the deal, he gave me a week off." said Harry.
"Wasn't even his best stuff, he's a miser with his wine." said Harry shaking his head.

"What did she talk about?" asked Tonks.

"Her dogs and Colonel Fubster." said Harry.

"Only Aunt Marge and Aunt Petunia found it mildly interesting." said Harry.

"She was getting really close to being smashed." said Harry.

"Lovely, as if she wasn't bad enough sober." muttered Professor McGonagall.

"Her small one is equal to a completely full wine glass." said Harry.

"I actually made that, it was in the freezer." said Harry.

"Why did she use one of your pies?" asked Hermione.

"Dudley ate the three she had bought." said Harry with a smirk. "She had to break into her stash of premade food."
"Why do you mention that?" asked Zacharias. "Seems stupid."

"She only does that in front of guests, other than that, she doesn't act all that dainty." said Harry with a smirk.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Oh, she's a lady." said Madam Hooch.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Yeah, good job of opening your purse and taking out the money." said George rolling his eyes.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.

"She cooks worse than Aunt Petunia." said Harry.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"I'm never burping again." said the twins.

“Thank goodness.” said Mrs. Weasley with a laugh.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"Then why are you looking at Dudley?" asked Bill.

"It's strange, one is too big, and the other one is too skinny, there isn't anyone in that house that is the right weight." said Luna thoughtfully.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

"That isn't proper sized." said Dr. Clark.
"I get the feeling this time that 'focus on something else' doesn't work." said Sirius.

"Who's fault was that!" shrieked Madam Pomfrey.

Quite a few girls whimpered at that, Sirius too.

"But the runts of the litter are the cutest." whimpered Hannah.

"And who's the breeder?" said Remus.

Several Slytherins looked between themselves and shuffled their feet nervously.

"Yes she is." said Ron.

"She wasn't the one that was the bad egg." snarled Snape quietly.

"Wastrel?" shouted Remus and Sirius.

"Where does she live, Harry? We'll..." said Sirius.
"Please don't, I would rather not have you arrested now." said Madam Bones.

**Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.**

"That's called rage," said Mr. Weasley.

**End of forty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"He was the best Auror I ever trained." said Mad-Eye Moody.

**Fiftieth paragraph.**

"Never ask about my parents, that was a main rule at Privet Drive." said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

"He did too work! He didn't need to but he helped protect his fellow wizards and witches, especially during the war!" said Remus.

"That is until he went into hiding, but he would have gone on missions had he of been able." said Dumbledore.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"When she gets drunk her manners go right out the window, not that she had much manners to start with." said Harry.

**End of dialogue set.**

"HE WAS NOT!" shouted Remus, and Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

Fred and George whistled loudly.
"Gladly." said Sirius, "Get away from her."

End of dialogue set.

"James only went drinking once a month with us! Sure it was all weekend but still!" shouted Sirius. "He stayed at 'Night's Rest' the entire time!"

"He never even flew drunk, except for that one time but it was a toy broomstick.." said Remus. "We've got that on muggle film if you want to see it." he whispered to Dr. Clark, but Harry heard it too.

"These sound like stories I want to hear about." said Harry with a smile.

"You sure? Might tarnish the saintly view of your dad." said Sirius with a smirk.

Harry snorted. "Saintly? Dad was far from saintly."

"Kids should think they're parents are perfect." said Remus.

"Mom was perfect, dad wasn't." said Harry. "Dad was a troublemaker and prankster." said Harry with a smile.

"Close to perfect in my book." said Sirius with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

"Decent? They aren't decent!" said Ron angrily.

Dialogue set, end of second sentence.

Suddenly Ron stopped being so angry and a wide grin stretched across his face.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph, second sentence.

"This is going to be good." said Tempest taking the hint from Ron.

Fifty-first paragraph, third sentence,
"Beautiful." said Lionus laughing loudly.

**End of fifty-first paragraph.**

The students cheered loudly as the teachers and guests began to clap. "Bout time!" shouted the twins.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Yay! You turned her into the world's ugliest balloon!" shouted Colin.

**End of dialogue set.**

"How did he know to come in barking?" asked Ernie.

"People shouting and Aunt Petunia's screaming called him to the dining room." said Harry. "It's what Aunt Marge trains them for."

**Dialogue line.**

**Fifty-second sentence, first sentence.**

"Wow, that must have been a hell of a lot of hot air." said Neville.

**End of fifty-second paragraph.**

"Good boy!' shouted Sirius.

**Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

I had just about had it." said Harry.

**Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence.**

"Your core was going haywire." said Dr. Nicodemus with a proud smile.

**Fifty-third paragraph, fifth sentence, second comma.**
"It sounds like you're evacuating." said Sirius.

"That's exactly what I was doing." said Harry.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

"Nothing that he didn't deserve." growled Professor Sprout.

Dialogue line.

"She was never right to start with." said Bill.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"I just about broke my toe pulling that stunt." said Harry.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

"Whoa Nellie." said Sirius. "You need to work on that temper."

"Hey, it was the first time that I blew up at him." said Harry.

Presence line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Is that when the wards broke down?" asked Sirius quietly to Remus.

"It couldn't be, Dedalus managed to find him, so it would have to have been before he turned ten or so." said Remus.

End of chapter.

"So you left the safety of your house, with a mass-murderer on the loose, only because someone insulted your father?" said Snape rolling his eyes. "Ridiculous."

"As much as I hate to admit it, he does have a point." said McGonagall. “Though the woman was horrible, you shouldn’t have left the house with a supposed killer on the loose.”

"I know, but it was worth it, and I don't regret it." said Harry.
The adults in the room went silent and looked amongst themselves quickly. They were proud that Harry stood up for himself and that he defended his father, but not regretting using magic on a muggle was going over the line just a tad. She was a horrid woman yes, but to not regret it just a bit?

“But you wouldn’t do it again, would you?” said Dumbledore slowly.

“In a heartbeat.” said Harry dully.

Another thick silence happened amongst the adults.

"So when did this happen? Year before last?” said Remus asking Harry innocently.

"You know it did.” said Harry looking confused.

"So it was only a year and a half ago or so.” said Remus.

"Yeah?” said Harry.

"Little closer than…say…three or four years ago?” said Remus. "So you can't exactly yell and debate with me if I tell you off."

"What? Why?” said Harry in shock. "You don't like her either and you were clapping when you found out what happened."

"Yeah, but you don't regret it and you'd do it again. That can be considered magical assault on a Muggle.” said Remus. "And we sort of like to discourage that kind of behavior in young wizards.

Harry began to stutter and stammer.

"This weekend, no Hogsmede, no Night's Rest, no kitchens and no dates. You stay in the castle, in our suite, all weekend.” said Remus.

Harry looked at Remus in shock and looked at Sirius and Dumbledore.

"You're on your own, you did say it, maybe not the whole ‘you'd do it again' but you did sort of cross the line just a bit.” said Sirius guiltily. "I can’t help you here, and I sort of agree with him.”

"On what? You...” said Harry looking betrayed.

“I said ‘sort of.’” said Sirius quickly. "The grounding is…little heavy…but as far as I know you didn’t have any real plans…so…it can just be us talking about James and Lily so that’s alright.” he added trying to soothe Harry’s ire towards them.

"The thing that bothers us, is that you say you don't regret it.” said Dumbledore. "That's what the small problem is, and the need to correct that line of thinking. I know she was someone who easily deserved some retribution, but…you being so young, you shouldn’t feel that way.”

“If you had said, I don’t regret blowing up and nothing further, then we’d be fine and wouldn’t think anything more about it, but willing to do it again, at such a young age is a bit much.” said Madam Bones.

“But he...he steered the conversation! He asked!” said Harry. “Isn’t there some law or something?”

"One weekend, no going anywhere." repeated Remus. "I’ll let you out into the castle, but not on the
Harry racked his brain to think of a way out of getting grounded this weekend, but he couldn't. This wasn’t fair, this was entrapment!

"And..." said Remus.

"More?" said Harry.

"I want a three foot long essay on why what you did was wrong and what you could have done instead." said Remus.

"It was accidental magic! I couldn't stop it!" said Harry. They had to pick right now to try and ground him. He kept dancing around and avoiding the trouble, testing his boundaries, but he didn’t expect them to just gang up on him like this. During the school year reading, he expected it to come, hell he wouldn’t have a problem with it and he would have been disappointed if they didn’t try, but this was during the summer! They were supposed to be on his side!

"Calming down, there's one thing you could have done instead." said Remus. "I want it by Monday morning." said Remus.

*Essay? What is he a teacher again?* thought Harry viciously.

Harry stood up and walked over to Hermione and asked her. "Can you make me a chair?" He was pissed; he didn’t want them to tell him off for summer stuff, school stuff, sure. He welcomed it, but summer was off limits.

"Harry...I think it's best if you sit with your family... I mean..." said Hermione quietly.

"I'll make you a chair kid." said Lionus quickly. Suddenly a large wooden throne like chair appeared and landed in the middle of the room. "There you go."

Harry dragged his chair over to a secluded part of the Great Hall and sat down in the chair, but not before yanking his phoenix blanket off the floor and went over to his new seat.

"Harry..." said Remus tiredly. He didn’t want to act this way, he supposed that it was mostly his fault, he should have spoken to him, or taken him aside, he was new at this and he couldn’t help it. He had a lot to learn, and he didn’t want Harry mad at him.

"Leave him be." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"Trust us in that aspect, he just needs time to think and mull things over." said Lionus.

"He can do that over here." said Sirius pointing down at the empty space in the bowl and looking hurt.

"Not when the person that grounded him is sitting right next to him." said Nightstrike.

"Well, right now, he's just acting like a spoiled child not getting his way." muttered Hermione. Ron stared at her.

“What the hell?” said Ron. What was Hermione thinking? Was she trying to ruin everything? He wasn’t all that mentally on board with either of them when they went all out, but even he knew not to cross that line, especially after what he did last year!

"You sort of are Harry." said Remus.
Ron turned and stared at Remus next, were they all losing their minds?

Dr. Clark stood up and inched away from the bowl. He knew this wasn't going to go well. Right now, he wasn't agreeing with any of them, if he had a wand, he'd do it to the bitch time and time again. And that friend of his calling him a spoiled child? She needs a reality check.

"You people need to make up your freaking minds. Do you want me to act my age, or how I would act given my own devices?" said Harry.

"Acting your age would be nice." said Remus, getting caught up in the heat of the moment and forgetting himself.

"Remus!" hissed Sirius. "We just got him back here!"

"He's lost his mind." said Ron shaking his head.

"And yet you don't seem to like it when I do." said Harry.

"Harry..." said Hermione, but she was silenced by a glare from both Harry and Ron.

"Shut up! You're not helping!" snapped Ron angrily.

Dr. Clark walked over and whispered in Harry's ear. "I'll talk to him. Maybe he'll settle down and rethink this."

"No, don't bother, I just need some time to think, I'm being smothered over there." said Harry whispering back. "I just need some time to myself."

"Okay, if you need anything, let me know." said Dr. Clark. "Do you want me over here with you?"

"No, I'm good, just want to just sit here and think." said Harry. He slowly took out his little black notebook and took out a quill and bottle of ink.

"Let's get this blasted essay done with." said Harry writing down words furiously.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
It was decided that they were going to take a short break, and allow people to stretch their legs a bit, and give Harry, and his new family a bit of privacy. Harry however, didn't care one way or another, though Remus and Sirius both tried to talk to him, he ignored them and continued on with his writing.

"Harry, for crying out loud. Will you just talk to us?" said Remus tiredly.

Harry spoke not a word, but continued to write in his notebook hurriedly. Then he reached into his knapsack and pulled out a large roll of parchment and began to write on that.

"Hey Monster," said Rudolph, trying to lift the mood. "What are you writing?"

"The essay." muttered Harry.

Remus blinked. "Harry, you didn't have to do it till Saturday." he said gently.

"Get's it out of the way and I can put all my thoughts down." said Harry plainly.

"Harry can we talk?" asked Remus.

"Can it wait till later?" asked Harry. "How long did you want it again? Oh yeah, three feet."

"Harry..." said Remus.

But Harry said nothing more.

Soon the students piled back into the Hall, Dumbledore came over and whispered to Leroy.

"How did it go?" asked Dumbledore.

"He's ignoring us. Tell McGonagall thanks for me, don't want that Granger girl adding fuel to the fire." said Leroy. "She's a bit emotionally ignorant about other people, isn't she?"

"I’m starting to believe that though it surprises me greatly. Mr. Weasley confided in me something very interesting, it seems that whether Harry is mad at you or not, once he has a task that had been thrust upon him to complete, he is quite irritable and will cease to even acknowledge your existence."

"Well, that won't make Remus any happier, but he did ask for it, grounding is one thing, but in front of everyone? And writing an essay? He needs to step out of Professor mode." said Sirius sternly. "I mean, even Snivellus took Malfoy out of the room."

"Severus, Sirius." corrected Dumbledore.
"Who'd like to read the next chapter?" asked Tonks looking around the room.

"Harry? Do you want to read with me again?" said Sirius after he volunteered.

Harry ignored him and continued to write.

Sirius sighed and took the book from Tonks. I'm going to kill Remus.

"Third Chapter."

"Ooh!" moaned quite of the adults.

"What's up?" asked Dean.

"Yeah, I'd love to go on there." said Ron

"You'll change your tune after you've ridden it once." said Remus with a slight smirk. He kept looking at Harry with guilty eyes.

First paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"Collapsed? What do you mean by collapsed?" asked Dr. Clark worriedly.

"The trunk was too blasted heavy." said Harry as he rolled up his parchment and stuffed it neatly into his bag. Then he picked up the blanket and wrapped himself around in it. The chilly October air gnawed at his lithe arms and legs, and made his very blood feel cold. He pulled the blanket tighter around himself. He didn't move towards the bowl, he was still way over in the empty part of the hall.

"Want to come back over here?" asked Sirius.

"Nope, I'm good." said Harry, he didn't notice the hurt in the eyes of those in the bowl and the people around it. He was still trying to rid his mind of the feeling of betrayal.

End of first paragraph.

"Aunt Marge's words were still beating in my brain." said Harry.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

"You don't panic when there is acromantulas, basilisks, dark wizards or anything like that, but being on a dark street?" said Seamus.

"Didn't someone already say that?" asked Ron.
"Holly's?" asked Dr. Clark.

"She's living with her mother." said Harry from phoenix quilt cocoon.

"Oh, right." said Dr. Clark. "What about Inspector Homes?"

"He was on holiday. He always goes on holiday this time of year." said Harry.

"Accidental magic." said Remus absently.

Harry snorted with slight disgust Didn't stop you from telling me to write an essay and get grounded did it? Oh, well...adults can be so difficult to understand..

"You seem to be very nervous about being expelled, more so than any other student." said Professor Sprout.

"They were too busy trying to get Miss. Dursley back down onto the ground. Before they could obliviate her, she gave several of them quite a few bruises and black-eyes," said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Should have left her hovering overhead for a while," said Fred.

"But would you want to look up into the sky and seeing her knickers floating overhead?" said Ginny with a smirk, as she picked up the chair her father conjured for her and walked over to sit beside Harry.

"AGGHH! Why did you have to mention that?" wailed the twins as they covered their eyes.

"Whether you like it or not, I'm sitting here." said Ginny sitting beside Harry.

"I've got a better idea." said Harry, he whispered something quietly into her ear and smiled as she giggled. They both stood up and Ginny magicked the two chairs to become an immensely large sofa, much like what Leroy and Rudolph were lounging in. Harry stretched out at one end and Ginny laid beside him. Harry covered the both of them with the blanket.

Mrs. Weasley and Percy both stood up, but Mr. Weasley grabbed the both of them. "Let them be,
it's not like they can do anything with all of us in here." he said with a smile.

Rudolph and Leroy had to keep Remus and Sirius in their seats. "Park it." said Rudolph, "they can't do anything."

**Third paragraph, second sentence.**

"Now you ask that question..." said Snape shaking his head. "Didn't think about that when you left your house with a mass murderer on the loose."

**Third paragraph, third sentence.**

"The most that would have happened for accidental magic would have been you being sent to St. Mungos, to find out why your core is flocculating still." said Madam Bones. "And a talking to by the Headmaster."

"Intended magic will get you expelled." said Kingsley.

**Third paragraph, fourth sentence.**

"Why? What was wrong with us?" said Ron defensively.

**Third paragraph, fifth sentence, third comma.**

"Dude, we'd help you with anything." said Ron.

**End of third paragraph**

"Should have told her to just hang out in the area." said Harry with a guilty smile.

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

"I thought you get paid for those jobs you do." said Neville.

"Doesn't mean that the bank is on Privet Drive." said Harry with a laugh.
"And that's where my money was. Just so I couldn't spend it, and the Dursley's would never find it." said Harry. "Uncle Vernon would kill to have the bank balance I do."

"How much money do you have in there?" asked Neville.

But Harry ignored him.

"It was the best idea that was presenting itself to me." said Harry.

Ginny leaned her head on his shoulder. "Poor sweet baby."

"I do what I can to get sympathy." said Harry roguishly.

"That's a pretty good plan." said Lionus with a smirk.

"Yeah, Harry Potter, the outcast." said Fred.

"Never happen." said George.

"I'd love to see you talk your way out of that, lad." said Rivers with a laugh.

"Paranoid much?" asked Zacharias snidely.

"I thought I had heard something." said Harry.
That feeling saved me from being caught working several times. thought Harry with a smile.

"What made you stand up that time?" asked Charlie.

"I heard something again." said Harry.

"How the bloody hell could you tell that was where I was at?" said Sirius in shock.

"I've just got skills." said Harry with a smile, the men in the bowl and Dumbledore were happy to see him in better spirits.

"I was afraid it was a dark wizard, or at the very least, a rabid animal." said Harry.

"Well, you were close, it was a dark rabid dog." said Dr. Clark.

"Don't make me beat you." said Sirius with a faked scowl.

"So how did you not get a nice little owl from that?" asked Zacharias.

"Lumos and nox are lesser spells, they don't register on the trace." said Harry matter of factly. "You can't hurt or cause mayhem with those two spells, and muggles only think that you have a really thin torch."

"How far is Magnolia Crescent?" asked Hermione.
"About six blocks or so." said Harry, "at least that's the way I took, takes longer the other way. I cut across some of the neighbor's yards."

End of dialogue set.

"Nice description of me." pouted Sirius.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"I didn't plan on that one, I expected you to recognize me." said Sirius.

"The last time I had seen you, I was drooling on a baby blanket." said Harry with a laugh.

End of ninth paragraph.

"Were you okay?" asked Ginny.

"I was fine, just banged my head a little bit, I thought I lost my bloody mind, when I saw what came up my way." said Harry.

Tenth paragraph.

"If it's what the title says, you'd better move!" said Professor Flitwick.

"You summoned it on accident?" said Tonks. "Didn't know you could."

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.

"You seem to really like cutting it close." said McGonagall holding a hand to her heart.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

"That didn't make feel any better." said McGonagall.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence, second comma.
"So you rolled out of the way, you didn't stand up?" asked Fred.

"I didn't have the time to stand up." said Harry.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence, fifth comma.

"Only reason to have it that color, is so wizards know what to look for, so they don't accidentally climb onto a muggle bus and ask to go to Diagon Alley or whatever." said Moody gruffly. "Should have picked a better color. It's embarrassing to ride in that thing."

End of eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph, first sentence.

"Well, you did knock your head on the concrete." said Ginny rubbing the back of his head. "Want me to kiss it and make it better?"

"Can you reach back there?" said Harry moving his head forward a bit, he earned a playful smack to the back of his head.

End of twelfth paragraph.

"Gotta love a man who loves his job." said Kingsley with a dry chuckle.

"If only he'd do it the moment you get on the bus." said Tonks.

Dialogue set.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence.

"Seeing someone sprawled out on the ground would make me stare." said Leroy.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

"Sounds like that guy from the World Cup," said Hermione. "The one that said he was going to be the youngest Minister of Magic."

"He was the guy." said Harry.

"Good luck, Stan." muttered Tonks.
"I'm checking the street for potholes." said Dean rolling his eyes.

"Oh come on, should've answered like Dean." said Ron.

"For kicks." said George.

"Not like they weren't already torn and faded." said Harry.

"I just backed up a bit, out of the way of the light." said Sirius.

"Why didn't you leave?" asked Tonks.

"Hey, I wanted to make sure he got on the bus alright." said Sirius.

"Why even go there?" asked Emmeline.

"I wanted to see Harry, and I had been waiting all twelve years to see him." said Sirius. "I wasn't missing out on this chance."

"Wow, you figured out what I was, that's pretty cool!" said Sirius.

"Not so hard, I heard you panting." said Harry.

"That sounds sort of creepy." said Ernie.
"Hey, it's hot under all that fur." said Sirius defensively.

Fourteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
"Oh he's a brilliant one." said Fred.

Dialogue line.
"Hiding my scar didn't slow them down at all." said Harry with a smirk

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
"What about my name?" asked Ron.
"I didn't want to risk anyone on the bus knowing your family." said Harry. "Also you were in the Daily Prophet, and they listed your name. It wouldn't have worked out."
"Oh, right." said Ron with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.
"Any where in Britain, anyway." said Remus.
"Yeah, if you want to go abroad then you have to get across to the continent on your own, then you can take the Continental Knight Bus." said Sirius.
"Does each country have their own Knight Bus?" asked Hermione.
"Well, kind of, each continent has their own, the larger the continent, the faster the bus." said Remus.
"Don't you have to follow the speed limit?" asked Colin.
Sirius and Remus looked at each other.
"Muggle police can't see the bus, so...no." said Sirius.
"How do they refuel? Do they use petrol?" asked Dennis.
"No, a simple motoring charm keeps it going." said Dumbledore with a smile.
"Has someone actually asked to go underwater?" asked Ernie.

"Yes, when the Knight Bus service first started. Some smart alec thought he could ask them to go to a sunken treasure ship. The bus sank like a stone, and it took three wizards and the aid of a city full of merpeople to get that out of the ocean." said McGonagall.

"He used his wand hand to break his fall." said Tonks.

"Don't get that, you'll just have it end up in your lap, and hot chocolate there can be painful." said Sirius.

"It's not even very good hot chocolate." said Remus.

"I'll bring my own thanks." said Hermione.

"He said sickles, not galleons." said Zacharias.

"Didn't care, I just wanted him to just leave me be." said Harry.

"It's really hard to sleep on that bus." said Tonks. "Trust me, I've tried."
"He must have a very boring life if that's the sort of dreams he has." said Lee with a snicker.

"Working all day and into the later parts of the night, you have to be comfortable." said Bill shrugging.

Ernie Prang, an elderly wizard wearing very thick glasses, nodded to Harry,

"You're lucky he was the one working Harry. My Uncle Barnaby is the other Knight Bus driver." said Neville.

"Thank God I wasn't standing up, I'd still be unconscious." said Harry.

"I didn't think it was even the same town." said Harry.

"That should definitely answer your question about going the speed limit." said Dumbledore with a warm smile towards the young Gryffindor.
Dr. Clark smiled, "I can't even pretend to look insulted. It's kind of hard to miss a giant purple bus."

"I still cannot believe that she continues to ride that Bus." said Professor Sprout.

"Why, it's crash proofed?" said Neville wonderingly.

"That would make me nervous." said Dr. Clark with a nervous smile.


"Poor old dear." said Professor Sprout.

"They aren't very customer friendly are they?" said George.

End of dialogue set.
So you did feel some remorse. Why didn't you say that?” asked Remus.

"Because I would have liked to have done it again, only on purpose." said Harry. "But that's not an option."

Remus felt slightly uncomfortable, but he couldn't figure out why. He was in the right…right?

"I wonder if you're picture self-recognized him." said Luna thoughtfully.

"I don't really know, never asked my picture self." said Sirius.

"From the muggle news." said Sirius glumly, "not cause you remembered me from when you were a baby."

"Too bad you're only going to be happy at the end of the book." said Harry with a small smile.

"Yeah, I can't imagine that this book is going to be very good for my ego." said Sirius.

"It's going to be beaten to pulp, yeah." said Remus.

"In a way, incarcerated." said Harry.

"Least you got to go outside." said Sirius.

"But the guards didn't beat you." said Harry.

"I had Dementors." said Sirius.

"I had to look at Aunt Marge for a whole week." said Harry.

"You win." said Sirius holding up his hands and smiling.
"I didn't renew the subscription yet." said Harry.

"Good luck, you tell people not to panic, and they panic." said Kingsley shaking his head. "Human nature."

"What they never seem to understand, is that the Ministers have to introduce themselves to the highest authorities of their respective country." said Dumbledore. "They don't agree with that little tradition."

"So does the Queen know about us?" asked a first year Hufflepuff.

"Yes she does." said Dumbledore. "Fudge has only met her once, when he came to office."

"How many times have you met her?" asked Hermione.

"Oh, I see her from time to time." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"I've met her a few times too, after the garden party." said Harry quietly.

"They have other uses too." said Harry, thinking of Officer McFinn.

"Wasn't me!" said Sirius.

"We know that now." said Madam Bones apologetically.
Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Harry slowly covered his head with the blanket as Sirius looked slowly over to him.

"The list of getting you back for stuff in these books is getting longer and longer." said Sirius, working very hard to keep a straight face.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That is an insanely powerful spell." said Remus, "Sort of why I believed you did it." he added apologetically.

"Yeah, Peter would never have done it, not the Peter we thought we knew anyway." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"In my defense, it was a long and tiring day." said Harry to the looks he was receiving.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Well, you'd pose as Neville perfectly." smirked Zacharias.

"Mr. Smith...last warning." said Professor Sprout.
"Never was, never will be." said Sirius.

"Can we just say that almost everything about him is incorrect, I'd rather not hear you whine and whimper about what is said about you." said Snape with a groan.

"Almost?" said Sirius sharply.

"Leave it." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph

Dialogue set.

Sirius growled softly and slightly bared his teeth.

Dialogue set.

"Don't you just love it how the facts are destroyed as they pass from mouth to mouth?" said McGonagall shaking her head. "The Aurors didn't corner the so-called culprit,"(making sure she didn't mention Sirius.) "and then the street blew up, the street was blown away before they even got there."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"I think 'emotionally distraught' is more likely than mad." said Remus.

"Too bad you didn't think that years ago." said Sirius with a good-natured nudge.

Dialogue line.

Dr. Clark turned pale and faced Sirius. "Where did that happen?" he asked in a faint voice.
Sirius told him the street. Dr. Clark took a deep breath. "My girlfriend got caught in that thing."

Sirius put the book down and looked sadly over to him. "I'm sorry. If I...."

"Not your fault, but I'd like to get my hands on the son of a b*tch that did it." said Dr. Clark angrily.

"We can help in that department, when the time comes." said Lionus with an evil smirk.

Dialogue set.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You don't use Dementors in your prison, do you?" asked Charlie over to Lionus.

"Of course they do!" said Percy importantly. "How else can they keep the most hardened criminals locked away securely?"

"Don't chatter nonsense!" said Tempest. "We'd never allow such foul creatures in our prison, the moment they get too close, they get destroyed."

"What? But..." said Percy.

"We use Rangers, Dementors are highly unreliable. It's too risky to have them guard the prisoners. Every time we come across one out on an assignment, we destroy them." said Nightstrike.

"But why?" asked Percy.

"They were never supposed to exist." said Lionus. "They were created by dead bodies and dark magic, a sort of evolved form of Inferi."

"What...?" said Colin.

"Best tell you later." said Lionus.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"If I'm not mistaken, he did sort of say something like that." said Tonks.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence.

"My dear boy, I don't think that inflating your aunt is the same as being charged with the murder of twelve people." said Dumbledore with smile.
"Not even if you had whipped out your wand. Expulsion would have been the most you would have had to fear." said Madam Bones.

"I would ask, people would turn pale, mumble and then walk away." said Harry "And there weren't many books in the library about it."

"Of course not, don't want people to know too much about it, and try to make an escape when they get there." said Moody gruffly.

Hagrid blushed heavily. "Nice o' you ter say that."

"You are Hagrid, if I was ever in any real trouble, I'd come running to you and Dumbledore first." said Harry.

"Sure where do I rate?" said Sirius.

"Third." said Harry.

"Who's before me?" said Sirius.


"Gotcha." said Sirius. "I can live with being in third place now."
"Now how were you going to lay low in a pub, full of people who would know you the moment they saw you?" asked Kingsley.

"The moment I got off the bus and when they left, I was going to put on the Invisibility Cloak and just hang out in the pub, then left the moment the bank was opened. Then I'd hit the Muggle bank." said Harry.

"Where were you going to go?" said Sirius.

"Well, first to see where my parents lived, then I'd go off to try and find Dr. Clark on my own." said Harry.

"Good thing you didn't go looking for him, these would really be Memorial Books." said Nicodemus.

"Bad, was it?" said Sirius worriedly.

"We had problems getting in and out." said Lionus.

"Holy crap." said Remus.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

"Well at least he didn't just toss your stuff." said Tonks.

"That's the service you get when you just shove gold in his hands." said Harry with a chuckle.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Dumbledore?" asked Charlie.

"Not that lucky." said Harry.

Dumbledore chuckled warmly. "I was unfortunately preoccupied arguing with the Warden of Azkaban. He would not let me leave to locate you."

Fortieth paragraph.

Forty-first paragraph.
"I would have given anything to go to your aid, but Fudge said he would handle it." said Dumbledore.

"How did he know where he was?" asked Bill.

"I told him where he would most likely to find Harry." said Dumbledore with a slightly apologetic look to the white haired boy.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

"Exhausted form arguing with Albus." muttered McGonagall to Flitwick.

"The only time I can ever remember him winning." said Flitwick.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Idiot, you've already seen it." said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"I was amazed that I didn't see nail marks when I took a shower the next morning." said Harry rubbing his shoulder.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He wasn't talking about you." teased Remus to Harry.

"I'm more of a fine wine, sort of guy." said Harry with a smile.

"You're going to love the wine cellar." said Sirius. "When you're older of course."

"Also known as ten months." said Harry with a smirk.

Umbridge struggled against her gag, most people had forgotten she was still there.
"What do you want now?" asked Nightstrike with a groan. He pulled the gag out of her mouth. She sneered over at Sirius.

"Your wine is gone, all gone!" said Umbridge madly with malicious laugh. With that, Nightstrike snapped the gag back on.

"I saw that you went through the Novice Cellar," said Sirius with a smirk. "You didn't find my regular cellar, had to hide that from a few people. Kept taking my wine without me knowing."

Umbridge blanched.

"You got the lesser value wine, nothing in there worth more than twenty galleons. The good cellar is full of rare wines."

"You wouldn't by chance have a Chateau de Éclat 1821, would you?" said Harry excitedly.

"You'll see this weekend." said Sirius with a smile.

"Try again." said Harry his face falling.

"Oh, right, well, week after next." said Sirius with a reassuring smile.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"They've always wanted someone famous to ride the bus." said Tonks.

"How do you know so much?" asked Ron.

"My father and his father are really good friends. We sort of grew up together." said Tonks.

"But she really loved to push him around." said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He'll never let you forget that little jaunt." said Remus. "I'll bet you could be a Minister of Magic and still call you Neville."

"Wouldn't put it past him." said Harry with a smirk.
Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"Wasn't too sure what to expect." said Harry.

"You needn't have worried, at that part, he was hoping to use you as a figurehead at that point." said Kingsley.

"It feels so nice to be used." said Harry with a growl.

*Never ever again.* thought Dumbledore bitterly.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"We know that already." said Bill.

"But he doesn't." said Fred.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

"Good thing you had the sense not to tell him that." said George.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

"Poor dear, he should have been allowed to go back to bed after letting you lot in, just bring in a teapot and have you brew your own drinks." said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Walk a mile in my shoes, lets see how you managed." mumbled Harry darkly.

"He'd go insane, or wouldn't last the week." said Ginny stealing a kiss.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first pause.

"That's a switch, he's never thought before." said McGonagall with a sneer.
"Well he's got the right idea." said Sirius.

"It's a good thing you were actually innocent." said Luna.

"Aside from the obvious, why is that?" said Sirius.

"If you were a mass murderer, you would have come upon Harry sooner than anyone." said Luna.

Sirius and Remus gulped loudly. Dumbledore looked fearfully over to Harry, who wasn't listening at that particular moment, he was busy talking to Ginny about her favorite Quidditch team. Finally he looked up.

"What's the matter?" said Harry.

"Just worrying about you." said Dr. Clark with an unconvincing smile.

"Well, recently that's not something new." said Harry.

"Holly made the best crumpets, she'd add honey and cinnamon to them and oh man, they were delicious." said Dr. Clark with a fond smile.

"Pleased isn't the word I would have chosen." said Professor Flitwick gleefully. "Disappointed is more appropriate."

"Moron, it was only about forty-five minutes ago." said Harry.

"Well, damn. I was hoping she'd be scarred for life." said George.

"If it's any consolation, she's afraid of heights now." said Harry.

"Not enough." said Fred.
"Beats the hell out of what Lockhart was," said Sirius. "But I'm not too comfortable with him just using you."

"Was more worried about what trouble I was in with the Ministry. I knew that I was in for it at the Dursleys." said Harry.

"That's Uncle Vernon's default setting where I'm concerned." said Harry.

"He stays there anyway!" said Hermione.

"What happened when you came back home?" said Remus.

"Nothing good." said Harry. "I don't want to talk about it."

"That should give the Minister a hint that something isn't right." said one of the Hufflepuffs, who's parents worked at the Ministry.

"Wonder what he's worried about?" said George.

"Worried that Harry's going to cause problems." said Sirius with a snarl.

"Or that he didn't know how to handle the situation, he was never very good with children" said
"How deep down is he expecting you to go?" asked Ron.

"A lot further down than where I can go." said Harry.

"Oh, if the Minister was here, I'd give him what for!" said Mrs. Weasley angrily. "Leaving a child in an Inn all by himself."

"Tom was more than willing to watch him." said Kingsley, "And there was always an Auror in Diagon Alley, and the Leaky Cauldron."

"Not to mention a Ranger with him at all times." said Lionus.

"How come you didn't try and find Sirius Black?" asked Zacharias.

"We weren't confident that he was guilty. But Harry was proving to be very fascinating."

"So why didn't you notice what was happening?" said Remus.

"We only focused on him when he left the house, for his 'jobs'." Nightstrike. "So, when he ran away from home, we followed him."

"No one else came on the bus, though." said Ron.

"We rode on top." said Nightstrike. "More exciting that way."

"You're nuts." said Remus.

"He wasn't going to give you a punishment!" said Sirius. "Wow, you really are different from your parents, even they wouldn't bring up punishment if it wasn't mentioned."
"Blowing up a family member isn't what I'd call a 'little thing'" said Madam Hooch with a smile.

"That would be sort of funny to see that on an arrest report." said Tonks with a giggle.

"Smart lad." said Moody with an impressed smile.

"And he acted as if he had heard it the first time at your hearing!" said Madam Bones angrily. "Oh, when I get my hands on that man!"

"He still with your people?" asked Percy over to Lionus.

"Yup, he aint leaving today either. Seems the Chief wanted to have a word with him." said Lionus. The Rangers groaned loudly.

"What's wrong?" asked Charlie.

"Doesn't mean anything good, when an elected official has to have a chat with the Chief." said Nighstrike.

"The Law is the Law." said Moody.

"Like how much is in your bank account." said Harry darkly.
"Don't want the possible chance that someone would hear Harry being expelled." said Charlie.

"It's cause it didn't make any sense." said Harry.

"Least you're keeping your wits about you." said Lionus with a smile.

"Didn't stop him from doing it last summer." said Sirius with a snarl.

"But that means you can't get your Muggle money!" said Neville.

"Not like I needed to go there anyway, I didn't have any appointments or need the money from that Bank." said Harry.

"Does he not know that the shops close before the darkness completely falls on Diagon Alley?" said Emmeline.
"Thank Merlin he didn't try out for an Auror position, he'd never make it." said Moody rolling one of his eyes.

Sirius snorted, "Bet he was hoping you didn't ask."

"Called it." said Sirius with a laugh.

"Better be careful with him, he isn't the most flexible person." said Speckerton.

"Didn't know you were that desperate to go." said McGonagall.

"I asked you, the most straight arrow teacher I've ever seen if she could bend that rule." said Harry. "How much more desperate do I have to be?"
"He won't give it, especially not that year." said Kingsley.

"Yeah, after what happened to Aunt Marge? He's delusional." said Harry.

"After you dashed his hopes of seeing Hogsmede?" said Bill.

"Hey! Remus! Why didn't you sign his form?" asked Charlie.

"I actually would have, if he had asked me, but two things stopped me from telling him. One: I thought Sirius was out to kill him and keeping him in the castle was the safest thing to do. And two: I had a feeling he had already been there when he and I had a private chat." said Remus with a smile.

"Whoa, he gave you one of the better rooms in the Inn!" said Neville.

"How the bloody hell did she know you were going to be there?" asked Bill.

"She's brilliant." said Harry with beaming smile.
Sixty-seventh paragraph.
"Arrived about five minutes after you did. Dialogue set, second sentence.
"Bet that took him by surprised." said one of seventh year Slytherins.

End of dialogue set

"Please tell me you waited until morning." said Madam Pomfrey.
"I did." said Harry.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"So you stayed up all night?" said Sirius.
"Not like I've never done that before." said Harry shrugging.

End of chapter.

"I woke up and Hedwig had taken my glasses off my head, I thought it was pretty cool." said Harry with a smile.

"Well, we can tackle another chapter before dinner." said Speckerton.

"What about the Recollection Scrolls?" asked Sirius.

"Well, now that we have seen Harry's childhood, I don't think another one will show up for some time." said Speckerton. "I think they will become as rare as the Scattered Shots are. These things...I'm not sure we understand them completely anymore."

"Dang, I liked the happy ones." said Sirius. "Well, who wants to read the next one?"

"I will. " said Ginny, getting off the couch and walking over to take the book.

"You two enjoying yourselves over there?" said Sirius in a whisper.

"Yeah, actually. Since we can't go on a date this weekend, we'll have our dates during the readings." said Ginny with a wink.

Remus started to speak but Ginny stopped him.

"Don't worry about it, Harry realizes what he said was wrong, but he does seem a bit put off of you
for right now. He says you should have done it in private, not public."

Remus looked shamefully down.

"How about you leave the whole punishment thing to me?" asked Sirius.

"And me, you take a break from it before it puts you in real deep water." said Dr. Clark.

"Sounds good to me." he said quietly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
"Fourth Chapter" read Ginny.

"So do we get to hear about how you raised holy hell at Diagon Alley?" asked Sirius gleefully.

"He isn't you." said Tonks teasingly.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"Wasn't used to getting up when I wanted, eating whatever, going out when I wanted and going to bed when I wanted. It was sort of strange, after Privet Drive and Aunt Marge." said Harry.

"I was told, in a letter from Tom, that you had gone into the kitchen and started making breakfast for the guests a few times." said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

"Why would he send you a letter about that?" asked Sirius.

"Tom was not very good about watching children, he asked for some advice. You utterly perplexed him, dear boy." said Dumbledore smiling over to Harry.

First paragraph, second sentence.

"Aunt Petunia would choose the menu most of the time. I could choose the dish, but she would pick what the meat was." said Harry.

End of first paragraph.

"And I didn't have any appointments going on for the rest of the summer, had to cancel one of them, before Aunt Marge came." said Harry.

Second paragraph, first sentence, first colon.

"Nosey little cuss." muttered Snape.
"Getting into a debate about Transfiguration Today, can find yourself being turned into a wombat without much notice." said Dumbledore with smile.

"Why do they cover their face?" asked Dr. Clark.

"They aren't the most pleasant to look at, and they are very sensitive about it." said Remus.

"One of the best summers I could remember." said Harry. "Got to do what I wanted and go where I wanted."

"My father gave me one those once. They're more useful in finding Humberpuffos." said Luna.

"They were looking at me while they said that." said Harry with a laugh, “They kept looking around for my guardians to come for me."

"That may explain that drop of strawberry fudge ripple on your homework." said Professor Flitwick.

"Oops." said Harry sheepishly.
"It was his favorite subject while he was in school." said Dumbledore with a smile.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

"Oh that's not fair." said Ron. "Didn't do that for us."

**Fifth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Good boy." said Lionus with a proud smile.

"Oh come on! When was the last time he treated himself to pretty much anything?" said Sirius. "I say go for it! He wouldn't have been able to spend all his money in his or the next lifetime."

**Fifth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.**

Rudolph smirked. "Not with our family vaults."

"So do you share a vault?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Actually, the money is evenly distributed. What Harry has in his family vault is probably only a few thousand galleons more than us." said Rudolph with a smile.

**Fifth paragraph, second sentence, second comma, twelfth word.**

"I have a solid gold set, if you really want one." said Sirius. "I got it from one of my Great Uncles."

**Fifth paragraph, end of second sentence.**

"Those aren't allowed at our house, especially after the gobstone tournament us boys held." said Charlie.

"You can still smell it in Fred and George's room." said Bill.

**Fifth paragraph, third sentence.**

"Not even that would excuse you from taking the class." said Professor Sinstra.

"Might give me the chance to go all out on a test and get away with it." said Harry with a smile.
"And Ron's grade would go up." said Harry.

**End of fifth paragraph.**

"Of course, it would be a broomstick." said Lavender.

"Ain't nothing wrong with a broomstick." said Ginny and the female chasers of the Gryffindor team.

**Sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Then why have it displayed?" asked Dennis.

"Sort of like a brand new car model. They let you drool over it and in a few months you shell out the money to get it." said Dr. Clark.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Awesome! You even have a World Cup?" said Dr. Clark.

"We went to it last year." said Ron.

"I can't wait to hear about it!" said Dr. Clark.

**Seventh paragraph.**

**Firebolt sign.**

"Damn, that would turn any boy's head. Especially the speed." said Dr. Clark.

**Eighth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Three thousand-six hundred and fifty three galleons sixteen sickles and four knuts." said Sirius.

Harry stared hard at Sirius. "What?" asked Harry, turning pale.

"Yeah, and you were worth every single coin." said Sirius with a bright smile.
"That's very mature thinking, Mr. Potter." said Professor McGonagall.

"Don't blame you, I had actually bought one a few days after you left for Hogwarts, and I just kept staring at it." said Sirius.

"Which was twice as much as any other third year had to do." said Ron with a smirk.

"You never would be able to tell." muttered Fred.

"Heard that." said Harry.

"One of those worth learning." said Charlie.

Professor Trelawny frowned.

"Just what every home needs, a book that'll attack every other book in your house." said George.

"Wouldn't say no to it having a go at our Lockhart books." said Fred.

“Doubt it would find it very appetizing,” said Remus with a laugh.

"Not the book to read to children before bedtime." said Lee with a snigger.
Eleventh paragraph.
"Sorry, Hagrid." said Harry blushing.
"S'alright." said Hagrid with a smile.

Twelfth paragraph.
"Why would he come out?" asked Emmeline Vance. "He never does."

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
"Well, I can somewhat see why he's irritable, but that doesn't mean he can shove people about." said Bill.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
"Apparently no one told him how to soothe that particular book." said Professor Flitwick with a giggle.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.
"That guys doesn't have much common sense, does he?" said Dr. Clark. "If they're invisible, you're not going to be able to find them."

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
"They don't sell many of those to adults. Not many people want to know their future, it never makes anyone very happy." said Remus.
"Bird Entrails?" said Dr. Clark.

"Yeah, that bit of divination is nasty." said Sirius. "I told James once that he was going to end up getting eaten by a bird and turn into that stuff."

"That's disgusting!" said Hermione.

"Lily thought so as well." said Sirius thoughtfully. "James thought it was brilliant."

"What made you look at that?" asked Sirius in shock.

"You'll find out." said Harry quietly.

"Good advice, don't buy that book." said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

"You thought....that I...I was the Grim?" said Sirius frantically.

"I didn't know what to make of you that night." said Harry.

"I'm never turning back into a dog around you if that's what you think I am when I'm in animagus form." swore Sirius.

"No, I love you as dog, as much as a human, it's just, it was a bad year for that...." said Harry.

Sirius looked uneasy.

"Thought you had them already?" asked Hermione.
"Didn't we talk about this already? I donate them to a charity thing." said Harry.

"Oh, right..." said Hermione.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"What caused to do that? Normally you're pretty smooth about walking amongst people. You hardly touch anyone." said Ron.

Eighteenth paragraph.

"I looked really pale." whispered Harry.

"Well, at least you found out everything." said Ginny soothingly. "You didn't have to be distraught for too very long."

"A year isn't too long?" asked Harry in wonder.

"Compared to twenty? No." said Ginny with a small smile.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"Why would you do that?" asked Dean.

"I'm sick of seeing the scar." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"That frightened me." said Harry with a smile. "After that, I changed in the bathroom."

"Don't blame you." said Sirius with a laugh. "Some of those mirrors can be very cheeky."

"They're kinder to children then they are to adults," said Remus. "I remember once that one of those mirrors told James to work out a bit more."

"I remember that too, he started running about, doing push-ups, and sit-ups, that didn't last long though." said Sirius. "After one month he gave up."

Twentieth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.

"We didn't say much, just stared at it and drooled." said Seamus.
"I've had enough shouting and telling off to last me a lifetime, didn't want to watch someone else getting it." said Harry.

"Didn't want her to shout at me next." laughed Harry.

"Don't blame you." said Neville also laughing.

"That's what you think!" said Ron and Hermione.

"Nice." said Ron with a smirk.

"Mom and I spent a few days on the French Riviera." said Hermione. "Dad was visiting with some friends."

"Come on! He's a Quidditch player! Where else would he be?" said Sirius with a smirk.
"Fudge was bragging about how he had found you in the nick of time and saved you from certain peril." said Mr. Weasley. "Nice to have the record set straight."

"Nope, just ugly rumors spread around by my inflated aunt." said George.

"Nice of Ron to laugh at you." said Bill.

"It was funny." said Ron sheepishly.

"Need we go over it again?" said Rivers.

"No sir." said Hermione sheepishly.

"You seem to like to question authority." said Madam Bones with a faint smile.

"Only when it doesn't make any sense." said Harry.

"They'd have to wait their turn, after I've dealt with you." said Mrs. Weasley.

Several people laughed loudly.
"Ron, you're so excitable." said Charlie.

"I was happy to see him." said Ron.

"Poor man." said Tonks giggling.

"I always wondered why you decided to take on Muggle Studies." said Professor Flitwick.

"To get a wizard's point of few." said Hermione.

"Too bad you didn't get very good marks in that class." said Ron.

"Not my fault, the books were wrong." said Hermione stiffly.

“And I'm sure people of ancient civilizations would say the exact same about our history books.” said Harry with a smile.

"That backfired big time." said Ron.

"I got the last laugh though, I complained to Dumbledore on how the books were wrong." said Hermione.

"I was serious, with all those books and if every other one of them was for a class, she wouldn't have any time for herself." said Harry.
"Best thing to get a teenager. Money or a gift card to somewhere." said Dr. Clark.

"You're asking for a nice smack." said Alicia with laugh.

"Not really, Errol's the family owl, after he delivers the letters to us at school, he heads home. After recuperating of course." said Fred.

"It wasn't Egypt that did it." said Ron darkly.

"Just be careful, Owls eat rats." said Bill.

"Why didn't Hedwig try and eat him?" asked Charlie.

"Well, she kept trying, but I told her no more attacking him." said Harry. "So she stopped."

"Such pleasant animals." said Charlie with a smirk.

"Trevor doesn't like those things, I don't think. He keeps jumping into the glass when Gran and I go to that shop." said Neville.
"That's the store pet, he isn't for sale, he's been in the store owner's family for generations." said Kingsley.

"Those were puffskiens, they're pretty popular." said Fred.
"If only they were smaller." said George.

"She didn't mean that literally." said Mrs. Weasley.
"I didn’t bang him on there." said Ron sourly.

"They were laughing." said Hermione. "Never saw a rat laugh before."

"Poor guy." said Dennis.
"You say that now." said Ron.

"Wonder why we didn't notice that he was around quite a long time, much longer than most rats
live." said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"She didn't sound very cross, I was amazed." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"And he was like that when I released him from the trap." said Percy.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Well, he's outlived that easily." said Percy doing the math.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.

"Good thing you kept him." said Sirius. "Or else, I'd be up a creek without a paddle."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Did Scabbers bite you?" asked Mr. Weasley.

"Wouldn't have hurt as much." said Ron.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Here's Crookshanks' big entrance." said Ginny.

"Wish it hadn't been so traumatizing." said Ron. "I still refuse to pet that thing."
"That's nice." said Hermione.

"Hey, I get along with him, I just don't pet him." said Ron.

"You do sometimes." said Harry.

"Well, on good days I guess." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

"Why didn't Hermione follow?" asked Ginny.

"Well, I still wanted to find a pet." said Hermione.

"So you didn't care if Ron lost his rat forever?" said Dr. Clark.

Hermione shuffled her feet nervously.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, he is not that big!" said Hermione.

"When he sits on my lap, I can't feel my legs after a while." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Should have been with them finding the rat." said Parvati.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

"You bought him? After what he tried to do to Ron's rat?" said Nightstrike with a dumbfounded expression.

"Well, he needed a good home." said Hermione.

"But you didn't care if he ate one of your friend's pets?" said Nightstrike.

"Not the wisest decision, young lady." said Lionus. Hermione looked down. "I can understand wanting to give a pet a good home, but you really should have been more considerate about other
Dialog line.

"As much as I like Crookshanks, he's not all that...pretty..." said Sirius.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"Well, at least Harry agrees with me." said Sirius with a laugh.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

"Several times." muttered Harry.

The Rangers and Dr. Clark sniggered.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.
Dialog line.

"Maybe not to scalp, Ron. But he was after Ron's pet." said McGonagall.

Dialog line.

"That didn't last long." said Ginny, remembering the day Ron thought he lost his rat.

End of dialogue set.
Dialog line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.
"Thank goodness." said Mr. Weasley.

"I'm not too sure Sirius Black would escape from Azkaban just to be caught by a thirteen year old Gryffindor." said Lionus with a laugh.

"I'll unmark my words, right now." said Mr. Weasley looking at Sirius.

"Easily the cutest out of the lot." whispered Harry.

"I'd hope so, seeing as how the others are my brothers, father and mother." said Ginny with a grin.

“Now that hurts.” said Fred.

“Harry doesn't find us cute.” said George.

"Spot on." she said with a smile.

Percy turned red.
"That's nice." said Neville with a snicker.

If Percy thought he couldn't turn anymore red from embarrassment, he was sadly mistaken.

Several laughed loudly at the twins.

"How to get grounded in less than nine syllables." said Charlie with a smirk.

"Not the exciting news, I had in mind." muttered Harry. "The wining the lottery seemed to be more exciting."
"Well, I know what not to do, how’s that for an example?” asked Ginny innocently over to her mother.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I told you to use me as a lookout too, Ron was making sure Bill didn't see us.” said Ginny.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

"He did appreciate the leaving a set of recipes behind." said Dumbledore with a smile. "That clam chowder of yours is quite the selling item."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

"Didn't expect dad to laugh at that.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

"You are way too observant, Harry.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

End of dialogue set.
"I didn't dump it." said Ron. "Don't know who it was, but it wasn't me."

"Well, yeah, stupid twit thought I dumped my stuff out." said Ron.

"Still nosey." said Snape quietly.

"Why go and invade...whoever's privacy?" said Tonks.

"I learned that if I heard an argument in the Dursleys, I could mediate the damage done to me by fixing as much as I could of whatever was wrong." said Harry. "Sort of automatic."

"What's up?" asked Hannah.

"You'll find out in a few minutes." said Ginny.

"Hey now, I didn't take it." said Harry.

"We want to know something." said Fred.

"With us as your brothers," said George.

"That you would even think that Ron took it." said Fred and George together.
"Well he'll be there for a while, cause we had it downstairs." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

"I was going to sneak away once they would start up again." said Harry.

End of fiftieth paragraph.

"Harry! That's a private conversation!" said Emmeline

"That involved me, I'd like to know." said Harry.

"Good boy." said Lionus with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

"Wow, Dad never gets heated." said Bill.

"Except when you act way too stupid, and go against your own family." said Charlie, sending a dark look over to Percy.

Dialogue line.

"Thank you, Mr. Weasley." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

"I'm infinitely happier knowing what the hell is going on." said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"There you go," said Harry. "Best have me being careful as opposed to me running around doing dangerous stuff."

"Not that ever stops you." said Snape with a sneer.

"Well, I never start the fight, but I’ll sure as hell finish it.” said Harry.
"Hey! The first time wasn't really our fault." said Ron.

"If I was an evil son of a banshee, yeah, I guess that would have happened." said Sirius faintly.

"It was a lucky shot?" said Sirius.

"It takes an insane man to do the impossible." said Dr. Clark.

“Gee thanks.” said Sirius.

"About as safe as a danger magnet can be." said Harry with a kind smile.

"There's another first." muttered Bill.
"He meant Peter was at Hogwarts." said Harry.

"Actually, I was talking about you." said Sirius.

Harry stared at him.

"I was dreaming about you growing up and having the time of your life, with a troop of friends following you about and raising some hell." said Sirius. "But Peter kept creeping up into my dreams and I saw him once spiriting you away from Hogwarts in the dead of night." said Sirius.

"Is that one of the reasons that you left Azkaban at that time?" asked Remus.

"That and I saw Peter in the paper. Weasleys are all in Gryffindor, meaning that he would be close to Harry, so I had to get out and nab him." said Sirius.

_Dialogue set, fifth sentence._

"I'd rather die than see that." muttered Sirius, his eyes filled with tears.

_End of dialogue set._

"Well we know that wasn't right, so what did you think of." said Harry.

"Getting my revenge, and wondering how you were getting on." said Sirius.

_Fifty-second paragraph._

_Dialogue set._

"Not much he does know." said Mr. Weasley.

"I'm finding out I know much less than I ever dreamed." said Dumbledore faintly.

_Dialogue line._

"After arguing for about four hours." said Mr. Weasley.

"How do you like that, the one reason they're there is so they can protect Harry and they end up hurting him more than anyone else the entire year." said Ron.

_Dialogue line._

"I'm not a fan of theirs, I believe that they should be destroyed, much like the Rangers feel." said
Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Harry snorted loudly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence.

"Explains on how we didn't see anybody." said Mr. Weasley.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

"Fell out of my pocket." said Ron.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

"I didn't find it very funny." said Percy.

"But it was really funny, watching the cleaning lady come in and give you what for." said Ginny in a giggled whisper. “Shouldn’t have destroyed the room that badly.”

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

"You could have told us that the Twins had my badge." said Percy.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.
"You've been through way too much to be able to piece all those things together that quickly." said Tempest.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

Lionus and Moody looked over at the white haired lad.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

"Sorry to let you down." said Harry who had caught their interested gaze.

"Nonsense, you have enough sense to rely on stronger people to help you." said Moody.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

"That's logical thinking." said Lionus.

Sixtieth paragraph.

"Blew that all to hell." muttered Remus with a smirk.

Sixty-first paragraph, first sentence.

"You were still worried about going to Hogsmede?" said Tonks.

"It was a freedom that I would love to have." said Harry honestly.

End of sixty-first paragraph.

"You make worrying about your well-being a bad thing." said McGonagall.

Sixty-second paragraph.

"Such arrogance!" scoffed Snape.

"Hey!" said Sirius.

"No, he's right. I'm an arrogant prat." said Harry with a small smile. "I'm getting a bit better....at
least I think I am."

“How do you figure yourself arrogant?” asked Ginny.

“Well, maybe arrogant is a bit strong, but I figure I can take care of things better than most adults.”

"Arrogant is a bit strong, but you getting better, and pretty quickly." said Lionus.

"How do you know?” asked Remus. “Yet, you’re right, Harry, you aren’t arrogant.”

Harry blushed slightly and scratched the back of his head.

"He gets up at the same I do, and we spar out on the grounds." said Lionus. "He gets his butt handed to him every morning."

"I still can't tell if I’m sitting down or not since you've kicked me there." said Harry rubbing his backside and smiling.

“Back to the arrogant comment, it is a bit strong.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Especially since you’ve admitted that. If you were indeed arrogant, you wouldn’t have said it.”

“He’s got a point, so maybe you should just say you have a some-what high opinion of yourself.” said Ginny softly.

“I’ll buy that.” said Harry with a smile.


Sixty-third paragraph.

"Explains why you looked so worn the next morning dear." said Mrs. Weasley.


End of chapter

"So much for sounding like she cared." said Ginny. "Well, that’s the end of that."

"I think dinner is more than necessary." said Dumbledore, he clapped his hands and the table full of food appeared. Ginny and Harry both stood up and walked over to where the food was and began to fill their plates.

Harry took a large helping of treacle tart when suddenly the door opened and a woman wearing a veil below her eyes had come inside the Great Hall.

Dr. Nicodemus walked swiftly over to her and spoke to her in a hushed voice. The woman nodded and turned around. Harry was watching what was transpiring, with a highly interested look. Suddenly the woman came back but she had someone in tow. It was another woman, though she was middle aged, she was still quite a beauty. One look at her and Harry did something he hadn't done in a good while.

He fainted.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading, please review
Harry felt a cold cloth being placed over his forehead, and someone draping a warm blanket over his chest. Then he heard a voice, a sweet melodious voice, from his long and almost forgotten past.

"Harry? Harry? It's time to wake up dear."

Harry's eyes fluttered open and he looked up. Above him, wearing the smile he always cherished. It was Mrs. McFinn.

"M-Mrs.-Mrs. McFinn?" said Harry.

"Are you okay sweetheart?" said Mrs. McFinn her eyes brimming with tears.

"I'm fine now." said Harry, his voice choked. He sat up quickly and threw his arms around her neck.

"I still can't get over how big you are!" said Mrs. McFinn crying into Harry's messy white locks.

"I'm sorry I didn't come and visit you when you came back." said Harry, tears falling down his face.

"It's okay honey, I understand." she whispered to him.

"Oh hey! Dr. Clark is back look!" said Harry pulling his head back and smiling at her.

"I know dear, I was briefed before I came here by a very nice man." said Mrs. McFinn.

"That would be the chief." said Nightstrike with a smirk.

"I think Harry's had a long day, we'd better let him get some sleep." said Madam Pomfrey. She wiped her eyes, she hated happy moments, they always made her cry.

"He hasn't eaten yet though, Poppy." said Professor McGonagall.

"I'll just give him a nutritional potion, and then a sleeping potion." said Madam Pomfrey taking out two phials.

"But, I want to..." said Harry.

"We can talk in the morning sweetheart." said Mrs. McFinn. Harry stood up, finding out that they had placed him back in the bowl. "I want to talk to Dr. Clark for a bit." said Mrs. McFinn. She kissed the top of his head. "You get some sleep dear."

"Okay," said Harry with a smile. He and Ginny left with Madame Pomfrey.
"Hey...Holly." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

"Sam." said Mrs. McFinn with a small smile, she gave him a hug. "Where were you?"

"I don't know, I really don't know." said Dr. Clark. "But, you, how have you been?"

"Holding up. Trying to deal with my mother, she's still trying to get me to remarry." said Holly with small laugh. "I tried to save your apartment, and your things, but..."

"It's okay, I don't mind. I missed you, and Harry. Harry missed you something awful though." said Sam.

"I missed him too, you as well." said Holly. She looked around. "I still can't believe all this is real, and that Harry, my Harry..."

"I know, I have a hard time almost every other second, but I'm learning." said Dr. Clark.
Sirius cleared his throat loudly, Remus groaned and rolled his eyes.

"Oh, this is Sirius Black and..." said Sam.
Holly took a step back quickly and raised her fist, ready to slap whoever came to close.

"No! No! I was innocent! I swear!" said Sirius quickly shielding his face.

"He's right Holly! He didn't do anything!" said Sam, "They arrested the wrong guy."
It took a while to convince her to lower her hand, but she finally believed them...sort of...

"Let us change the subject, shall we?" said Dumbledore with a wide smile.

"Yeah! Uh, Sam here told us that you didn't really like living with your mother and I thought you'd like to move in with us." said Sirius excitedly, he lowered his hands.

"And your two's wives would be happy about this?" said Holly with a smirk.

"Uh...we...aren't married..." said Remus scratching the back of his head.

"Mmm hmmm." said Holly crossing her arms.

"Seriously, we'll behave." said Sirius crossing his heart.

"We'll see." said Holly.

"You'll have your own suite and everything!" said Sirius eagerly.

"Suite?" said Holly.

"The house is huge." said Sam. "And you'll be close to Harry."

"We'll see, but I'm finding the idea more appealing by the minute." replied Holly.

The night went on as Harry slept in the hospital wing, while Mrs. McFinn, like Dr. Clark, Rudolph and Leroy before her, she was brought up to speed. However they avoided Harry's death defying acts.

The next morning they all settled back into their chairs and Harry went back to the bowl, not before
giving Remus the three foot long essay early.

"Harry I'm..." said Remus.

"I know, I'm sorry too." said Harry.

"I'll leave the telling off and grounding to Sirius from now on." said Remus with a smile.

"I'd leave it to Mrs. McFinn. She was real good about dealing with me when I was bad." said Harry with a smile.

"What did she do?" said Remus.

"Sent me to my room, no dessert or cookies for snack time, and I had to have a long talking to when I could finally come out of there."

"And that stopped you from doing something bad again?" said Seamus with a raised brow.

"You never saw her eyes when she's angry at you." said Harry, then he did a full body shiver.

"You're asking for another time out, young man." said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

"Who'd like to read this time?" said Madam Bones.

"I think I will." said Remus.

"Good timing." muttered Ron.

"Fifth Chapter." read Remus aloud.

"Knew it." said Ron.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"One nasty piece of work." said Harry.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"He brings you your tea in bed?" asked Zacharias.

"He checks to make sure I made it to bed, one morning I got up early and ran about Diagon Alley for some exercise. He sort of freaked when he didn't find me asleep. So I went about two and a half weeks without my usual excursion in the morning." said Harry.

First paragraph, second sentence, sixteenth word.

"She was enjoying the freedom as much as I was." said Harry with a smile.
End of first paragraph.
"Good morning, Sunshine." said George.

Dialogue set.
"Well, you did!" said Percy. "You spilled tea everywhere!"
"It was on accident! You knocked into me!" said Ron angrily.

Dialogue line.
"It was beautiful." said Fred wiping a tear from his eye. "The shouting."
"and the phlegm flying from Percy's mouth as he talked." George
"Actually that part was disgusting." said Fred.

Second paragraph, first sentence, first comma, sixteenth word.
"That's a normal look these days." said Sirius, "You should see Remus' look in the morning."
Remus looked slowly over to him while Harry sniggered.
"YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!" shouted Sirius.

End of second paragraph.
"Girls ears only." said Hermione and Ginny, getting giggly again.
"So much for a heads up." said Harry with a smirk.
"You've had enough love potion to deal with." said Ginny.
"When was this?" asked Sirius.
"Last night, somebody had switched around a nutritional potion and a love potion." said Madam Pomfrey.
"How did that go?" asked Seamus with a smirk.
"Well, Miss Vane will not be joining us for the rest of the week, that is for sure." said McGonagall crossing her arms. “Though it was quite impressive how Potter threw it off.”
"Why didn't you want to talk in front of me?" asked Percy indignant ly. 

His brothers and sister looked at him. "You really want us to answer that?" said Charlie.

"Kitty no like it in the nasty basket does it?" said George in a cutsey voice.

"Not the best idea. Some people have rats, toads and even owls. Cats and things that are either smaller than it or with feathers don't mix." said Charlie.

"Yikes, if Crookshanks latches onto you there, he could hurt you." said Charlie.

"For wanting to blend in, you guys need to work on your muggle transportation resources." said Harry shaking his head.

"Didn't want you to come running up and spiriting him away." said Mr. Weasley with an embarrassed smile to Sirius.

"I was on my way to Hogwarts at that point, I wasn't there." said Sirius.
Seventh paragraph.
"Hate sitting next to him, he gets nausea in moving vehicles." said Ron muttering to Hermione.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.
"A rollercoaster is less eventful compared to the Knight Bus." said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

"I don't think I want to know." said Mrs. McFinn clutching Harry's arm. “Do you remember the time we took you to the amusement park?”

“Yeah, Officer….” said Harry a smile came across his face, but then it fell.

“James won you that giant panda bear.” said Mrs. McFinn finishing his statement. “I’ve still got that at Mother’s, I hold it sometimes.”

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.
"They complained about us flying a car, when they drive right through two semi-trucks with inches to spare." said Ron shaking his head.

Eighth paragraph, third sentence, third comma.
"That was nice." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

"He's a pretty popular man around the Ministry." said Kingsley with a smile.

End of eighth paragraph.
"Still can't believe that that bus driver never even noticed that he was skipped." said Hermione.

Ninth paragraph.
"Good job, Arthur." said Moody.

Dialogue line.
"You aren't very subtle." said Tonks with a giggle.

"That's why I didn't get a job at the Auror's office." said Mr. Weasley.
"You'd be a great person to work with." said Kingsley.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

"Couldn't pull the wool over your eyes, could I?" said Mr. Weasley with a kindly smile.

End of tenth paragraph.

"Just going with the flow." said Harry with a smile.

Eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Bet you couldn't miss something else either." muttered Charlie.

Bill elbowed his brother hard in the side.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"Crookshanks didn't really like being shoved on the train." said Hermione.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Fourteenth paragraph.

"You always did like hugs." said Mrs. McFinn giving Harry's head a quick kiss.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"I was afraid I wouldn't see him again." said Mrs. Weasley as she dabbed her eyes.

End of dialogue set.
"That year she screwed up our sandwiches," said Fred.

"It was a simple exchange of tuna and swiss with peanut butter and jelly." said George.

"Bit of a shock though," said Fred.

"When you first bite into it and you expect something sweet." said George.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

"Mum had to hold us back, we wanted to eavesdrop." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"For calling yourself arrogant, you sure like to apologize quickly." said Charlie.

Mrs. McFinn leaned away from Harry. "You call yourself, arrogant?"

"I am now, well sort of, not that strong of a word." said Harry. "Ron has to sometimes tell me to get a flipping grip." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He always tries to find the loophole in the rules." said Mrs. McFinn. "I told him he couldn't have a cookie before dinner. What does he do? He takes two cookies." she gave him a quick squeeze.

"And I wouldn't get paddled just once, I'd get it twice." said Harry leaning into her heavily.

“You paddled him?” said Dr. Clark in wonder, “I thought you hated that.”

“I used an oven mitt.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Oh.” said Dr. Clark.

"I'm getting less “Harry time” over here." said Sirius pouting slightly.
Seamus scoffed. "Yeah, right."

"Can you blame me?" said Mr. Weasley with a nervous laugh.

"Not at all." said Dumbledore. "I myself didn't want to burden him with the knowledge; I would have rather him sleep peacefully at night."

"He's got a point." said Remus.

"I'm aiming for better than Voldemort thank you." muttered Sirius.

"Better in what way?" asked Dr. Clark.

"You'd more likely invite me over." said Sirius.

"As long as you don't go on the carpet." said Harry with mischievous grin.

"That's it. Payback time." said Sirius, he pulled Harry out and then he and his godson could be seen wrestling about on the floor.

"Take it back!" said Sirius pulling Harry's arm back playfully.

"No!" said Harry with a laugh.

"Don't hurt him!" said Madam Pomfrey.

"Hope you aren't talking about him!" said Harry, using his leg and flipping Sirius over.

Harry quickly turned and placed both hands on Sirius' shoulders, pinning him to the floor. "I win."

Sirius grunted, "I just let you win, cause you are still weak."

"Bull." said Harry with a smirk.

"Come on Harry, quit picking on the old guy," said Remus with a smirk.

"I'll get you too." said Sirius with a scowl.
'Don't do stupid stuff.' said Mr. Weasley.

"Can't promise that, I can't sleep at night without doing something stupid at least once a day." said Harry with a bright smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Here comes the promise that I'll have to keep." said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

"It's for your own good." said Moody.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I should have said yes to that." said Mr. Weasley looking slightly embarrassed.

End of dialogue set.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"I'm nuts, but not psychotic!" said Harry with a laugh.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Good question." said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.
"Talking in private on the Hogwarts Express doesn't happen all that often." said Tonks.

"Sorry Ginny." said Ron humbly.

"It's okay, brothers are supposed to be brutes." she said with a smile.

"Not all brothers." said Percy.

"Yeah, some can be real prats." said George.

"Those are the more comfortable ones anyway." said Sirius. "Your dad favored the last one in the train."

Remus smiled. And that's why I chose to sit there.

"What time did you get there?" whispered Harry.

"I was there at five o'clock in the morning." said Remus. "Couldn't sleep very well."

"Didn't want to accidentally sit in a teachers compartment." said Hermione.

"I just wanted to take the train, for nostalgia." said Remus with a smile.

"And the off chance you'd see Harry." said Sirius.

"That was a big part of it." said Remus.
"Couldn't afford new ones." said Remus.
"Couldn't your cousin from the eyeglass shop help you?" asked Harry.
"I had already borrowed enough from her, I didn't want to take anymore of her money." said Remus.

"Was just finishing up recuperating from the previous full moon." said Remus.
"What does that have to do with it?" asked Mrs. McFinn.
"We never told her." whispered Sirius.
"Uh, I'm a...a...." said Remus.
"He's a werewolf." said Dr. Clark with an excited voice.
"They're real?" said Mrs. McFinn gripping Harry slightly.
"They are, and don't worry, dear lady, he's absolutely harmless." said Dr. Nicodemus. "We gave him an inoculation that makes him as harmless as a baby goat."
"I think the expression is 'baby lamb'." said Nightstrike.
"Not a big fan of lambs, but my sister has a goat farm, cutest little bleaters you ever did see. My grandchildren absolutely love them." said Dr. Nicodemus.
"I still can't believe that you're a grandpa, every time you show us your kids, I still can't believe it." said Lionus.

Remus looked forward and stared at Harry. "I've got gray in my hair?"

Harry looked down, red-faced, "Just a little...on the top. But hey! I got you beat easily!" he said tugging his own locks.

"What the?" asked Sirius. "How do you know?"
"I used my eyes." said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Aww! You still have the case that Lily gave you." said Sirius with a smile.

"Couldn't bear to throw it away." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"To be perfectly honest, Miss Granger, there was two." said McGonagall with a slight smile. "Care of Magical Creatures, and Defense Against the Dark Arts."

Twenty-third paragraph.

"That rumor can be confirmed." said Dumbledore quietly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Remus smiled over to Ron.

"I'll take that back right now." said Ron with a sheepish grin.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

"Sort of sad that they freak out more than I do." said Harry with a smirk.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I'd love a nice quiet year." said Harry. "That'll never happen." said Harry with a smirk.
"How thick do you have to be to leave your house, at night, with a murderer on the loose?" said Snape.

"We get it Severus, it wasn't the best idea." said Flitwick shaking his head.

“If you really think about it, if I had stayed at Uncle Vernon's, I never would have made it to school, whether you expelled me or not.” said Harry.

Remus looked at Harry. “Why?”

“He would have killed me....” said Harry.

The adults, including Severus looked uncomfortable.

"No surprise there." said George.

"Well, Peter Pettigrew is going to get that now." said Madam Bones.

"If we don't get him first." said Lionus with a smirk.

"They caught me, but I wasn't there for long." said Sirius.

"I'd love to know what happened." said Snape with a low growl.

"Harry wouldn't have been able to reach it." said Ron.

"I thought you were going to knock off the short jokes." said Harry.

"Never promised that." said Ron with a smirk.
"Someone's been naughty!" chanted Fred and George.

"That means it was working." said Mr. Weasley with smile.

"Yes." said Charlie and Bill.

"You could have waited till Snitch was back." said Bill. "He would have taken your stuff to him."

"Thanks for thinking of me." said Remus with a smile, he reached over and ruffled Harry's hair.

Ron then screamed. "Ahhh! I touched his old socks!"

"Way to remind him he can't go." said Sirius.
"What about Godric Hollow?" asked Sirius. "I've never seen any Muggles there."

"There is one living on the outskirts of town." said Dumbledore. "She's been there for many years, and knows all about us. She helps the people who live there with their Muggle disguises."

"Amen!" said Charlie happily.

"What? Really?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Sirius tricked me into eating one of those. They aren't bad, but it was a bit frightening." said Dr. Clark.

"Sirius Black!" scolded McGonagall.

“But it was funny.” whined Sirius.

"Ooh, those sound good right now." said Ron.

Harry sent a wink over to Ginny who giggled.

"Now if only they could write." said Professor Sprout.

"But Hogsmeade's a very interesting place, isn't it?" Hermione pressed on eagerly. "In Sites of Historical Sorcery it says the inn was the headquarters for the 1612 goblin rebellion,

"Which one?" asked Ron. "There's two."

"It was the Three Broomsticks, there is still some slashes in the wall left over by some of their swords." said Dumbledore.
End of dialogue set.

Sirius snorted slightly.

Dialogue line.

"That's nothing new." said Hermione crossing her arms.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Didn't you want to go honey?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Couldn't go, no one signed my permission form." said Harry.

"Where is it, I'll sign it." she said with a smile.

"I already did, he was able to go the next year." said Sirius.

"And he found a way down there that year anyway." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"No, I will not." said McGonagall stiffly.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

" Exactly." said Mrs. Weasley. "Not that you were going to hurt him Sirius, but..."
"I understand." said Sirius with a small smile.

**Dialogue line.**

"Good guess." said Professor McGonagall.

**Dialogue line.**

"Two thirteen year olds aren't going to stop someone from trying to kill him." said Sirius.

**Dialogue set.**

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

"Don't you remember what happened at the pet store?" said Tonks. "Crookshanks is going to attack Ron!"

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

"You really had the nerve to sound angry?" said Dr. Clark in surprise.

"It was my cat!" said Hermione.

"It was his pet! His pet he had had for over three years!" said Bill.

"He didn't have to be mean to Crookshanks," said Hermione stiffly.

"If another creature was going to eat my pet, I'd be mean to it." said Charlie.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

"Poor baby's sleepy right after the full moon." said Sirius in a baby voice.

"You must be a younger werewolf. Pretty soon, you'll be alert and active right away." said Nightstrike.

"You look younger than I do." said Remus.

"I'm fifty-three." said Nightstrike with a smirk. "I'm older than I look."
"As am I." said Lionus.

People stared.

"We take a special elixir that keeps us young and active, and no, it's not Elixir of Life, being immortal would take all the fun out of life." said Lionus with a smirk.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"That was very good of you Ron." said Mrs. Weasley with a fond smile.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That's nice." said Remus with a laugh.

"That would be freaky." said Harry, who did a full body shiver. "In a train compartment with a dead guy, who was just alive five seconds ago. Yeech!"

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"Great, I'm being used in my sleep." said Remus with a laugh.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

"And to think, you beat out You-Know-Who." said Ron with a laugh.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.
Harry mouthed an apology over to Draco, who was scowling at the floor.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, end of second sentence.
Draco’s face changed from anger, to guilt.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"Well, the 'Potty' insult isn't very original." said Sirius with a snarl.
"Neither is 'Weasel'." said Charlie.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
"Fits their personalities." said Fred with laugh.

Dialogue line.
"Sorry." said Draco.
"Gotta admit though." said Ginny in a whisper to her older twin brothers. "she did faint."

Fortieth paragraph.
"Did you wake up?" said Ron.
"Nope, went right back to sleep." said Remus.

Dialogue line.
"Nice, he has a fear of grownups." said Moody with crooked smile.
"I did too, for a little while." said Harry.
"It took a while for you to warm up to us, sweetheart." said Mrs. McFinn kissing Harry's head again.
"He sometimes has a worse temper than I do." said Harry with a laugh.

"And that's saying something." said Ron.

"Resourceful little...." said Snape with a sneer over to Harry.

"Ron must have been going through puberty." mumbled Dr. Clark to Remus.

"You couldn't wake him up with a million firecrackers under his pillow, a few days after the full moon." said Sirius.

"What?" said Charlie. "Why would the train slow down?"
"This wasn't the best idea that I had agreed to," said Dumbledore darkly.

"Nearly got sent out of compartment." said Harry.

"Before you ask, that was me asking if the train had broken down." said Harry.

"Sort of hard to do on a bridge." said Hermione with a slight smile.

"But that’s what happened.” said Ron.

"Who was in pain?" said Madam Pomfrey.

"I think the both of us." said Harry.
"There you go." said Ron with a smile. "Shows how strong he is."

"That had to be painful." said Ernie.

"It was, I think there's still a scar." said Neville shifting in his seat.

"Be thankful no one can see it." said Harry with a laugh.

"Didn't want her to accidentally sit on me and then the lights turn on. Ron would have killed me." said Harry with a blush. "And Ginny and I would have died of embarrassment before he would have gotten the chance."
"Hoarse voice, huh? Has to be Remus." said Sirius with a laugh.

"If you're frightened and an adult tells you to shut up, you shut up." said Harry with a smile.

"One of his favorite, dramatic spells." said Sirius.

"Something tells me that it isn't someone selling Girl Scout cookies." said Lionus.

Mrs. McFinn whimpered slightly. "What in the world is that?"

"That's a dementor." said Hermione, her face pale.

Dumbledore's hands clenched tightly. "When I get a hold of Fudge, I'll kill him." he said.

"Why?" asked Dr. Clark.

"That thing is trying to drain that compartment of any joy that was there, and then...if it had stuck around..." said Lionus. "That is why we destroy each one we come across, there is no control of those things, they can't determine who their prey is."

"There isn't many creatures that can do that." said Percy.

"There aren't many creatures that the Ministry of Magic use." said Lionus sternly.
Sixtieth paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn threw her arms around Harry's neck and pulled him tighter against her. Sirius tuck the blanket around him and held onto one of his hands.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Most of the people in the Great Hall turned and looked horrified at Harry.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Suddenly, small white balls popped out of book and spun quickly about the room.

"What are those?" asked Mrs. McFinn, looking at one of the balls that floated gently in front of her.

"Scattered Shots, haven't seen those in a while." said Dr. Clark.

They entered each person's body and then light enveloped them all.

They found themselves, shrunk to almost the size of a small child's toy and hovering over the scene that laid below them. A slightly younger Remus Lupin was pushing the Dementor back with a large blast of white light and Harry was lying on the floor, hunched in a fetal position.

Once Remus had slammed the door he leaned down and turned Harry over.

"Harry! Harry! Are you alright?" he said, looking anxious.

Though his voice was quiet almost like a whisper, they could hear it quite clear.

"Uncle Moony? Uncle Paddy? Grandpa? Where are you? Mum? Dad? I'm scared, where are you?"

Suddenly the balls left and they were back inside the Great Hall.

"Dang, that was a short one." said Fred.

"I don't remember saying that." said Harry.

"No, I don't think you would, dear boy." said Dumbledore with a tear running down his nose.

"So you do remember us....sort of." said Sirius with a sad smile and giving his godson's hand a small squeeze.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

"Now that I remember." said Harry rubbing his cheek.
"That was scary, you doing that." said Ron. "Thought you were having a fit."

"I'm fine now." said Harry reassuringly to the men in the bowl.

"He was sort of all floppy and limp." said Ron.

"Ron! Just say he was feeling weak!" said Hermione.

"Well, he was all floppy..." said Ron uncertainly.

"Thought you were hearing homicidal voices again." said Ron with a shrug.

"We didn't hear what you said, we were more shaken up with that thing that came in and then you falling to the floor." said Ginny.

"You think chocolate can cure anything." said Sirius shaking his head.

"Chocolate really did help in that instance." said Harry.
"He looked like he needed it more than anyone else." said Remus.

"I didn't want to throw it back up." said Harry.

"The foulest things on the planet." said Lionus.

"Not to mention send an owl to Dumbledore." said Harry with a smirk.

"It was McGonagall that I sent the owl to actually." said Remus with smirk.

"You saw a dementor, you fainted, simple as that." said Dean with a wary smile.

"Saw that happen to Great Uncle Gideon, after that he never woke up." said Ron shaking slightly.
"Well didn't you just act so cool." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Letting a dementor on a train full of children...." snarled Dr. Nicodemus.

"Have you ever had the flu?" asked Remus.

"Once or twice, but Officer had it worse......" said Harry then he looked at Mrs. McFinn.

"He was a big baby." said Mrs. McFinn with a fond smile, though tears filled her eyes.

"They didn't have the past you had, Harry." said Dumbledore sadly.

"Waste of good chocolate." said Remus with sniff.

"See! Chocolate has it's uses!" said Remus.

"Yeah, but he was ready to throw it back up." said Sirius.
Seventy-fifth paragraph.
"I figured it was the damn scar." said Harry.

Mrs. McFinn tapped his mouth, "Watch your language dear."

"Yes, ma'am." said Harry automatically.

"Oh thank god you're here! He's been a hellion!" said Fred in a dramatic voice.

"Truly!" said George. "Such language we've never heard!"

“No I didn’t!” said Harry quickly.

“I figured not to believe them straight off.” said Mrs. McFinn with a wink.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

"Didn't want to lose him this year." said Neville.

End of seventy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.
"Wasn't it raining?" said Dr. Clark. "Don't you postpone that for another night?"

"The boats are quite safe, and so is the lake, thanks to Octavius." said Dumbledore.

"Octavius?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"The Giant Squid." said Harry.

"You are never swimming in that lake." said Mrs. McFinn quickly.

"Too late." said Harry with a dry chuckle.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, sixth comma.

"Boy was I wrong." said Harry shaking his head.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-seventh paragraph, second sentence.
"I should have given you your own chocolate bar." mused Remus.

End of seventy-seventh paragraph.

"Can you blame us?" said Hermione quietly.

Seventy-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

Harry brought the blanket up closer to himself.

he leaned back into the lumpy seat and closed his eyes until they had passed the gates.

"That scared us, we thought you were having another fit." said Ron.

End of seventy-eighth paragraph.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Give me one guess." said Charlie sending a scowl over to Draco.

Eightieth paragraph.

"I did notice something though, his pants had changed." said Harry quietly. "He didn't have that green streak up the side."

Sirius snorted. ‘Must’ve wet himself.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Kid..." said Nightstrike. "Even one of our Captains is afraid of Dementors, don't be pushing your luck."

"Sorry." said Draco quickly.
"I noticed that, he was quite lucky I was more worried about Harry than anything else." said Remus with a smile.

"I'd've taken points away from the little vermin." said Sirius.

"If the least little jab had affected me, I wouldn't have been friends with you very long." said Remus with a laugh.

"I always loved how you described things, it's like looking at a painting." said Mrs. McFinn kissing the top of Harry's head again.

"Is it just me, or does he lean into her when she kisses him?" asked Sirius in a whisper.

"She was the only mother figure he had, and he was a big momma's boy." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

"That's got to be a record, not even two minutes into the castle and you're already in trouble." said Sirius. "At least James and I waited until the feast started to set off a few fireworks."

"They weren't in trouble." said McGonagall.

“Oh, well then, I’m disappointed.” said Sirius.

"It's a gift." said McGonagall with slight smile.
"This isn't good, if she isn't letting Ron in on it." said Fred.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

"Tattletale." said Sirius.

"Did you see how pale he looked? I was afraid he wasn't going to even last the train ride, much less the trip up to the castle without being carried up." said Remus.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

"You're worth making a fuss over." said Sirius.

"It's embarrassing." said Harry mumbling.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Madam Pomfrey blushed as the students and a few guests began to laugh. "Well? What am I supposed to think?"

Dialogue line.

Eighty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"And so it begins." said George with a laugh.

"I'll bet, that if she could get away with it, she'd keep him in the Hospital Wing." said Fred.

"He'd avoid injury that way." said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.
"And you collapsing Merlin knows where is any better?" said Madam Pomfrey with her eyebrows raised.

"Finally a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher that has some brain cells." said Madam Pomfrey with a smirk.

"Not buying it." said George.

"Every time you say you're fine, you aren't." Fred.

"Not before taking one last look at me." said Harry.

"What did she want to talk to you about?" asked Lee.

"Do you ever get to see a Sorting?" asked Sirius to Harry.

"Not till next year." said Harry.
Draco helped it along." said Fred. "He shouted it when he came into the Hall."
"Got himself ten points deducted for shouting in the Hall too." said George.

Dumbledore smiled at Harry, who only turned pink. "Well, you talk, we listen."
"Thank you Harry." said Dumbledore with a bright smile.
Dumbledore looked at Harry, with a slight frown.
Dumbledore reached over and patted Harry's head gently.
"That pun was intended." said Dumbledore with a chuckle.
"And I was assured that there would be more than just our newest teacher on there to protect our students." said Dumbledore with a frown.
Ninety-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Gee, who could he be talking about?" asked Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Ninety-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"I'd rather ask Snape for help." muttered Seamus.

End of ninety-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You didn't look very happy, sir." said a third year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"Oh, come on!" said Sirius.

"Hey, in our defense, we didn't know what he was going to be like, or we would have clapping like mad." said Dean.

Ninety-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

"You were a hero!" said Ginny.

End of ninety-ninth paragraph.

"I was starting to wish that I had taken your offer for a pay advance." said Remus with a smile over to Dumbledore.
Sirius sent a scowl over to Snape and growled slightly.

"Remember when that kelpie bit..." said Sirius.

Remus coughed and nodded towards the first years.

"Fine." said Sirius crossing his arms.

"That's one full plate, Hagrid." said Tonks.

"I can handle it." said Hagrid with a large smile.

"And he does a marvelous job of it too." said Dumbledore. "I have noticed that since Hagrid has taken over the class that the average, test scores for the O.W.L's and the N.E.W.T's has gotten quite a bit higher. The examiners are quite pleased."

Hagrid blushed brightly.

“Bit of a rough start, but the classes have greatly improved.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

"We love Hagrid more than any other house, easily." said George proudly.

"T'd rather have the biting book than the two years of defensive books that lie to you." said Harry.

"Oh, Hagrid." said Mrs. Weasley with a smile.
"Amen!" said Ron.

"Ron! Lunch will be a while yet." said Hermione.

"Good! You seem to have lost the weight I put on you all those years ago." said Mrs. McFinn with smile.

"And I 'ppreciate it." said Hagrid wiping a tear from his eyes.

"Didn't want to wait until the first class." said Harry.

"I simply thought that you were the best for the job." said Dumbledore. "I remember all the times that you gave Professor Kettleburn advice on how to deal with unicorns and thestrals. You are quite the authority." he added with a smile.

"Oh come on Minerva, let them enjoy his new job with him." said Mr. Weasley with a laugh.

"You'd think that as Head Boy, he'd tell the Prefects and then they'd let everyone else know." said Ron shaking his head.
Dialogue line.

"Don't worry, I know someone else that had problem memorizing stuff, though I can't really call that a compliment or make you feel any better." said Sirius.

"Who was that?" asked Neville.

"Peter Pettigrew." said Remus.

One hundred and eighth paragraph, second sentence.

"Home sweet home." said Harry with a fond smile.

End of Chapter.

"Well that's it." said Remus putting the book down. "Who wants to read now?"

"I'll do it." said Hermione.

She walked over to where Remus was and gently took the book out of his hand. When she got back to the love seat she shared with Ron, she looked at the title and gave a slight laugh.

"Chapter Six." said Hermione.

"If the reference to talons is what I think, we might learn the absolute truth to what happened." said Dumbledore looking at Draco sternly.

Draco took the opportunity to gaze intently down at the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review!
"You comfortable, sweetie?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"Uh huh." said Harry smiling as he laid his his on her shoulder.

"Let's see how far we can go before lunch time." said Dumbledore with a smile. "Miss Granger, if you would."

"There's a shock." said Fred.

"He's not normally funny." said George.

"Fainting is funny?" said Nightstrike.

"No, not really." said Ron rolling his eyes. "He was mocking Harry."

"I'd like to see him go up against a dementor." said Tempest sourly.

"It is not many people who fall victim to them so quickly, those few are the few worthy of knowing and protecting." said Firenze.

Sirius groaned, "Too bad she isn't here to hear that. Where is she anyway?"

"Most likely trying to get rid of that stuff on her face, that's what happens when you don't follow directions with that sort of stuff. She's going to be out of commission for a little while longer." said Harry with a laugh.
"She looked like she was trying to catch a very slow moving moth." said Ron with a smirk.

"He looked pissed." said George.

"Walked on egg shells, we did. Till Harry finally calmed down." said Fred.

Malfoy went pink.

"Joking didn't work, maybe explaining something will." said George.

"Takes less than a day for some." said Sirius thoughtfully.
"No surprise." said Sirius proudly.

"Well, at least you were feeling better enough to eat." said McGonagall with a slight smile.

"Exactly, you always felt sick to your stomach when you were upset. The only thing we could get down your throat would be tea." said Mrs. McFinn, kissing the top of Harry's head.

"Well, at least Ron is becoming concerned." said Lavender.

"How on Merlin's green traveling cloak is that possible?" asked Tonks.

"I had a way." said Hermione with a smile.

"Way to change the subject." said Dr. Clark with a smile.
"That cleared about a good portion of the Great Hall in a hurry." said George. "Never saw people run so fast."

Dialogue set.

Seventh paragraph.

"Didn' think I was still holdin' on ter it." said Hagrid sheepishly.

Dialogue line.

"Sorry." said Ron quickly.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"And that's with the shortcuts by the second floor to the fourth floor and us running the rest of the way." said Ron.

Ninth paragraph.

"The only people who were laughing were Slytherins." said Fred. "Not one person outside that house."

Tenth paragraph.

"Didn't really have a reason, and Filch kept the younger students out." said Harry.

Dialogue set.

"Nothing nearby." said Fred shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"There's a hint that Ron knew quite a bit more about the lay out of the castle then he let on about."
said Neville with a smile.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence.

"I shrieked when I saw that painting of the peacocks moving about this morning. I thought I had lost my mind." said Mrs. McFinn with a laugh.

"Try having a portrait of a guy chatting with you on stuff you have on or the price of snake fangs." said Dr. Clark. "That threw me for a loop."

End of eleventh paragraph.

"He never was a very smooth rider." said Lionus with a smirk.

"And annoying to boot." said Ron. "Hang on, how do you know about him?"

"I was a student here once upon a time, a long long time ago." said Lionus. "Different name, different life."

"He's like Dumbledore, no real straight answer." said Ron shaking his head.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"You're in a painting, we're out here. How can we be trespassing on your land?" asked Lee shaking his head

End of dialogue set.

"Few quick slices of a knife to the canvas will beat him." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Have you apologized to the Fat Lady yet?" asked Remus quietly.

"Uh....not yet, I'll do it tonight though." said Sirius looking guilty.

Twelfth paragraph, first sentence.

"That would have been hilarious to see." said Ernie with laugh.

End of twelfth paragraph.
Several people laughed loudly at the antics of the old knight.

Dialogue line.

"He's a painting, who cares?" said Zacharias.

Dialogue line.

"Harry! You rogue!" shouted George.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"It was like watching a reenactment of the Sword in the Stone." said Harry with a smirk.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Every portrait in the castle knows where every room is, after a few hundred years, you learn quite a bit about this grand old place." said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue set, third sentence, third comma.

"Is he schizophrenic?" asked Dr. Clark.

"No, just over dramatic." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

"Die on the way to a class?" said Ron.

"Knowing me, it'll happen." said Harry quietly.

Fourteenth paragraph.

"Wow, you guys went from being rogues and braggarts, to good sirs and gently lady in less than a minute." said Seamus.
"Well, he's able to adapt." said Professor Sprout, "That's one good quality."

"One of his only." muttered McGonagall.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.**

"I don't think that is what he was talking about." said Professor Flitwick with a giggle.

**End of dialogue set.**

"That was the worse part." said Harry.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

"Harry was breathing heavy too, but not nearly as hard as the rest of us." said Hermione.

**Dialogue set.**

"Not that desperate." said Ron.

**Dialogue line.**

The students in the Great Hall laughed loudly.

**Eighteenth paagraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Have Harry stand on your shoulders and he'll reach it." said Dr. Clark.

**Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

"I keep forgetting, what I think is an obvious solution, you do something different that's even easier." said Dr. Clark with a laugh.
End of nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Chicken." said Charlie with a smile.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence.

"I find it cozy." said Trelawny with a distinct sniff.

"So do we." said Parvati, and Lavender.

Twentieth paragraph, fifth sentence.

"Reminds me of my mother's favorite tea room." said Mrs. McFinn. "Could hardly breathe in there when I was younger."

End of twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Waited for her entrance cue." muttered McGonagall.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Right on time." said McGonagall.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

Dumbledore covered his mouth to hid a wide smile while several teachers coughed trying to hide their laughter.
"Yeah, I can see how that sounds like a bug." muttered Kingsley with a snicker.

"Over dramatizing the moment." said Ron.

"It most certainly does." said Professor Trelawney.

McGonagall rolled her eyes.

"Can't argue with you there." said Sirius. "If you ain't got it, you ain't got it, and not many people have it."

"That is actually a very truthful statement." said Dumbledore. "Divination is more on feeling then actual knowledge."

"Poor Hermione." said Ginny soothingly.

"What a kind way of putting it." said Dumbledore with a smile up to the blushing Divination teacher.
"She got a cold, but nothing really all that bad." said Neville.

"Alright, so she can get a few hits." said McGonagall to a smiling Professor Sprout.

"I didn't do a thing to her." said Ron quickly.

"It was George, he snuck up behind her and scared her the next day." said Lavender.

"I remember when James learned about those, he leaned too far into the fire, and caught his bangs on fire." said Remus with a smile.

"There's a surprise." said Sirius rolling his eyes.

"That was a very nice week." mumbled McGonagall to Professor Sprout.

"Well, that's ominous." said Remus.

"I didn't want to know what the future held for me at that point." said Lavender.
"Way to dash her feeling of reassurance." said Madam Bones.

"Oh my girlfriends and I love to do that!" said Mrs. McFinn excitedly. "We used to do that during our college days. I predicted my friend’s first child!"

"That is quite impressive." said Dumbledore with twinkling eyes.

"Well, I cannot see the aura radiating from her, it must have been coincidental." said Professor Trelawney stiffly.

"The whole school knows he's clumsy, that wasn't a real prediction." said Dean in a low whisper to Seamus.

"Then why hand him a blue one?" asked Hermione loudly. "If you knew he was going to break it?"

"I had hoped that he would defy the road to destiny." said Professor Trelawney.

"Typical answer." muttered Hermione and McGonagall.

"It was Earl Grey, I hate Earl Grey." said Harry with a look of disgust on his face.
"A cup of soggy stuff." said Sirius.

"Yeah!" said Sirius happily.

"Hey now." said Sirius, his face falling.

"Wasn't working." said Harry with a laugh.

"Aw, poor Ron." said George.

"He shouldn't have to endure hardships." said Fred.

"I go through enough trial's and suffering with the two of you." said Ron.

"Sounds like what James predicted for Peter, he was going to die unmarried and childless at twenty-four, but have seven grandchildren hanging on his legs" said Remus with a laugh.

"They always did like to goof off." said Professor Flitwick with a chuckle. "Boys will be boys."
"Now that the Ministry is going under some overhauling, I might just take the job, but I don't know quite yet." said Harry.

"All you have to do is ask." said Harry.

"She takes her job very seriously, apparently." said Sirius.

"Book said to do it clockwise." whispered Hermione.

"Duh." said Seamus.

"She was learning some bad habits from us." said Ron.
"Well, I wasn't a happy child." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

"It was, till all that turning elongated that bowl part of the hat." said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

"Another obvious prediction." muttered McGonagall.

Professor Trelawney scowled at her fellow teacher.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"No fault of your own." said McGonagall.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Which screams, 'ask me and I'll spill it.'" said Dr. Clark with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Students who weren't in the Divination classroom the first time, gasped loudly.

"What's the big deal?" asked Dr. Clark.

"It's nothing good." said Mrs. McFinn as she clutched Harry to her. "I remember that from a book when I was younger.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
"It's not a good sign to see, even outside a teacup." said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

**Dialogue set.**

"Man, dogs catch a bad rap." said Lee shaking his head.

**Fortieth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Sorry about that." said Sirius quietly.

"It's okay, I overreacted." said Harry with a smile.

**Fortieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Miss Granger!" said Professor Flitwick.

"Well it didn't!" said Hermione.

"That is most likely true, but...." said Dumbledore. "Minerva may hold some contempt for her, but a student should not openly disrespect a teacher in class."

"In her defense, I took that liberty with her." said Harry pointing up to Umbridge.

"She doesn't qualify, she wasn't an authentic teacher." said Remus quickly.

**Forty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Fancy way of saying 'you don't have what it takes'." said Harry with a smile.

**Forty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"We couldn't." said Parvati, "it was...just...."
"I couldn't either. I was.....never mind." said Ron quietly.

"Another obvious prediction." muttered McGonagall.

"We got lost about three times, Sir Cadogan kept trying to lead us down the wrong way." said Harry. "He wanted us to go and help him fight some painted dragons and other things."

“Sure he did.” said Sirius with a snicker.

"It was getting really annoying." said Harry.

"Well, that's a classic foreshadowing." said Sirius with a bark-like laugh.

"I'd love to have that ability." said Mrs. McFinn. "I'd love to be able to turn into a swan, that's my favorite animal."

"I can turn into a dog." said Sirius with a smile. "That's my favorite animal."

"Tootsie." said Harry with fond smile.

McGonagall blushed heavily.
Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

People in the Great Hall began to laugh loudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I didn't mean it like that." said Harry quickly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"And I've told her every year that that little stunt needed to stop." said Dumbledore sternly.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"At least not to students." said Professor Flitwick.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

Professor Trelawney continued to scowl at her learned comrade.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

"I needed to hear that." said Harry with a smile.

Fiftieth paragraph.

"What about Neville's cup?" asked Sirius.
"It said he wasn't going to live past seventh year." said Lavender.

"You'll be fine, Mr. Longbottom." said Professor Sprout.

"I know." said Neville with a smile.

**Fifty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Fifty-second paragraph.**

"Wow, Ron must've been really upset." said Ernie.

"I don’t' blame him." said Mr. Weasley giving his youngest son a kind smile.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Fifty-third paragraph.**

"Yeah, after that little scene in Divination class, I wouldn't be too keen on dogs either." said Bill.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fifty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Miss Granger, I think you owe Mr. Weasley an apology, you do not speak lightly of a family member's unfortunate passing." said Dumbledore calmly.

"But..." said Hermione.

"Now, Miss Granger." said Dumbledore, the twinkling in his eyes, dulling slightly.

"Sorry Ron." said Hermione.
"That they do." said Mr. Weasley, "It's a very bad omen."

"I always thought they looked cool." said Sirius with a guilty shrug.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Hermione looked down shamefully.

End of dialogue set.

"Miss Granger!" said McGonagall in shock.

"Well...." said Hermione quietly.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"For some people I suppose, dear, but perhaps for some others, it's not guesswork, and they actually see what most people cannot." said Mrs. McFinn.

"I'm amazed you know so much about this kind of stuff." said Dr. Clark. "Did you ever call those psychic hotlines?"

"I'm not that stupid." said Mrs. McFinn. "I just read up on it for fun."

Dumbeldore smiled. "And yet, you have quite a large amount of knowledge about the field."

"Only the tea leaves part." said Mrs. McFinn shyly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The twins groaned.

"That had to hurt." said George.

"That's below the belt." said Fred.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.
Dialogue set.

Professor Trelawney folded her arms and looked away with a frown on her face.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Wait, what?" asked Ernie.

"But she was, she was in there the first day." said another Hufflepuff.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Sixtieth paragraph, first sentence.

"Nothing new." said Harry rolling his eyes.

Sixtieth paragraph, third sentence.

"This won't end well." said Sirius.

"And it doesn't." said Remus shaking his head.

End of sixtieth paragraph.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Hagrid seems so excited." said Tonks with smile.

Sixty-second paragraph.

"Were you going to learn about thesterals?" asked Luna.

"Not that year." said Harry.
"How?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Just stroke the spine." said Charlie, "It'll open right up."

"Like an animal?" said Mrs. McFinn. "That's adorable!"

"Not when the book bites you first." said Harry with a smile.

"They really should have sold them with instructions or a spell to keep them closed when not in use." said McGonagall.

"Only quick glances at a page or two." said Harry.

"Well, that does seem simple enough, it is a sort of beast book." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"Mr. Malfoy..." said McGonagall.

"Sorry." said Malfoy.
"That book actually has the best knowledge of different animals and creatures." said Harry. "Though, the manager should have left instructions on how to get past the cover of the book."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You're father can do nothing more than any other father now." said Seamus.

"Except he has the Minister by the wallet." said Harry.

"Not anymore." said Lionus with a smirk. "We seized half of his money."

"What?" asked Malfoy loudly.

"Any money that your father was entitled to, is gone. Now only your mother has authority to go into Gringotts and take out money." said Lionus.

"Goblins won't like that." said Bill.

"They don't have a choice, its either they cooperate, or we take back control of the security of the wizarding world's money. They choose to stay with the power they have." said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I thought there really was one back there, I jumped about a foot in the air." said Harry.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

Mrs. McFinn whimpered slightly.

"That sounds like, what were they called? A hippogriff?" said Dr. Clark.

"Very good, Sam." said Dumbledore with a bright smile. "That is exactly what they are."

"Are they dangerous?" asked Mrs. McFinn holding Harry close.

"Not anymore dangerous than any other creature on this planet. You just need to be polite and you will be fine." said Harry.
Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Human nature to back up when something's charging at you." said Dean.

"Except for Harry, he tightens up and thinks of a way to stop it." said Angelina with a giggle.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

Harry smiled embarrasingly and turned pink. "Sorry Hagrid."

End of sixty-seventh paragraph.

"They're kinda beautiful.." said Harry honestly.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Very good Hagrid." said Madam Bones, "So far your lesson is going splendidly."

"Thank you ma'am." said Hagrid his face getting pink.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

"Well, now. It seems that is what had happened." said Dumbledore.

Snape sent Malfoy an intense glare, but Malfoy didn't notice, he was too busy staring at his knees.

Dialogue set.

"That's an understatement." said Ron.
"Nah, they just like bein' intimidatin'" said Hagrid.

Several people groaned.

"You would volunteer." said Sirius with a small smile.

"Harry, I heard all about your dangerous little escapades, I don't want to hear about you doing anymore." said Mrs. McFinn pleading.

"Uh, how about from right now on? Cause, these things already happened." said Harry quickly.

"There's more than what I think, isn't there?" asked Sirius and Remus together.

"I don't know, how much do you know?" said Harry with a smile.

"Oh, I don't revolve my life around tea leaves." said Harry.

"Good for you dear, for the past four years, every time I looked it said that you were in mortal peril and I......" said Mrs. McFinn but slowly her voice faltered. "Never mind."

"At Night's Rest, I've even got a stable for Buckbeak, he already loves it there." said Sirius.

"I thought that the Hippogriff known as Buckbeak was missing." said Madam Bones with an amused smile.

"Ah...well...uh...you'll see." said Sirius uncomfortably.

"Indeed I will." said Madam Bones with a smile.
"What were you hoping for?" asked Harry with a smirk. "That he'd stampede me or thrash me about?"

"A little bit of both." said Draco quietly.

"I'll just bet." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

"Just what I wanted to hear." said Harry with laugh.

Seventy-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"That's why." said Harry.

End of seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"Smart lad." said Moody, "But unfortunately, you have to for this situation."

End of seventy-fifth paragraph.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

"Not good." said Charlie.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"That didn't boost my spirits, I can tell you." said Harry to Sirius.

"Don't blame you." said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

"Please tell me you don't get hurt." pleaded Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn.
"I don't." said Harry.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

"Don't know if Beaky was testin' you or not." said Hagrid thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

"No thanks, I can drive." said Dr. Clark holding his hands up quickly.

"You are horrible Sam." said Mrs. McFinn laughing.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

"Turns out, their beaks are super sensitive." said Harry. "At least to touch, they still can snap a limb in half with it."

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

"Big surprise." said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Eightieth paragraph.

"It wasn't, I still hurt sometimes." said Harry with a smile as he rubbed the inside of his leg.

Dialogue line.

"Very reassuring." said Sirius trying not to smile.

Eighty-first paragraph.

"And he just told me not to pull on the feathers. I was doomed." said Harry shaking his head.
"This won't end well." said Dr. Clark turning pale.

"I was fine. Just a bit startled." said Harry.

Eighthirty-second paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

"Couldn't walk right for two days." said Harry with a smile.

End of eighty-second paragraph.

"It does take some getting used to, but I actually really like riding Hippogriffs." said Sirius with a laugh. "Kinda like riding my bike."

Eighty-third paragraph.

"Didn't notice you didn't like it." said Hagrid sheepishly.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

"I should have given you Buckbeak, Glittertalon is sort o' stuck up. She don't like many people." said Hagrid scratching the back of his head.

End of eighty-fourth paragraph.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

"Who was the one looking like that?" asked Charlie.

"Buckbeak, Malfoy was petting him wrong." said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Lets see you take on a troll in first year." said Fred.

"A three headed dog." said George.

"A dark lord and psycho teacher." said Fred
"Whomping Willow in your second." said George.

"A giant spider." said Fred.

"And a giant basilisk." said George.

"And the same dark lord as before." said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

"He told you not to insult them. Clear as day, and what do you do?" said Charlie groaning and covering his eyes.

"It was your own stupid fault. And your dad, being who he is, no one else is going to question him." said Bill.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

"I couldn't even move, I was so much in shock." said Harry. "I expected him to try and sabotage the class, but I didn't expect him to go kamikaze on it."

Dialogue line.

"Harry's had worse, and you didn't hear him panicking." said Ernie.

"I was the only one down there, how do you know that if there was someone else with me, I wouldn't have screamed and cried?" said Harry.

Ernie looked at Harry with an unconvinced look.

Dialogue line.

"Least he's thinking clearly. It could have gone much worse. Professor Kettleburn's first class caused a mass infestation of fire-breathing salamanders on the grounds and then in the castle, it was quite a disaster." said Dumbledore.

"There wasn't a student that didn't have a burn or two." said McGonagall.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

"You can't die from a gash." said Dr. Clark, "Unless you leave it untreated for a long time."
"Give me a break." said Hannah. "It was his own stupid fault!"

"What would have happened if they did try something?" asked Sirius.

"I'd kick their ass. I wasn't in any mood to be kind." said Harry.

"That was a run?" whispered Harry quietly.

"That you have. Mr. Malfoy's injuries took two seconds to heal." said Madam Pomfrey.

"Indeed?" said Professor Flitwick crossing his arms.

Malfoy looked down at the floor.

"Wasn't hungry." muttered Hagrid.
"Sweet Merlin! You really weren't feeling good!" said the twins together.

"I hope you ate Mr. Potter, you of all people do not need to be going without a meal." said McGonagall.

Harry didn't meet her eyes.

Ninety-first paragraph.

"He was stupid, he got hurt. Simple as that." said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-second paragraph.

"Even Hermione was looking, that was really a shock." said Ron.

"I care about Hagrid!" said Hermione defensively.

"We know, but normally you're homework happy," said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"But it's still a risk." said McGonagall.

"Didn't care, I wanted to know how Hagrid was doing." said Harry.

Ninety-fourth paragraph.

"Three years and you still don't know?" asked Kingsley.

"Different circumstance." said Harry.

Ninety-fifth paragraph.
"At least Hagrid’s gentle when he’s drunk, as opposed to a mean drunk." said Fred.

"I thought you said you were going to swear off drinking." said Charlie.

"I was too upset, wasn't thinkin'." said Hagrid.

"I cannot blame you Hagrid." said Dumbledore.

"You hadn't been fired Hagrid, I told you three times in my office that you still retained your job." said Dumbledore.

"Didn't know you cared Weasley." said Draco with a smirk.

"Didn't want your stupidity to cause Hagrid to lose his job." Ron shot back.

"One bandage that was on for one minute is not a grievous wound." said Madam Pomfrey.

"And that only took one night." said Harry.

"What?" said Mrs. McFinn in shock. "How...why?"

"I'll tell you later, Holly." said Dr. Clark.
"That's way too small." said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"If I could give points, Minerva, they'd each receive ten at least." said Professor Flitwick.

"They'd lose them as soon as they'd earn them with all the stunts they pull." said McGonagall, trying to hide a smile.

Ninety-seventh paragraph.

"Not quite, after that flying session earlier, I needed my back cracked, and that did it." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Just bruised ribs, I had an ointment that clears that right up....why won't I just shut up...." said Harry who looked up at the sky towards the end of his statement.

Mrs. McFinn's lip quivered.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"It sobers me up." said Hagrid, blushing as people began to laugh quietly.
"Beats him crying." muttered Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Ninety-ninth paragraph.

"I didn't know what was going through his head." said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"He's never shouted at us before, it was sort of scary." said Hermione.

End of dialogue set.

"If I wasn't all together sure that you were after me, that cemented it." said Harry to Sirius with a smile.

One hundredth paragraph.

"Hagrid!" shouted Mrs. Weasley.

"He didn't hurt me, and once we got to the door he picked me up and carried me to the castle. It was embarrassing." said Harry.

End of chapter.

"That's up for debate." said Harry.

"No it isn't." said the adults together.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading Please review
Before they had started the next chapter, they decided to eat lunch at that point.

"Harry! You didn't any vegetables." said Mrs. McFinn.

"I got a carrot." said Harry looking at his plate.

Mrs. McFinn smiled, she took the carrot off his plate. "This is a baby carrot, go try again."

"Yes ma'am." said Harry with a guilty smile.

"Well, we won't be getting away with just eating dessert for dinner, will we?" said Sirius with a chuckle.

"Well, now that our bellies are full, who would like to read?" asked Dumbledore.

"I'll do it." said Charlie.

"Seventh chapter." said Charlie.

"This will be fun." said Harry as he ate his fourth carrot.

"Don't forget to eat your grapes." said Mrs. McFinn.

Remus stared at her.

"I'm making up for lost time." said Mrs. McFinn quickly with a light blush.

"I appreciate it." said Harry kissing Mrs. McFinn's cheek.

Remus crossed his arms.

"You punish, she dotes." said Sirius nudging Remus in the ribs.

First paragraph.

"He wouldn't know heroics if it peed on his leg." said Fred with a sneer.
"How much can a healed cut hurt?" said Ron.

"Well that way is the best way to get a girl." said Sirius shrugging.

"He's done it before too, always made sure to fall off his broom." said Remus rolling his eyes.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

"Why didn't you give him a detention?" asked Professor Sprout.

"He had a note from Madam Pomfrey." said Snape.

"I gave him no note, he was out of the Hospital Wing in less than twenty minutes." said Madam Pomfrey.

Snape turned and looked Malfoy slowly, who was staring intently at the floor.

"Well, I'm glad we had a talk about forgery." said Snape tapping his fingers.

"Never again, sir." said Malfoy quietly.

End of second paragraph.

It was Snape's turn to look at the floor uncomfortably.

Third paragraph.

"Why?" asked Dean. "That always bugged me why you did that."

"It was so we could do all of his work for him and he could gloat and goad us." said Harry.

"Why you vicious little...." said Tonks sourly.
Madam Pomfrey scowled at the fifth year. "How dare you use fake injuries to get out of doing work!"

"Beggars can't be choosers." said Nightstrike. "You didn't want to work, suck it up."

Dumbledore and McGonagall looked at Snape sternly.

"I hope you put a stop to this." said Madam Pomfrey, getting angrier and angrier by the second.

"You know how to see into people's minds, why aren't you making him do it himself?" said Remus quickly.

“He wouldn’t dare look in his charges’ minds. They’re above reproach.” sneered Sirius.
Mrs. McFinn stood up quickly.

"It's fine, I just shrug it off." said Harry grabbing her hand.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

"You could have had mine, I would have been able to repair them." said Harry.

"Yeah, but Malfoy was watching." said Ron. "He would have whined to Snape saying that you were doing the potion wrong."

End of tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"None of your business." said Mr. Weasley quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"What injury?" asked Seamus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"Influence or money?" said Cho darkly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second dash.

Madam Pomfrey scoffed, "Lasting injury? Oh, if I were your mother...."

End of dialogue set.

"Your arm was perfectly fine!" said Madam Pomfrey irritably.
"We were supposed to just slice it in half, not behead it." said Harry with a small smile.

Malfoy was still looking firmly at the ground.

"Severus, do we need to send you to the next teaching seminar?" asked Rivers.

Snape looked over to Rivers quickly turning pale and shook his head.

"I take it the seminars are really bad." said Sirius.

"If you aren't a very....efficient teacher, the Headmaster may send you to those, and...well...no, they are quite....unpleasant." said Professor Flitwick.

"I was impressed though..." said Harry.

"With what?" said Neville his eyes wide.

"That he knew exactly what happened." said Harry.

"He's gone through quite a lot of trial and error. At first he was quite abysmal at Potions." said Dumbledore with a smile.

Snape turned a faint sort of pink.

"Severus...." said Dumbledore coldly.
"Miss Granger, forget the idea that you owe Professor Snape a new robe. Severus. This summer, I'm sending you to that teacher seminar." said Dumbledore, his voice like steel. "And Mr. Longbottom, I want you, after this school year is done, to tell me if he accosts you again."

"Yes sir." said Neville quietly.

Snape was white and staring blankly at Dumbledore.

"If you don't, as Minerva says to a few of her students, smarten up, Severus, I will most definitely send you, if you can prove to me that you will change and fast, then I will resend that order." said Dumbledore.

"Yes sir." said Snape just as quietly as Neville had been.

"You're slacking." said Remus. "Why not stay in your animagus form?"

"The fleas were killing me." said Sirius quietly. “I would have done anything for a flea collar.”

"Stupid people." said Kingsley. "Should have had competent people handling the phones."

"That's nice." said Bill. "Trying to egg him onto putting him in danger."
Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Lionus looked at Draco, and rubbed his temple. "So, you'd send your schoolmate out to face a supposed mass murderer? Do we have to keep an eye on you as well?"

"No sir...." said Draco quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Lionus, I think he needs to see a counselor, he needs to get his father's poison out of his system." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"Sounds like a plan." said Lionus looking at Draco.

Dialogue set.

"I cannot believe that you were going to go through with it." said Professor Sprout angrily.

Seventeenth paragraph, second sentence.

"Good girl!" said Nightstrike clapping loudly.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Why wouldn't you use warm water?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"It's not advisable." said Snape quietly.
"I've haven't done anything to you, but I'm going to get back at you for the stuff you've done so far these reading sessions." said Sirius with a teasing smile.

"Bring it on, old man." said Harry.

Sirius opened his mouth wide. "You just tacked on another reason." he said with a laugh.

"Watch me be frightened." said Harry.

"Severus!" shouted Professor Sprout.

Most of the students cheered loudly.

"I would have poured an antidote down the frog's throat if it had been poisoned." said Snape quietly.

"And the way you were acting, how was he to know about that?" said McGonagall fiercely.

"And your proof that he helped her? Aside that you thought that Neville couldn't have done it?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"And the way you were acting, how was he to know about that?"
"It wouldn't have gone well for her." said Snape.

"Like it won't go well for you?" said Madam Pomfrey.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Where did you go?" asked Neville.

"I had another class to go to." said Hermione.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

"Slimy little toerag." muttered Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

"I was hoping you didn't notice that." said Hermione looking pink.

"If you had another class, what were you doing back with the boys?" said Tempest.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I thought you said that you had another class to go to?" said Bill.

"Don't ruin the surprise." said Hermione with a smile.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.
"Our schedule was pretty full, didn't know what she was doing with all those extra ones." said Ron. "At the time."

"No more than what we weren't telling her." said Harry shrugging.

"How do you....." said Remus with a dumbfounded look.

"Blame James." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile as she smoothed down Harry's hair.

"I told them that." said Dr. Clark.

"I love those lessons." said Harry.

"Did you teach magical theory as well?" asked Rivers to Remus.

"Yeah, it was mostly once a week that we did that. The rest of the week was practical." said Remus.

"Excellent." said Rivers nodding with approval.

"I won't be forgetting that year for some time." said Neville rubbing his ears.
"Filch hates that." said Sirius.

"Remind me to ask Peeves to keep doing that." said Dumbledore coldly. "Filch will be lucky to be living once I get a hold of him."

"It's different when you're a trouble-maker just as much as he is." said Remus with a laugh.

"Aren't you laid back?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Just not with me." said Harry. “Least not lately.”

"I'm getting better." whimpered Remus meekly.

"Are you trying to make them into trouble makers?" asked Bill.

"Just....teaching." said Remus with a smirk.

"Hmm, I think I remember Hermione using that spell once." said Fred thoughtfully.

George massaged his nose slightly and looked up at Umbridge with a smirk.
"HECK YEAH!" shouted many of the students together.

"I wasn't aware that you were going to take your class on a fieldtrip." said Snape with a sneer.

"Well, you got your payback Neville." said Remus with a smile. Neville turned pale.

"Thank goodness, you stood up for him." said Madam Pomfrey with a disdainful sniff.

"What on earth?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Something I don't think neither you or I want to mess with." said Dr. Clark.

"Not without someone with a wand nearby anyway." said Dumbledore kindly.
"Nope, don't want to mess with that." said Dr. Clark.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Yeah, that would be from James parent's house." said Sirius. “Nasty thing that was, scared the cat every time it happened to walk by.”

“What was nasty about that?” asked Dean.

“The mess it would make tearing around the living room, broken vases, ripped curtains, cat...” said Sirius.

“That's enough, they just ate.” said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

"Big surprise." said Zacharias quietly.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. McFinn turned pale.

Dialogue set.

"What we fear tells a lot about ourselves." said Luna.

"That it does." said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

"Miss Granger, he's not going to change his mind and ask you." said Dr. Nicodemus.
Hermione blushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Sorry Harry." said Hermione softly.

Dialogue set.

Several people laughed.

Dialogue line.

"That sort of sounds a bit difficult." said Mrs. McFinn.

"It's easier than it sounds." said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Ridiculous?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Yeah, the words they pick for it sort of fit the scenario," said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

"That's how I felt too." said Neville.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You are so good with kids." said Tonks.
"I just don't know how to discipline them the right way." said Remus quietly.

"Sometimes you get it right, but sometimes...not so much." said Sirius.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"Not us." said Ron, Hermione and Harry.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Don't blame you." said Sirius, "I've met her; she can be a holy terror when you get her angry."

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You didn't!" said Sirius with a laugh.

"I did." said Remus. "Call it Neville's payback."

"That's beautiful." said Sirius with a laugh.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph, first sentence.

"That's awesome." said Nightstrike with a chuckle.
"Due to the laughter, it was getting angry." said Remus.

Dialogue set.

"There's a short list." said Lionus.

"That would be plausible." said Dumbledore. "And completely understandable."

"Your Uncle Vernon?" asked Dr. Clark.

"You know, he didn't even come to mind. I don't really fear him, I just fear his anger, and his fists and feet." said Harry thoughtfully.

"Everybody else was too busy trying to think of something that scares them." said Harry.

"Taking it's legs off wouldn't have made much of a difference." said Ron shaking his head.

"There’s a first." said Neville.
"There isn't a way." said Dumbledore.

"I felt really incompetent right there." said Harry with a smile.

"Well done. Face your fears." said Tempest with an approving smile.

"Student shouldn't fear their teachers that much." said Professor Flitwick shaking his head.

People screamed and howled with laughter.

"Oh...." said Parvati, her eyes covered.
"Those are real too?" said Mrs. McFinn with a horror filled look.

"Unfortunately yes." said Dumbledore.

"Good choice." said Charlie.

"Bet that made having Scabbers around a bit difficult." said Sirius with a laugh.

Mrs. McFinn picked her feet up off the floor.

"I'd use a cricket bat before I'd use a mousetrap." said Mrs. McFinn.
"Hi smaller version of Aragog." said Harry.

"Hey, why didn't you give Harry a shot at it?" said Sirius. "Despite it being that Harry's Boggart would have turned into a Dementor."

"I didn't know that his Boggart was a Dementor." said Remus quietly. "I thought it would be someone else."

"Voldemort?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Yeah." said Remus.

"That was brave of you to do that." said Sirius. "Letting everyone see that."

"I had a plan." said Remus.

"So you...killed that thing?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"It's a strong way of putting it, but yes." said Dumbledore.

"What harm does that thing do? Doesn't it just scare people?" said Mrs. McFinn.
"Actually, as it frightens you into a state of shock, it begins to eat away your very being, it doesn't need to draw blood to kill you." said Dumbledore calmly.

"Oh...never mind." said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue set.

"Points for doing an assignment?" said Snape with a quiet sneer.

"They didn't have to do it. Some people stood in the back and didn't want to do it." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"Well that's an easy first assignment." said Bill. "Wish I had you for a teacher."

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

"That wasn't my reason, I had a completely different one." said Remus quietly.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You made them think you were afraid of Divination? Dear lord, no one is going to believe that! You took the bloody class when we were in school!" said Sirius with a laugh.

"Only the other teachers knew that, not the kids." said Remus.

"Clever." said Bathilda with a smile.

Dialogue line.
"Seems?" said Sirius with a laugh. "Were you even paying attention in class?"

"Close." said Hermione remembering her third year exams.

"That's the end of that." said Charlie.

"We seem to be flying through these chapters today." said Speckerton.

"Who'd like to read next?" asked Charlie.

"Want to read with me?" asked Sirius to Harry.

"Sure." said Harry.

Sirius walked over and took the book, sat back down and turned the page.

"Oh crud." said Sirius.

"What?" asked Remus.

"Eighth chapter." said Sirius.

"You're dead." said Fred and George together to Sirius.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please review
"Get over here." said Sirius pulling Harry over to himself.

"First or second half?" said Harry.

"I'll take the last part." said Sirius.

"You'll be sorry." said Harry in sing song voice.

"Want to switch?" said Sirius quickly.

"No take-backs." said Harry with a laugh.

"Yet he's got more talent than your whole family put together." said Neville bravely.

"Just imagine what being a History teacher will be like." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"There's a quicker way of getting rid of those than the normal way," said Luna dreamily.

"What is that?" said Professor Sprout.

"Take a jar of strawberry jam and toss it in the opposite direction, they love it." said Luna with a smile.
"Fascinating, Miss Lovegood!" said Dumbledore with a smile. "I must test that out."

Second paragraph, third sentence, first colon, first comma.

"There aren't any of those things in here, are there?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"No, every year during the summer we have the Control of Magical Creatures department come in and take care of anything particularly harmful." said McGonagall. "Though, in the case of before Potter's second year, something very large was accidentally overlooked for many many years."

End of second paragraph.

"Which live in JAPAN!" said Ron loudly.

"Of course they do, who else told you otherwise." said Professor Flitwick.

Ron pointed to Snape.

Third paragraph, first sentence.

"Want to switch now?" said Harry sheepishly.

"You said no take backs." said Sirius with a smile.

Third paragraph, third sentence.

"God I wish I was there." said Sirius with a fond smile.

Third paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Do you blame the kids?" said Nightstrike with a smile.

End of third paragraph.

"Sorry about that." said Remus to Neville.

"It was worth it sir." said Neville with a smile.

Fourth paragraph, first sentence.

"That was getting annoying." said Harry shaking his head.
"I tried, I really tried." said Harry to Mrs. McFinn quickly.

"They were impossible to live with." said Hermione.

"I had to keep asking them what they were saying. Couldn't understand a word they were saying." said Harry.

Harry froze quickly, before he had read the line. He gulped loudly.

"Uh...can I skip a line?" said Harry quickly.

"Well, no one else can, you might be able to, but why would you?" asked Speckerton.

Sirius read the line that held Harry speechless. "Yeah, I can see why he'd pass." he said aloud.

Harry swallowed loudly, and continued on, relived that he didn't need to divulge that horrible fact.

"They actually are." said Dumbledore thoughtfully. "I told you Hagrid that you could show them Kneazles and Nifflers."

"Didn't think that they were safe to show." said Hagrid quietly.

"Nonsense, they are perfectly safe." said Dumbledore.

"Ewww..." said Mrs. McFinn.

"Tell us about it." said Lavender.
"I wasn't talking all the classes!" said Harry loudly. "Okay, this book sucks again."
Dumbledore smiled gently over to Harry. "Just like a cold, it has to get worse before it gets better."

"Come on, you guys were already the best in the school." said Ernie.
"That's cause we practice." said Angelina.

"Do we seriously need to go through this?" said Zacharias.
Mrs. McFinn stared at him as well as most of the adults.
"I don't know about this game." said Mrs. McFinn. "And I'm happy to learn all I can." said Mrs. McFinn.
"You'll love it." said Katie eagerly.
"No she won't." said Harry.
"If it puts you in harm’s way, then no, I don't like it." said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.
"Told you." said Harry.

"Why is he desperate?" asked Mrs. McFinn.
"We've never won the Quidditch House cup." said Harry.
"But..." said Mrs. McFinn.
"We'll tell you about it later." said Dr. Clark.

"Well, isn't that dramatic." said Bill.
"Oh he gets worse." said Fred.
"Remember the book before?" said George.
Mrs. McFinn whimpered slightly and held onto Harry's arm.

"We were pretty much backing up slowly." said George.

"Go figure." said Charlie.

"Well at least you support him." said Bill.

"So, I take it he thinks you can't win it without him?" said Dr. Clark.

"He's just over dramatic right now." said Harry.
"It's just a trophy." said Hermione.

"No, its the trophy." said the Quidditch players of each house, plus Charlie.

"Did you get your homework done?' said Mrs. McFinn.

"Well, no. But I had it done in no time at all." said Harry.

"What in the world are those?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Something that's not allowed in the house." said Sirius. "Those are the only pranking items I hate."

"It all stemmed from when James tossed a bunch into the shower with him." said Remus. "It was beautiful."

"Shut up." said Sirius shortly.

"Sort of hard to not know that when you told us on the train you couldn't go and we were just telling you about it." said Hermione apologetically.

"Sighted, not cornered." said Sirius with a smirk.
"Thank you, Ron." said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

"That didn't work out too well." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You've got guts, you're an idiot, but you've got guts." said Bill shaking his head.

" Stranger things have happened." said Harry shrugging.

Fourteenth paragraph.

"That's... gross." said Dean.

"I thought you said the he was going to stay in your dorm?" said Dr. Clark.

"I couldn't keep him locked in my room! It just isn't right!" said Hermione.

"And when he eats Ron's pet rat, what are you going to say then?" said Lionus with a frown.

Hermione flushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"It's not like spiders that size can move that fast." said Ron.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He was already dumbing down his work, might as well make it easy." said Ron shrugging.
"Well, look at that, the reason you need to keep the cat in your room." said Fred.

"He's trying to save his own pet." said Remus. "It's not his fault you went back on your word."

Hermione looked hurt.

"See, and you think I don't stand up for you." said George.

"Well...you never were much of a stand up for your siblings, kind of guy." said Ron looking uncomfortable.

"Like you promised to do in the first place." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"And that's why he should stay in your dorm. Scabbers was there first." said Katie softly.

"Crookshanks is pretty smart." said Sirius.
“Yeah, and he knew what Scabbers really was though!” said Hermione.

“Still looking at it in the way it could have been, it could have been really bad.” said Sirius softly.

“He never went after Hedwig! He knew what that rat was all about!” said Hermione.

“Did it go after Hedwig?” asked Dr. Clark quietly.

“He eyed her, and she didn’t like it.” said Harry. “She took a swipe at her, and Hedwig ended up pickering her up by the tail and dropping him about seven feet or so. He never went after her again.”

Hermione flushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"See? And you can't seem to keep Crookshanks safely tucked away in your dorm." said Bill.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Twenty-second paragraph.

"Made for an awkward start to the class." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"Now you care?" said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

"Not a good idea." said Bill. "Those things can sprout the moment they hit the floor."

"What's wrong with them sprouting?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"If they get to get to their blooming stage..." said Charlie.

"They reek." said Bill.

Dialogue line.

"And boy, did the smell bring water to our eyes." said Seamus.
"I could have debated that for months. I wouldn't have won anyway." said Harry.

"This can't be good." said Sirius.

"What's the matter, Lavender?" said Hermione anxiously as she, Harry, and Ron went to join the group.

"Oh you poor dear." said Mrs. McFinn.

"Friday the thirteenth?" said Sirius.

"No, it has something to do with the last chapter." said Harry.

"Well? Who could forget that first class?" said Seamus.

"Looks like she got another one right, Minerva." said Professor Flitwick.

"Another lucky guess." said McGonagall quietly.

“That's one hell of a guess.” said Flitwick with a weak chuckle.
"Everyone dreads about their pets dying sweetie." said Mrs. McFinn soothingly.

"I worry about Hedwig sometimes when she's out too long." said Harry.

"Who is Hedwig?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"She's my pet owl." said Harry.

"You have a pet owl?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Yeah, she's around here somewhere." said Harry looking up.

"Oh, she isn't." groaned Tempest.

"It appears that she is." said Firenze shaking his head.

"MISS GRANGER!" said McGonagall. Trying to reason Trelawney’s predictions are one thing, but to dismiss a death! Logic has no place in that area.

"Well, how..." said Hermione quietly.

"Miss Granger, you do not try and use logic when someone loses a beloved pet or family member." said Dumbledore massaging the bridge of his nose.

"I..." said Hermione.

"Hermione, there's no fixing that." said Fred.
"Just let it go and say you’re sorry." said George.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

"You had no right to look at Ron like that." said Bill shortly. "He wasn't the one being insensitive."

**End of twenty-eighth paragraph.**

"Again, there's something new." said Harry rolling his eyes.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

"Well that's handy." said Tonks.

**Dialogue set.**

"And that should have told me, there was no way in..." Harry looked at Mrs. McFinn. "...on earth that I was going to get to Hogsmede."

“Good save, sweetie.” said Mrs. McFinn with a laugh.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Typicall Neville." said Fred.

"And that's why we love you." said George kissing Neville on the cheek.

"Get off me." said Neville shoving the twins.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-first paragraph.**
"Isn't going to work." said Sirius. "She never bends the rules."

"Except where Quidditch is involved." said Remus quietly.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Harry lied again!" said Fred in a dramatic pose.

"Harry! How could you?" said George.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"She won't bend the rules, not with a supposed dark wizard heading towards Hogwarts." said Tonks.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"Won't change anything." said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Well, they aren't his parents and they can't even be considered guardians." said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"It was that or annoyance, she's hard to read." said Harry in whisper.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, second sentence, eighth word.
"I’m really really REALLY sorry, Professor." said Ron. "You're right Harry, these books suck now."

"I told you!" said Harry.

**End of thirty-fifth paragraph.**

"It was one bad day." said Harry. "Nobody was happy with anyone else."

"You didn't seem too bothered with not going." said Dr. Clark.

"I was crushed, but I could pretty much get over it." said Harry. "Sort of."

**Dialogue line.**

"Like I said, 'sort of'." said Harry shrugging. "Your turn." he handed the book over to Sirius.

"I remember the last time you said that. That was scary." said Neville.

"What?" said Harry.

"Well, the last time you said 'Your turn' was when you shocked Dumbledore back to life." said Neville.

The Hall went quiet.

"Seriously? What happened?" said Dr. Clark.

"He had a heart attack." said Madam Pomfrey softly.

"And Harry sort of shocked him, it was scary." repeated Neville.

"You used a defibulator?" said Dr. Clark in shock.

"Sort of, and then again, no." said Harry.

"I want to hear all about it later." said Dr. Clark earnestly.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.**

McGonagall looked slightly crestfallen.

"Whoa, Harry made McGonagall look guilty again." said Fred in astonishment.

"Now, I'm really jealous." said George.
"After I saw his signature on his last Christmas parcel, it wouldn't have done any good. His writing is awful." said Dean.

"No way I could come back and say, 'I was just kidding! He signed it.'" said Harry with a laugh.

"And that's why I said that." said Dumbledore.

"So you knew that the Dursley's didn't sign his slip?" said Dean.

"After Harry inflated his aunt, I thought it highly unlikely that they would be willing to sign anything. And the Minister told me Harry asked him." said Dumbledore. "He was actually smug about it, for some strange reason." he added thoughtfully.

"There's a big surprise." said Ron.

"Dear Lord..." groaned Remus. "That's horrible."

"Wow, you were doing a good job of it." said Fred.

"Yeah, I mean that downcast look completely threw us off!" said George.

"Well, at least they’re looking out for you dear." said Mrs. Weasley.
"Which sound really petty." said Harry. "Compared to a pet being in constant danger and the...well...the difficulty of trying to having a cat around.” said Harry gently.

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

"The whole castle, the only third year and up left behind was Harry." said Bill. "Who else was he expecting to sneak out. They didn't even acknowledge Hogsmeade in the other two books."

"Actually, there were some other people in the Dorms, they just didn't want to go." said George.

"Harry..." said Sirius slowly. "You didn't happen to sneak into Hogsmeade, did you, before this year?"

"Well..." said Harry slowly.

"You never told me." said Ron.

"I...just wanted to see...how easy it was to get out of here." said Harry shrugging.

"And?" said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling.

"I gotta admit it wasn't easy." said Harry.

"It took you how long?" said Remus.

"Eight tries." said Harry. "Without magic, two with."

"That's sad." said Charlie. “That you can still get out and back in...so much for this place being safe.”

“It's safe, unless you're used to sneaking about and getting into places you aren't really supposed to be in.” said Harry with a smile.

"I'm impressed." said Lionus.

"Me too." said Moody.

**Dialogue line.**

"Yeah, actually I never tried leaving the school that year for that reason. Well, not the ways I found out." said Harry sheepishly.

**Thirty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
"That and they were probably broke." said Charlie.

"I'm sorry, but I'm still not comfortable with you, especially not since the last book, we've read." said Sirius.

"Which sucks, I was hoping on just taking a nap." said Harry.

"Walking around without a purpose." said Harry with a smile.

"It's too bad that you can't skip over his parts." said Dumbldore with a scowl.
"Great more bodiless voices." said Zacharias.

"Not quite." said Harry with a smirk.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Well, he's never out of their company." said Remus shrugging slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You didn't know what a Grindylow was?" said Zacharias.

"I did, but I don't get invited to have a chat with a teacher, without getting a detention first." said Harry.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

"I was sort of waiting for it to flip me off." said Harry.

"It flipped me off before you came in, I guess it censors itself." said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue set.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Don't blame you." said Fred.

"It's not normal to have a cup of tea with a teacher." said George.

"Though..." said Harry. "Never mind."

"Finish it." said Sirius.

"Lockhart kept asking me in for tea." said Harry.
"Sweet lord." said Remus. "I didn't need to know that."

Forty-ninth paragraph.
"That's cheating." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.
“That’s magic.” said Remus, also with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.
"Never lost your touch for inside humor." said Sirius shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
"Why would she tell you?" asked Colin.
"Cause of who I was to his father." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph, first sentence.
"That wouldn't have gone well for me." said Sirius.
"I would have demanded you to tell me the next time you saw the dog." said Remus quickly.

End of fifty-first paragraph.
"I was wrong." said Lupin quietly.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"We can't consider that a lie, he always says he's fine." said George waving it off.
"I didn't quite know where he was going with it." said Remus with an embarrassed smile.

"Wasn't exactly obvious why you didn't let me fight it." said Harry.

"That stare made me feel like an idiot." said Remus with a laugh.

"I didn't really care about the boggart at that point." said Harry.

"Yeah, but would the kids even know what that guy looked like? Yeah, Ron, Hermione and Harry know what he looks like, but none of the other kids." said Tonks.

“We don't know what the hell he looks like.” said Ron quietly to Hermione.

"That's a good point, there are no pictures of the Voldemort, or illustrations." said Dumbledore thoughtfully. "Though the pale skin and red eyes might be a bit of a give away."
"And to be honest, a dementor in a room full of kids isn't any better." said Sirius.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"So you fear...fear?" said Neville.

"And pink fluffy things." said Harry.

"Don't blame you." said the twins together. “Horrifying, that's what they are.”

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

"It felt really awkward." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"And did you think he'd be able to fend off a Voldemort Boggart?" said Sirius just as shrewdly.

"Well...no." said Remus.

"There you go." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

"Yeah, that doesn't look suspicious." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

"I had thought that you were telling him fascinating tales of his father's past travesties." drawled Snape.
"Whatever it is, don't." squeaked a first year.

"It was fine." said Remus kindly.

"Didn't look that way to me." said Harry.

"Were you worried about that?" said Ernie.

"Come on! You know he's going to ask questions about it!" said Sirius.

"The second clue." said Harry.

"What?" said Remus.

"Don't tell me..." said Sirius. "You had him figured out?"

"I had an idea..." said Harry.

"And you didn't say anything?" said Remus.

"It wasn't any of my business." said Harry

He heard a loud thumping and stomping around, he looked up and saw Umbridge thrashing about so hard that the chair was bouncing around in fury.

"Do you want to do it?" asked Tempest.
"I don't want to hear it." said Nightstrike.

"Might as well let her talk." said Dumbledore darkly. "Or she'll just keep bouncing."

Nightstrike sighed and pulled the gag away from her mouth.

"NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS?" she shrieked. "THAT MONSTER COULD HAVE KILLED EVERYONE IN THE SCHOOL! HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP YEARS AGO!"

"That's enough out of you." said Nightstrike, he slapped her hard across the face and put the gag back on her.

"Anyway," said Harry continuing. "and from the potion smelled, and from what you said, narrowed it down to a Werewolf Relaxant potion. Or a Dragon Pox Resistance potion, though that seemed a bit unlikely." said Harry. "Your skin wasn't the right color."

Sixty-first paragraph.

"Good boy." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

"Thanks for trying to protect me." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

"And you lie to me." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

"This piece of info didn't surprise me." said Remus. "That was one of the few classes he was right up there with us in the ways of grades."

Snape scoffed.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.
"Had to be the Werewolf Relaxant." said Harry. "Dragon Pox Resistance tends to melt the goblets."

Snape stared.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

"You know, being observant sometimes really sucks." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"What are those like?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"They make you breathe fire for a bit, scariest thing that ever happened to me here." said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

"You already knew what it was like!" said Ron. "And you never told us!"

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"But they really need to put their owl pellet box somewhere else." said George.

"Out in plain sight is just nasty." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

"Ron ate most of it, there was only a sliver of it left." said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

"An ogre?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"You'd be surprised what you will see around here." said Dumbledore kindly.
"You could have gotten it in bottles." said Dumbledore. "She sells them at the bar."

"Has to be." said Sirius with a laugh.

"What could I have done? Wave my arms and he'd be healed in a heartbeat?" said Harry. "I'm not a miracle worker."

"You could have gotten help!" said Hermione.

"And look for who? Professor Flitwick, Professor Sprout, Dumbledore and McGonagall were down in Hogsmeade. Madam Pomfrey's office was several flights of stairs away, he'd never get help in time." said Harry.

"I can't wait for Halloween!" said Dr. Clark.

"Next Saturday, I think we will have a special sort of celebration for Halloween this year." said Dumbledore.

"Worried about me?" said Remus with a smile.

"Do you blame me?" said Harry.
Sixty-eighth paragraph.

"We were sitting at the very end of the table! How the heck did you see his eyes?" said Ron in shock.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

“Dear lord.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Seventieth paragraph.

"You are such a little..." said Bill.

Seventy-first paragraph.

"That's unusual." said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"That only made his work a bit tougher." said Fred.

"People just packed tighter together." said George.

Seventy-third paragraph.

"That's not a good thing." said Bill.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"It wasn't good." said Ron.
Seventy-sixth paragraph.

"What the heck made you do that?" whispered Remus to Sirius.

"She wouldn't let me in." said Sirius. "But I went up during the last break and apologized. It took her a while to stop running away from me though."

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Has to be Peeves." said Dr. Clark.

"That little ghost man?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"You've met him already?" said Fred hesitantly.

"He's a little charmer." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile. "He keeps bowing to me and bringing me flowers."

"Anything wrong with those flowers?" said George slowly.

"No, they were lovely red roses." said Mrs. McFinn.

"I don't believe it, Peeves has a crush on somebody." said Fred shaking his head.

“Strange thing is, he never did that with Fleur.” said George quietly.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"Well, at least he's knows when not to piss around." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

"Well, maybe not an all-around charmer." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.
"You destroyed a living painting?" said Mrs. McFinn pulling Harry back towards her.

"I just cut around her!" said Sirius, "and I paid for the restoration!"

"You terrified her nonetheless." scolded McGonagall.

"And I apologized!" said Sirius.

"We told you, you were dead." said Fred.

"Who wants to read?" said Sirius quickly.

"I will." said Katie.

She took the book and sat down between her fellow chasers and read aloud.

"**Chapter Nine**" said Katie.

"Oh no." said Fred and George together.

"I think we will take a break before we start. I need to send an owl." said Dumbledore standing up and walking out of the Great Hall.

"I wonder what he's going to do?" said Sirius.

"He's sending an owl to the Diggorys." said Harry sadly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
Everyone waited until Dumbledore got back, two of the students however wanted to get the show on the road.

"Mr. Smith, if you ask when we are starting once more time, I'll call your parents and have you taken home." said Professor Flitwick angrily.

"The same goes for you, Miss Bulstrode." said Professor Snape sourly.

"But, why can't we just go on?" whined Millicent. "Potter's here, nothing is stopping us."

"We will wait." said Harry sternly. His eyes flashing fiercely. Ron smiled.

"Say hello to the Harry no one sees." said Ron with a smirk.

"What?" said Hermione.

"This is the way Harry is, when he doesn't act like a kid." said Ron in a whisper. "Or when he gets cranky."

"It's going to be forever to bring the Diggory's up to speed!" whined Millicent.

"Be silent." said Harry quietly.

"But she has a point, Dumbledore is going to at least take four hours to get them up to speed." said Zacharias.

"And as a Hufflepuff, don't you agree that they deserve all the time in the world?" said Harry with a frown.

Zacharias gulped nervously at the look on Harry's face.

"So I suggest." said Harry with a strained smile, he stood up straight, folded his arms across his chest. "That we all just patiently wait until Dumbledore gets back. Before I make you...patient..."

The other people in the Great Hall stared at Harry in shock. This was a side of him they didn't normally see. He was dark, cold and calculating, like a falcon waiting for an opportunity to strike.

"Harry dear?" said Mrs. McFinn uncertainly.

Harry turned quickly around, Remus had to blink a few times. He was back to being the, "apparently", normal Harry. He had a smile on his face and his eyes were bright green.

"Yes Mrs. McFinn?" he said with a bright smile.
"He's got split personalities, wonderful." scoffed Zacharias.

"Not really," said Harry turning back to Zacharias, the calculating look was back. "So many people want me to be their baby and an insecure child, but they've done so much to try and remove the pains of my summer, that I have no choice but to oblige them, and I'm happy to do so."

"Pains of my summer?" said Ernie.

"You should read his poems." said Ron whistling. "They're deep."

"When did you read them?" said Harry.

"You left a page out on accident." said Ron.

Suddenly the door opened, Harry turned towards the door, but this time, once he saw who had opened the door, his gaze dropped to the floor, there was no mask. Genuine remorse covered his face.

"I don't know what you wanted us here for Albus." said Amos Diggory throwing his arm around his wife.

"Amos, he's told you four times what he wants us for." said Mrs. Diggory. "Thank you for telling us about this Albus. Sorry we didn't come sooner."

"Quite alright." said Albus with sympathetic smile. "I thought that now would have been the better time to have you begin sitting in on these readings."

"Why is that?" said Amos.

"Your son is mentioned." said Dumbledore sadly.

The Diggorys went silent.

"Ced? Cedric is in this book?" said Amos Diggory weakly.

Amos Diggory looked over to Harry, who looked fixedly down at the ground.

"Sit down, sweetheart." said Mrs. McFinn. "What's wrong?"

"Their son died last year." said Sirius. "Harry watched him be murdered."

"Oh...Harry." said Mrs. McFinn giving Harry a tight hug.

"Mrs. Diggory, Mr. Diggory, please have a seat. Harry, you too." said Dumbledore.

Mr. Diggory looked up at the boy quickly, he had a frown on his face, but even that faltered when he saw a tear fall down Harry's face.

"Miss Bell, if you please." said Dumbledore.

Katie cleared her throat and picked up the book.
"What happened?" asked Mrs. Diggory.

"It was the year that I had escaped from Azkaban." said Sirius leaning forward.

Mrs. Diggory shrieked and her husband jumped up and raised his wand. Remus disarmed him quickly.

"He's innocent Amos, it's already been proven." said Madam Bones.

The Diggorys stared at her in shock, but they slowly settled back down into their chairs. Mr. Diggory slowly took his wife’s wand, just in case.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Big open area, with openings in the ceiling, and you find this place safe?" said Lionus with wide eyes.

"Try getting in when he doesn't want you in here." said Harry with a smile.

"We'll let you give it a shot tonight then." said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"And how are they to protect the students against a murderer?" asked Amos quickly.

"There was a charm on the entrances to the Hall, he only said that to make them feel important and needed." drawled Snape.

Percy turned pink.

End of dialogue set.

Second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

"Those were the most comfortable sleeping bags I ever slept in." said Dean to Seamus.

“I kept mine.” said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

"After Black got in the castle and sliced up a painting? You're nuts." said Fred with a smile.
"Yeah, right. No one is going to talk. That's a wish that's never going to come true." said George rolling his eyes.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" asked Bill to Harry.

"I was thinking." said Harry.

"About what?" said Charlie.

"Everything that happened." said Harry.

"Almost everyone over seventeen knows how to Apparate, despite not wishing to use the skills doesn't mean that you aren't required to learn how to do it." said Harry.
"You didn't say Harry read it!" said Hermione.

"I said 'probably' not 'yes'." said Ron.

"You can get in with stealth, just isn't easy." said Harry shrugging.

"Not all together true." said Harry. "If the Headmaster allows a certain part of the castle to be a Apparation point, then you can, and you apparate in during an electrical storm."

"Really?" asked Professor Flitwick.

"Yeah, the only downside is, you have to arrive the time and place of an electrical strike. You miss, you get splinched." said Harry.

"What's..." said Mrs. McFinn.

"Don't ask, Holly." said Dr. Clark. "I've already asked, I regret it already."

Sirius smiled, stood up and changed into his canine form, then back again. "Hows that?" he asked Hermione with a smile.

Hermione looked down with a guilty smile.

Mrs. McFinn, Mr. and Mrs. Diggory stared.

"He doesn't know them all." said Sirius, Remus, Fred and George each had a bright smile.

"I could hardly sleep under that sky. It's way too awesome to sleep under." said Harry.
"I always loved how you described things." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

"So...I'm guessing...you didn't sleep." said Remus.

"Not on a bit." said Harry.

"Except for Harry." said Fred.

"It was hilarious watching Percy crawling on the ground on his stomach." said George.

"Plenty of practice," said George. "Mom likes to do bed checks when company's over."

"Except for the brats who can't sleep." said Snape quietly.

"I'd tell you off, but I was thinking the same thing." said Sirius with laugh.

Snape growled.
"You need to work on that anger issue problem." said Remus thoughtfully.

"A compliment? Once again, he gives you credit to your abilities, Severus." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"How is that a compliment?" he asked.

"He froze, so you wouldn't notice him. He didn't even feign turning over in his sleep." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Where the hell were you?" asked Bill.

"I left through an old passageway." said Sirius with a smirk.

"I was interested to know another way out of the castle." said Harry.

"I never thought about that one particular way in. Foolish of me to dismiss it." said Dumbledore sadly. "Making your way to the castle is only just a simple matter."
"Wasn't the tree one that I used." said Sirius quietly.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Don't blame you, he has a big mouth." said Bill with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"How do you talk to them?" asked Dr. Clark looking apprehensive.

"They have a keeper, when a massive amount of them is sent away, a wizard is supposed to govern them. A wizard who is no better than one of them." said Lionus with a scowl.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"And unfortunately, that wish was ignored." said Dumbledore angrily.

Twelfth paragraph.

"He hates being told he's wrong." said Sirius with a laugh.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Oh, you guys were up too?" said Seamus.

"If I know Harry isn't sleeping, I try not too either. But Hermione was drifting off." said Ron.

Fourteenth paragraph.
"Imagine, Black with flowers in his hair!" said Snape laughing out loud. That in itself took most people off their guard.

"This is embarrassing," mumbled Sirius darkly.

**Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

"Oh no. Not him." groaned Tonks.

"He gets worse." said Ron.

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

"And he always came with the most ridiculous riddles so you could find out the damn password. Not even the Ravenclaws could help. He didn't follow their logical reasonings." said Seamus shaking his head.

"Thank goodness someone figured it out." said Neville. "We'd never be able to sleep in our dorms....wait a minute...Harry?" he looked over to Harry curiously.

"'Fastest means of travel of the middle ages.'" said Harry. "'The Catapult.' I really don't know how the Ravenclaws couldn't figure that out."

"I wouldn't call that pleasant travel." said Sirius with a confused look.

"He never said people had to ride it. He merely said means of travel, after everyone said horse or boat, that told me that he meant a travel of a different sort." said Harry thoughtfully.

"Wouldn't you have said an arrow then?" asked Cho curiously.

"I thought of an arrow, but then again, he wouldn't have chosen something so simple as that. And with that heavy sword and armor, he thinks of strength as a superior force. So, it had to be strong and fast. The Catapult was the only option." said Harry.

"Thank god he was solving those riddles, or we'd never get inside." said Ron.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Brave or stupid?" whispered Bill to his brother Charlie.

**Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

A few of the teachers turned a faint pink.
"And he didn't believe them, smart boy." said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

"You trying to hide behind the tapestries were really bad. You were too bulgy for all of them." said Harry with a smirk.

"I've been faced with that expression way too many times for one lifetime." said Harry quietly.

Mrs. Diggory looked over to Harry in slightly surprise. Too many times?

"Bet that set her back on her heels just a bit. You knowing something she didn't want you to at the moment." said Sirius with a smile.

"Wow, she doesn't want you practicing Quidditch? That's a first." said Charlie.

"But then I had to think about your safety. It wasn't very easy to come up with a plan for you to practice and be safe." said McGonagall quietly.
"I was happy to do it." said Madam Hooch with a smile.

"I've seen you kids do twists and turns that I haven't seen in five years." said Madam Hooch with a proud smile. "Our fliers are the best in the world."

"Without a doubt." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Hate it when a team drops out at the last flipping second." said Alicia. "It's not fair"

"Let's face it, only the Slytherin team has been known to do it, everyone else gives you a decent heads up." said Angelina.

"With Malfoy on their team, how much more damage can their chances get?" said George with a chuckle.

"Didn't know why you were getting so upset about, the whole school knew it." said Fred shrugging.

"It's cause it was at Hagrid's expense." said Harry. "If I could have gotten away with it, I'd of really hurt his arm."

"Us too!" said the twins raising their arms.

"They play fair." said Katie.
End of dialogue set.

Mrs. Diggory sniffed quietly.

Mrs. McFinn stood up and walked over to Mrs. Diggory.

"Mr...Dumbledore?" said Mrs. McFinn uncertainly.

"Please, call me Albus." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Well...Albus...could you um.." said Mrs. McFinn, trying to find the right words.

"Conjure you a pot of tea? Of course, my lady." said Dumbledore with a flick of his wand.

Hanging in the air was a beautiful oriental print teapot with matching cups, steam was lazily coming out of the spout.

"Thank you." said Mrs. McFinn as she took the teapot and the cup. She carefully poured a cup of tea and handed it to Mrs. Diggory. "Here, drink this, it might make you feel better."

"Thank you." said Mrs. Diggory, her trembling hands brought the cup to her lips. "Have you ever lost a child?"

"Yes, twice, and I lost my husband." said Mrs. McFinn.

The school went quiet.

"Twice, Holly?" asked Dr. Clark faintly.

"Years ago, James and I tried to have a child, and we did. But she died during the delivery," said Mrs. McFinn placing a hand gently over her stomach. "I was never able to have children after that. Then I lost James, and then I lost Harry for so many years." Her eyes began to water.

"Harry?" said Mrs. Diggory confused.

"He's my adopted son, as good as anyway." said Mrs. McFinn. "I lost two souls in my life, so I can understand your pain." she gave Mrs. Diggory a quick hug, who returned it with her own.

"How come you didn't summon your own teapot?" asked Mr. Diggory skeptically.

"She's a muggle." said Zacharias smugly.

Mrs. Diggory pulled away quickly. "Are you really? How..."

"She's an important person in Harry's life, therefore, she was invited to be here." said Dr. Nicodemus. "That and she's putting the boy on the fast track to recovery."

"Really?" asked Sirius excitedly.

"Certainly, boy, turn your head to the right." said Dr. Nicodemus.

Harry turned to the right, and in the back of his snow-white haired head, they could see a small tuft of long black hair starting at the back of his neck.
"He's getting there, may be a month or two, more to finish it up, but it's getting there." said Dr. Nicodemus.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Diggory laughed a little. "He was amazingly handsome; he got his looks from my father."

Mr. Diggory blinked and looked over to his wife slowly.

"And from you." she said with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"ACCK! SORRY I AM SO SORRY!" shouted Fred loudly.

"It's alright, this was before...." said Mrs. Diggory, but she choked at the end.

End of dialogue set.

"My son wasn't Captain then." said Mr. Diggory proudly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"That he is! Best this school ever saw!" said Mr. Diggory pounding the armrests.

Sirius was about to stand and contradict him, but Harry kicked his shin.

"Drop it." said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"He's so over the top." said George.
"He just became a soap opera character, it was frightening." said Fred.

"Why wasn't the game called off? If the weather was so bad?" asked Dr. Clark.

"It's up to the both of the Quidditch Captains to postpone the game. Neither one of them were willing to step down." said Madam Hooch.

"That's when an adult should step up." said Mrs. McFinn shortly.

"Like he needs tips."

"God Oliver! He's got a class to go to!" said Katie groaning.
Twenty-fifth paragraph.

"So much for getting a slap on the wrist." said Bill.

Dialogue line.

"Well, that is fair." said Remus with a smile.

"Never said it wasn't." said Harry. "I was late."

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Sadist." said Sirius. "You must have been recovering from the full moon."

"Yeah, it was one bad moon." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Aren't you a nosey one?" said Remus.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I'll just bet you do." said Sirius angrily.

End of dialogue set.

"That's a bit much." said Charlie.

"Not where Snape's concerned." said Bill.
"If you had looked on the desk, and the copy I sent to your office, you'd know." said Remus with a smirk.


"In a way, you were." said Tonks.

"That's a first, you organized your flipping sock drawer for crying out loud." said Sirius laughing out loud.

"That's not a very big surprise." said Remus with a smirk.

"If we had a competent Defense teacher back then, than yeah. But he's making up for two worthless years." said Harry.

"The reason behind this was obvious." said Harry with a smirk.
"Severus...." said Dumbledore in a warning tone.

"Good girl." said Rivers. "Don't let him deter you."

"Because they hadn't gotten that far, Severus!" said Professor Sprout hotly.

"He was doing just fine in the ways of getting everyone up to speed." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Point goes to that she did talk out of turn, but you did ask a question that either no could or want to answer it. You can't have it both ways." said Flitwick.

"Apologize...right...now..." growled the rest of the teaching staff.

"Sorry, Miss Granger." said Snape quietly.
"Now we say it with love." said Ron quickly.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

"Bravo, Mr. Weasely." said Professor Flitwick.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

"We were all sort of writing his eulogy in our heads." said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

"Next time, come to either myself of the Headmaster if you have a problem." said McGonagall.

"Yes ma'am." said most of the students.

Snape began to snarl at the floor.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

Dumbledore blinked and stared at Snape in shock. "That's not right Severus, they are rarely found in Magnolia."

Snape blushed heavily.

End of dialogue set.

"The grade I gave you was the right one." said Remus to Ron kindly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Sirius made to stand up and walk over to Snape but someone beat him to it.

SMACK!

Mrs. McFinn slapped the left side of Snape's face so hard that his entire head turned to the right. His eyes wide open in shock.
"How dare you! You knew what Remus was, and you try and teach children how to kill him! You should be ashamed of yourself!" she shrieked.

“How dare you?” hissed Mrs. McFinn. “Teaching children to kill and judge without thought or mercy! Have you no shame? I may only have been here for a short time, but I can tell you this, you aren’t a fraction of what Remus is, and never will be!”

Snape looked up at Mrs. McFinn with a shocked look on his face, the side of his face that had been hit turned a furious shade of pink.

End of dialogue set.

"That should be a fun discussion." said Fred.

"Would you rather disembowel a rat or toad." said George.

"Then after that, you get to skin them! Doesn't that sound fun?" said Fred clapping his hands together.

"Sounds disgusting." said Mrs. McFinn turning a faint green.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"That's a small part of it." said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"GO RON!" shouted his brothers and sister loudly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"Whatever you called him, it fits." said Dr. Clark. "I hated that job when I was starting out."

End of dialogue set.
"I was debating beating the snot out of him, I thought better of it though." said Sirius.

Thirty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"I normally wait for dawn, to get up." said Harry.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

"Well, at least he knows when to keep his distance with the ladies." groaned McGonagall.

"Boys are free game." said Sirius laughing. "He threw James' undershorts out the window one year."

"I thought you did that?" said Remus.

"Well, I opened the window, but Peeves did the actual throwing." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Forty-first paragraph, second sentence.

"I had gone to bed at two." said Harry.

Forty-first paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Not a really good motivational thought." said Angelina.

End of forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph.

"Wish I was up in time to see that, that furball is fast when he wants to be." said Seamus.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
"So you were on my side first!" said Hermione with a smile.

"Only cause cats chase things smaller than them, but he has enough prey to hunt, he doesn't need to go after Scabbers day in and day out." said Harry. "So, I wasn't really on either side, and yet I was on both of your guys' side. I sort of always have when you two fight." he added with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

"You'd think you'd keep Crookshanks in your room at night." said Tonks.

Forty-third paragraph, second sentence.

"What if you add lightning in the mix?" said Dr. Clark with a worried look.

End of forty-third paragraph.

Mr. and Mrs. Diggory smiled a little.

Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

"I was getting ready to permanently glue Crookshanks' paws to the floor." said Harry with a smirk.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You tell him Harry." said Bill.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

"Well it was peaceful, before you guys got there." said Harry.

Dialogue line.
"So I was understating it." said Alicia.

"What was so funny?" asked Ginny.

"I don't even think they knew." said Fred.

"He did say he had a bad feeling about the match." said Katie.

"Damn, even your dad called the match when the weather was bad enough." said Sirius.

"Gotta say, at least Diggory was a genuine sportsman." said Katie with a smile.

"Get down on the ground now!" said Mrs. McFinn worriedly at the book. "And get undercover, before you catch your death of cold!"

"The game didn't last all that long." said Harry soothingly.

"Well, as long as you get back on the ground safely." said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry didn't meet her eyes.

"Get...to...the...ground..." muttered the people in the bowl through gritted teeth.
"Good, get back to the castle!" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Why not make your glasses so they repel water?" asked Charlie.

"My wand was up in the dorms." said Harry.

"You should keep your wand with you at all times." said Moody shortly.

"That would be traumatizing." said Fred.

"For Hermione." said George.

"But still cold." said Mrs. McFinn. "You should get to the castle and get to bed."
"Yes, great plan, get to the ground." said Sirius. "I don't want you struck by lightning."

"Us either." said Dr. Clark, Mrs. McFinn and Remus.

"Was that you?" asked Remus.

"Yeah...I think I was there now that I think of it. The first game I saw Harry playing...though, can't really count that, I could barely see a damn thing." said Sirius.

"I didn't frighten you again, did I?" Sirius asked in a whimper.

"Only for a moment." said Harry.

Mr. Diggory could hardly contain himself he couldn't wait to hear about how his son caught the Snitch in a game against Harry Potter.

The grip Dumbledore had on his chair seemed to tighten.
"Harry?" said Mrs. McFinn in a whimper.

**Sixty-seventh paragraph.**

Mrs. McFinn turned pale. So did Mr. Diggory.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

Mrs. McFinn turned and looked at Harry in shock. *His* mother?

Harry was fumbling with the necklace that was around his neck.

**Sixty-eighth paragraph.**

"Harry?" said Mrs. McFinn grabbing Harry's arm and bringing him close to her.

"What about *my son?*" said Mr. Diggory.

"Shut up Amos!" hissed Mrs. Diggory looking fearful over to Harry. "We know Cedric caught that golden ball."

**Sixty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Seventieth paragraph.**

Mrs. McFinn screamed.

"I was okay, nothing really bad happened." said Harry soothingly in Mrs. McFinn's embrace.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Didn't need to hear that." said Sirius covering his ears.
"Those things were super durable, or at least magical." said Harry pushing up his new glasses further up the bridge of his nose.

"No, just glasses that the hospital bought for you." said Dr. Clark reaching over and ruffling Harry's hair.

The school went quiet. "And you would know what that feels like." said Fred darkly.

"That scared us, we didn't expect you to wake up like that." said George.

"You don't want to know." said Harry.

"Didn't help that you started coughing and heaving." said George.

"We thought you couldn't breathe." said George.
"I was still sort of shaken from that whole scene." said Alicia. She looked around quickly. "Good, those Scattered Shot things aren't showing up."

"I don't think I could handle it." said Mrs. McFinn holding Harry close to her.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

"I was crying for over twenty minutes straight." said Hermione quietly.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. McFinn turned Harry's face to her face her own.

"Who cares about a game! You are alive! That's all that matters!" said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

Mr. Diggory looked down at the ground, while his wife had tears in her eyes with a proud smile on her face, but she flitted a worried look over to where Harry was being tightly embraced by Mrs. McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Did you have to tell him that? He was already crushed that he fell off his broom." said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

"Wanted to ease the tension. Backfired." said Fred.

Seventy-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"Games aren't everything Cub." said Sirius grabbing Harry's shoulder tightly.
"Thanks, bring him back down to earth." said Bill.

"Your dad missed hundreds of times when he was younger." said Remus softly.

"No wonder you guys are so good at wagering bets." said Ron quietly.

"And not just by being unconscious." said Harry.

It's okay." said Sirius patting Harry's back. "Don't worry about games, living is way more important."

"For the first time, I was happy to hear that." said Harry with a half-hearted smile.

Mrs. McFinn held Harry tighter.

Charlie smiled "And from what I hear, you'd beat me hands down."
"Miss Holly." said Harry quietly.

Mrs. McFinn blinked and looked down at him. "What is it Sweetheart?"

"I can't breathe." said Harry quieter.

She looked down and saw that she was holding Harry around the chest very tightly. "Sorry dear." she said quickly releasing him.

"It's okay." he said leaning against her shoulder.

"He was ticked." said Fred.

"I swear, there weren't as many Dementors after that." said George.

"There weren't." said Dumbledore darkly.

"We couldn't tell if you were breathing or not, but you looked really pale." said Ron.

"Wish I had picked something else to talk about." said Harry looking down.
"Ouch." said Lionus. "That's painful, your first broom."

"That hurts." said Charlie.

"Or driven into." said George.

"He got quite the cut on the side of his face for it." said Snape.

"I know, I sent him some ice mice in return for it." said Harry. "To say thanks."

"I still don't know how you figured that that was my favorite candy." said Professor Flitwick.

"If you let your class get real quiet, you can hear them squeaking in your desk." said Harry with a smile.

"Oh, you kids could have done it a bit better." said Sirius groaning.

"I wouldn't have let them leave the room without telling me where the pieces were." said Harry.

"I've never seen you cry before that. You wouldn't stop crying and holding those pieces." said Ron sadly.

"Whatever happened to the pieces?" asked Neville.

"It's a picture frame now." said Harry.

"Of who?" asked Ginny.

Harry said nothing, but looked slowly up to Mrs. McFinn. She smiled softly. "You were always so sweet, which one did you take?"
"The one from the garden party." said Harry quietly.

Mrs. McFinn smiled at him.

"Shall we read another one before dinner?" said McGonagall trying to give Harry and Mrs. McFinn privacy.

"We'll read the next one!" said Fred and George.

They took the book and read the title to themselves first.

"Chapter ten."

"We're in BIG trouble." said Fred.

"Forget trouble, we're dead." said George.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
First paragraph, first sentence,
"Bet you didn't like that." said Sirius.

First paragraph, second sentence.
"It was unhygienic, having all those splintered pieces of wood on the bed." said Madam Pomfrey.
“Didn't care, still don't.” said Harry.

End of first paragraph.
"That's a piece of wood, friends are...living..." said Zacharias.
"Says a non-Quidditch player." said Fred dismissively.
“He wouldn’t understand.” said George with a sniff of disdain.

Second paragraph, first sentence.
"Never worked." said Fred.

Second paragraph, second sentence, first comma.
"They were nice Hagrid." said Harry quickly.
Second paragraph, end of second sentence.
Harry blushed and coughed loudly.
"It's fine." said Ginny with a smile.
"Aw! You have a girlfriend!" said Mrs. McFinn gushing.
Harry blushed even more.

Second sentence, third sentence.
"We made him practice." said George.
"The first time he said it, it sounded really bad." said Fred.

End of second paragraph.
"You should open up to people more." said Remus.

Third paragraph, first sentence.
Both Ron and Hermione blushed.

End of third paragraph.
Sirius stood up and walked out of the Great Hall.
"I'll go talk to him." said Harry sighing.

Harry walked out of the Great Hall and closed his eyes. Where did he Godfather go? He heard a crashing noise coming from the teacher's lounge. Harry walked slowly to the door and opened it. Suddenly a chair crashed into the wall beside the door. Harry looked further into the room and saw Sirius tossing plush chairs and sofas over.

Sirius turned his head so Harry could see his face, tears were streaming down it.

"Why? Why is he afraid of me?" said Sirius bitterly. His eyes were shut and his face was pointed down to the ground, he didn’t see Harry standing there.

"I'm not afraid of you." said Harry closing the door behind him softly.

Sirius turned to face him, his face distorted with grief.

"Then...then why...?" he asked fearfully.
"Cause I was an idiot. I didn't know what you were, or who you were." said Harry with a smile. "Now I love everything about you." he hugged the man in front of him.

Sirius blinked slightly, the last time he remembered Harry hugging him, Harry barely came up to his chest before this all happened. Now he and Harry were pretty close to the same height, except Harry was now a little bigger.

His little boy was gone....

Harry felt tears drop onto his shoulder and pulled away from Sirius slowly. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, it's just, you're so big now. You've grown up." said Sirius wiping a tear quickly.

"Yeah, but I'm still your godson, and nothing is going to change that." said Harry with a smile. "So ignore the parts of the book where it puts you down and just enjoy the happy ending at the end."

"What happy ending?" said Sirius, "I had to leave you."

"You never left me, you were always here." said Harry touching his heart. "And I could always find a way to reach you."

"When are they going to get back?" whined Zacaharias quietly.

"Is there a way to get his mother here?" asked Mrs. McFinn loudly. "I'd like to have word with her."

Zacharias gulped looked to the floor.

"You're good." said Remus with laugh.

"I'm the best." said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry and Sirius came slowly back into the room sat back down into the bowl.

"You alright?" asked Remus.

"Yeah, I'm alright." said Sirius quietly. "Just didn't want to hear what I did."

"Don't blame you." said Remus.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence.

"Oh sweetheart." said Mrs. McFinn kissing Harry's cheek. "You're going to be fine."

Fourth paragraph, third sentence.

"And he's the bravest person in school." whispered a third year.

"I don't faint, but I get close to hiding under my bed." said his friend.
The school went silent.

"I should have given you a Dreamless Draught." said Madam Pomfrey.
"Yeah, that was the year he got little to no sleep at all." said Ron.

Snape looked up at Harry, his face pale.

Sirius pulled Harry's legs up, pushed Harry gently against Mrs. McFinn. Remus tossing the blanket over him.
"It's alright dear." said Mrs. McFinn.
"I know." said Harry softly, resting his head on her lap.

"You little beast." hissed Mrs. McFinn.
Almost the entire school recoiled.
"She can be scary when she wants to." said Fred to George.

"He'd of never survived the fall, even with Dumbledore there." said Katie.
"Yeah, he's not as strong as Harry is." said Alicia smugly.
"Go Ron!" shouted his brothers and sister.

"Oh darn." said his crestfallen siblings.

"Ronald!" scolded his mother.

"You weren't there." said Ron defensively.

"You couldn't believe how happy I was." said Ron.

"Really? I thought I hid it well." said Remus.

"You call that hiding it? Idiot." said Sirius shaking his head.

"I sort of expected it." said Remus, "I couldn't help but laugh about it later."
"Even Muggle Substitute Teachers give out homework sometimes." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"Two rolls of parchment did seem a bit much." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

"We told him till we were blue in the face." said Seamus.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Which you weren't." said Professor McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

"That seems to be the main complaint." said Remus.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You just became the hero to every third year (minus the Slytherins) student in the school." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

"So did Harry." said Ron. "It was no surprise the Hermione did it already."

Eleventh paragraph.

"Far from harmless." said Remus.
"It does that? How does that hurt you." asked Mrs. McFinn.

"It drowns you." said Remus.

"You are never to go into a bog, ever." said Mrs. McFinn to Harry, but he was sleeping.

"Is he sick again?" asked Hermione worriedly.

"No, he's just tired." said Dr. Nicodemus.

“He keeps dropping asleep at the drop of a hat.” said Sirius.

"You know, that sort of reminds me of the prior book with Dazzle Gums." said Sirius maliciously.

"I'll kill you." said Remus darkly.

"Don't, you'll wake Harry," said Sirius. "Kill me later."

"Count on it." said Remus.

"Why did you ask?" asked Sirius.

"I knew it crashed into the tree, I felt responsible." said Remus quietly.

"It's that fourth branch, it's quicker than the rest." said Sirius.
"Especially one without a rider." said Remus.

"You could barely choke out the words." said Remus looking down at Harry.

"How did you know? You weren't there." asked Charlie.

"Minerva told me all about it." said Remus.

"I would never allow them on the grounds while the students are here." said Dumbledore darkly.

"Remind me to stay away from light then." said Remus running his fingers through his hair.
"Just the things to bring into a school full of children." said Fred.

"That's never been proven." said Speckerton.

"You'll find out when we get to book five." said Ron.

Mrs. McFinn ran her fingers through Harry's hair.

"And you idiots brought them to a school?" said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

A few of the Ministry workers looked down shamefully.

"Most people wouldn't even get out of bed." said Sirius.
Lupin made a sudden motion with his arm as though to grip Harry's shoulder, but thought better of it.

*Damn, he's really observant* thought Remus.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"Despicable creatures," said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"And some very strong people keep their sanity for over twelve years." said Nightstrike with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"I was hoping not to talk about you." said Remus to Sirius.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"He was clinging to any shred of hope you could give him." said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.

Sirius smiled down at his godson proudly.

Dialogue line.
"Better than nobody." said Hannah.

"So Harry learned all his techniques from you? Awesome!" said Ernie.

Remus blinked and smiled softly.

"Just let Dumbledore handle them." said Mrs. McFinn. "He did a good job the last time."

"But it's not certain that he'd be there." said McGonagall.

"If Harry were playing, I'd be there." said Dumbledore.

"Yeah, like it's your fault." scoffed Fred.

"Good he needs that." said Charlie. "His life is already one long tragedy story."

"Anger is a gentle word for what he was feeling at the time." said Professor Flitwick.

"I still can't wait for Halloween." said Dr. Clark.

"They sound so cute!" said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.
"That was a really big reason, not the only one, but one of them." said Ron. "He was impossible."

"Yeah, I had a lot of work to do." said Hermione quickly.

Ron and Hermione both blushed.

"Yeah, I can see why Harry wouldn't be all that happy." said Ernie.

"I really have to check that place out." said Mrs. McFinn. "I love sweets."

"Firebolt and Nimbus were the best choices out there." said Harry.

"Harry had to jump off the broom just to catch the Practice Snitch." said Fred.

"It was awesome! He landed right on the back of Angelina's broom as she passed under him." said George.

"You really know how to make everyone feel guilty." said Ron.
"It was quickly losing its luster." said George shrugging.

Rudolph and Leroy smiled mischievously.

"Not what you think!" said Fred and George quickly.

"I'm starting to think it is what we think." said Leroy.

"No it's not!" said George loudly.

"Ah!" said Sirius.

"That's where you got it." said Remus with a smile down to the unconscious figure.

"That's the product of our success." said Sirius to Remus.

"And it's his by right." said Remus.
"Bless him." said Sirius with a smile.

"Well he did." said Fred.

"I don't blame him." said Bill.

"That's a little more honest." said Mr. Weasley with a laugh.

"For some reason?" said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling like mad.

"Oh..my...god..." said Dr. Clark leaning forward slightly.
"He'd of opened it." said Mrs. McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

"It's amazing that you two can plan things without discussing it with each other." said Lionus with a smile.

"No, he just knew it belonged to a bunch of renegades and decided to keep it as a trophy to say that they were now gone." said Sirius.

"Has it indeed?" said McGonagall folding her arms.

The twins looked between each other uncomfortably.

"Now how the hell did you know that was the password?" said Sirius.

"Peter wrote it on the back, so he could remember it." said Remus quietly.

"Idiot." said Sirius shaking his head.
"Why green?" asked Dr. Clark. "Isn't that Slytherin colors?"

"You pick up quick. Yeah, James picked that color, it matched his crush's eyes." said Sirius with a smirk.

"You guys are really dramatic." said Dr. Clark.

"You have no idea." said Snape quietly.

Professor Flitwick leaned forward, fascinated by what he was hearing.

".....So it's a Stalker's map?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

Remus and Sirius flinched. "We didn't use it for that!" said Sirius.

"We just used it to avoid Filch!" said Remus. "And the other teachers!"

"Then why have all of them on there?" asked Mrs. McFinn with a smirk.

"It doesn't show what they look like at the moment! It just shows where they are!" said Sirius quickly. "We aren't perverts!"

"If you're young and boys...you're most likely perverts." said Rudolph with a smile. "You just don't admit it to yourselves."

"That' hurts." said Sirius.

"So what were you boys doing with it?" asked Tonks looking wickedly over to the Twins.

"Secret passageways and avoiding authority figures was all we were doing!" said George throwing his hands up in defeat.

“We don’t do stuff like that!” said Fred.
Snape leaned forward in his chair, *So that’s how he did it.*

"Mrs. Norris likes to patrol those often." said Fred.

"Aw, that was my favorite." said Sirius.

"Don't tell me you steal from them." said Mrs. Weasley accusingly.

"We leave money!" said Fred.

"Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot, and Prongs," sighed George, patting the heading of the map. "We owe them so much."

"You're welcome." said Sirius.

"Wouldn't go that far." said Professor Sprout.
"Should have remembered that." said Remus with a guilty smile.

"And risk him getting murdered by a supposed mass murderer?" said Terry Boot incredulously.

"Don't do anything reckless." said Mrs. McFinn soothingly patting Harry's head.

Mr. Weasley smiled warmly over to Harry.

"He's got a point...but narcotics work the same way." said Dr. Clark. "Some things effect others more some other people."

"He wanted to go to Hogsmeade that badly?" Tempest questioningly.
"Wait, so the dots turn into miniature people?" asked Seamus.

"Sometimes." said Sirius.

“So it is a Stalker's map.” said Mrs. McFinn with a teasing smile.

“No!” said Remus and Sirius together.

"Well that's handy." said Bill.

"After awhile, we couldn't use that passageway, only James could get through there." said Sirius.

"Wonder what got him so excited?" wondered Sirius.

"A new way to sneak in and out of the castle I expect." drawled Snape.

"He always was a klutz in the dark." said Mrs. McFinn. "He was afraid of it for the longest time."

"Harry was afraid of the dark? But he slept in a cupboard!" said Neville.

"He snuck a small flashlight in there with him. It wasn't until after James died that he overcame his fear. He became sort of brooding after that." said Dr. Clark thoughtfully.

"My poor sweet baby." said Mrs. McFinn kissing the top of Harry's head.
"I'm betting he used a few of James's choice words right there." said Dr. Clark with a smirk. "He was normally a gentle voiced person, but when the occasion would arise, he could make a sailor blush."

"He didn't say it around Harry did he?" said Mrs. Weasley.

"Well, if he snuck out to the garage then anything's possible." said Mrs. McFinn. "James would do most of his housework in there."

"If I had seen someone looking up at me through the floor, I would have freaked." said Lavender.

"Wonder how he found it again." said Ron.

"Oh crap!" said Ernie.

"Jelly Slugs?" said Mrs. McFinn cringing slightly.

"They aren't really slugs, it's just a gummy snack." said Remus.

"Damn, he's got guts." said Sirius proudly.

Several people sniggered.
"You mean you didn't even bother bringing your Invisibility Cloak?" asked Remus incredulously.

"He just went straight to Honeydukes, he didn't want to waste any time." said Fred.

"Waste time? Preventing someone from killing you is a waste of time?" said McGonagall angrily.

Several people laughed so hard they fell out of their chairs.

"Maybe we should take pictures of Honeydukes and show them to him." said Fred.

Ron's stomach growled.

"I think eating dinner would be a good idea." said Dumbledore with a smile. He waved his wand and the table full of food appeared.

"Harry honey? It's time to eat." said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry's eyes fluttered open slowly. He groaned slightly and sat up. "What's up."

"It's time to eat." said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry groaned and sat up in the bowl. His eyes slowly closing.

"You can go back to sleep later but let's get some food into you first." said Remus.

Harry's eyes closed again and he fell onto Sirius' lap.

"Looks like you're getting the food tonight." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Try and wake him up." said Remus standing up.

Sirius shoved Harry into an upright position and flicked his wand over Harry's head. Over his head there appeared a small bucket and it overturned itself, dumping a gallon of icy water on top of Harry's head.

"Arrrgh!" screamed Harry loudly as he jerked awake.

"I said wake him up, not give him a heart attack!" said Remus with his arms full of plates of food.

"Worked for you and James when you couldn't get up in the morning." said Sirius drying Harry's clothes.

"I'm up! I'm up." said Harry looking around in a sort of shock.
"Sorry about that." said Remus handing a plate of beef stew.

"Lets keep going Fred." said George.

Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence, end of first parenthesis

"I have two of them bouncing around our room. I was always a sucker for gum." said Dr. Clark.

Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence, end of second parenthesis.

"That...sounds...like fun..." said Mrs. McFinn.

"You have to be there." said Sirius.

Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence, end of third parenthesis.

"My particular favorite." said Professor Flitwick.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

"And these candies are really are all that popular?" asked Mrs. Mcfinn.

"You have no idea." said Fred with a smirk.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

Mrs. McFinn slowly put her fork down.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

"This should be good." said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"They actually are not that bad." said Dumbledore quietly. "You just have to keep your eyes closed."

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

People roared with laughter.

Dialogue line.

"Nope." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"We weren't sure if you were going to go the way of Percy or us." said George.

"You were still wondering that? After what had happened my first two years?" said Ron.

"But look what is on your chest." said Fred.

Ron looked down and saw the Prefect badge.

"Never mind." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

"That would be suicidal." said Sirius. "Never hand that thing over to a teacher."

Dialogue line.

"Good." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"So, not only would I get in trouble, so would Fred and George." said Harry.

Dialogue line.
"Here we go." moaned Seamus.

Dialogue set.
Sirius snorted.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.
"So you had your suspicions?" said Sirius with a smile.

End of Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Ministry Notice.
"How the hell can you have a Merry Christmas with Dementors around?" asked Nightstrike.

"It is impossible to ignore them and go about your holiday making." said Tempest.

Dialogue set.
"Silencing Charms are a wonderful thing." said Sirius. "And I was already on the grounds. Didn't leave the grounds, just the castle."

Dialogue set.
"There was a lot of adult wizards about, it's not like they just take off and leave a bunch of school kids to run amuck around town." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"Knew she wouldn't, but she did get back at me later." said Harry.
"Good for her." said Mrs. Mcfinn, "Giving a seven year old a sucker that can burn holes in their tongue."

"Explain the feeler then." said Fred.

"I offered, you didn't take it." said Ron.

"Wish you had told us you had been there before." said Hermione.

"Why? You seemed pretty excited to show me the sights." said Harry with a smile.

"Sam seemed fascinated by her too." said Sirius giving Dr. Clark a shove.

Dr. Clark looked over at Mrs. McFinn and blushed heavily.
"She must be lovely." said Mrs. McFinn.

Dr. Clark blushed even harder.

Dialogue line.

"Apparently Ron feels the same way." said Charlie with a laugh.

"Keep laughing and I'll tell them about the love song you tried singing to her." said Bill.

"Sh-shut up." said Charlie going pink.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

"Just because I've been to Hogsmede, doesn't mean that I went inside the buildings." said Harry.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

"That's awfully big of you. I wouldn't give him the time of day." said Remus.

Sixty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

"Wish they had warned me, I felt shorter after that." said Harry with a smile.

Sixty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, first comma, fifth word.

"You sound like a drunk." said Sirius with a smirk.

End of sixty-seventh paragraph.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.
"Good thinking." said Lionus with a smirk.

**End of sixty-ninth paragraph.**

Seventieth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

"Those would be Madam Rosemerta's shoes." said Professor Sprout. "She favors turquoise."

**End of seventieth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Dang." said George.

"That's a lot." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Several students turned and stared at him.

"Filius chooses not to drink." said Professor Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Well, well, well. Wonder if his wife knows about this?" grinned Fred wickedly.

**Seventy-first paragraph.**

"Good thing I was wearing slacks." said Hermione with a giggle. "Or that would have been really
awkward."

Dialogue line.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I didn't say anything!" said Hagrid quickly.

"That would have been Filch." said Dumbledore through gritted teeth.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"And it doesn't improve the student's morale and well-being either." said Professor McGonagall.

Dialogue set.

"And no wizard or witch with kids in the school can blame him." said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Good thing the teachers are looking out for the students well being." said Dr. Nicodemus. "Well..." he looked over to Snape. "most of them anyway."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Knew she liked me." said Sirius with a broad smile.
"The entire world knew who my best friend was." said Sirius with a sad smile.

"Sorry, but you shouldn't have made that noise." said Ron apologetically.

Fred and George beamed at each other.

"I don't know about that one." said Remus thoughtfully.

Sirius turned and looked at Harry.

"I won't lie, at the time, I was pretty distraught." said Harry.

"Why?" asked Sirius ignoring the obvious.

"You'll find out in a bit." said Harry.
Sirius covered his head with his hands.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"That beats a Witness Relocation Program." said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"I wish you had." said Sirius his eyes watery.

"It wasn't that I didn't trust you, Sirius. It was just, I wanted them to be safe." said Dumbledore, his voice choked.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I did feel that way, but...I just wanted to be sure before I said something," said Dumbledore.

"You told McGonagall." said Remus.

"As his Deputy, he tells me everything." said McGonagall.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"No, I changed the plan." said Sirius, tears falling down his face. "I wish I hadn't."

Harry patted his shoulder tenderly.

“You of all people shouldn't be patting my back.” said Sirius.
"No." said Remus darkly. "Peter decided to take off, after showing who he really was."

"It's amazing how we had the story right, but it was the wrong person." said Tonks.

Sirius looked down, crushed.

"Peter felt that way. Not you." said Remus quietly.

"Doing that, taking Harry away with me, might have kept me out of Azkaban." said Sirius with a weak smile.

"Wish I hadn't." said Sirius.

"I'm happy you did, a little anyway." said Mrs. McFinn quietly.

"Why do you say that?" asked Remus quickly.

"I never would have known him. And that would have been awful." said Mrs. McFinn giving a Harry a quick hug.
"I planned on going to kill Peter, I would gladly go to Azkaban for that." said Sirius darkly.

Sirius flinched horribly. "Never..." he squeaked.

"Opposite thing happened." said Sirius bitterly.

"I regret regretting that." said McGonagall with a scowl.

"Bullshit, he's living a coward's life." said Sirius hotly.

"I wish." said Sirius.
"You make it sound like I fought back." said Sirius with a dark smirk.

"A thumb is a few fragments? Idiot." said Lionus.

"I don't feel comfortable asking for that medal back. Mothers have such a strong devotion to their children. Best let her think her son was a hero." said Madam Bones. "She hasn't been feeling well of late."

"I was getting bored." said Sirius sheepishly. "Some days I plan Peter's death, other days I just run out of ideas."

"Of course you would try and act cool around him." said Remus shaking his head.

"Freaked the hell out of him." said Sirius with a bark like laugh.

"Never joined, never will." said Sirius.
"Your eyes looked really freaky. Like you were about to either cry or just start beating people." said Ron.

"I think that's enough for one day." said Dumbledore loudly. He looked over to Harry and Sirius with a thoughtful glance and turned to the Diggorys. "You are more than welcome to stay here. It may be for the best if you do stay for the duration."

"I don't know." said Mr. Diggory.

"We will." said Mrs. Diggory firmly. "Thank you."

An hour later, Harry was busy taking a shower while Sirius, Remus, Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn were sitting in their suite. They were mostly discussing what to do with Harry that coming weekend, seeing as how Harry was not allowed to go to Night’s Rest, due to his grounding.

"You alright, Sirius?" asked Dr. Clark.

"I'm fine, it's just, this book is really hard to listen to." said Sirius.

"Why don't you go and finish up Night's Rest." said Remus. "We'll let you know when to head on back. It's already Christmas time in that book, it can't be much longer."

Sirius thought deeply. "I'll think about it."

Chapter End Notes

Please review
Harry yawned hugely as he walked into the Great Hall. He didn't get much sleep last night, due to Sirius not coming to their room until very late in the evening. Harry could never sleep very well unless everyone was safely tucked away in their dorm at night, not that he knew the reason behind that feeling. He was shocked when he noticed that Sirius was gone when he got back to their room after running around early that morning.

He looked around the Great Hall and saw that Sirius wasn't there either.

He walked quickly up to Remus who was helping himself to sausages, "Where's Sirius?"

"Sirius needed to go and fix up Night's Rest today." said Remus quickly, not wishing to divulge the truth.

"He doesn't want to hear any more about how I thought he was a murderer, does he?" said Harry with an unimpressed look.

Remus looked down sheepishly.

"That's all you had to say, you didn't need to sugarcoat it." said Harry walking back to the bowl.

"Aren't you going to eat breakfast?" asked Mrs. McFinn who was tenderly spearing a strawberry.

"I ate some apples in the orchard." said Harry dismissing the plate of fruit that she handed him.

"Are you upset that Sirius isn't here?" said Dumbledore kindly.

"Just a bit." said Harry. "But it's his choice, if he doesn't want to be here. I'll read the next chapter, to get it all moving along."

He walked up to the books, which were still covered in the crystal veil that protected them from prying eyes too soon or too late in the day.

"Uh...Harry? It's only eight-thirty, we can't..." said Speckerton.

"I want to start now, please." said Harry to the book. Amazingly the veil raised itself and revealed the book. Harry picked it up and walked back to the bowl and opened the book.

"I didn't think about him allowing it to continue early in the day." said Speckerton.

Eleventh chapter. said Harry. He smiled broadly. "Maybe this chapter will be good. Too bad Sirius is missing out" he added with a bitter tone in his voice.

“This isn’t going as well as I thought.” said Remus sheepishly.
"I pretty much ran and didn't stop running." said Harry. "Though, the owners didn't seem to see me slink back into their storeroom."

"You weren't supposed to hear that." said McGonagall softly.

"We didn't want to burden you with that knowledge." said Mr. Weasley sadly.

"And Harry looked like he would rip our heads off if we did." said Ron.

"We noticed you needed some cheering up." said Fred shrugging.

"Yeah, but I enjoy breathing fresh air thank you." said Harry with a smirk.

"Oh, Harry dear..." said Mrs. Weasley, her eyes full of tears.

"Thank Merlin he isn't here to hear that." said Remus muttering to himself.

Remus covered his mouth to hide the silent laughter he was induced into.
"Oooh..." said Remus, trying hard not to laugh good-naturedly, knowing full well the vanity his friend was noted for.

Harry's thoughts

Remus stopped his laughter and looked at Harry uncomfortably.

Sixth paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn opened her mouth, but closed it.

"Say it." said Harry with a smile.

Mrs. McFinn. "Sounds like someone needs a time out."

"I put myself in time out, how's that for maturity?" said Harry with a laugh.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

"You can be moody when you want to be." said Dr. Clark. "I thought a toddler version of you was bad."

"You ain't seen nothing yet." said Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

"Harry?" said Dr. Clark quietly.

"I'm fine now." said Harry, just as quiet.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence, end of first parenthesis.

"Really sorry about that Neville." said Harry looking up from the book.

End of ninth paragraph.

Dumbledore looked pale. "I do believe that may have been the exact conversation."
"So you had little more than a few hours under your belt?" said Fred.

"No wonder you looked like you got hit by the Hogwarts Express." said George.

"He was starving." said Hermione rolling her eyes.

"I wouldn't have minded just sleeping the day away." said Harry.

"You could have used it." said Madam Pomfrey.

"Liar." said Dr. Clark.

"Well, you already ruined the whole 'don't not sleep' thing." said Dean.
Hermione and Ron blushed.

**End of twelfth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

_He is now._ thought Harry to himself.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

Remus looked swiftly over to him. Before Harry could read the next line, he took Harry's chin and turned it towards himself.

"You aren't worth losing," he said quietly.

"You know this happened two years ago right?" said Harry.

"But knowing you, and what you can do, you snuck out and tried to find him." said Remus.

"Not really, I was afraid I'd run into a Dementor outside the school. Then it would be all over for me." said Harry.

"Self-preservation at last." sneered Snape. "It's about time you learned that."

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

"I wouldn't." said Neville turning white.

**End of dialogue set.**

"Don't go after him." said Ernie.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Still don't go nuts and go after him." said Hannah. "I know he's innocent, but still you didn't know that at the time."
"Why do you keep answering for him?" asked Nightstrike.

Lionus and Moody both smiled broadly.

"He'd make the perfect Ranger/Auror." said Lionus and Moody together.

"You'd take his advice over theirs?" said Percy in amazement.

"So is any adult wizard." said Harry.

Moody nodded.

"You've really got to stop flipping out on that." said Harry.

"That...is the lamest motive to have someone murdered that I have ever heard." said Tonks.

"Not one bit." said Remus.
"Don't play that card, won't go well." said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

"That's why." said Charlie with a groan. "I don't know how the hell they think she's the smartest witch, she says and does a lot of stupid stuff." thought Charlie shaking his head.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"There you go." said Bill. "He should brighten your spirits."

Dialogue line.

"At nightfall, Miss Granger, the middle of the day is perfectly fine." said McGonagall.

Hermione blushed.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"I didn't want Harry talking more about that, he kept getting more and more depressed." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

"Where did Percy go?" said Bill.

"He went home." said Ron shortly.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph, end of parenthesis.

"What about the whole 'noble men and gentle lady?' schtick he said?" said Terry.

End of seventeenth paragraph.
Eighteenth paragraph.

"The most depressed person in the world, and you can still describe things so beautifully." said Mrs. McFinn hugging Harry's arm.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

"Dog's don't make that noise." said Harry.

"We were afraid Hagrid had been attacked by something, or someone." said Hermione.

"Thanks for worryin' 'bout me." said Hagrid.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

"Oh, Hagrid..." said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

"I swear I shrunk about a foot." said Harry quietly, a smile on his face.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

"It's okay, Hagrid." said Harry with a smile to an abashed Hagrid.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"Still amazed you saw that, I had the tea pot sittin' in front of it." said Hagrid.

"Of course it's not your fault, the stupid nimrod should have been paying attention!" said Dr. Nicodemus shortly.

"There's a shocker." said Bill crossing his arms.

"Those idiots don't know yet to not trust that slick bastard yet? Especially after the previous year?" said Charlie.

"No they don't." said Diggory, trying to stick up for his sister department.

"Yes they do." said Hermione, Harry and Ron.

"Too bad I ate breakfast." said Ron.
"We were quickly learning!" said Harry loudly.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

"Maybe not cute but he was very attractive." said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

"Not to them devils." said Hagrid.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

"Oh you poor dear." said Mrs. McFinn sadly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I still would have been more than happy to help, Hagrid, all you had to do was ask." said Dumbledore.

Thirtieth paragraph.

"He's got more tact than the two of them put together." said Nighstrike to Tempest.

"Indeed." said Tempest.

Dialogue line.

"They won't listen to children." said Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

"It was his turn." said Hermione.
"I couldn't believe that was all he had." said Harry.

"Good man." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Harry had said "said" instead of 'lied'.

"Sorry Hagrid, but they were really boring, couldn't wait to get started on something else." said Ron.

Madam Bones looked down guiltily, but only for a brief moment.

"Worse than you can imagine." said Mr. Weasley.
"I forgot you said that." said Harry, he brought his feet up into the bowl.

"And you let a bunch of them patrol around a school?" shrieked Mrs. McFinn.
"Good thing for Fudge he isn't here, she'd tear him apart." said Tonks.
"With her teeth." said Kingsley.

"Don't blame you Hagrid, it took Sirius a while to want to even leave my basement for the longest time." said Remus.
"When was this?" asked Harry.
"After he escaped at the end of the year." said Remus in a whisper.

"He seems to always find something to worry about on Christmas, doesn't he?" said George.

"If only most students would put half that much effort in their homework." said Professor Sprout with a smile.

"I don't even want to say what had happened." said Ron, giving a full body shiver.
"Yeah, a Manticore wouldn't exactly be overly friendly." said Remus.

"It sounds so wonderful." said Mrs. McFinn with a bright smile.

"Boys and presents." said Hermione shaking her head.

"Sorry sweetie." said Mrs. Weasley.

"It's okay." said Ron.

Harry lifted the first sweater he had on and showed a Gryffindor sweater.

"Still fits." said Harry with a smile, "Well sort of." The sweater only came down to the upper part of his stomach and was cut in half to form a short vest. "It's still warm, and it was flipping cold this morning."

"The best broom in the world!" said George.
"I want to know how the hell did he go to Quality Quidditch Supplies and get the broom?" asked Ron.

"He ordered it through the Owl Post, paid upfront from his account in Gringotts." said Remus.

"Wouldn't the goblins know that he's an escapee?" asked Mrs. Diggory.

"They don't care." said Bill shrugging. "Money is money."

A few of the Quidditch players sighed dreamily.

Dumbledore raised his hand and so did Remus, Leroy, Rudolph, and Sirius. "If I had it I would." said Remus.

"I was also assured by Fudge that he would replace the broom that you lost. He kept dragging his feet." said Dumbledore. "It was his Dementor's fault that you fell and the broom was destroyed."

"There's a surprise." said Seamus.
"You think so?" said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"He would too." said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

"Ron was more eager to get back at Malfoy than anyone else." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Yeah right." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

"Or at least some food to put some weight on his body." said George.

Dialogue line.

"He doesn't like me enough to starve himself just to get me a Christmas present." said Harry with a laugh.

Remus only smiled.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Remus released a breath. "Dammit..."
"Hermione! What are you doing?" said Bill.

"You said that he would stay in your dorm!" said Charlie. “Scabbers is in Ron's dorm! It's the last place for him to be safe!”

“I didn't want to leave him alone on his first Christmas.” said Hermione.

“Miss Granger, you were putting Ron's pet in danger, the cat should have stayed in your dorm when Ron's rat was out and about.” said Madam Bones scolding the girl.

Hermione turned red.

Several people groaned loudly. "You really don't give a damn about other people's pets do you?" said Nightstrike.

Hermione looked down at the floor.

"Being careful is a good trait." said Kingsley. "But you should have been a bit more careful with your pet."

"I'm amazed she forgot, we wouldn't really shut up about it for at least two months." said Ron.
"Most expensive broom on the market, once the next one in the series comes out, it's going to be twice as expensive as that one." said Charlie.

"What one is that?" asked Neville.

"It's called the Lightningbolt." said Charlie. "It's said in the magazine Sonic Seeker that the designers have gone around to all the professional matches, both national and international and studied the players. They've even gone to some school matches! Their final stop was actually here at Hogwarts a few years ago. Take a guess who they say is the inspiration behind the name?"

"I'm guessing me." said Harry a frown.

"You got it." said Charlie. "They saw one of your games and freaked the heck out. It's all over in Sonic Seeker. They don't mention your name, but they described you to a 'T'."

"Which game did they see?" said Ron.

"The one with psycho bludger." said Charlie. "They were impressed."

"Ugh..." said Harry.

"Good girl." said McGonagall.

"That would be sacrilegious." said Charlie.

"And there is the reason you should have left Crookshanks out of the room." said Bill.
"Not a very Merry Christmas for the trio." said Seamus.

"One thing after another." said Micheal.

"Still can't believe you acted all insulted." said Ron to Hermione.

"That was an understatement." said Ron.

"Nice of Harry not to speak that point out loud." said Ginny.

"You know, if you'd talk more, we'd know more about what you're really like." said Seamus to Harry.

"That would take all the fun out of it." said Harry with a mischievous grin.

"I was protecting my pet rat!" said Ron defensively.
"You sat there and studied that thing for a whole hour." said Ron. "And it took you a long time to get down to us."

"The whole Great Hall is criticizing your cat." said Zacharias. He looked around the room quickly. "Aren't you going to shout at me or something?"

"No, we're telling her off. It's a fair point. You're not the first one since we've started this stuff." said Fred.

"My parent's went to visit my Grandma in Germany before term had ended." said a third year Hufflepuff.

"My dad went to Australia for a business trip." said a third year Ravenclaw.

"My Grandmother and Grandfather went on a third honeymoon." said the seventh year Slytherin.

"He hates crackers." said Remus with a smirk. "He always has."

Snape snarled, while the rest of the school laughed loudly.

"If those things didn't come completely random, I'd wager that that one was planted." said Lionus laughing hard.

"Coincidences are powerful things." said Tempest with a whinnying laugh.

Firenze smiled softly over to Tempest.

"Wonder when they're going to go on a date?" asked Fred looking at the two centaurs.

"Didn't they already do that?" whispered George.
Sixtieth paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn laughed loudly. "I remember when James and I pulled a cracker the first year we were married. I already got a red hat, he had to wear the pink one!"

"Sounds like him, it takes him a while to warm up to an unusual outfit." said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph, second sentence.

"I swear she lives off of the dramatic moments of life." said McGonagall.

End of sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Oh, come on." said Bill muttered.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

"Not the normal thing to happen at Christmas." said Mrs. McFinn.

"It does at our house, you never know what will happen." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

"Remind me to crawl away from the table." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph, first sentence.

"Superstitious much?" whispered Mrs. McFinn.
End of sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

"What does she care?" asked Seamus.

"Didn't you know?" asked Dean quietly. "She fancied him."

Seamus snorted with laughter.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Ooooh." said a few students.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

"Oooh!" groaned the students while trying to hide their laughter.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"So much for not wanting to have fights in front of the students." said Ron with a smirk.

Dialogue set, fourth comma.

"Sounds like Dad trying to stop our fights when we were younger." said Bill with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.
"Don't blame you, it's unnerving sometimes." said Ginny with a laugh. "Being personally spoken to by the head of a school."

"What colored hats did you boys get?" said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

"I got a cowboy hat." said Ron with a big grin.

"I got a deerstalker cap, like Sherlock Holmes. I still have it somewhere." said Harry pondering quietly.

"Both of those, in one cracker?" said Mrs. McFinn her mouth agape.

"They're Wizard Crackers, they hold a lot more than the normal ones." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"I can't wait to see what we get." said Dr. Clark excitedly.

"I jumped a foot in the air." said Harry. "And landed in Ron's arms."

"I couldn't believe how light you were." said Ron. "But it was hilarious, the look on everyone's faces."

"It was Harry." said Ron looking worried.

"I needed that laugh." said Ron.
"I had a feeling what you were going to do." said Harry. "I had to come up with a convincing script to follow."

"Why did you make me feel guilty then?" asked Hermione shortly.

"I think you would have found it a bit suspicious if I didn't throw a fit." said Harry.

"So you make me feel guilty?" said Hermione angrily.

"Call it payback for what you were putting Ron and Scabbers through." said Harry. "You never seemed to feel the least bit sorry for continuously breaking your promise to Ron, I felt you were due some retribution."

Hermione shrank back guiltily.

"And besides, I knew there wasn't anything wrong with the broomstick." said Harry.

"How can you be sure?" asked Hermione accusingly.

"Remember when you guys went down to the Common Room and it took me twenty minutes to come down? What do you think took me so long?" said Harry.

"But, it took McGonagall and Flitwick so long to check the broom!" said Hermione.

"True, that sort of made me feel a bit disappointed. In the information about Firebolts, it's stated that they are protected against most curses and hexes, it's charmed right into wood. It narrows down what curses and hexes can be attached on it."

"So you already did the countercurses for those?" said Hermione weakly.

"Uh huh." said Harry. "It was safe, but it's better to be safe than sorry. I don't mind having someone of more skill looking it over." he added with a smile.

"Can't deny he isn't quite the life of the party." said Dumbledore with a smile.
"It was fun to dream about servicing it." said Harry.

"How would you know you'd get it back?" asked Hermione.

"Despite if they found something or not, I'd get the broomstick. Once it's made safe, I'd still get a broom out of it." said Harry.

"I don't think they're going to ignore you and pretend you aren't there." said Tonks.

"You'd have been better off hiding in your dorm." said Ron.

"You didn't look very suspicious that day." said Hermione.

"I've been hiding intellect from you for years without you knowing. I was very good at what I was doing." said Harry shrugging.

"That was quite a good bit of acting." said McGonagall.
"Strip it down?" said Charlie.

"You're nuts!" said Bill.

"You freaked me out with the whole 'strip it down' part." said Harry.

"That wasn't all that true." said Harry. "I had to instigate the conversation every time you guys figured out what wasn't there."

"There's nothing new." said Neville.

"It was, but Sirius would never do a thing to hurt Harry." said Remus.

"We didn't know that at the time." said McGonagall.

"Who wants to read now?" said Harry holding the book limply in his hand.

"I'll read." said Katie with a bright smile as she took the book. "Twelfth chapter."

"This should be fun." said Remus, "Hang on, I'll be right back."

He stood up slowly and walked out of the Great Hall. In a very short moment, he came back with a smile on his face.

"What did you do?" asked Dr. Clark in a whisper.

"You'll find out in a bit." said Remus whispering back with a smile. "I went to get someone's pacifier."
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading Please review
"Why were you mad, if you knew something wasn't wrong?" asked Hermione.

"The whole 'stripping' part was the one word that was pissing me off." said Harry.

"Alright, 'interference' was a harsh term, but still..." said Harry. "And I wasn't too sure that even if they found something wrong with it, they wouldn't burn it."

"I can understand your worry." said Charlie. "Brooms aren't meant to be taken apart bit by bit."

"We didn't take it apart." said Professor Flitwick. "We merely examined every spell attached to it."

"Exactly, we won't know if you altered the flight of the broom. No one else we know has one, and Harry never rode it to see if the examinations changed the flying abilities of it." said Charlie earnestly.

"I sent it to Quality Quidditch Supplies over the summer last year. He said it was in good condition, though it was about ten miles slower than what it was supposed to be." said Harry. "That's not a big deal, it was still fifty miles faster than what the Slytherin's brooms were."

"Amen!" shouted the Quidditch players.

"Did you keep your cat in your dorm?" asked Bill.
"Nope, he was still roaming around." said Ron with a frown.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Studying always made her feel better." said Ron.

End of second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

"That was the worst start to term he's ever had." said Angelina.

Dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.

"He didn't want to make it sound like it was your fault." said Alicia. "He knew that if he depressed you, we'd beat him up."

Dialogue line.

"That had to be a great present." said Dr. Clark.

"Worked for me." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I was being honest." said Harry shrugging.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That good feeling didn't last long." said Harry. "I felt really sorry for him."
"And it wasn't even his broom." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That crushed him." said Fred.

"Yeah, never saw a grown seventeen year old cry before." said George.

"He was kicking and pounding his fists into the floor later that day." said Fred.

"Emarrassing it was." said George.

Fifth paragraph.

"Didn't need to, I just ordered it through the post." said a voice coming from the door.

Harry turned and saw Sirius walking towards them. He stood up quickly and ran to Sirius. Sirius smiled broadly, and extended his arms to pull his godson into a hug, but was taken aback when Harry punched him in the jaw.

"Nice shot." muttered Snape with a smirk.

"Next time, tell me when you're leaving." said Harry with a snarl.

Sirius stared and held the side of his face. He blinked but a small smiled on his face. "You got it. I won't leave unless I tell you about it."

"Good. Want something to eat? I can go down and make you something." said Harry, disregarding that a moment earlier he had just punched his godfather.

"I ate at Night's Rest." said Sirius shaking his head.

“Thought there wasn’t any food there.” said Harry with a raised brow.

“Well, to be honest, I turned into a dog and nabbed a rabbit or two.”

"Okay then." said Harry walking back towards the bowl. "Sit down."

Sirius moved swiftly to the bowl and as he sat down, he whispered to Remus. "You didn't tell me he'd hit me."

"I didn't know he would." said Remus looking at Harry warily.

Dialogue line.
Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"That won't work." said Harry.

"He'd make, McGonagall see sense? She's the definition of sense!" said Bill.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence.

"They looked really cute." said Lavender.

"And it helped with the whole freezing cold problem." said Parvati.

End of seventh paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn paled and took Harry's hand and looked at it. "Really, it looks pretty long to me, what in the world? It says over a hundred."

"That's normal for us." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Oh my goodness." said Mrs. McFinn. She didn't mention the fact that she saw a definite cut in his life line, but it showed it continuing on after that. Maybe she'll tell Mr. Dumbledore about it later.

"You know palmistry too?" said Remus with a surprised smile.

"We branched out a bit." said Mrs. McFinn with a blush. “Just having fun.”

Trelawney rolled her eyes.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Couldn't you remember?" asked Sirius as he threw an arm around Harry's shoulders and pulled him to his side.

"I was sick." said Remus defensively.

End of dialogue set.

"Dumbledore would have killed me, set me on fire, and then feed me to Fluffy." said Remus with a laugh.
Dumbledore had a uncharacteristic smirk on his face, "Not before I ripped you limb from limb."

Dialogue line.

"I really don't blame you for not telling me." said Ron sheepishly.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Get the feeling she knows?" said Fred.

"That wouldn't be all that surprising." said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"It was driving me nuts." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He's got a point, if you don't want to say anything, don't bring it up." said Dean.

Dialogue line.

"Nope, she knew." said Harry.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"A Boggart, I wager." said Sirius.
Dialogue set, first sentence.

"What are you doing stripping in front of him?" said Sirius with a shocked look.

"Just my cloak!" said Remus quickly.

End of dialogue set.

"You're so nice." said Charlie with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

"Well, you were a good actor." said Remus with a laugh.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"It's not even a necessary spell for N.E.W.Ts." said Hermione.

"It really should be." said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"You didn't know how to do it?" asked Lee.

"Nope, the books weren't very helpful in teaching people how to do it." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Harry had a sudden vision of himself crouching behind a Hagrid-sized figure holding a large club.

Hagrid blushed faintly.

"That sounds like a very capable Patronus." said Dumbledore with a broad smile. "Not one I would want to tackle all that eagerly."

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.
"You know, I never really understood it." said Ron.

"I'll explain it later." said Harry with a smile.

"Can't you tell us now?" said Neville.

Harry sighed. He reached into his bag and took out the small black notebook and flipped towards the middle of the book.

"I'll put it simply. A Dementor uses the despair we feel as it's greatest weapon. While we're distracted with despair, they move in closer, the closer they are the more despair we feel. Until finally...it's too late to do anything to save ourselves. What a Patronus is, is a sort of doppelganger, what they feed on is right there in front of them. They try to induce despair into it, but the doppelganger doesn't have any, therefore," he closed the book with a snap. "the Dementor doesn't have a single weapon to use, making it offensively useless and defensively incapable. The Patronus however isn't without attacking abilities. Dumbledore's for instance, can use it's talons to rip apart the torn cloak at the Dementor's body."

The students stared at the teen in amazement.

"Wonder what my Patronus is?" muttered a third year.

"I can't wait to try and learn it." said a fifth year Ravenclaw.

"Join the D.A." said Fred loudly.

"Harry will teach you all about it." said George.

End of eleventh paragraph.

"Quite true, a percentage of wizards cannot even cast the spell." said Dumbledore.

"Which is surprising." said Madam Bones.

"Not going to stop me from trying." said a Hufflepuff sixth year. A few students nodded in agreement.

“Excellent.” said Dumbledore with a broad smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Which makes using Polyjuice Potion very hard." said Kingsley. "You can look like someone else, you'll still conjure only your Patronus."

Dialogue line.
Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn looked at him with surprised looks.

"What about us?" said Dr. Clark.

"I couldn't think about you, without thinking...about...him." said Harry faintly.

Mrs. McFinn leaned over gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "It's alright sweetie."

"That's not a strong enough feeling, boy." said Moody.

"It was all I could think of at the time." said Harry shrugging.

Bill, Charlie, Mr. Weasley, Sirius, Remus, Kingsley and Dr. Clark laughed loudly.

"What's so funny?" asked Seamus.

"We'll tell you when you're older, it has something to do with liquor." said Sirius with a bark like laugh.

"Why are you so excited?" said Zacharias with a sneer.

"Because, he was one step closer to not being affected by them anymore." said Draco quietly.
"I was so proud." said Remus with a smile.

"You should have told me to wait." said Remus guiltily.
"I don't know why I didn't." said Harry.

"I don't think this will go well." said Dennis weakly.

Sirius, Snape and Remus turned pale. Dumbledore looked down solemnly.

"You didn't conjure up a bed?" said Sirius accusingly.
"He just fell! I didn't have time!" said Remus.
"You nearly scared me half to death." said Remus faintly. "My heart stopped beating for a whole two minutes."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I'd of been shocked too, to be perfectly honest." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I can't say anything to that, I normally eat the head off the gingerbread cookies I make." said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle. "I don't know, it always made me feel a little better."

"You're insane." said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

"Says the man who dunks his chocolate chip cookies in cola." said Mrs. McFinn with a smirk.

"That's disgusting." said Hermione turning green.

"Don't knock it." said Dr. Clark blushing.

End of dialogue set.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I'd do my best to make sure someone around you knew how to use the Patronus. Though that might take some hard work teaching a few seventh year Gryffindors how to do it." said Remus thoughtfully.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Don't talk with your mouth full, dear." said Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley.

"I'm getting attacked from both sides." said Harry with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

"You sounded like James, he cared more about winning than being concerned about breaking his neck." said Remus shaking his head.
"If you had told me what it was, I'd of told you it wasn't strong enough." said Remus.

"That one seems a bit stronger." said Tonks. "But it's not strong enough."

"You're losing again boy." said Snape darkly.

Sirius sat up in the bowl quickly. "What?" He looked down at Harry, who decided to face somewhere else.

"Beats the hell out of slapping." said Harry.
"I did see." said Remus quietly.

"You know, you really take the 'butch' attitude out of people." said Harry with a smirk.

Sirius sniggered.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I wasn't all together sure I wanted to tell him right then and there." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"You're going to kill yourself!" said Madam Pomfrey.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

"That was a great memory!" said Colin happily.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Very observant." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Well, we know it worked this time." said George.
"Yeah, YOU CAN TELL BY THE YELLING!" shouted Fred.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Thank god you were there." said Mrs. McFinn hugging Harry tightly and looking at Remus.

Twenty-eighth first sentence, third comma.

"A mile with no warm up run." said Harry.

"I'll admit, those hurt." said Nightstrike.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"More than a start!" said Madam Bones proudly.

Dialogue line.

"You're a glutton for punishment." said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"You'd better believe it." said Madam Pomfrey.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"Even recovering from a pseudo-Dementor attack, and his mind is still going." said Lionus with a smirk.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first dash.

"I thought I crossed into dangerous waters." said Harry faintly.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

"I hate to eat and run." said Harry with a smirk.

Thirty-second paragraph, end of first sentence.

"Twelve years, it was still a touchy subject." said Remus.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph, second sentence.

The Great Hall became totally silent.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

Harry had to look down at the floor, to avoid the the sympathetic gazes.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
The Rangers looked at the boy with slight pity in their eyes. *To think, a thirteen year old has to be that rational.*

End of dialogue set.

*There you go.* thought the Rangers fondly to themselves.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

"That's not hard," said Alicia, she however did not see Cho glare at her fiercely, "With Harry on the team."

Thirty-fifth paragraph, fifth sentence, second sentence.

"I still wanted to defend myself, I didn't care what it took." said Harry.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, end of fifth sentence.

"Did it prove to be too much?" said Zacharias with a smirk.

"Not really, I just had to stay up about an hour later than normal." said Harry shrugging.

Thirty-fifth paragraph end of sixth sentence.

"She was scaring us." said Ron and Harry together.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

"She made a poor little first year girl cry." said Fred.

"Terrible." said George. "Poor little thing only wanted to tell her that Hermione was sitting on her homework."

Dialogue set, second sentence.
Snape smirked to himself.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"How did you do all that?" asked Ernie.

"You'll find out." said Hermione softly with a smile.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"I didn't feel like staying up to two in the morning with it." said Harry.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"I got shirty with him?" said Professor McGonagall incredulously, to the laughter of the students in the Hall.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"He does." said Dean.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence.

"I would have beaten him black and blue." said Sirius with a hollow laugh.

Dialogue set, eighth sentence.

"You did, you nimrod." said Alicia in shock.
"I was afraid you were going to keep it a bit longer to spite him." said Harry with a guilty smile.

"It crossed my mind." said Professor McGonagall.

Dr. Nicodemus stared at the two of them. "How long has this been? Did you even....If you lot didn't have the time, to check it’s curses, I believe the Ministry would have checked it for you and gotten it back to the boy in a week."

"We wanted to be absolutely sure nothing was wrong with it." said McGonagall.

"So how many hours total did you work on it? Taking into consideration all the different curses, if
the both of you had sat down and worked on it together, it only would have taken you, maybe two weeks." said Dr. Nicodemus sternly. "But judging from what the book says, it's been almost two months."

Professor Flitwick and McGonagall shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

"It takes most wizards years to make a corporeal Patronus." said Madam Bones.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

Sirius held onto Harry even tighter, while Remus rubbed the back of Harry's neck.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Hey! Where is the praise for even getting a smokey Patronus?" said Sirius shortly.

"You interrupted it!" said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"There you go." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"That's a grown up way of saying. I'll be to make sure you don't die." said Harry with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
"I was tired and woozy, that's my excuse!" said Harry throwing his hands up.

"You don't trust him!" said Fred with a mock sob.

"Once a Gryffindor, always a Gryffindor." said Harry with laugh.

"You don't want to know." said Nightstrike.

"It is not a pleasant sight." said Tempest, who couldn't resist a shudder.

"Weirdo." said Sirius leaning away from him.

"On my only nice shirt." said Remus with laugh.
"I bought you another one!" said Harry.

"Oh, that was you?" said Remus with a mischievous smile.

"It had my name on the card." said Harry.

"Never got the card." said Remus.

"Not my fault." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"And Umbridge here wanted you to suffer that." said Lionus.

Dumbledore glared fiercely at Umbridge, who cringed under his gaze.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Sirius gave a full body shiver.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I didn't...." said Harry.

"I know, I know." said Sirius with a smile.

Dialogue line.

"No." said Harry. "Not anymore."

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"I would have, for about twenty seconds." said Remus with a smile.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.
McGonagall cripped her chest lightly. "That reminds of what happened weeks ago."

The school cheered loudly.

"How nice." said George.

"Always a morale booster." said Fred.

"See! Give boys a little time and they'll see common sense." said Mr. Weasley.

"We always knew she was trying to help, but every time we wanted to bury the hatchet, that 'stripping' word kept coming back." said Ron.

"You wrote down the passwords? Why would you write them down?" asked Bill.

"Easier for me to remember them." said Neville sheepishly.
"He must have seen you thirty times, just on your own! How the hell does he not remember you." said Ron shaking his head.

"How did you get him to tell you?" said Harry in shock.

"I begged." said Neville, "And promised to show him where there was a nearby dragon tapestry or picture."

"Probably wanted to know where not to go." whispered Ron with a smirk.

"Don't crowd it, you'll break it." said Charlie.

"And the person holding it." said Madam Pomfrey.

"In the post." said George.

"Not on your life." said Fred.

"I just got it two seconds ago!" said George, impersonating Harry.

"Which aren't all that bad to be honest." said Angelina. "But they aren't in the same league as Nimbuses or Firebolts."
"You're kinder than what I would be." said Sirius.

"She was trying to keep Harry safe, Ron." said Mrs. Weasley.

"I know, but still." said Ron.

"I'd of used any excuse to hold it, didn't get the chance with everyone else being so grabby." said Ron.

"You really should have dropped Muggle Studies at that point, it didn't make any sense." said Harry.

"I want to finish what I started. I always have." said Hermione.

Harry and Ron both coughed "Divination." Hermione turned pink.
"Listen to Harry, like you for him, he has your best interest at heart." said Bill.

"Don't you like it?" said Bill.

"It looks bad, but it's not really." said Harry. "It just takes a bit of time to get used to it."

"On Hermione's point of view." said Harry.

"What the f...?" said Charlie.

"CHARLES!" scolded Mrs. Weasley.

"I thought he lost his mind." said Hermione faintly.

End of chapter.
"You know Miss Granger, it's a good thing that Scabbers was Peter Pettigrew." said McGonagall.

"W-Why do you say that, ma'am?" said Hermione faintly.

"Because Crookshanks would have been sent home, and you would have been banned for bringing a pet into Hogwarts." said Dumbledore sternly. "You promised Ron that Crookshanks would have stayed in your dorm the entire time."

Hermione looked down guiltily.

"Though we cannot punish you with point deductions, I think an essay, three feet long, on the responsibility of being a pet owner is suffice." said Dumbledore gravely. "Due Friday I think."

"Yes sir." said Hermione sadly.

"Who'd like to read now?" asked Alicia.

"I'll read it now." said Charlie.

He took the book and read aloud "Thirteenth chapter."

"Damn, I should have volunteered." said Lee sourly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
"Frankly, I'm siding with Ron." said Bill. "It wasn't his fault Crookshanks was in the dorm."

"Us too." said Fred and George.

"I didn't even want to risk attempting it." said Harry. "I remember one fight, I got in the middle of it, I get smacked in the face with a cushion and the gut with a bag of dungbombs."

"What was it over?" said Hannah.

"Hermione was missing a book, Ron took it to be funny." said Harry.

"Yeah, that bothers me too." said Kingsley quietly.

"I think, Miss Granger, it was you who had to prove that Scabbers was alive." said Professor Sprout.

Hermione looked a little put out.

"You got to give her some credit though, she did apologize." said Harry with a smile.
"Which should never have been there in the first place." said Ernie. “And besides the house-elves would have cleaned the sheets at least thirty times by then.”

“House-elves?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“You’ll find out.” said Harry with a smile.

End of second paragraph.

"And he had every right to be." said George quietly.

"Yeah, I wouldn't want a giant cat on my head." said Fred.

Third paragraph.

"Now what did he do to you?" asked a third year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"I was being logical." said Harry faintly.

End of dialogue set.

"I was more concerned about Crookshanks eating someone else's pet." said Harry shrugging.

Fourth paragraph.

"I never really understood that, you never really liked him." said Hermione absently.

"I don't have much, so when I lose it..." said Ron darkly. Hermione turned pink and looked down at the floor.

Dialogue set.

"I was aiming for a laugh!" said Fred.

"Well, you missed the mark." said Bill.

"Yeah, not our best work." said George.
"Really not our best work." said George.

"Don't look at us like that, if we had known, we'd of been on Ron's side." said Fred as Hermione looked vindicated at the words of the twins.

"Well, that was easy." said Charlie. "Though, I have to admit it, I could have an emotional about-face if I were to ride a top of the line broom."

"We were happy to get it." said Angelina, "Boosted our morale."

"Her monologue on brooms can go on for hours." mumbled Professor Flitwick to Professor Sprout.
"That's nice." said Cho with a smirk.

"Well, they are one of the better brooms, but it's not in the same league as the Nimbus or Firebolts." said Charlie honestly.

"You scared me, I've heard of people turning so sharply that their neck snaps!" said Alicia blushing heavily.

"Don't turn on your broom like that again, then." said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

Harry smiled.

"You should have seen Wood, he was crying, out of pure joy." said Katie.

"It was disgusting." said Fred.

"No school team can contend with a Firebolt rider." said Lionus with a smirk.

"That was so cool." said Ron.
"Wasn't your knee." said Katie blushing.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

"One year he told me I climbed on my broom wrong." said George rolling his eyes.

"It was hilarious, though." said Fred.

"How was it funny?" asked Colin.

"He tried showing me, fell right on his rear." said George.

"Such swear words we've never heard." said Fred covering his ears dramatically.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"It was already amazing for someone your age." said Madam Bones and Remus.

**Dialogue line.**

"That would be an understatement." said McGonagall, knowing her mentor and colleague all too well.

"I would have made sure no Dementor was left alive around Hogwarts." said Dumbledore darkly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

"Oh no..." said Madam Hooch covering her eyes.

"We aren't spring chickens anymore, no one can begrudge you a rest." said Professor Flitwick patting her arm gently. "Besides, knowing your hearing, if something were to go wrong, you'd be up and hexing anyone in a heartbeat."

**Dialogue line.**

**Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

"I was making sure he didn't kill himself." said Harry.
"That and you were showing me some really cool moves." said Ron.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

"It was Harry's fault, he didn't want to wake you." said Ron passing the buck swiftly.

"She was up really early that morning," said Harry. "I saw her working on maintaining the school brooms, I thought she needed a break."

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"Normal guy talk." said Bill with a smirk.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"Maybe you should have a Healer look at your heart, it doing some strange things." said Dennis.

"I've already looked at it, and fixed it." reminded Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph.

"How did he get outside?" asked Hermione wonderingly.

"Where did you last see him?" asked Lavender.

"In the Common Room. I had to go to the library and I left him alone." said Hermione plainly.

The school groaned. "Thank god I didn't have a pet rat." muttered a sixth year Gryffindor.

Dialogue set.

"You would have hit him with a rock?" screeched Hermione.

"I thought he killed my rat, so yeah, I was going to hit him with a rock." shot back Ron.

"That doesn’t’ matter!" said Hermione.
"Miss Granger!" said McGonagall. "Tonight, after dinner you will be doing lines with me."

"But..." said Hermione looking bewildered.

"No buts, Miss Granger." said McGonagall. "Tonight, and if this attitude continues, it will be another night."

Hermione never looked more confused in her whole life. And her expression didn't get any better when Ron stood up, walked over to his oldest brothers and sat down in an armchair his brother Bill conjured up.

Dialogue line.

"So much for trying to make him feel better." said Harry.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.

"Trelawny really got to you." said a seventh year Gryffindor.

Sirius shuffled his feet nervously.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

"I know that you're as tall as I am now, but..." said Sirius as he dragged Harry over to where he was and placed him gently in his own lap.

"What are you doing?" asked Harry, with a raised eyebrow and crossed his arms.

"Cope with it." said Sirius. "I'm not letting you go."

"You're a nut." said Harry shaking his head, but he had a faint smile.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

"Yeah, like I can't protect my own broomstick." said Harry, "Though I will admit, when everyone started crowding around on the fourth floor, it was nice to have that wall to protect my broom."

End of twentieth paragraph.

"They were hoping you wouldn't get your broomstick back in time." drawled Snape.
Mr. and Mrs. Diggory beamed proudly at the mention of their son, though their eyes were filled with water.

"You can't sabotage a Firebolt by holding it." said Fred rolling his eyes.

Percy blushed as everyone began to laugh.

"What would you have done in order to get her ten galleons?" asked Charlie with his eyebrows quirked.

"I would have sent the money." said Harry with a smile.

Percy turned to Harry, his face red and looking exceptionally embarrassed.

"He handled the broom just fine a few hours ago." said Alicia with a smile.
Draco cringed under the many furious glares sent his way.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

"That and plotting for something later." said Ron bitterly.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.

"I love that adrenaline rush." said most of the Quidditch players.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

"You'd better believe it." said Remus patting Harry's back.

Dialogue set.

"Couldn't believe it." said George.

"A short peptalk." said Fred.

"It was AMAZING!" said the twins together.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

"A lot shorter now." said Ron with a smirk.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

Cho began to giggle and blush.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.
Lee quickly stood up, hurried over to Charlie and waited for his line to show up.

**Dialogue set.**

Charlie laughed, "Nice commercial."

**Dialogue line.**

"What made you think you could do that with her right there?" asked Tonks with a smile.

"It was a passionate outburst." said Lee defensively.

"It's not a girl." said Terry Boot.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"You and Professor McGonagall go so well together." said Sirius. "Too bad you couldn't make your commentary as entertaining." he added to Remus.

“Oh I don't know...I think yelling out that Hufflepuff scored when it was a Ravenclaw and Gryffindor game was pretty amusing.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Sad thing is...Hufflepuff actually started to cheer loudly first. Took them a while...” said Sirius laughing out loud.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"You just barely got there in time." said Alicia.

"Hey, wasn't my fault I had a Bludger aimed at me too." said Fred.

"I'm surprised though." said Angelina.

"What?" said Katie.

"Harry can tell the twins apart, even when they're wearing the same outfits and wearing helmets." said Angelina. "No one else can."

Fred and George looked at each other in wonder.
Sirius all the while was sniggering.

“Grow up.” groaned Remus.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

"Tell me it didn't hit you." said Dr. Clark nervously.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph.

"Good boy!" said Sirius appreciatively.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Oooh....she's yelling, not good." said Remus covering his eyes.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

"Oh come on!" said a first year Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.

"Yeah!" said a few guys in Gryffindor, who shrunk quickly when their girlfriends glared at them.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

"It's a good strategy, she can't hope to catch the Snitch when Harry's playing, so she delays him the best she can so her team can raise enough points to perhaps win by a small margin." said Charlie thoughtfully.


"You did a watered down version of the Wronski Feint!" said Dean excitedly.
"I didn't know it had a name at the time." said Harry blushing.

"Not good." said Bill turning pale.

"Good lad!" said Moody proudly as the Rangers applauded.
"Very good." said Lionus with a smile.

"Too bad, it was good." said Remus with a smirk.

"YES!" shouted a few seond and first year Gryffindors.

"We wouldn't have let you drop." said Fred.
End of forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first semi-colon

"He turned so red that you could have lit a candle on his cheek." said Katie with a giggle.

End of dialogue set.

"I'm amazed the poor boy wasn't trampled to death." said Madam Pomfrey coolly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Tell me you didn't take her money." said Mr. Weasley somberly.

Percy blushed heavily.

"Seems she paid him another way." said Bill with a snicker.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

"What had you all nervous?" asked Sirius.

"Well, seeing your Patronus coming out of nowhere and getting jostled about by the students didn't help." said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Way to squish his morale like a bug." said George.
"Why you dirty cheats!" said Madam Bones angrily
"Cowardly little..." growled Moody.

"This won't be good." said Sirius gleefully.

"Each." corrected Professor McGonagall sending a glare to the three Slytherin's still in attendance.

"He was not a happy man." said Remus fondly. "Good thing you left, or you would have heard Dumbledore yell. And that can be a traumatizing event."

Several people laughed so hard that they fell out of their seats.

"Oh come on! You didn't even mention the fact that we carried you up to the castle and all the way to the dorms!" said Fred.

"We left money for it!" said George loudly.
"Why? Why would you read that?" asked Sirius.

"I was correcting the book, I even wrote to the author and told him he got some points wrong." said Hermione. "He never wrote me back."

"He wrote to me." said Dumbledore. "And asked me to have you, when you are older, to go with him on a muggle watching trip. Though he had me promise that I would magic your mouth shut, so he can tell you his point of view." he added with a kind smile. "I told him that I would not do so, but I would try and intercept any further letters that he seemed to have deemed....annoying."

Hermione blushed faintly.

"You already read that book." said Neville confused. "You told me a few weeks before that match."

"You're like a marriage counselor." said Seamus.

"That's your cue to drop a few subjects, girl." said Moody shortly.

"And here I was wondering how someone who is fifteen years old could develop an ulcer." said Dr. Nicodemus looking at Harry. "Those two put you through way too much stress."
Sirius looked at Harry quickly. "When we get you home, first month, no Weasley's or Hermione allowed, you need a rest."

Hermione and Ron looked at each other worriedly.

"I'm.." started Harry but Sirius put a hand to his mouth.

"You say I'm fine one more time, I'm going to whack out." said Sirius with a smirk.

**Fifty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"I wanted Ron and Hermione to just call off the stupid fight." said Harry.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Have to give him that." said Fred.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Fifty-second sentence, first sentence.**

"Party pooper." muttered Sirius with a smirk.

**End of fifty-second paragraph.**

Mrs. McFinn draped the blanket over Harry gently.

"I'm fine." said Harry. He watched with a smile as Sirius raised his hand, and slapped his leg lightly and stared hard at Harry.

"Indulge me." said Mrs. McFinn.

**Fifty-third paragraph, sixth sentence.**

Dumbledore and Remus looked at Harry inquisitively.

Harry looked thoughtful. "How the hell did I know...sort of...what it was, before I even saw it in person?"

Neither one of them could answer him.
"What the heck?" shouted Charlie.

"What the hell were you thinking?" asked Remus to Sirius quietly.
"I was desperate." said Sirius quietly.

"That scared the frick out of us." said Seamus.

"How can you dream the curtains to look like that?" asked Bill.

"It was thought that he wanted you dead, and you go out of your dorm first?" shouted Bill.
"Why do you always have to be the one in front?" asked Dr. Clark with a frightened look.

"Unlucky?" said Harry shrugging.

"I didn't know what we were all doing up." said Fred shrugging.

"Over-achiever." said Bill shaking his head.

"I could have smacked you for that." said Ron.
"I don't know how she heard that all the way from her office." said Katie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Why not let him talk to her?" asked Charlie. "You were really being unfair."

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Jeez, no one wants to believe you." said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That floored EVERYONE." said Harry.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Oh Neville." said Dr. Clark with a sympathetic look.

"Sorry son." said Sirius apologetically.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He didn't really leave them about, Crookshanks brought it to me." said Sirius quietly.
McGonagall looked at Sirius and then over to Hermione. "Miss Granger, I'm afraid that Crookshanks is hereby forbidden to leave your dormitory, if I learn that he is out. I will have him sent home."

"But...." said Hermione. "He did nothing wrong!"

"That is the end of it, Miss Granger." said McGonagall imperiously.

End of chapter.

"Poor Neville." said Luna.

"Who'd like to read now?" asked Charlie loudly.

"I will." said Ron from beside him. He took the book, cleared his throat and read aloud. "Fourteenth chapter"

"This won't go well for me." said Harry.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading Please review
Everyone of the Great Hall had a quick late lunch before they had decided to start up the reading again.

"Harry, I've got some treacle tart here, do you want...." said Mrs. McFinn, before she could finish saying anything he reached over and took one of the two slices she had.

"He loves that stuff." said Ron with a laugh.

"I'll bear that mind." she said with a giggle.

Ron picked up the book from where he put it down at and began to read.

**First paragraph.**

"So no one got any sleep that night?" said Mrs. Diggory.

"Sorry kids." said Sirius regretfully.

**First paragraph, first sentence, second semi-colon**

Both Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn looked at Professor Flitwick with curiosity.

"The doors are enchanted." said Flitwick with a smile.

"Their enchanted *that* far?" said Dr. Clark with a shock look.

**First paragraph, end of first sentence.**

"He had to actually spend twice as much on cat food, cause Mrs. Norris couldn't hunt around for mice." said Fred.

**First paragraph, third sentence, first comma.**
"Well of course!" said McGonagall. "I couldn't risk the children being attacked again."

"I didn't attack anyone!" said Sirius quickly.

"Wait! If you were in there...then Scabbers had to have still been in the dorm!" said Hermione excitedly, hoping to clear her cat's name.

"He wasn't there, sort of why I slashed the curtains, I was pissed off." said Sirius shaking his head. "Sorry to scare you Ron."

"It's alright, you made me really popular for a while." said Ron with a small smile.

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First paragraph, fourth sentence.

"I don't blame her one bit." said Mrs. McFinn.

---

End of second paragraph.

"Tell me it's not a rerun of your first year." said Bill.

"It's not." said Ron.

---

Third paragraph.

"I'm amazed that Hermione didn't tell anyone." said Ron.

"And how was I to explain how I know it's there and where it goes?" said Hermione.

---

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Not if you've got skills." said Sirius egotistically.

---

Fourth paragraph.

"That would have been a good idea for you not to go." said Remus.

---

Fifth paragraph, second sentence.
Ron blushed slightly.

End of fifth paragraph.

"Some things I don't think happened." said Harry with a smirk. "Like the one rendition where you said that you thought you were dreaming about him having a knife to my throat and waking to find it was true."

Ron blushed even more. Sirius paled.

"That frightened me when I heard that version." said McGonagall.

Dialogue set, second sentence, fifth pause.

Sirius looked slowly over to Ron with an unimpressed look.

"Sorry..." said Ron sheepishly.

Dialogue set, second sentence, sixth pause.

"Oh it wasn't twelve inches." said Sirius shaking his head.

"How long was it?" asked Remus.

"It was thirteen at least." said Sirius sending Ron a wink.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Why did you run?" asked Remus.

"I didn't want to hurt anyone, just that damned bastard." said Sirius.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence.

Sirius' eyes widened and stared at Harry as Ron's mother hurried over to Ron and gripped him tightly.
"That's wrong, I know." said Harry quickly.

"If he had killed a student, there wouldn't have been anything left for the dementors." said Dumbledore calmly.

"I apologize Mr. Longbottom, you will be allowed to go into Hogsmede again, be thankful Miss Granger, that I don't take your Hogsmede visits away." said McGonagall who now knew what happened.

“Didn't you sneak out once...?” muttered Seamus.

“Shh!” said Neville quickly.

"I got caught trying give him the password, lost fifteen points to Gryffindor for it." said Harry.

"So no one told you the password at all?" said Sirius.

"He was told when everyone else was informed." said McGonagall.

"It helped with my memory, I had to work really hard to memorize the passwords." said Neville.

"Harry was pretty good about making sure I got inside before eight o'clock." said Neville.

"I hate those." said Ron.
"Good idea." said Bill.

"She used a special one, where the longer it takes you to open it the moment she sends it, the louder it gets." said Neville.

"Thanks Harry." said Neville with a faint smile.

"She was welcome to them." said Neville.

"She sounds impatient." said Mrs. McFinn.

"She's not really, she just...wanted something to eat, and it's hard to do that with a letter in her beak." said Harry.

"She was welcome to them." said Neville.

"Sorry Ron, but I heard every version yeh had." said Hagrid sheepishly.

"That's fine." said Ron with a smile.
"Neville remembered the password that night." said Harry with a smile.

"I didn't notice that, or I'd've said go ahead and tell me anyway." said Hagrid.

"It was fine." said Ron.

"I could never eat a ferret, dog form or otherwise." said Sirius.

"What do you mean, dog form?" said Mr. Diggory.

"You'll find out." said Sirius.

“Wasn’t he watching?” asked Ron. “He transformed right in front of everyone.”

"I thought they were kinda nice lookin'." said Hagrid looking confused.

Mrs. McFinn laughed a little. "I think I know what I'm making you for Christmas."

Hagrid blushed. "Yeh, don't have to Miss Holly."

"Nonsense, I'm giving a lot of people presents, in repayment of looking after my baby." said Mrs. McFinn, kissing Harry's cheek.

A few Slytherin's and Zacharias snickered loudly, but Harry only stuck his tongue out. "You're just jealous."
Dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"I felt ready to go out back and throw up, I felt so guilty." said Harry.

"And you did, before we left." said Ron.

"Do you do that often?" said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

"Only when I really feel bad." said Harry.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

"We were punishing Hermione for not remembering her promise, and here we were breaking ours to Hagrid." said Ron guiltily.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"Dumbledore told me about giving you hints on cooking, still up for it?" said Harry.

"Alrigh'." said Hagrid, a smile beaming out from behind his beard.

"We can do it this weekend." said Harry, "I can't leave the castle anyway."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"I was grounded." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That's a sore subject." said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first comma.

"I'd say something, but I'll pass." said Harry.

"Go for it." said Bill.
"I could understand you wanting to protect me, but to not expect that we wouldn't be angry with you is idiotic. Our anger was logical." said Harry folding his arms.

Hermione opened her mouth, but closed it.

End of dialogue set.

"Which is her own fault." said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"I didn't know she promised to keep Crookshanks in her dorm." said Hagrid.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"Every teacher and Harry was telling her to drop a few subjects at least once a week." said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Yeh had enough on your plate, too." said Hagrid kindly. "With a supposed killer on your heel and Quidditch, I'd of been shocked."

Dialogue set.

"But she broke her promise to us about the cat and well...gotta give her credit with the broom, but the cat was the main thing." said Ron folding his arms.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I talk, she ignores and accuses me of only being on Ron's side." said Harry.
"That's true." said Harry.

"He was talking about you." said Ron and Hermione to each other.

"Was talkin' about the both of yeh." said Hagrid.

"So did you kids even eat?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"No, we were feeling a little too upset to eat, and after throwing up, Harry had no appetite." said Ron.

"I could barely hear him, and I was standing next to him." said Ron.

"Are you trying to get Harry expelled?" asked Sirius.

"Joke would have been on her, I would have sent the map somewhere with Hedwig and tell her to leave it somewhere safe." said Harry. "I'm glad it never went that far."

"Why is that?" asked Hermione.

"I would have never trusted you with that kind of stuff again." said Harry. “Conversations and interactions would have been taken down several pegs.”

Hermione paled.
"It was a fair statement." said Fred.

"It was bad year for you three." said George.

"The boys weren't trusting you, and you were wandering about like a high-strung annoying older sibling." said Lee to Hermione.

"Ron practiced that look, he thought that if he looked menacing enough at Crookshanks you'd take him up to your dorm and finally keep him in there." said Harry.

"Like I said, I was beginning not to trust you." said Harry

"This is worse than the first book!" she shrieked and ran out.

Harry massaged his eyes and stood up. "I'll go get her."

"No you don't. I will." said Mrs. McFinn. "Don't read on, I want to hear more about Hogsmeade."

She left the room and walked over to a portrait of a wizard riding a top a winged horse. She remembered that the portraits could talk, so she asked.

"Did you see a girl run past you?" asked Mrs. McFinn politely.

"Yes ma'am, she's in this room here." said the portrait gesturing to a room off to the left.

Mrs. McFinn walked slowly over to where the portrait pointed and then opened the door. She found herself in some sort of lounge, most likely the teachers' lounge. She saw the brown haired girl curled up in a sofa and walked over.

"Are you alright dear?" asked Mrs. McFinn sitting beside Hermione.

Hermione didn't say anything, just continued to weep.

"I don't quite know what you meant by it being like the first book, but dear you have to look at it from the boys' point of view. Ron doesn't have the disposable funds your family or Harry has. Each thing he owns he takes care of it.

"Only his brother Percy had a pet so his rat was very special to him, he may act cool and not care, but he really did." said Mrs. McFinn.
"But Harry's owl eats rats too, but Ron didn't have a fit about it." said Hermione tears streaking down.

"From what I was told, Harry trained Hedwig to not go after Scabbers, and Hedwig would normally not hesitate going after a small animal. But Harry trained him. And you did promise the both of them that Crookshanks would stay in your dorm, that wasn't fair to Scabbers that you broke that promise.

"People aren't happy with you because you didn't take responsibility with your pet, if someone were allowed to bring their dog, and it decided to chase your cat all over the place, would you be angry with the owner and the pet?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"Of course I would, they should keep their dog away from my cat." said Hermione.

"So how can you even think that Ron doesn't have the right to be angry with you?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

Hermione looked down.

"Now come on." said Mrs. McFinn. "We all have to pay for our mistakes, it's just your turn."

"Ron and Harry don't pay for it nearly as much as I do." said Hermione grumbling.

"That's wrong. Ron has his entire family here to chastise him when he does something wrong. And Harry's already been grounded, for this weekend. And from what Sam tells me, Harry, Remus, Sam and Sirius have a sit down discussion about what was read that day, or at least when Harry wakes up the next morning, they talk about it before they come down." said Mrs. McFinn. "And Harry get's yelled at quite a bit towards the end of these books."

"All three of us do." said Hermione. "But yeah, Harry gets the worse of it."

"Want to go back now, we can continue this conversation later." said Mrs. McFinn, "I want to hear about Hogsmede, it sounds lovely."

They walked back into the Great Hall, and Hermione noticed that Ron was sitting back in their love seat again.

"Harry and I had a talk, we're sorry." said Ron quietly.

"I am too." said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

"Bet Harry didn't want Hermione to see him." muttered Fred.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Hermione crossed her arms.
"So close." said Fred.

"I didn't know!" said Neville to the laughter.

"Oh boy." said George.

"I was striking out." said Harry with a good-natured smile.

"I couldn't' catch a break." said Harry with a laugh. "And for the record, they can either eat it or smell it."

"Galleon says it's Snape." said Fred.
"I thought the bathroom would be a worse place." said Harry shrugging.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first pause.

"You got me there." said Harry with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

"You can't tell them to go to their dorms and stay there on a weekend." said Remus.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

"I didn't block my thoughts on that." said Harry shaking his head.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Thirty-first paragraph.

"Way to make sure you aren't followed." said Sirius patting Harry's back.

Thirty-second paragraph.

"Was getting worried that you never wiped the damn thing." said Sirius with a smile.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.
"Where was Hermione?" asked Mrs. Weasley.
"She was out with the girls." said Ron.

"They're so cute!" said Lavender.

"In that place? No way, they'd just go for with it." said Fred.

"I hope you didn't use any of that stuff here?" said Mrs. McFinn.
"Dudley got the Hiccup sweets." said Harry with a smirk. "And I slipped the Frog Spawn soap in the boys showers."
"And here I blamed George." said Fred.
"And I blamed you." said George.
"Who got the teacup?" asked Sirius.
"I was so proud of Harry." said Ron with a fond smile.
"Who...got...it...?" said Sirius eagerly.
"Filch." said Harry and Ron.
"I love you!" said Sirius throwing his arms around Harry.
"Acck! Don't kiss me!" shouted Harry.

"Did anyone ever live there?" asked Neville.
"That house, believe it or not, belonged to one of the descendants of the School Founders." said Dumbledore.
"He doesn't know that for a fact, it's what Dumbledore told him." said Remus to Dr. Clark.

"I sent them a medical report!" said Madam Pomfrey angrily. "And they completely disregarded my authority!"

"You vicious..." said Mrs. McFinn sourly.

"His house beats the hell out of yours. You can actually relax in it." said Harry.

"Go Harry!" said a majority of the school.
"ALRIGHT!" shouted the students loudly.

"Where's the damn Scattered Shots!" said Sirius laughing hard, "I want to see this!"

Remus slapped his knee repeatedly. "Brilliant!"

"You suck at tracking." said Fred.

"Funniest thing EVER!" said Ron twisting around in his seat from laughter.

"Oh no." said a few first years covering their eyes, as if the events were playing out right in front of them.
"I thought a ghost was taking his form and scaring us." said Malfoy.

"Good thinking Ron." said a first year.

"I started dictating my will on the way back." said Harry.

"It's a quick path, I had to play Indiana Jones in some parts." said Harry.

"Who's that?" asked Ron.

"I'll tell you about it later." said Harry.

"Get away from there!" said Sirius hissing slightly

"Harry, Harry, Harry..." said Tonks.

"There wasn't a bathroom down there!" said Harry defensively.
"Would have worked, if I could dislocate my shoulder quietly." said Harry.

"I swear, he plans that." said Professor Flitwick quietly.

"What was I supposed to say? 'Really? Let me hear it?" said Harry.

"Good luck trying to fool him." said Fred.
Snape scoffed, *doubtful he's ever been innocent.*

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I'd be concerned." said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

"He's got a point." said Bill.

Dialogue line.

"It was a path, that I intended to take, and it was a trap he set." said Harry with a smirk over to Snape, who stared fixedly at him. *Another compliment?*

Dialogue set.

"I'm glad I didn't freak and slap you." said Harry.

What do you mean?" asked Snape.

"Uncle Vernon liked getting that close to yell at me." said Harry, "Then he'd start smacking me about."

Snape paled.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Harry's not like that!” said Sirius angrily.

"Not in so many words, but maybe I am." said Harry sadly.
Snape turned to look at the boy in amazement. James never would have said that.

"You aren't like that." said Sirius tugging Harry's hair slightly.

Harry wasn't all sure. He pretty much did go where he wanted. He had been to Hogsmeade a few times before third year went around, and the second official Hogsmeade weekend he found himself somewhere he shouldn't have been. And with a supposed mass-murderer after him!

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Severus." said Dumbledore in a warning tone.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Yeah he did." said Sirius slowly.

End of dialogue set.

"You don't, no." said Remus.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

"Oooh..." said the students covering their eyes once again.

"Bad move." said Lee.

End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

"Calm down Harry, calm down!" said Fred gripping George tightly.

"It's not worth it!" said George gripping Fred as well.

Dialogue line.
"I couldn't believe you told him." spat Snape.

"I didn't expect you to push him so far to tell you that he knew." said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

"That doesn't sound healthy." said Luna calmly.

"Severus, if he blows up something in your office, you deserved it." said Dumbledore.

"The truth on what?" said Ron.

"That Dumbledore never told me why." said Harry.

"He was a hero. At the very least, the end of his life." said Harry shortly.

Snape scoffed.

"He told my mother to run, while he faced Voldemort." said Harry, his voice a sort of deadly calm.

Snape's smirk slowly faded.

People turned and stared at the men in the bowl.

"James didn't know about the joke, neither did Remus. It was all me." said Sirius fessing up to his mistakes.
Seventy-first paragraph.
Despite the tense situation, snorts of laughter could be heard.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.
"Thank god the map is blank." said Sirius.
"But how is he going to explain the bag." said Dr. Clark.
"Should have left both things behind." said Harry.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"This isn't going to go well." said Fred.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.
"NO!" shouted Fred, George, Sirius and Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
"Damn, we don't give him enough credit." said Sirius.
"And who was telling you that all throughout school?" said Remus.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

"Don't know what you were so worried about, if you don't know the password, you can't use it." said Sirius.

"Didn't know that." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Eightieth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

"Aren't you pompous?" said Sirius with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

"I'm going to love this." said Sirius with a gleeful smile.

Eighty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-second paragraph, second sentence.

"I was thinking about everything I never got to do in life." said Harry.

End of eighty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Sirius smiled warmly at the memory of his old friend.

**Eighty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

Sirius tried hard not to laugh out loud.

**Eighty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"He never was very original." said Remus.

**Eighty-fifth paragraph.**

"Verbal or physical?" said Dumbledore sternly.

"I was trying to prepare for both." said Harry.

"No teacher would strike you." said McGonagall. "Or any other student."

Harry sent a pointed look up at Umbridge.

"She wasn't a real teacher." said McGonagall.

**Dialogue line.**

**Eighty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Not even a 'please'?" said Tonks.

**Eighty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Do you take tranquilizers or something?" said Dr. Clark.
"He sucks at poker." said Sirius. "Always has."
"I know what that's like." said Harry shaking his head.

"You...are...amazing." said Remus with a smile.

"You're grasping at straws." said Moody shaking his head.
"That's meaning a lot coming from him." said Kingsley.

"How can you interpret looks like that and not win at poker?" said Seamus.

"Very plausible." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"I actually did." said Remus. "I'm a pretty good actor myself."
"Who told you to.." said Sirius.

"I hurried up to the castle, and heard giggling about it." said Ron.

"But who told you to talk about the Zonko bag?" asked Sirius.

"I had a feeling." said Ron shrugging.

"Good feeling." said Fred impressed.

"I wanted to thank you." said Harry.

"I was the one that lost it." said Remus.

"You really do plan ahead, don't you?" said Remus shaking his head.

"If you didn't belong to us." said Sirius quickly.
"That was the reason for telling him. To scare him to stay in the castle." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

"Don't tell me I caused you to throw up." said Remus worriedly.

"He didn't throw up, but he did gag a lot in the bathroom." said Ron.

End of ninety-fifth paragraph.

"I wasn't in the mood to play mediator." said Harry.

End of chapter.

"With all the stuff you sent and Madam Pomfrey's report, and they still said he was dangerous? Those bastards!" said Charlie angrily.

"They don't care, if someone even accuses an animal of being dangerous, they'll kill it just to be on the safe side." growled Harry.

"Who wants to read now? Maybe we'll finish the book today!" said Ron.

"I'll read." said Hermione, taking the book from Ron.

"Fifteenth chapter." read Hermione.

“Son of a…” muttered Lee.
Thanks for reading, please review
"Wish I got to read this chapter." said Lee.

"Think of it this way, soon we'll be reading the Quidditch World Cup chapter." said Fred.

"I CALL DIBBS!" shouted Lee.

The students and adults in the Great Hall looked at Harry with worried looks.

"Still isn't." said Sirius in a whisper.

"He isn't still at Grimmauld Place is he?" asked Harry.

"Nah, he's in the stables at Night's Rest. Which reminds me, what kind of horse do you want?" he asked with a smile.

"Yeah, like I'm going to pick out a horse now." said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Alright, but you've got quite the selection." said Sirius with a smile. "The house-elves at home did a great job of keeping froggyface out of there and taking care of all of them."
Dumbledore chuckled warmly as Hermione blushed. "They do frighten easily."

"That should never be the case in an appeal." said Madam Bones shortly. "There should always have hope of getting the innocent party justice."

"What I wouldn't have given to have a camera." said Harry with a laugh. "Their first hug."

"He was never good with girls. Not even with Ginny." said Bill with a fond smile. "And that's just dealing with your sister."

"Sh-shut up." said Ron turning red.

"Way to go Hermione!" shouted one of the first years. "I knew you weren't heartless."

Hermione blushed, though she had a slight frown on her face.

"Oh, Ron." said Mrs. Weasley with tears in her eyes. "I'm so proud of you."

End of dialogue set.
"We would have, but someone beat us to it." said Mr. Weasley looking at Harry with a smile.

"Not me." said Harry with a smirk.

Fourth paragraph.

"Bout time you start thinking about the safety procedures." sneered Snape.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set second sentence.

"Not your fault, those monsters should have given you a fair chance." said Tonks angrily.

End of dialogue set.

"With all the evidence I sent?" shrieked Madam Pomfrey, "They'd better hope they don't get injured or sick with my friends working at St. Mungos!"

"She's frightening when she's angry." said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

"Try sneaking out without her approval." said Remus and Harry together. "It's way worse."

Dialogue line.

"That was the truth too." said Harry.

Sixth paragraph.

"You know this won't be good." groaned Sirius.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"So was a quarter of the Ministry." said Moody. "Not anymore."

End of dialogue set.

"Oh, Hagrid." said Mrs. Weasley with tears in her eyes.
Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.
"Horrible little beasts!" said Mrs. McFinn hotly. She stood up glared at the three of them in turn. "If I was your mother you'd be standing in a corner until you turn forty!"

Draco cringed while Crabbe and Goyle looked at her as if she weren't even addressing them.

“I’m amazed you didn’t say anything about paddling.” said Sirius.

“Standing in a corner worked on Harry, he never disobeyed me twice for the same thing.” said Mrs. McFinn sitting down slowly.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

“What?” asked Fred.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

Hermione blushed heavily. The entire school stared at her.

"Why weren't we there?" shouted the twins loudly.

"That would have been so SWEET!" said Lee.

"Hermione you are amazing!" shouted the girl chasers.

Most of the teachers looked around to make sure no one was looking at them to quietly applaud Hermione.

End of tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I would say that I didn't want to hurt her. But I was afraid she’d rear back and smack me," said Ron. "Just cause Harry's making me run about in the morning and everything doesn't mean I like pain."
"Not before running like scared nifflers down a hole." said Harry with a smirk.

"I was sort of afraid that if I didn't beat him, you'd beat me." said Harry with a laugh.

"If you had told me what had happened, I would have completely forgiven it." said Professor Flitwick quietly.

"Where do you keep slipping off to?" asked Mr. Weasley.

"Yeah, she could have used the cheering up." said Harry.

"Now that's scary." said Fred.
“Must be the end of the world!” said George.

Dialogue line.

"Maybe we should put a permanent Cheering Charm on you." said Sirius tugging at Harry's cheek slightly.

"My face would break from all that smiling." said Harry with a smirk.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"Aw, they worry about you." said Charlie with a cute voice.

Dialogue line.

"I told him that I would be more worried about Malfoy than Hermione." said Harry.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Settle down! Just tell the teacher your passed out in the dorms from so much work...nevermind, they'll never buy that." said Sirius.

"James tried that, never worked." said Remus.

“Then again, with you…they’d buy it.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Harry had no clue what was going on." said Ron. “He was starting to get really really frightened.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
"Listen to them and give up something!" said Angelina, "I remember that year, you looked so tired."

Dialogue set.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I told you I'd give you a personal lesson on that following Saturday." said Professor Flitwick with a smile.

"I know, sir." said Hermione.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"She always pops out of nowhere." muttered Ron.

Dialogue line.

"I have a lot of patience but when it breaks, I get testy." said Harry with a devilish smile.

“And he gets scary.” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

"That was getting annoying too." said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set.

"That's pathetic." said McGonagall, groaning quietly.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Not often she makes us laugh." said Harry. "Quite the shock."
Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second dash.

"Nice Ron." said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-third paragraph, second sentence.

Even Dumbledore joined in the laughter that was mostly occupied by the students of the school.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Not what he was talking about." said Percy.

"But highly observant." said Dumbledore.

"Not really, the crystal ball magnified the burn." said Ron honestly.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

"Not the time to be discussing that Miss Granger." said Professor Flitwick covering his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

"We couldn't hold it in anymore." said Harry laughing once more.

"I love it when you smile." said Mrs. McFinn hugging Harry tightly. "You're eyes grow even more shiny."
Harry blushed.

**Dialogue set.**

"More nonsense." said Harry

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"I was almost ready to give it another name." said Harry rolling his eyes.

"What would that have been?" asked Sirius.

"Furry bastard." said Harry in a whisper.

"I don't like that name." pouted Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

A few people whistled low.

"This won't turn out well." said Professor Sprout.

**Dialogue set.**

"Never thought that another teacher would take a leaf out of Severus' book and start insulting students." said Dumbledore rubbing his temple, "But then again, Miss Granger didn't help matters either. So, I believe both of you are at fault."

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

"Harry grabbed my shirt and pulled me back." said Ron. "If you find the right table, you'll see nail marks right in the wood. He had to stop himself from flying over the table."

“I always wondered what those marks were.” said a third year Slytherin girl.
"It isn't often that I lose my celestial composure." said Professor Trelawney.

"I'm taking that to mean, 'losing my temper'." muttered Terry with a smirk.

"You never told me Pavarti said that!" said Hermione in a hiss to Ron.

"Didn't really want to ruin your day." said Ron.

"Pure luck." said McGonagall.

"And on others around you." said Snape quietly with a smirk.

"Man, you were having the worst day ever." said Remus with a sympathetic smile.

"Harry helped me a lot." said Hermione.

"How's that?" asked Dr. Clark.

"He gave me a hug." said Hermione, turning a faint shade of pink.

"Mrs. McFinn's hugs helped when I was feeling overwhelmed." said Harry shrugging. Mrs. McFinn smiled at him.
"You don't need a near-fatal anything near you." said Dr. Clark.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

"How did you get over it?" asked Mrs. Weasley nervously.

"I woke up and half of my homework were done, I don't remember doing it." said Neville, "but it was my handwriting and it sounded like stuff I would come up with."

Sirius looked over to Harry instinctively who looked up at the ceiling and pretended not to pay attention.

"Know anything about this?" he said with a smile.

"Just that it took almost all night to learn how to write like him." said Harry looking at Sirius with an innocent expression. Then he turned to Neville. "How do you right your 'r's like that?"

Neville smiled and shrugged.

Dialogue line.

"Were you trying to start a riot?" asked Charlie.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

"If I could have had access to her bag and could slip a sleeping potion into her tea, her homework would have at least been helped a little." said Harry scratching his head.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"Good for you Ron!" said Mr. Weasley with a proud smile.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

"I had something else to be worried about." said Ron.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

"Not easy being the school's Quidditch star is it?" asked Charlie with a snigger. "I went through the same damn thing."
"I was getting ready to put a silencing charm on his mouth." said Harry.

Charlie puffed out proudly as the rest of his brothers shook their heads. "When he was in school, he never shut up." said Ginny with a giggle. “Every other conversation was about a game.”

"We'd spend every meal, glaring at each other." said Harry.

"So Harry had more reasons then you to beat you lot soundly.” said a loud Hufflepuff first year.

"Fights in this school have to be really funny to watch." said Dr. Clark. "To a certain point." said Madam Pomfrey. "Of course." said Dr. Clark quickly.

"I remember this one time," said Dean excitedly, "Harry was walking down to Charms and when a Slytherin went trip him, Harry flipped over right in midair! He even hooked his foot around the guys neck and brought him down with him and he...." He looked at Harry. "You planned that didn't you?"

"I promised myself the next person to trip me was going down with me." said Harry.
"You apologized though!" said Dean.

"If I didn't, he would have smacked me." said Harry. “And he was a super huge Slytherin.”

Fortieth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon, first comma.

"Like I'm scared of them." said Harry.

Knowing this time that they were being discussed, only because they heard their surnames, stood up and stalked over to Harry. Sirius leaned forward in his chair and bared his teeth, but Harry held him back.

Harry stood up and placed his hands in his pockets. "Want a handicap?" he asked the two bullies heading his way. He slowly closed his eyes.

Crabbe lunged at Harry with his fist raised, with his eyes still closed, and hands still in his pockets, he swung his leg under Crabbe and sent him crashing to the ground. Then he ducked down, dodging another blow this time by Goyle, and kicked his left cheek, sending him flying a short distance away.

They slowly came to their feet, "Round two?" he asked. The students stared at him, they noticed that he had his eyes shut and his hands in his pockets the entire time! Crabbe and Goyle scattered back to their seats.

"You took those self-defense classes Inspector Homes wanted you to take didn't you?" said Mrs. McFinn as he came back to the bowl.

"Yeah. Great stress reliever." said Harry with a smile.

Fortieth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

"Well yeah! Not often we get to be security personnel." said a few sixth year boys.

Fortieth paragraph, end of fourth sentence.

"Only S-Professor Snape had an issue with it." said Harry with a smile.

Fortieth paragraph, fifth sentence.

A few adults groaned at this.
"Harry, no one other than a Gryffindor could get in there!" said Hermione.

"Nothing was stopping the Slytherin team into bullying a first year into stealing it." said Harry.

"That doesn't help the people who have homework." said Percy.

"And it did, later that night." said Harry. Sirius groaned.

"Wonder if you were having a premonition." said Professor Flitwick.

"Don't tell me he fights a dragon!" said Dr. Clark worriedly. Mrs. McFinn gasped.

"That's not good, the waking up part yes, the falling, no." said Sirius.
"Don't tell me you're going to be staying up all night again." said Madam Pomfrey shortly.

"Not really." said Harry.

Sirius chewed his lip.

"It wasn't you." said Harry. "Well, not then anyway."

"That made me feel a lot better, but it opened a few questions." said Harry.

"Nice Ron, real nice." said George.
"I was not looking forward to playing." said Draco.

"Hypocrite." said Sirius.

"My baby's growing up." said Mrs. McFinn with giggle.

"Yup." said the girls.

"It was still in our throats." said the twins.

"I think the Gryffindor supporters outweigh the Slytherins." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

"Well, boo to you too." said the twins.
"Strategy was to knock our asses out of the sky." said Fred.

"Nothing new." said the Quidditch players.

"I'm noticing something." said Dr. Clark.

"What's that, Sam?" asked Dumbledore with a bright smile.

"Harry's played against all three teams, and only the Hufflepuff team chased the Snitch on their own." said Dr. Clark. "The other two merely stalked Harry and used him to find it. Don't they have the ability to seek it out on their own?"

Cho and Draco looked nervously down at the floor.

"Sort of explains how come a game between Slytherin and Ravenclaw takes bloody forever." said Ernie.

"Sound reasoning." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"That was Fred/me." said Harry, George and Fred.

"I knew what it was thank you very much." said Angelina.
"Red Card!" shouted Dr. Clark.

Sirius and Remus stared at him.

Dr. Clark slumped back in the bowl. "Sorry, force of habit." he said meekly.

"A person, flying in the air, wearing scarlet red robes and you don't see them?" said Hermione skeptically.

"YEAH!" shouted Sirius.

"Fred!" said Mrs. Weasley.

"He deserved it!" said Fred.

Gryffindor house cheered loudly, while Slytherin house booed.

Now the roles were reversed, the Slytherins cheered and the Gryffindors booed.

The Gryffindors cheered loudly, as well as large part of the rest of the school, the other Gryffindor players applauded.
Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"It looked like he didn't catch it." said Lee.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"That doesn't sound good." said Mrs. McFinn.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

"Oh my god!" said the adult women in the Great Hall.

"I gotta hand it to him, my neck wasn't hurting after that." said Katie. "Was before."

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I didn't want to tell him off." said McGonagall honestly.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Seventy-second paragraph.

The twins mockingly laughed at the Slytherin team, not just Malfoy. They could tell he was making an effort to fix his own personality defects.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.
Seventy-sixth paragraph.

"That was scary." said Hermione. "I shut my eyes until it was over."

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"That's when I knew it was safe to look again." said Hermione with a smile.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence, second dash.

"Good luck with that." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

Several people, including Lionus laughed loudly.

Dialogue line.

Eightieth paragraph, third sentence.

"Bullshit." said Sirius under his breath.

End of eightieth paragraph.

"Geez, when are you going to be fifty points up?" said Charlie. "Get the bloodbath over with."

Eighty-first paragraph.

Eighty-second paragraph, fourth sentence, first semi-colon.

"We didn't think of that." said Fred.
"Oh no..." said Mrs. McFinn covering her ears.

"Nice shot!" said Nightstrike applauding loudly.

"Bout damn time! Go get it Harry!" shouted Bill.

"I knew it! Stripping a Firebolt would slow it down!" said Charlie.

"Wasn't the broom's fault." said Harry.
"Could have injured the both of them." said Madam Hooch.

Dialogue line.

Ninetieth paragraph.

"I've never heard her use such language before." said Dumbledore with a cheeky smile to the pink Transfiguration teacher.

Ninety-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Come on Harry." said Charlie through gritted teeth.

Ninety-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Good boy!" shouted Sirius as he pulled Harry tight to himself.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-fourth paragraph.

"Go Harry!" said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-sixth paragraph.

Ninety-seventh paragraph.

"Come on!" shouted several first year students.
"Fair play." said Charlie, his grip on his chair was tightened.

The entire school exploded in a loud cheer and students could be seen jumping up and down and hugging themselves. Everyone, of course, except for the Slytherins.

"His first Quidditch Cup." said McGonagall tears in her eyes.

"Yes, please don't fall off your brooms." said Madam Pomfrey.

"We just about tossed Harry into the air." said a sixth year Hufflepuff.

"I should have had a camera." said Fred.

"Now there was a scandal." said George.

End of chapter.
"With that memory, you could have destroyed them completely." said Dr. Nicodemus with an amused smile.

"I think a break is in order, with all the excitement going on." said Dumbledore. "Then one more chapter before dinner."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry washed his hands after using the boys bathroom and was unknowingly joined by Lionus at the sinks.

"How are you holding up, kid?" asked Lionus as he helped himself to soap.

"I'm fine, I'm not in any pain anymore and I've got a great life to look forward to now." said Harry with a bright smile.

"That's good, but I don't appreciate being lied to." said Lionus rinsing his hands off.

"I don't understand sir." said Harry looking at Lionus quickly.

"You're still in pain. I asked the Weasley boy, Ronald about your hygenic habits, and you don't take a shower every night. Perhaps every other night, but not every single night. I've also learned that you've ordered pain relieving balm, in order to use that, you need to have freshly washed skin." said Lionus sternly.

Harry looked down.

"So where are you hurting?" asked Lionus in the same stern tone.

Harry looked straight into Lionus' icy cold eyes.

"Follow me and I'll show you." said Harry.

Harry walked up to the room he shared with his guardians and turned to face Lionus. He slowly unbuttoned his shirt, after taking off his thick sweater. "I don't know where it came from, but it just won't go away."

He let the shirt fall slowly off his shoulders and onto the floor and Lionus saw large and deep slices in his body. Lionus' eyes grew large, he placed a hand on the young man's shoulder and walked slowly around. There were just as many slices into the boys skin as there was skin around the middle of his body. Immediately Lionus saw that the slices formed jagged letters.

Liar.

"You've been remembering the attack by Umbridge." said Lionus quietly.

Harry looked down, "They just come back sometimes."

"You keep thinking about it, those cuts are going to go deeper and deeper, until finally you're sliced apart." said Lionus shortly.

"Is there a way I can just forget it?" asked Harry. "Like a memory charm."
"There is and it's not a memory charm, just let it pass. Let it go. That's one knowledge you don't need, memory charms do more damage than good most of the time. Have you wondered about why it spells the word liar?"

"I wasn't focusing on the cuts, just the pain." said Harry.

"Well, I'll have Doc give you something for that. If you stop dwelling on it, the cuts will heal and it'll go away. Think about it and the cuts will come back." said Lionus.

"Will I ever get to stop worrying about it?" asked Harry as he gently put his shirt back on.

"Leave the sweater off, and just wear the button up, it'll ease the pain. You'll have to wait until five years have passed, not these books, actual days and week years, then the curse will wear off. There's no countercurse for it." said Lionus. "Let's get back to the Great Hall, I'll get a hold of Doc."

Harry followed Lionus down to the Great Hall and was met with an amusing site, Sirius was running around and asking different people where Harry was. Remus was pacing slightly but Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn were standing side by side, an arm around each other.

"He's a big boy now. He can go to the lavatory by himself with no problem." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

"But-But-everyone else has been back, where is he?" asked Sirius frantically.

"He's here." said Lionus. Sirius turned around quickly and saw Harry, he hurried over to the long black haired teen.

"Where were you?" asked Sirius worriedly.

"I was talking to Lionus." said Harry.

"Well...at least you were someone who could protect you." said Sirius with a sigh.

Harry shook his head and walked back to the bowl. He watched as Dr. Nicodemus dug through his pockets and handed a small bottle to Lionus. Lionus looked over to Harry and give him a swift wink.

Ernie decided he wanted to take a crack at reading a chapter.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"Oh, come on! Mine lasted at least until we actually had to sit down and take the exams!" said Charlie.

First paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

"That does sound good." said Nightstrike with a smile.

"I'd prefer wandering in the forest, to just lying about." said Tempest with an air of superiority.
Several students groaned. "I can just feel it." said Tonks with a taunting smile. "And I don't need to deal with it anymore."

Some of students were relieved, but at then, slightly horrified that even an Auror was intimidated by the exams.

"We needed to at least give it a shot, studying we mean." said Fred.

"We're smart enough, we can pass if we really want, but we just want to do what we want." said George.

"Explains your grades." said Snape with a smirk.

"And I got them." said Percy proudly.

"Describe the severe punishments." said McGonagall firmly.

"Book retrieval for him and they had to clean the entire common room, no magic." said Ron.

"Has to be a Time Turner." muttered Dr. Nicodemus.

"I know. There's no other way." said Lionus whispering back.

"What were they thinking? She's just a child." said Dr. Nicodemus. "They don't need to pile on that
much strain and responsibility on a thirteen year old girl."

"She started out alright, but the strain is getting to her." said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You should have hidden that schedule." said McGonagall.

"I didn't expect them to worry that much." said Hermione quietly.

“Oh, that's real nice, that is.” said Ron with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Harry warned me, no jokes around her, or she'd bite my blooming head off." said Ron fearfully.

End of dialogue set.

“She can find me anywhere.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, Hagrid.” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So really, there's no chance for an appeal...There's something wrong with that system.” said Dr. Clark with a scowl.

“Oh, it's being changed, and I'm betting that Malfoy helped it along, and Fudge did nothing to follow the laws he's supposed to uphold.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“They have.” said the students muttering darkly.

“Good lad.” said Lionus and Moody together.


“Sadistic little bastard.” said a seventh year darkly. Draco looked down at the floor from looking at his godfather and the muscle going in and out of his cheek.

“Should have did it anyway.” said Sirius with a frown.

“We were worried something else was going to happen.” said McGonagall.

“We were exhausted.” said Dean.
“Yeah, we didn't really care, at least hers didn't turn into an iguana.” said Ernie.

“At least it makes it easy to pick up.” said Fred.

“I don’t think they do that normally.” said Dr. Clark.

“A few points, but if the rest went fine, it wasn't enough to change your grade.” said Bill.

“I had a lot on my mind.” said Harry sheepishly.

“I wasn't complaining, I had the time of my life, everything was hilarious.” said Ron.


"Three were dead." said Harry.
"Too much lettuce again?” asked Charlie.
"Either that or they died of boredom." said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

"I found out later that Draco dumped a rat spleen inside when I was going to get a different ingredient." said Harry.

Draco cringed slightly.

End of ninth paragraph.

Snape looked away out of discomfort.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

"There wasn't a happy person in the lot." said Harry with a smirk. "Morning came way too early for some people." he sent a pointed look over to Ron.

Tenth paragraph, end of first sentence.

"Everyone was wishing that they had something cool to eat or drink." said Ron.

End of tenth paragraph.

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.

"Best exam EVER!" said several students loudly. Remus blushed.

End of eleventh paragraph.

"That sounds like a blast! Like the military obstacle course." said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.
"One of the few to do so." said Remus with a smirk.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.
He still got a 'E' though." said Remus with a smirk.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"Scared me half to death, never heard anyone scream like that before." said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.
"That's your biggest fear?" said Charlie slowly.
"Do you blame me?" said Hermione fretfully.
"Not really, no. Not with that year and that insane schedule." said Charlie quickly.

Thirteenth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.
"She giggled at my spider." said Ron sheepishly.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence.
"Damn, the Appeal." said Terry.
"If you could call it that." said Harry with a low growl.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"I wasn't too sure that I wanted to be on speaking terms with him." said Harry viciously.

"Bull, he probably wanted to make another appearance to you." said Tonks with her arms crossed.

"So they already decided?" shouted Fred.

"What the hell?" shouted George.

"Right on, Ron!" shouted a fourth year Hufflepuff.

Suddenly Harry leaned forward and began to gag.

"Are you alright?" said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

"Fine, just...I know who that person is." said Harry clutching his stomach.

"Why is that guy fingering an axe and looking at you?" said Dr. Clark with a dark look in his eyes.


Remus' slowly began to snarl, finally his teeth were bared. "I'm going to kill him if I see him."
"Sort of explains why he was fingering it." said Sirius angrily. "He wants to slam that axe right through Harry's neck."

Several people turned pale and looked fearfully at Harry.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Moody nodded as Kingsley applauded. "Good boy."

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"What rot, if a child can't really speak his or her mind then they'll be held back with their thoughts their entire life." said Bathilda Bagshot shortly.

End of dialogue set.

"Boy, were we naïve back then." said Ron softly. Madam Bones looked down out of shame.

Eighteenth paragraph.

"Did you three eat?" asked Madam Pomfrey worriedly.

"They did." said Harry. "I don't think I did."

"You, out of all three of you, need to eat most of all." said Snape with a groan.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"How do you study for that class?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"There isn't a right way to do it." said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

"I didn't get the answer I had hoped." said Neville with a sad smile.

"We were honest, we didn't see a blasted thing." said Harry.
"She scares each student into not divulging the secret to their first final exam." said McGonagall.

"Nice, terrifying students." said Emmeline Vance, but she blushed when Nightstrike winked at her.
"He's bold, she can be a volcano when she gets ticked." said Sirius.

"You took a long time to believe me." said Hermione smugly.

Ron and Hermione snorted quietly.

"Well, you didn't tell him what the test was like." said Blaise with a smirk.
"He told me not to, it ruins the surprise for him." said Ron.
"If you get him sick..." said Madam Pomfrey, in a slightly threatening tone to Professor Trelawny.

"You cannot force the orb to See." said Trelawney with a hint of annoyance in her voice.

"Does that rule not apply to her?" asked McGonagall with a sneer in her voice.

Harry worked hard to keep a straight face after he caught a glimpse of Professor Trelawney looking indignant.

"Nice, you are talking about a future event." said Sirius with a wink.

"Don't tell me you're going to pretend to see it chopped off." said Charlie, turning slightly green.
"How does that work? She prompting you what to say." said Lionus with a chuckle.

Dialogue line.

"From both the thought and the atmosphere." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ron, Hermione, Dumbledore, Hagrid and Sirius turned and stared at Harry. "And you were faking it?" said Ron in shock.

Harry shrugged. "Still got a 'D' for the exam too." said Harry with a smirk.

"That should have gotten you an 'O'." said Dumbledore in shock.

Professor Trelawney shuffled uneasily.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Wait, what?" said Professor Flitwick. Even McGonagall looked confused.

Dumbledore paled.

"Sibyll." said Dumbledore calmly.

"Yes sir?" said Professor Trelawney faintly.

"If I could ask it of him, I would prefer that Captain Lionus would allow you personal protection." said Dumbledore, his face still pale.

Lionus leaned over to Dr. Nicodemus for a moment, the doctor whispered quietly into his ear and he nodded.

"Of course. Wildfire?" said Lionus to the silent red-haired Ranger in the back.

"Yes, Captain?" said Wildfire coming forward.

"Stand beside her." said Lionus.

"Of course." said Wildfire, taking a position beside the confused Divination Professor.
"Didn't have my bag, and I've got nothing to help with seizures anyway." said Harry with sheepish smile.

"I don't remember doing that." said Professor Trelawney with a panic look in her eyes.
McGonagall gulped slightly. "Under the circumstances, Sybill, I apologize."
Professor Trelawney didn't quite know what to make of the situation.

"Scared the shit out of me." said Harry in a whisper to Sirius.
"Don't blame you." said Sirius with a grin.
"I thought you couldn't control what you predicted?" said McGonagall, unable to let the woman completely off the hook. Despite the now available proof that the woman was at least a part-time Seer.

"Well, Minerva, she sort of proved that when she really is doing a prediction, she has no control." said Professor Sprout kindly.

"Good work, be suspicious of any information you receive." said Moody.

"You ran right to them? And not Dumbledore?" said Mr. Weasley in shock.

"I remember the last time I needed to tell him something important, he wasn't there." said Harry shrugging.

Dumbledore looked down with a look of intense shame.

"Take a Calming Draughts, sir." said Harry with a smile.

"Oh, Hagrid." said Mrs. McFinn covering her mouth out of sympathy.

"But Harry, it's not safe for you!" said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

"Don't care." said Harry.

“You should.” said the adults together.
"Harry!" said Bathilda, "You can't!"

"I wanted to go and be with Hagrid, nothing was going to stop me. If I didn't have the cloak I would try something else." said Harry firmly.

"At least he knew better to not go back there." said Professor Sprout quietly.

"We are such a terrible influence on her." said Harry with a bright smile.

Several people laughed loudly.

"I was finally having fun." said Hermione with a smile.
"Faked a stomach ache." said Harry.

"Harry told me later that you looking like that terrified him." said Ron.

"What do yeh mean?" asked Hagrid slightly confused.

"If you were terrified of something, he didn't want to run across it." said Ron.

"But you let them in." said Terry.

"Couldn't let them go back alone." said Hagrid, "And I guess, I wanted someone there."

"I didn't know what to do," said Harry. "I'm not really good about dealing with that. I can hardly take care of my own."

Mrs. McFinn ran her fingers through his hair.
Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I did my absolute best." said Dumbledore sadly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first pause.

"He tried to threaten Viper. It was quite amusing." said Wildfire with a smirk.

"What did Viper do in retaliation?" asked Lionus with a smirk.

"He threw Malfoy through a wall. Then came about a millimeter away from biting his neck. Most entertaining thing I've seen all year." said Wildfire.

"Both of you are sadists, no wonder you work so well together." said Dr. Nicodemus shaking his head.

End of dialogue set.

Fiftieth paragraph.

"And we couldn't give it." said Harry angrily.

Dialogue line.

"Thank you Hagrid." said Dumbledore with a sympathetic smile.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Yeah, he wasn't going to let us stay, we both knew that." said Ron.

Dialogue set.
"Suspension-like trouble." said Harry.

"At the most expulsion." said McGonagall, "If it were just out for the sake of being out."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Why the hell did he decide to hide in Hagrid's?" asked George.

"Fang doesn' like Crookshanks." said Hagrid. "He never came in the house."

Dialogue line.

"Probably didn't like Hagrid's food." said Ron with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

"Check please, time to go." said Sirius quickly.

Dialogue line.

"I swear Albus, you walk faster than any man your age I've ever seen." said Bathilda with a smile.

Dialogue line.
"I...uh..." said Hagrid stuttering and looking at Dumbledore.

"Quite alright, thankfully, nothing tragic happened that night." said Dumbledore, though he ended his statement with a stern tone.

"We couldn't...not seeing him there, alive and everything...and then he'd be gone." said Ron.

"They should have had the students testify." said Madam Bones with a growl.

"I don't think anyone with any decency to them could." said Dr. Clark.
"What's the hold up?" asked Bill.

"He didn't want to get caught, he knew I was nearby." said Sirius with a cruel smile.

"Scabbers just wanted to get somewhere safe." said Remus quietly.

The entire school went silent. Over half of the students knew what had happened that year, but it was still hard to hear about it.

"Harry was muttering something, he was plotting revenge, his plans got really scary." said Ron.

"If it had gone past forty-eight hours, I would have made Fudge regret what he did." said Harry darkly.

"Though no one may be in the mood to eat, I think we may have to give it a chance." said Dumbledore.

Then the table of food came back into the Great Hall, people slowly moved towards the table, but they only a small amount of food each.

Harry brought up one of his legs and rested his head on one knee.
"You okay?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Just a little tired. It's been a long day." said Harry.

Lionus looked swiftly over to Harry and motioned over to him. Harry stood up and walked slowly over to Lionus.

"Here you go." said Lionus holding up a small bottle.

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"Pain reliever, and a balm for the cuts. Like I said, try and let it go." said Lionus.

"I'll try." said Harry quietly.

"Harry!" said Romilda, who seemed to come almost out of nowhere, threw her arms around Harry's middle tightly and squeezed. "Want to eat with me?"

"ARRRGH!" cried Harry out loud.

Lionus reached up and yanked Romilda's arms off his scars and cradled Harry's gasping form in his arms. "Breathe through it, come on, breathe, that's it. Good boy." said Lionus soothingly.

"What's going on?" asked Sirius quickly hurrying over with the rest of the people from the bowl, and Rudolph and Leroy behind them. They hadn't been there for a while, taking a slight break from the readings.

"We go away for one day and we come back to him on the ground." said Rudolph with a grievous look.

Lionus ripped Harrys' shirt open, to reveal the scars, everyone gasped loudly and took a giant step back.

"What happened?" said Remus in a strangled voice.

Lionus gave a fleeting look over to Umbridge, he grabbed the cloaks of the two Marauders. "She'll get hers."

Lionus gently rubbed the balm into the wounds on the young man's body and continued to try and ease boy's suffering. Soon Harry stopped panting.

"You alright son?" asked Dr. Nicodemus.

"Yeah, I'm fine." said Harry groaning slightly.

"Harry, I begged you not to remember what had happened." said Dumbledore, tears in his eyes.

"I'm sorry." said Harry quietly. "It just...kept coming back, just in passing, I hardly think about it."

Lionus picked Harry up and carried him over to the bowl. Mrs. McFinn sat down and held out her arms, instructing Lionus to place Harry's head over her lap. Harry was laid across the laps of the different people in the bowl.

"I'm fine." said Harry tiredly.

"Of course you are." said Mrs. McFinn. "Now you just relax sweetheart."
After the large meal, that no one could really eat, they decided to continue on.

"Who'll read now?" asked Ernie.

"Pass it down here." said Hannah.

She took the book in hand and read aloud.

"Chapter Seventeen"

"The books coming to a close." said Ron with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
"After this I believe will end it for today." said Dumbledore sending Harry a quick glance, eyes full of worry.

"I'll be alright sir." said Harry.

"That does not change my decision." said Dumbledore kindly.

First paragraph, second sentence.

"Our second taste of injustice." said Harry thoughtfully.

First paragraph, third sentence.

Mrs. McFinn kissed Harry's forehead. "It'll be alright."

Harry allowed her to hold him, he didn't remind her that this happened a long time ago.

End of first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You need to save some of that comfort and worry for yourself." said Snape shortly.

Dialogue line.

"Ron's the voice of reason?" said Percy in shock.

"He does it a lot." said Harry thoughtfully.

"Well, when something really upsets Harry, he wants to do stupid stuff, if I can, I stop it." said Ron shrugging.
"For example?" asked Sirius quickly.

"End of last year, he wanted to go and find You-Know-Who, and try and avenge Cedric." said Ron sheepishly.

"Why would you do such a foolish thing? You got away by mere chance!" spat Snape.

"Cause no one was giving a damn on how he died, they were going to let him wander around unchecked." said Harry angrily. "I wanted to bring his head on a platter to show everyone that it wasn’t an accident!"

Several people stared at Harry in shock. They never realized that Cedric's honor meant so much to him.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

Some of the grown-ups looked over at the three children with a look of pity.

End of third paragraph.

"Wow, they were right mate, you should write poetry." said Ron.

Dialogue set.

"What? He's never bitten anyone before!" said Percy.

"Except for Goyle." said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He could smell me and the kitty." said Sirius with a vicious smile.
"Quit it, you'll scare Harry." said Remus with a smirk.

"Harry scared, that's something no one wants to see." said Neville.

"Why do you say that?" asked Zacharias.

"Then we're all done for." said Dean with a smirk.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

I didn't want a repeat performance, just when Ron and I made up." said Hermione.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

"Now look who's being stupid." said Harry.

"Shut up." said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"That's going to attract attention." said Hannah.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I wonder how it was that we didn't hear all that shouting." said Dumbledore calmly.

"I was talking a bit loud, cause of...the way I was feelin'." said Hagrid, trying not to ruin the book for the younger ones.
"You make me sound really cool." said Sirius.  
"Takes more than me to make you look cool." said Harry nudging Sirius with his knee.  
Snape sniggered quietly.  
"You're asking for it." said Sirius.  
"I'm just waiting for that smack." said Harry with a cheeky grin.  
Sirius blinked. "I'm not going to hurt you." he said fretfully.  
"I know, but I'm seeing how far I can go without it." said Harry.  
Sirius tapped the back of Harry's head, not too light, but not hard enough to hurt his godson. "How's that?" said Sirius.  
"That'll do." said Harry with a smirk as he rubbed the backside of his skull against the cushion of the bowl-like chair.

"You jumped him?" said Remus.  
Sirius' mouth hung open. "I forgot that happened. I'm so sorry," said Sirius, he looked around at the three teenagers worriedly, but mostly he focused on Harry.  
Harry sat up and leaned over to rest on his shoulder. Mrs. Mcfinn smiled at how concerned her little baby was.  

Sirius clenched his hands into fists and shut his eyes tightly. Harry leaned even heavier into Sirius' shoulder. "I'm fine, it's alright." said Harry softly. "You just startled me."  

Remus turned to stare at Sirius, he would've shouted at Sirius for aiming at Harry, but he saw that Sirius was in no shape to be scolded now.  
Sirius was breathing fast and his eyes were squeezed even tighter. Harry took the Calming Draught
that Dumbledore handed him and tried to coax Sirius to drink it.

"Come on, Sirius, drink this." said Harry softly.

"I could've...I would've hurt him." said Sirius weakly. "Just...wanted him...tree..."

Harry stood up quickly and yanked Sirius out of the bowl and pulled him into a hug. Sirius' eyes snapped open and saw Harry hugging him tight. "I'm fine, Ron's fine, you didn't mean to," said Harry as he held Sirius close to him. He pulled away from Sirius after a short while and held up a phial of Calming Draught.

"Now drink this and settle down." said Harry with a smile.

"Do you want one of us to continue?" asked Nightstrike to Hannah who was turning slowly whiter and whiter.

"Yes please." said Hannah quickly as she handed Nightstrike the book.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

"Explains that bald patch you wanted me to fix up for you." said Remus with a smirk.

"Oh, shut up." said Sirius with a calm smile. Thank Merlin for Calming Draughts.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

The people in the bowl turned at stared at Harry.

"Well, that explains who you got that slice above your eye." said Madam Pomfrey disapprovingly.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"Bad place to end up." said Blaise cringing in his seat.

"No kidding, remember what happened last year's book?" said Draco shaking his head.

Eighteenth paragraph.

"Sorry about that." said Sirius.

Ron shrugged, "I was fine later, nothing lasting."
But Mrs. Weasley didn't look all that happy.

"Thank god for that Claming Draught, or I'd be scared out of my mind." said Sirius looking at Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

"Don't say lethal again, when it pertains to you." said Dr. Clark with a pale face.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Suddenly a bolt of red light came shooting from where Mrs. Weasley was sitting and headed straight for Sirius. Harry sat up quickly and leaned forward in the seat, directly in the path of the spell. Remus casted a shield charm and stopped the spell midair.

"Molly, please refrain from attacking anyone." said Dumbledore sternly as he walked over and took her wand away. "You'll get this back later."

"But he...!" said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

"He didn't do intentionally." said Dumbledore, "I think he's more than paid for whatever happens with his time in Azkaban."

"Better give her a Calming Draught." said Mr. Weasley quietly. to Dumbledore.

Sirius pulled Harry back into the seat. "Don't do that again, you've been hurt enough." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He has a point, if that had really been a dog, Ron wouldn't have lasted very long." said Charlie his fingernails digging into the wood of the chair he was sitting in.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Harry was flipping around and avoiding all the branches, I was too afraid for Ron to be amazed by it." said Hermione.

That was sort of why I dragged whoever I could down the hole." said Sirius with a calm smile.
"What the hell?" asked George.

"Sorry about that." said Hermione.

"It was fine, it was only cause a limb struck me there earlier." said Harry.

"That made me think he got hit in the head too hard." said Hermione with a weak laugh.

"How the hell would Harry know?" asked Ernie.

"Cause I studied the map." said Harry. "When I still had it."

"Where could it lead to in Hogsmeade?" asked a first year Ravenclaw.

"Maybe it leads to the Three Broomsticks?" asked her friend.

"I couldn't hardly keep sight of you." said Hermione.
"Well at least you were prepared, little late though." said Moody shaking his head.

"If I'm going to be living with you guys..." said Remus in a whisper.

"I'm setting up a part of the basement for you." said Sirius with a smile. "And I'll keep you company, like old times."

"Knowing Harry, he came to that conclusion too." said Dr. Clark with a faint smile.

"Nice, good boy." said Lionus with a smile.

"I'm not all that great under pressure." said Hermione.

"Thank goodness you weren't with us in the Chamber." said Ron.

"That would be my broken leg." said Ron.
"Arrg, quit being dramatic." said Fred.

"I warned you, I'm a Drama King." said Harry with a smile.

"That door was locked too." said Ron.

"Why was he on the floor?" asked Mrs. Weasley, tears streaming down his face.

"I put him on the bed, he just fell off and before I could get him up, I heard noises from downstairs." said Sirius.

"Survey the damn room!" shouted Moody.

"Here was the 'oh crap' moment." said Harry.

"You aren't going to like what you hear." said Harry with a smirk.
Sirius gave a slight whimper and tugged at his long locks.

His bottom lip began to quiver slightly, as if he were about to start crying.

"His ego is taking one hell of a beating." said Remus.

I don't look like that anymore." said Sirius whimpering.

"You look better now." said Mrs. McFinn.

"If you say so." said Snape with a sneer.

"You know, for someone who loves Harry like a son, you have a funny way of showing it." said Tonks, she wasn't even meaning to be funny.

"I was just...happy...to see him." said Sirius.

"You sound like a stalker nut." said Tonks.

"Hadn't spoken much in thirteen years." said Sirius.

"And you want him to believe you're innocent?" said Professor Sprout.

"I didn't mean it like that!" said Sirius.

"There's really no other way to take it!" said Professor Flitwick.
"I still have nightmares about that look." said Sirius almost silently. "His eyes, just the look in his eyes were enough to kill me."

He looked at Remus. "Can I go and come back later?"

"I think you'd better stay and explain why you did what you did." said Remus shaking his head.

"Oh, Ron...." said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

"In hindsight, it was concern." said Harry quietly.

"You don't act as insane as you do here." said Mrs. McFinn.

"Dumbledore and Remus helped with that. That and a nice vacation." said Sirius with a smirk.

"If Black was going to kill Potter, being quiet wouldn't change a thing," said Dr. Nicodemus.
over the floor. Harry pulled his hair back and rubbed the back of his godfather until everything that was in Sirius' stomach came out and was magicked away.

"I know, I know." said Harry soothingly. He pulled Sirius slowly back into the bowl, he took on the role of comforter. "I was wrong, I was completely wrong."

Finally Harry got Sirius to calm down. Though Sirius was still whimpering, he rested his head against Harry's chest, trying to steady his breath.

**Forty-third paragraph, first sentence, first dash.**

"It was you doing something suicidal." said Sirius, ever so quietly.

**End of forty-third paragraph.**

"For a kid, you knew how to hit something pretty good." he added with a dry chuckle.

**Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, third semi-colon.**

"Accident, I swear." said Sirius.

"I know, I know." said Harry soothing the distraught man.

"Where did you learn to calm people like that?" asked Draco in shock.

Harry nodded over to Mrs. McFinn, who was pouring Sirius a strong cup of tea.

**End of forty-fourth paragraph.**

**Forty-fifth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

**Forty-sixth paragraph.**

"I lost my mind, I thought I'd never get another chance at Peter." said Sirius frantically.

"I've been choked before, I'm used to it." said Harry. Sirius looked up at him, without saying a word, asking the obvious question.

"Uncle Vernon. Now keep trying to calm down." said Harry.

Sirius looked even more grief stricken than before.
"You go girl!" shouted Angelina, Alicia, Katie, and Ginny.

"Who's pet is Crookshanks again?" said Fred, his hands covering his ears out of fear.

"I didn't care at the time." said Ron.

"I wouldn't have ever blamed you." said Sirius weakly.

"But I would have blamed myself, for not knowing the truth." said Harry.
Lionus looked down, his eyes held a sort of far-away look.

"He is like you. You couldn't wait to find the man that took your Grandfather away." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"I never met with him during that time. Or it wouldn't have turned out well for that man." said Lionus thinking deeply.

"Doesn't sound like you wouldn't blame him." said Zacharias with a sneer.

"You talk like that for the rest of the book and I'm going to make you wish you had never heard of these books." said Harry as he glared fiercely over to annoying Hufflepuff.

Dumbledore gave heartbroken sigh. "The most terrible of powers, I doubt there isn't a child on earth that wouldn't want to avenge the loss of his or her mother or father."

"Or a parent losing a child." said Madam Bones looking over to the Diggorys.

"I didn't know what Crookshanks was playing at." said Hermione. "I thought I was going to lose him."

Harry hung his head in shame.

Sirius leaned into Harry, they offered each other comfort, and both took all the other could give.
"I couldn't do it. Something just screamed at me not to." said Harry with a cryptic smile.

"Let me guess." said Harry to Moody from Sirius' arms. "We didn't know if it were someone to help us or him."

"That was Crazy Harry talking." said Harry with a smirk.

"They caught me better than any Auror would have." said Sirius with a sneer.

"I didn't quite know why he did that." said Ron.

"But your soul saved you." said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

"I'm glad it did." said Harry.
"I could hardly believe it, you believed me." said Sirius with a smile to Remus.

"Thank goodness you told us what happened before, or we'd be completely lost." said Lee.

"That's what happened with us." said Harry. "We were lost as hell."

"I'll admit it, I never felt so betrayed before in my life." said Harry.

Remus and Sirius looked down in guilt.

"Not when she gets rolling she won't." said Harry.
"Thought I could trust people in this world, and it seemed to be that I just kept getting screwed." said Harry.

"So Harry already knew that you were a werewolf?" asked Terry.

"I couldn't bring myself to think it." said Remus.

"Hiding from the truth won't make it any easier." said Remus.

"I'm really REALLY sorry." said Ron.

"That's okay, that opinion didn't last long." said Remus with a smile.

"Yeah, but just think, I acted like her." said Ron pointing up to Umbridge and gagged.
"That's what he aimed for." said Remus with a smile.

"Go figure." said Lavender with a smile.

"Harry knew too, but he didn't act smug about the knowledge. Hell, he didn't even let on that he knew something like that." said Dean.

"And I and McGonagall would have been extremely cross with you." said Dumbledore.

Hermione looked down.

"We try to give everyone the chance to go to school, AND to teach." said McGonagall.

"No, I'm just an employer trying to hire anyone qualified to teacher. Regardless of affliction or parentage." said Dumbledore.

"I was fine." said Professor Sprout.

"I fully supported you." said Professor Flitwick.

"As did we." said Professor McGonagall and Madam Hooch.

The rest of the staff, except for Hagrid shuffled their feet.

"I only hoped yeh wouldn't be playin' pranks again." said Hagrid with a smile.
"I thought," said Sirius from Harry's shoulder. "That I lost any hope of you loving me. I just about went mad again."

"That was stupid, the way the boy was shouting, what was stopping him from blasting the both of you into oblivion out of pure emotion?" said Kingsley.

"I trusted him." said Remus, "It was important that he trusted me again."

"Hey, take it easy! I don't know all the answers here!" said Harry with a playful smile.

"Smug son of a..." said Ron.

"Ron!" said Mr. Weasley.

"That's nice." said Remus with a laugh.
"Hey! I'm going through some trauma here!" said Harry.

"My patience was shot." said Harry.

"After all that, I'd be shocked that he would let you have his pet." said Theodore Nott.

"Wow." said Theodore.
"Everything." said the two Mauraders, Ron, Hermione and Harry.

"These plot twists are going to drive me nuts." said George.

"That's all for today I think." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"But we just found out..." said a second year.

Dumbledore looked at his watch. "It's eight-fifty right now. I don't think we will get done in ten minutes."

Several students groaned but stood up and slowly made their way out of the Great Hall.

Sirius, Remus, Leroy, Rudolph, Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark and Harry lounged casually in their own quarters. Sirius and Harry were laying on the couch resting gently against each other. After the last chapter, they clung to each other tightly. Sirius needed Harry's support, and Harry wasn't going to go without either.

"So where did you guys go?" asked Sirius as he held onto Harry's almost sleeping form.

"We sort of went on a date." said Rudolph with a smile.

"And you didn't want to learn what was going on with your Great-Nephew?" asked Dr. Clark in shock.

"We're still feeling a bit guilty about not being there for him as a baby." said Leroy. "We were trying to come up with a way to make it up to him."

"You don't need too." said Harry from the couch.

"Stay out of this." said Rudolph with a smile. "We came up with something really good. When you graduate from school, we're taking you on a trip."

"Trip to where?" asked Harry sitting up carefully.

"Around the world." said Leroy with a smile. "You, me and Rudolph. That way, we can get to know the real you, not the restrained one."

"These books are fine and all, but we want to know about you, from you." said Rudolph. "We aren't leaving, but we just wanted to plan ahead something really special for you."

"You sure we can?" asked Harry.

"What's stopping us? Money? We have so much money we could go around the world a thousand
times without difficulty." said Leroy with a smirk. "Once you graduate, and turn seventeen, we're off."

"So I don't get to see Harry for a whole year?" asked Sirius.

"Oh come on! You got him a Firebolt! We want to take him on a trip." said Leroy

"What do you think, Harry?" asked Remus looking up from his book.

Harry looked up to Sirius. "If Sirius wants to come, can he?" asked Harry softly.

"I was only kidding around Cub. Your dad went on a trip with your uncles when he graduated, and he went alone." said Sirius with a cheeky grin.

"You're a nut." said Harry shoving Sirius away. "I need to go and put the salve on." he stood up and walked into the bedroom.

"Need help, sweetheart?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

Harry looked at her and placed a hand round his own side.

"I saw your lacerations, honey. I've handled bullet wounds before." she said standing up and followed Harry into the bedroom. Sirius made to stand up.

"Let her go." said Remus. "She's missed out."

In the bedroom, after Harry took care of the frontal wounds himself, he laid face down on his bed and allowed Mrs. McFinn to rub the balm gently on his back.

"Is it feeling better?" asked Mrs. Mcfinn as she rubbed the salve gently into Harry's wounds.

"Yeah, this stuff works pretty good." said Harry sighing with relief.

Once she was done, she placed a clean piece of linen on his back, then she covered it with the fluffy blanket.

"Goodnight dear." said Mrs. McFinn kissing his forehead.

"Night." said Harry tiredly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry got up early the next morning and stretched carefully. He looked outside, and saw that the
dawn had just decided to rise and awaken with him, showering the school with light. He looked
over to Sirius in the next bed and saw he was curled up in a tight ball. Harry picked Sirius' blanket
up off the floor tucked his godfather in. Sirius clutched at the blankets and muttered quietly in his
sleep.

"No, Harry, don't hate me, I'm sorry, please!" he moaned softly. Harry looked pitifully down at his
godfather, and placed a small kiss on his temple. Sirius stopped moaning and settled back into
what Harry hoped were pleasant dreams.

After he changed into a loose shirt and loose pants, he crept slowly out of the room and out into the
corridor, down into the Entrance Hall and out the doors. He breathed in the sharp fall, morning air
deeply and smiled.

I've missed mornings like this. thought Harry with a happy smile. He looked around and saw the
lake a distance away. He kneeled down, on foot underneath him and the other one back behind
him. He took out a small watch and waited for it the second hand to reach the twelve.

5...4...3...2...1...GO! He took off like a shot, running pell mell down to the lake as fast as his legs
could carry him. In seconds he reached the lake. He took the watch out again and looked at the
time.

"Ugh, eight seconds, used to be five." said Harry. "That's what I get for not doing this every
morning."

"That's nothing unusual." said a voice. "You haven't been running around like you used to."

"Though you do still hold quite a bit of speed." said another voice.

Harry turned and saw Tempest and Nightstrike standing beside a tree.

"O-oh, hey...what are you guys doing here?" asked Harry, then he looked around, "Where's
Umbridge? Aren't you supposed to be guarding her?"

"It's Viper's shift." said Nightstrike with a smirk, "Our day off."

"Then what are you guys doing out here?" said Harry repeating his question.

"Though it is our day off, our Captain's orders are absolute, we have to protect you." said Tempest.

"Oh..." said Harry. "I...uh...thanks. Um...I'm going to just run around a bit." he said sheepishly.
"Unless you want me to go back to the castle."
"Nah, exercise is important for a kid. Run around all you like, all day if you want. They don't need to read the next chapter." said Nighstrike.

Harry laughed, turned and picked out a target and ran towards it as fast as he could once more.

"Weren't you wishing just last night you could read ahead and find out what happened?" said Tempest with a smirk.

"Like you wouldn't love to know how the kid gets out of it. What I love is the outer battle." said Nightstrike with a smile.

"The one between that Auror and Captain Lionus? I find it entertaining as well." said Tempest with a whinnying laugh.

"What do the stars say, about what job he'll have." said Nightstrike curiously.

"They do not say, it seems that he even has the stars ready to alter their course for him." said Tempest with a smile.

"ARRGH!" shouted Harry from out in the distance. Both Rangers turned swiftly and saw Harry sitting on the ground and clasping his ankle with both hands.

Tempest galloped over to him as fast as she could, while Nightstrike switched from running on two legs to down on all fours like a wolf.

"Stupid...damn...same..effing hole!" growled Harry as he closed his eyes.

Tempest looked at the ankle. "We'll need either your Madam Pomfrey or Dr. Nicodemus."

"Hagrid's closer." said Harry. "Can we go to him?"

"I personally would rather..." said Nightstrike.

"Madam Pomfrey would keep me in bed and never let me go running again. Sirius would freak out if your Doctor did something...weird again." said Harry quickly. "Hagrid knows what to do, please!"

"What do you think?" asked Nightstrike.

"Those other children said that he knew Centaur healing skills, he'd be better off with it." said Tempest. "Put him on my back."

Nightstirke picked Harry up carefully and ran beside Tempest as she bore him carefully to Hagrid's hut.

When they reached the hut, Nightstrike knocked hard on the door. Inside they could hear loud booming barks.

"Down Fang...who the ruddy hell could it be at this hour?" said a gruff voice from inside.

Hagrid opened the door and saw two of the Rangers, with Harry on the back of one of them.

"What the...?" said Hagrid.

"Same stupid hole." said Harry through gritted teeth.
"And here we thought you had a good memory." said Hagrid with a sympathetic smile as he picked up Harry and carried him into the hut.

"I thought so too, I could've lived without this proof though." said Harry as he was laid carefully on the bed.

Nightstrike came walking in and was met with a large, drooling boarhound.

"My grandma, what a large nose you have." said Nightstrike with a smirk as he patted Fang's head.

"Down Fang." said Hagrid absently as he wrapped Harry's ankle in a soppy wet bandage.

"Ah, you use a lily water remedy." said Tempest standing beside the door.

"Works best." said Hagrid turning to address her and then back to Harry. "How's that Harry?"

"Feels a lot better, thanks Hagrid." said Harry heaving a sigh.

"You wanna cuppa tea, Harry?" asked Hagrid.

"Sure thing Hagrid." yawned Harry. "That's the second time that that stuff puts me to sleep."

"Is it supposed to?" asked Nightstrike to Tempest.

"I've never heard it to do so." said Tempest, "But it is a relaxing scent."

Hagrid came back with a cup of tea, but the three people noticed that a cup of tea wouldn't do him any good now.

He was fast asleep.

A few hours later, everyone gathered in the Great Hall. Sirius and the rest of them grabbed a plate and sat in the bowl.

"Where's Harry?" asked Mrs. McFinn. "He wasn't sleeping when I went in to check on him."

"He might be down in the kitchens." said Sirius.

"I hope so, it's been a while since he's cooked anything. Hope he makes those cookies again." said Remus with a broad smile.

Hagrid came in the door with Harry right beside him, Harry was limping slightly.

"Harry what happened?" asked Dr. Clark standing up and hurrying over to him.

"Fell in a gnome hole, same stupid hole as before." said Harry, with a shameful smirk to Ron and Hermione.

Dr. Clark knelt down to Harry's foot and gently peeled Harry's shoe and sock off, Hagrid pulled Harry back carefully so that he leaned completely against Hagrid's unmovable mass.

"Sorry sir." said Nightstrike to Lionus.

"We did not follow your orders." said Tempest.

"Boys get hurt, there isn't a thing you can do about it." said Lionus. "It's the grievous and mortal wounds I want you to deter away from him."
"You did a great job, Hagrid, we just need to keep the foot elevated and he'll be fine." said Dr. Clark with a smile.

"Thanks." said Hagrid.

Dr. Clark walked Harry over to the bowl, but Harry stopped. "Can we use a footrest? No offense, but I don't want anyone touching that foot right now."

"Don't blame you." said Remus. "Let's see." He waved his wand and a fluffy foot rest bounced on the ground. Harry sat in the middle of the bowl and placed his foot gently on the footrest. He sighed in relief.

"That feels great." said Harry with a pleased smile.

"Want to eat something?" asked Mrs. McFinn earnestly.

"Can I have some scrambled eggs, bacon, potatoes, fried tomatoes and some scones?" asked Harry quickly.

Remus stared at him.

"I'm hungry." said Harry sheepishly.

"I'll go get it." said Sirius with a smile.

After Harry had finished his large plate of food, Lionus decided that the time had come for him to read again.

"Eighteenth chapter." said Lionus.

"The greatest pranksters ever!" shouted Fred happily.

"Minus the rat." said George.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

"What was the statement again?" asked Sirius.

"That Peter was alive." said Dumbledore.

"Oh yeah...hey! That wasn't absurd!" said Sirius.

**End of first paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"I hate being reminded of that day." said Sirius.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

"They're pearly white now." said Remus before Sirius could ask.

End of dialogue set.

Second paragraph.

"Sorry about that." said Sirius.

"I'd say it was okay, but that hurt like hell." said Ron. "But I forgive you."

Dialogue line.

"That would be a great idea." said Fred.

"'Ron, the reason why we have to kill your rat,'" said George.

"'Is because he's actually a mass-murderer, disguised as a rat.'" said Fred.

"You know, if there was no such thing as an animagus, that would be hilarious to you guys." said Dr. Clark with a smile after he and Mrs. McFinn laughed.

Dialogue set.

"Didn't you notice anything odd about that?" asked Lionus.

"It was slowly dawning on me." said Ron.

Dialogue set.

"I owe you a lot." said Sirius to Harry.

"You owe me not one thing." said Harry.

"Yeah I do, no arguing." said Sirius.

Third paragraph.

"'Harry.'" said Remus. "That's the magic word that can either calm him down, or fire him right up."
"Fire him up?" asked Harry.

"Remember when we came to get you this past summer, he wanted to come with. I had to knock him out just to get out of the house." said Remus.

"I didn't quite like that." said Sirius with a pout.

**Dialogue set.**

"So you would have sacrificed Harry for your revenge?" said Zacharias.

The entire Hall went quiet, Sirius gulped loudly. Harry reached into his bag, brought out a small cylinder and jerked it hard. A long stick appeared, Harry stood up and leaned on it heavily.

"Ankle or no ankle." growled Harry. He hobbled as fast as he could over to the Hufflepuff, Zacharias looked bewildered. He finally realized that Harry coming at him with that look on his face was not a good thing. But it was too late, Harry slammed the stick down jumped off his good foot and with that same foot, he kicked Zacharias square in the jaw.

Zacharias flew through the air and landed with a crash towards the far corner.

Madam Pomfrey hurried over to the fallen Hufflepuff, who began to sit up groggily.

Harry hobbled back to where the bowl was and sat carefully down, placing his foot on the ottoman.

"Keep your mouth shut." snarled Harry.

"He was right though." whimpered Sirius.

"Don't care." said Harry with a growl.

**Dialogue line.**

"Good luck doing that with a broken leg, Harry can barely do it with a sprain." said Terry.

**Fourth paragraph.**

"Which meant me too." said Ron.

"My aim is better than that." said Remus with a smile.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Sorry, I wasn't exactly kind about shoving you down on there." said Harry.

"You were stressing with your own problems." said Ron.
"At least Potter's keeping calm and asking the important questions." said Moody.

"That has to be a lot for a bunch of kids to take in." said Tonks.

"That was the part that really bugged me. How could you go along with the story, if you hadn't met him before?" said Harry. "That made me think that you met with him at some point, but you never could."

"No, I never met with him." said Remus. "The map never showed you that I met with anyone outside school."

"No, pretty much you kept you your quarters, or you were in the teachers lounge, Dumbledore's office or classroom." said Harry. "You're pretty much a schedule freak, I could almost set a watch to your day."

"You stalking a teacher?" asked Sirius with a smirk.

"I thought he was interesting." said Harry with a blush.

"I knew what I was talking about." said Remus with kind smile.

"You may not be a skilled Legimens, but you sure do know what people are thinking when they talk." said Bill.

"Some people yeah, others? Not so much." said Harry.
"Thanks for taking my revenge so lightly." said Sirius with a smirk.

"There's a shock." said Neville with a smile.

"I thought those were private?" said Charlie.

"Not anymore, the Ministry decided to make those public, someone else tried making another list public." said Remus with a frown towards the restrained Umbridge. Umbridge wasn't paying much attention, she was too focused on Viper who would not stop glaring at her.

"I didn't look up that list for any homework, for fun yeah." said Harry. "Homework, not so much."

"It's like waiting for that blasted toaster, each minute feels like an eternity." said Sirius.

"Explains why your toast is still white when you eat it." said Harry.

"You stalking my breakfast now?" said Sirius with a laugh.

"Only cause you tried setting the kitchen on fire at Headquarters." said Harry. "So instead of stalking it, I'm saving it."

"What the hell?" asked Fred.
Harry and Dumbledore sent a glare over to Snape, who cringed.

"Poor Professor Lupin." said Luna.

"I was used to it at that point." said Remus.

"You can't get used to pain, you can build a tolerance for it, but you never get used to it." said Harry thoughtfully.

People turned to stare at him, Mrs. McFinn whimpered and laid her head carefully on his shoulder.

"You're werewolf affliction is no fault of your own." said Dumbledore.

"He's right, you handled your monthly transformations wonderfully." said Madam Pomfrey.

"So there's a cure now?" asked Colin.

"There's an experimental cure that a werewolf victim can take, however, it's very dangerous and very expensive." said Harry calmly. "There's not even definite proof that it works, but desperate people still shell out the money to get it. Ninety percent of the people that take it, don't live past five days." said Harry.

"What about the ten percent left over?" asked Fred.

"They don't transform, but it doesn't matter anyway, they're bodies are so beyond repair that they cannot even regain consciousness," said Harry. "Victims have a choice; they can live with the bite, or risk it all on a rigged game."

Remus looked at Harry curiously. "You saying it's not a cure?"

"It's highly unlikely. There's been cases before where someone comes up with a cure and it's nothing but a bunch of ingredients put in a cauldron randomly." said Harry.

"That's horrible." said Hermione.

"It happens. Potion brewing is one of the fastest ways in this world to con people out of a lot of
money. With so called cures and discoveries. Like old fashioned Snake-oil salesmen." said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

"Well that's good!" said Dr. Clark with a bright smile.

"What if a student walked into the room?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"That couldn't happen. I locked the door magically, no student would have been able to get in." said Remus.

Dialogue set.

"Can't really say I blame them." said Remus sadly.

"But you were fine a big part of the time." said Fred.

"Yeah, it's just when you have your time of the month, things go a little difficult." said George.

"Girls are just as scary when it's their time of the month too." said Fred quietly.

Most of the boys in the school nodded slowly. While the girls blushed, Remus quickly turned the same color as the nearby girls.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Suddenly, the school erupted in cheers and many of the adults, including the Rangers (especially Nightstrike) applauded loudly. Remus smiled warmly and Dumbledore smiled kindly over to Remus.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"If the house had been here only since you came to school, how come no one noticed that it couldn't be all that haunted?" asked Hermione.

"I used the rumor that the house was built over the site of a murder." said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

End of dialogue set.

"That didn't stop three people from coming to your rescue." said Sirius.
"Or one idiot to ask another idiot to snoop around." said Harry with a raised brow.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Potter?" said Snape venomously.

"You were an idiot, for letting this idiot bait you." said Harry nodding over to Sirius.

Sirius frowned at Harry, while Snape scowled.

"What are you talking about?" asked Ernie.

"You'll see." said Harry.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Remus felt a small nudge at his arm and looked down, there was a large chocolate bar, held by Harry, who had reached behind Sirius and kept tapping it into Remus' upper forearm.

Remus smiled and took the bar of chocolate, he took a large bite out of it and moaned.

"So it's good I take it?" said Harry.

"The best, where did you buy this?"

"Nowhere, I made that." said Harry with a smile.

"He's going to beg you ever day you know, for more of that stuff." said Sirius warningly.

End of dialogue set.

"You poor thing." said Mrs. McFinn with a worried face.

"Careful, she's going to want to hug you till it feels better." said Harry with a laugh.

Mrs. McFinn gently tugged the teen's ear. "What was that you said young man?" she said with a smile.

"Nothing, ma'am." said Harry with a smile. "Just telling him your magical properties." he added cheekily.

Dialogue set.

"Left a nasty taste in my mouth when I said Peter's name." said Remus in disgust.
"But we didn't jump ship when we learned," said Sirius shortly. "Or blame him, like you did." he looked over to Hermione.

"I didn't blame him!" said Hermione.

"Let me quote: 'I've covered up for you!' Sounds to me like you blamed him. Like it was all his fault." said Sirius.

Hermione looked down quickly and shuffled her feet. "I didn't mean it like that." said Hermione quietly.

"I've noticed something in these books, Potter." said Professor Flitwick sadly. "Every time someone mentions your mother or father, you cling onto any information your tossed."

"Not a lot of people sit me down and tell me things about them." said Harry his eyes half opened in thought, "All they tell me is 'stay safe' or somewhere along the lines of 'you're just like them'. Nothing more than that. I'd love to have just a day of people telling me what they were like. Not how I'm like them, but how they were themselves."

A thick silence enveloped the Hall.

"We'll do that, this weekend, we swear." said Sirius, tears in his eyes.

"Peter was just there to carry and eat the snacks." said Sirius rolling his eyes.

"Bawled like a baby the first time. It's a painful thing, your first transformation." said Sirius. "After a while, your body gets used to it."

End of dialogue set.
"If she did research on werewolves, wouldn't she know how that makes it a little better?" asked Bill.

"Well, you got to be careful which animal you're turning into, you could be dinner." said Charlie.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Well, your lupine poison is, yeah." said Harry with a weak smile. "Teeth goes any way it wants."

"Yeah, but we could take care of him. James was huge, so he could knock Remus over if he got too rough, and I was agile enough to keep him in check." said Sirius with bright smile.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

"Only useful thing he could do." said Sirius grimly.

End of dialogue set.

"That's beautiful." said Dr. Clark, tears welling up in his eyes.

"He closet dramatic." said Harry with a laugh.

"Don't make me come over there," said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

"What are you going to do? Make me cry?" said Harry teasingly.

Dialogue line.

"Horrible?" said Sirius confused.

"You were scarwing wittle me." said Harry with a cutesy voice.

"I'll 'scare' you alright." said Sirius teasingly.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Dumbledore turned quickly in his chair. "That was reckless, and highly dangerous." he said quickly, his face pale. "What were you thinking?"

"We just wanted to make Remus feel better." said Sirius sheepishly. "And we would have been able to keep Remus away. James would take the person away to safety and I'd occupy Remus' time till they got away."
"We kept him in line." said Sirius quickly.

End of dialogue set.

"I wanted to know what kind of animal my dad was." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"Couldn't happen, we were too quick for him." said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"I don't call you chasing after a squirrel a near miss." said Sirius shaking his head.

"There were more than that!" said Remus.

"Remus...there weren't anyone out and about. The Centaurs weren't all that bothered by you, as long as you never went to their village in the forest." said Sirius reassuringly. "Who told you there were near misses anyway?"

"Peter." said Remus.

"His first attempt at a joke, failed miserably." said Sirius sternly.

End of dialogue set.

"Well, got to give Snape credit, my dad was a prick at a young age." said Harry.

"He meant well, though." said Sirius quietly.

Snape snorted slightly.

"I gotta side with him on that one." said Harry pointing to Snape. "Cause I don't think you were any better."

Sirius hung his head down.
"But you do mean well, now. And that's the important thing." said Harry with a smile.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

"No, I did not know about that, but I should have." said Dumbledore. "You three would have been expelled, but not Remus. He didn't ask you to do that."

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"Lead nothing, we decided to do that on our own." said Sirius.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Twelfth paragraph, third sentence.**

"Why not?" asked Ernie.

"I was just getting to that part." said Lionus with a smirk.

**Twelfth paragraph, sixth sentence.**

"Sounds like someone I know all too well." said Harry with a grim smile.

Sirius looked over and gently ruffled the boys hair.

**End of twelfth paragraph.**

Sirius scoffed. "Yeah, and I've been secretly a dancer for the Hippogriff Hoppers."

"The what?" asked Dr. Clark.

"It's dancing troop, they're...different." said Sirius.

"They dress up in strange clothes, never the same outfit twice." said Remus. "They were flowers once, never laughed so hard in my life."

"Reminds me of Elton John." said Dr. Clark with a laugh. "Minus the dancing."

**Dialogue line.**
"I didn't know that." said Sirius. "I wasn't too happy."

"I keep telling Remus I'm sorry." said Sirius. "I didn't mean to use him like that."

"Don't apologize to me, say sorry to Severus." said Remus.

"I'd rather lick a boot." said Sirius.

"Sirius..." said Dumbledore sternly.

"Do it." said Harry.

"Sorry." said Sirius.

Snape frowned and looked away.

"Sounds like another Slytherin we all know." said Charlie, looking pointedly at Malfoy.

"Wonder who started the animosity?" asked Mr. Weasley.

"I think it was James." said Sirius honestly.

"Sirius, you and I will have a very long and overdue talk." said Dumbledore sternly.

"Yes sir." said Sirius.

"Wow." said a few students with impressed smiles.
"If I heard any rumors, I told him he'd be suspended for quite some time. If not expelled." said Dumbledore.

"So you came in through the door?" said Malfoy.

"I did." said Snape.

"And you heard the whole story, and fabricated the story you told the Minister and I." said Dumbledore.

Snape looked down slowly.

"You, Sirius, Remus and I will be having a very long talk." said Dumbledore with a stern look.

"Yes sir." said Sirius, Remus and Snape.

"That was a short chapter, I'll read another one." said Lionus with a smirk. "The Servant of Lord Voldemort."

"Sweet Merlin." said Mr. Weasley in a hushed voice, looking frantically over to his youngest son.

"Don't look at me dad, Percy brought him into the house first." said Ron quickly.

"No more rats in my house, ever." said Mrs. Weasley firmly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
I don't own Harry Potter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

First paragraph.

"Don't blame you." said Neville.

Dialogue line.

"Still think it was a disgrace that you even touched it." growled Sirius.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first comma.

“Uh oh.” said Dr. Clark thinking back to what was said earlier.

End of dialogue set.

"You forgot to clear the map?" asked Fred in a shocked voice.

"Looking back, I was just upset that I saw Sirius' dot right next to the kids'." said Remus sheepishly.

“Oh.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

"You were standing right there! You heard the whole thing!" shouted Charlie.

Snape looked away.

Dialogue line.
"No, he heard everything, he just fricking dismissed it." said Terry angrily.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

"Severus! You do not use the Justice System to take your revenge for a school age wrong." said Madam Bones angrily.

**End of dialogue set.**

"He is!" said Fred. "Well,..." he looked over at Remus' incredulous look. "...sort of."

**Dialogue line.**

"Exactly!" shouted several students loudly.

**Third paragraph, second sentence.**

"OI!" shouted the twins loudly.

"SEVERUS!" shouted Dumbledore loudly.

**End of third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"And you vouched for this man." said Moody to Dumbledore darkly.

Snape hung his head at the look of disgust on the Headmaster's face.

**Fourth paragraph.**

**Fifth paragraph, third sentence.**

"You get that sometimes." said Tonks. "It's hard to see who is telling the truth, and who is lying to save their own butts."

**End of fifth paragraph.**
"No it wouldn't." said Kingsley shortly.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, third comma.**

"For the circumstances, they are in big trouble, but you really shouldn't take your rage on them." said Bathilda angrily over to Snape.

**Dialogue set, end of second sentence.**

"Convicted nothing, I never had a trial!" said Sirius angrily.

**End of dialogue set.**

"That's going a bit far." said Mrs. McFinn looking cross.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"Severus! You apologize right now!" shouted McGonagall angrily.

"Seems you really need that seminar." said Dumbledore darkly. "You're going no matter what now."

Snape scowled slightly, but still hung his head.

**End of dialogue set.**

"Just about caught my hair on fire." said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

"You sir, are freaking mental." said Nightstrike. "Can I personally keep an eye on this nitwit?"

"Someone else volunteered for that duty." said Lionus with a smirk.

"Who?" asked Fred.

"Someone who is keeping an eye on him, the way it's meant to be done." said Lionus with a smirk.
"I thought you said he fought you the entire time, Severus." said Dumbledore darkly.

Snape continued on with his staring competition with the fuzz on his robes.

"How dare you!" shrieked Madam Bones and McGonagall.

"You heard him explain what had really happened, and you being a skilled legimens...." said Madam Bones.

"You'd bring Dementors close to three children?" screamed McGonagall.

Snape's face was also devoid of any color.

"I was worried out of my mind. I'll admit, I wasn't thinking of others, only myself." said Sirius guiltily.

"Don't worry about it, I wouldn't be thinking of anyone else either in that situation." said Harry soothingly.

"Great, you've got one armed psycho to deal with." said Tonks fretfully.

"You sick and twisted..." snarled Nightstrike.

"Not the brightest move." said Kingsley shaking his head.
"He's a fully grown wizard! With more curses up his sleeve then you've had injuries!" said Bill.

Dialogue line.

"He could have hurt Harry at any given point during the year!" screamed Ginny angrily.

Dialogue set.

"Would have been quick, and no one would suspect him." said Moody.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

"Don't ask us to fathom yours, you nut." said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"ACCK! Don't do that! He's already ready to chuck everyone to the Dementors!" said Ernie.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

"No matter how wrong you may feel about something my dad did. I'd never bend my knee to you." said Harry sternly. “Or to anyone...'cept...well...not anyone older than me.”

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

Dumbledore glared at his Potions Master who still was sitting in silence.

End of dialogue set.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"What would you have done?" said Dumbledore with a fierce tone.

Snape did not answer.
"You'd better answer me." he said dangerously quiet.

Snape muttered something.

"Louder." said McGonagall.

"I would have cursed him, or thrown him away from the door bodily." said Snape.

"When this book is over, you're going to wish that I was only going to send you to that seminar." said Dumbledore darkly.

End of ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second word.

Several students cheered.

"Wait for it." said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue set, end of second sentence.

"Huh?" asked several students in confusion.

End of dialogue set.

"Nothing less than you deserve." said McGonagall sourly.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence.

"ALRIGHT!" shouted the twins happily.

End of tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"You weren't capable to take him out." said Harry teasingly.

Eleventh paragraph.
Sirius looked over quickly.

Harry bopped Sirius with a cushion. "I'm sure I was right now."

Dialogue line.

"I don't think I would be worried about school rules at that point." said Dr. Clark with a kind smile.

Twelfth paragraph.

"Cut into them was right, I still have the scars." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Good boy, keep skeptical." said Moody.

Dialogue line.

"Sorry I didn't call you by your name." said Remus to Ron.

"I didn't care about that, at that point." said Ron.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Fair point, dogs and cats you can sort of tell apart, rats...not so much." said Emmeline.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, eleventh word.

Sirius slowly looked at his hands with distasteful look.

End of fourteenth paragraph.
"The paper Fudge gave him." said Madam Bones shaking her head.

"Wow, that's some twist of fate." said Tonks.

"Tell me about it." said Sirius.

"I was so lost." said Ron.

"They only found a finger!" said George in a hushed voice.

"Bloody Brilliant." said Fred.

"I still don't know how you survived." said Dr. Clark.

"I'm pretty dang good with shield spells." said Sirius.

"I thought it was cause Ron took so good care of him." said Fred.

"Yeah, cause Percy was never really all that great a pet owner." muttered George.
"I still don't know how the hell you can think during times like that." said Neville.

Sirius continued to stare at his hands.

"It means your innocent pussy cat was helping an ex-con." said Lee with a smirk.

"He was siding with you." said Charlie.

"I was still undecided." said Harry.

"I'm so ashamed of myself." said Harry quietly.

"Don't worry about it, it was a lot to take." said Sirius.
"That...does not help your case." said Kingsley.

"That wasn't the best choice of words to use." said Dr. Clark to Sirius.

"Don't I know it." said Sirius.

"Well, I don't think you should be blaming yourself anymore." said Luna sweetly.

"How can you think that?" asked Sirius shortly.

"If you're still self-punishing yourself, then forget it. Azkaban did that for you." said Harry catching where Luna was going.

"I didn't want my only pet to get turned into rat jam." said Ron.

"I'm amazed you didn't hit him." said Dean.
"He did, he kicked Snape in the gut." said Ron with a smirk.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

"Rat jam." said Fred with a smirk.

"That's not funny." said Ginny.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

"Too bad the star of the sped up movie wasn’t a bit more pleasant to look at." said Sirius with a smirk.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

Several students in the higher years, the male ones anyway, rubbed the top of their heads and thought fearfully of the day that they would watch more and more hair go down the shower drain.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

"Dammit Potter." said Moody approvingly. "You need to join the Aurors."

"Or the Rangers." said Lionus quickly.

"Given any thought to what you would like to do in life?" asked Rudolph with a smile.

Harry gave it some thought. "Well, I've got some ideas."

"List them off, I want to know how we can give you some extra help." said Leroy with a brighter smile than his partner.

"Well, I'd like to keep doing my Security Testing. Easiest way in the world to make money, I make my own hours and it puts my mind to the ultimate test and it keeps my body in good condition."

"But can you limit the jumping off moving semi-trucks?" said Sirius weakly.
"And leaping off buildings?" said Remus.

"When the hell was this?" said Rudolph loudly.

"It was in a scroll." said Lionus.

"Damn, I love going to muggle action movies. That might have been fun flying alongside you." said Leroy.

"You’d think." said Sirius.

"What other job?" asked Colin.

"Well, working in Crime Prevention would be interesting." said Harry carefully.

"Like how you didn't say Aurors or Rangers." said Bill with a smirk.

"Or the muggle police..." said Harry absently. "Like Officer McFinn."

"You'd give up magic?" said Sirius with raised eyes.

"I'm sort of undecided. I've seen two worlds, lived in two worlds. Don't know which one to stick with and live in." said Harry shrugging.

Eyes across the Hall widened in shock.

"Being a Doctor or Healer would be different too." said Harry with a smile. "I'm pretty good at healing myself, not this morning though." he added lifting his ankle slightly.

Dr. Clark smiled.

"You could be a singer!" said Cho quickly.

"Never happen." said Harry shaking his head quickly. "But I wouldn't say no to opening my own restaurant."

"That would be a fine idea." said Dumbledore brightly. "I personally would be loyal customer."

"Would you put it in Diagon Alley? Or Hogsmede?" asked Sirius.

"Don't know where, but I think I'd cater to both sides of the coin. Magic and muggle." said Harry with a bright smile. "I think I'm pretty much torn between three things, Security Tester, Criminal Prevention, or Restaurant Chef."

"Hope you continue on with the Security Testing, it looks like an awesome job!" said Colin with a wide smile.

"Crime Prevention, gives us both a chance of getting you." said Nightstrike.

Dumbledore smiled. "I'd be proud of you with whatever you choose, but two out of the three would cause me to worry about you on a daily basis."

Harry smiled warmly.
"Why is it that almost all the adults in my life are mental?" said Harry laughing loud.

"It's all because of you." said Sirius teasingly.

"Filthy little." scowled Mrs. McFinn.

Harry looked over to her warily.

"I didn't want him to kill Peter right in front of the kids." said Remus. "If we were going to do it, it was going to be done outside."

"Still have no idea how you were being so calm." said Sirius.

"I'd rather help an angry Manticore get it's paw out of trap, then help you." said Remus with a scowl.

"That's got him." said Tonks with a smirk.
Dumbledore chuckled darkly. "Tom would never share his magical knowledge with anyone."

"Can you work on that, sometimes when you don't laugh normally, you get a bit scary." said Harry.

"If I wasn't scary, I can't be a parent." said Sirius.

Harry shook his head.

"Wonder how they all received him the first week of You-Know-Who's return?" asked Charlie.

"I'd love to see that." said Sirius with a malicious smile.

"I wouldn't want to spend twelve seconds as a rat." said Blaise.

"I still don't know how I thought you were the one that betrayed Lily and James." said McGonagall.

"Don't feel all that guilty, I didn't believe him either." said Remus.
"Had to of been, he had never done anything of real importance, or spectacular." said Professor Flitwick.

"Explains why you were sort of dancing in place, you were getting ready to head him off in case he rushed either way." said Ron with a smile.

"...Good point." said Dr. Nicodemus. "But I figure that he wanted to make sure someone would protect him once he got a hold of the boy and dragged him to his death."

"Well, he put it in longer words." said Dr. Nicodemus with a faint trace of a smile.

"Hey!" said Sirius to the giggling students. "It had been a long time since I've talked to different people, and I've never been addressed that way before."
"Well that doesn't help us tighten up security." said Madam Bones in a disappointed tone.

"Being innocent would be a happy thought to me." said Charlie.

"Hated to think about them." said Sirius. "Still do."

"And he would have incapacitated Harry and carry him off to Voldemort." said Sirius with a shiver.

"Saying that made me wish I could go in the corner and get sick." said Sirius.

"You didn't mean Harry at all! You meant Peter Pettigrew!" said Dennis.

"I appreciate the scraps someone left out for me." said Sirius with a smirk.
"You're welcome." said Luna dreamily.

“Did you know who he was?” asked Neville.

“No, I just saw him as a poor hungry puppy.” said Luna with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

"I was wrong there." said Sirius.

Harry looked at him quickly.

"You fly twice as good as he did." said Sirius proudly.

"That's another job you could have!" said Dean. "You could be a professional Quidditch player!"

"I don't think I'm good enough for the professional circuit." said Harry humbly.

Dialogue line.

"I lost James, and Lily. I was so happy to have Remus back, but most of all, I wanted my little baby boy back. Your belief in me meant everything to me." said Sirius.

Harry leaned gently against his godfather.

"You mean everything to him too." said Mrs. McFinn with a soft smile.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

The school erupted in cheers.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph, first sentence.

"It pretty much was." said George.

End of fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"You killed my best friend I'm going to do whatever I can do to get revenge for him." said Sirius bitterly.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I wouldn't have even called them robes." said Ron with a smirk.

"They were clean when I stole them off the line." said Sirius with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

"I don't blame him, during those times, the only ones you could trust were, Lily, James and yourself." said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"You both would have gone to Azkaban for that!" said Tonks.

"I would have been pissed." said Harry. "And I would never have forgiven either of them."

"What?" asked Remus, a look of confusion on his face.

"You would have abandoned me. I had one chance at a family, and you would have taken it away for stupid revenge." said Harry.

"Sometimes, revenge isn't stupid." said Sirius quietly.

"Read Hamlet, then talk to me about revenge." said Harry. "You'll see what revenge can drive a person to do."

Dialogue line.
"Keep away from my son!" shouted Mr. Weasley angrily.

"You bit someone once, and you were boring." said Ron bitterly.

"Keep away from her!" shouted Mrs. Weasley fearfully.

"I was never so terrified in my life. I could hardly think straight." said Hermione.

"That vile...." snarled Dumbledore. "How dare he?"

"I wanted to hurt him, right then and there." said Sirius.

"You weren't the only one." said Remus.

"I'll show you 'Mercy'." growled Kingsley.
Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I was ready, so ready." said Sirius.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

"Bullshit." said Remus quietly.

"Wouldn't take much to have him switch teams." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Honor." said Moody.

"Self-Respect." said Kingsley.

"Freedom." said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Then we would have honored your memory, as opposed to cursing the day you were spawned." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"I thought you guys said you were going to take him outside." said Tonks.

"We were going to Imperius him to go outside, and then kill him." said Sirius.
Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

"What are you doing?" shrieked Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley.
"Stopping them from making the biggest mistake of their lives." said Harry.
"And we appreciate it every day." said Sirius with a fond smile.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasely sighed with relief. He wasn't going to be harmed.

Dialogue set.

"So get out of the way boy." said Nightstrike angrily.

Dialogue line.

Nightstrike stared at the boy in the bowl. He sent a sheepish smile over to the lad.

Dialogue line.

"It's not more than what you deserve, it's the least you deserve." snarled Charlie.

Dialogue set.

"He's not worth it, he never will be." said Harry.
"You just made a very valuable weapon there." said Lionus silently.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"Good lad, you'd do very well in Crime Prevention." said Dr. Nicodemus, using Harry's term instead of a specific branch. "Vigilante justice tends to only do more damage.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Merlin, is there anyone you won't defend?" asked Terry.

"I can think of several." said Harry.

Fifty-third paragraph.

"My bonds weren't as tight as the ones Severus gave me." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

"Escaping and getting killed in the process, I could live with that on my conscience." said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

"I was really sort of happy you said that, I didn't want to lose all the bones in my leg, like Harry......uh...never mind." said Ron looking at the insulted look on Remus' face.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Who cares? The fool got himself carried away and tried to get two innocent men hurt." said Moody.
"I didn't want to even attempt, I could image what he would be like the entire trip up." said Remus.

"I should have given that to Sirius, and had him wear it till we got to the castle." said Remus.

"Wouldn't have helped either way." said Sirius kindly.

"Ron!" said Bill angrily.

"Trust me, I regret it." said Ron quickly.

"That really doesn't make me feel better right now." said Bill.

"I did." said Ron. "I took good care of that murderous..." he cursed so fouly that Mrs. Weasley sent a spell right to Ron's mouth causing his mouth to spew out bubbles and froth.

"He loves playing the leader." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Let's have some lunch." said Remus, "Have to fatten up stick boy over here."

"Who knew you could be so funny." said Harry sneering over to the man.

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry ate a plateful of sandwiches and a towering amount of treacle tart. Sirius stared at his godson as he tucked away so much food.

"You're going to get sick." said Sirius slowly.

"If I'm going to get sick, I'd love to have the reason be treacle tart." said Harry as he put another slice in his mouth.

"You're a nutter." said Sirius shaking his head.

"We need to get you to stop your sicking up whenever you get upset." said Remus quietly. He didn't want to voice his concern to those that didn't need to know what they were discussing. He was trying to learn to be discreet in his worrying about Harry, and the strength to pass parental judgment onto Sirius.

"I'd like that." said Harry with a gentle smile. "I'm tired of eating twice my body weight just in case I get sent into an emotional tailspin."

“Well, this summer...no emotional tailspins for you...a nice relaxing summer with no cares and worries.” said Sirius rubbing the back of Harry's neck.

"I'll read the next one." said Dr. Nicodemus taking the book away from Lionus. "It's called Chapter Twenty"

"I'm going to kill Fudge." muttered Lionus.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"Nice." said Hermione with a giggle.

First paragraph, second sentence.

"With Ron's leg, he wouldn't get far." said Bill with a nervous laugh. He didn't want his brother anywhere near Peter Pettigrew. But these events had already happened, and there was nothing more he could do.
Snape frowned at the floor, making sure not to look at the headmaster's face.

"I smacked the wall once with my leg, damn that hurt." said Ron.

"You're lucky you had an excuse, I hadn't heard swearing like that since we put glue in Sirius' hair." said Remus with a smile.

"Still owe you for that too." said Sirius with a growl.

Sirius smiled gleefully as Snape glared hard at the man.

"Boys...." said Dumbledore sternly.

Snape dropped his gaze and Sirius' smile was gone.

"You're free?" said a first year, but was quickly shushed by a few fourth year girls. They didn't want to miss this adorable moment.

Sirius stared at the twins. "You make me sound horrible."

"Well, you did do all that stuff." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.
"I was going to kiss you if you said those magic words." said Harry with a smile.

“But I did say those things.” said Sirius with a fake pout. “I didn’t get a kiss.”

“Things went to hell in about five seconds afterwards.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Still didn’t get it.” pouted Sirius.

Harry leaned up and kissed him on the cheek. “There, you big baby.”

Sirius hugged Harry tightly. “There you go, little baby.”

"You're nuts." said Bill.

"I didn't know what his home life was like." said Sirius shamefully.

"Don't worry about it, like I said, they're good fakers." said Harry with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

"Remember the night I made those Knickerbocker Glories?" said Harry with a smile.

"You have to remake those again, dear boy, they were delicious." said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

"I want one!" whined Dr. Clark.

"I remember that night." said Sirius with a bright smile.

"I had the same feeling in my stomach when you said you were free, I wanted to do a back flip right there." said Harry with tears in his eyes.

Sirius placed a kiss on his head. "I could tell."

Sirius turned to look at Harry's skull, moving a bit of hair.
"I'm fine, don't fuss." said Harry not looking at him, but he had a smile tracing his lips.

“It’s my job to fuss.” said Sirius simply.

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**End of dialogue set.**

Dialogue line.

"How stupid I was back then!" said Sirius with a smile.

"Back then?" said Snape with a sneer.

Dialogue line.

"In about two years." said Harry with a laugh.

Fifth paragraph.

"Never did, never will." muttered Sirius.

Dialogue line.

"My stomach was doing back flips right there." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"Oh that's nice!" said Sirius shoving Harry slightly.

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**End of sixth paragraph.**

"Never mind." said Sirius with a smirk.

Seventh paragraph.

"It was easy training Crookshanks to do that, he hardly needed any help." said Sirius.
"Filthy coward." muttered Moody gruffly.

"Couldn't wait to see their faces." said Harry.

"I don't think they know that I'm your Godfather yet." said Sirius.

"Oh yes they do, I used you." said Harry.

"What do you mean, 'I used you'?' asked Sirius.

"As a weapon, summer of my fourth year, you almost scared the crap out of Uncle Vernon." said Harry with a smirk.

"Awesome." said Sirius with a smile.

"He was inching slowly away from where Ron and I were." said Remus. "No idea why, he couldn't hope to get away, at that point."

"Crap, did he wake up?" asked Terry worriedly.

"What's so....oh no...." said Ernie looking fearfully over to Remus.

"You got it." said Remus closing his eyes.

Nightstrike looked from Remus to Lionus quickly. "Captain Lionus, sir?"

"Somebody wants something." said Lionus with a smirk.

"Sir, when the full moon hits, permission to..." said Nightstrike.

"Permission granted." said Lionus. "Mr. Lupin, you have a fellow werewolf to entertain you when the time comes." he said with a smile.
Remus looked over to Nightstrike. "Trust me," said Nightstrike with a grin, "You'll thank me."

Twelfth paragraph.

Thirteenth paragraph.

"Not good." said Blaise.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He has more concern over the kids than this greasy bat ever did." said Moody with a snarl.

"He was worried, just had his priorities in the wrong order." said Harry quietly.

The students stared, as well as Snape, at the young man.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence.

"I couldn't leave Ron, I'd never leave him like that." said Harry.

Ron opened his mouth, but something caught in his throat, something buzzed in his mind, but nothing came. What was it?

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Good tell the kids to run!" shrieked Mrs. Weasley.

"NO! DON'T RUN!" shouted Nightstrike.

People stared the Ranger.

"We go after the first things we see move, more fun for us when we catch it. You could put a brick wall in front of us, we'll smash it down." said Nightstrike, his face pale. "In order to get away from us, freeze. Don't move, don't even breathe, once we find something else to occupy our attention, then you can move, but slowly. Get to the nearest tree and climb it. We can't climb well, wait until morning and then run your ass off to the nearest building and stay in there."

"I didn't know running was a bad thing." said Sirius with a worried glance.

"Not a lot of people do, though it's hard to not do what your instincts tell you to do." said Nightstrike with a nervous laugh.
Several girls began to scream.

"Relax!" said Harry in an annoyed tone. "You weren't there, not even, no, never mind, you did scream." he added looking over to Hermione.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

Several people whimpered and cried.

"God, they think we've never had to do that before?" asked Sirius with a raised brow.

"You play too rough." said Remus trying to lighten the mood.

"Not my fault, you could pick me up and fling me." said Sirius.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"Shouldn't freeze on just one thing boy." said Moody.

"Never saw a werewolf before." said Harry.

"Never will again if we can help it." said Sirius and Remus together.

"I've got the basement all set up for you by the way." muttered Sirius. "Had a few House-Elves fix it up."

"You sure you want me to transform? In the same house that Harry will sleep in?" asked Remus.

"I made his door specifically out of mistletoe, happy now?" said Sirius with a smirk.

"Greatly relieved, yes." said Remus sighing happily.

“What?” asked Ron.

“Werewolves and mistletoe…not the greatest of combinations for them, great for us when we need to defend ourselves.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence.

The Weasley screamed and shouted all at once. Mr. Weasley turned white with rage.

"I'm going to kill that bastard, with my own hands." he said with an uncharacteristic snarl.
"Get in line." said Sirius.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Don't run towards the danger!" shouted Tonks fearfully. “Leave it to adults!”

Harry looked at her. “I’ve got one adult taking a nap, one who can’t help even when he really wanted to, and one who is covered in fleas. Big help those adults.” He said with a smirk.

Sirius smacked him slightly on the back of the head. “I don’t have fleas.”

“You did back then. Don’t deny it, when I saw Snuffles on the grounds, you scratched behind your ear. A lot.” said Harry teasingly.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"Damn." said Dr. Clark furiously.

Twentieth paragraph.

"Why was he heading into the forest?" asked Colin.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

"I couldn't breathe right there." muttered Harry.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

"I wasn't going to lose him, not now." said Sirius sending a quick look over to Harry.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
"Really?" asked Ron.

"You think I'd leave you lying like that and not do a damn thing to help you if I could?" said Harry with a quirked eyebrow.

Twenty-third paragraph.

"Fat lot of help he is." said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

"Good get up to the castle." said Hannah worriedly.

"You were going to risk expulsion?" asked Fred.

"We needed help, really bad." said Harry. "If they could catch Peter, I would at least be expelled but able to live with Sirius."

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"He can take care of himself, you need to worry about yourself." said Charlie worriedly.

Ginny looked over to Harry with worry in her eyes.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

"Sorry Ron." said Harry, his face full of guilt.

"Then you did leave me there like that?" said Ron commenting about Harry had said earlier.

"Actually Mr. Weasley, if memory serves me, Severus told us that a shield spell was guarding you. He had to remove it in order to bring you up to the castle." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"When did you have time to do that? I didn’t hear you say anything." said Hermione.

"Non-verbal spell. I’m still not all that great on them." said Harry.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

Bill swore quietly.
Sirius turned white, Harry noticed and reached over Mrs. McFinn and took a phial off the side table and held it out for Sirius. He looked at it, took it quickly out of Harry's hand and downed its contents.

"Oh damn, those kids are screwed." said Nightstrike.

"They are right there." said Tempest.

"Memories are happier, thoughts like that aren't nearly as powerful." said Remus.

"That didn't exactly fill me with hope that we were going to get out of there." said Harry.

Harry slowly gripped his shoulder.

Sirius pulled Harry tighter to himself and held onto him.
Mrs. McFinn whimpered and leaned against the thin frame of the young man.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Oh my god." said Ginny her face pale. Bill came over and wrapped his arms around her to comfort her, while Charlie came and stood behind Ron and Hermione.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dumbledore himself took a phial off the table and gulped down the contents of the Calming Draught.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

"Azkaban is about to lose every one of their Dementors." said Lionus with a growl.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

"No wonder that's your boggart Harry." said Dean with a shudder.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

"Please don't go the same way." said Dr. Clark worriedly.

Thirty-eighth paragraph,

Harry felt rainstorm of tears come down on his scalp, he looked up and saw Sirius weeping softly over top of him. Remus had his face buried in his hands, sobbing as Dr. Clark patted his back and wiped his own tears away.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Remus could barely breathe; he stopped sobbing and reached around Sirius' shoulders and ran his
fingers through Harry's hair.

Fortieth paragraph.

**Forty-first paragraph.**

"Someone must have come by and casted his Patronus charm." said Madam Bones highly relieved.

Forty-second paragraph.

A giant sigh of relief whispered through the Great Hall.

Forty-third paragraph.

"Who could it be?" asked a third year.

"Is it Dumbledore?" asked a second year Hufflepuff.

"His is a phoenix." said his friend. "So whose is it?"

End of chapter.

"I'll read the next one too." said Dr. Nicodemus.

"Well! Get on with it! We want to know what happens." said Lionus quickly.

"Do I need to...." said Dr. Nicodemus raising his brows.

"No I'm fine." said Lionus quickly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review!
Lionus cleared his throat. "Next chapter, Twenty-first chapter"

Fred and George looked gleefully over to Hermione.

Bill smacked Charlie hard.

"OW! What did I do?" asked Charlie.

"Where do you think the twin's got their humor from?" said Bill.

Dialogue set, third pause.

"Who the hell is talking?" asked Charlie.

“Judging by the word ‘shocking’ it’s Fudge.” said Tempest.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Tempest smirked.

“Wait a minute, what did you do?” asked Tonks looking at Snape.

“Nothing helpful.” said George.

Dialogue line.

“He didn’t do a damn thing, he just hung around.” said Lee.

Dialogue line.

“You damned...” said Bill shaking his head, but his eyes began to bulge. “You surrendered Sirius to him...”
“Proud of it!.” said Ron loudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“You liar!” shouted Madam Bones loudly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“No, they were just disgusted by your juvenile behavior.” said McGonagall angrily.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“You vile...” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

Mrs. Weasley stopped growling, slightly.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“You slimy....” snarled Bill.

End of dialogue set.

Dumbledore’s normally twinkling blue eyes, were now flashing with a sort of fury that he seldom ever used.

Snape could barely keep his seat, out of pure fear.

Dialogue line.
“You can keep your blind spots.” said Harry frowning slightly.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Do you really treat him like any other student?” said Professor Flitwick with a raised brow. Snape continued to look at the floor.

**End of Dialogue set.**

“You just love slamming him don’t you?” said Sirius angrily. “He’s not James dammit!”

**Dialogue line.**

“No nearly as foolish as you, Fudge.” said Madam Bones crossing her arms.

**First paragraph, third sentence.**

“Sirius?” asked Harry as he looked into his godfather’s pale face.

“I was two feet away from you, and I couldn’t protect you.” he said bitterly.

“I can never blame you for that, twelve years in Azkaban surrounded by those things, I’d be on the ground too.” said Harry softly.

**End of first paragraph.**

“I would rather you not remain unconscious your entire life.” said Remus with a strained smile.

**Dialogue line.**

“I’m amazed you didn’t try and take credit for that.” said Tonks.

“Do I look like Dazzle Gums?” sneered Snape, but he looked back down after he saw the still present scowl on Dumbledore’s face.

**Dialogue line.**

“They were beaten *that* soundly?” asked Lionus with a shocked look.
“Must have been one hell of a Patronus.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Bet he wanted to just leave Black out there.” said Fred grimly.

Second paragraph

“I had the sensation recently.” said Harry. “Trying to remember what happened.”

“Son/Harry...” said Lionus and Dumbledore together.

“I’m forgetting, I’m forgetting.” said Harry holding his hands up in a defeated way.

Third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“Of course Mr. Potter, what if you were to turn in your sleep and your glasses were to break? The glass would cut right into your eyes.” said Madam Pomfrey.

End of fourth paragraph.

“I thought Ron was dead there for a moment.” mumbled Harry.

Fifth paragraph.

Harry smiled at Hermione.

“You’ve taught her a whole lot, the both of you.” said Charlie with a smirk.

Sixth paragraph.

“And I needed you to eat every last sliver of it.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.
“The only good part about being in the hospital wing is that Madam Pomfrey has those chocolate nuggets stashed in her office.” said Remus with a bright smile.

“And I remember one time someone had snuck into my office and ate himself sick with all that chocolate.” said Madam Pomfrey folding her arms with a slick smile on her face.

“It was so worth it.” said Remus with fond smile.

Dialogue line.

Ron blushed slightly, but it became full force once Hermione took his hand.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first dash.

“She’d keep Harry there until he died of old age if she could.” snickered Ernie.

End of dialogue set.

Harry was sitting up, putting his glasses back on, and picking up his wand.

“No matter how hard you smack him and he goes down,” said Fred

“He’ll always get right back up and save the world.” said George.

“I’m not exactly the world.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“You are to me.” said Harry quietly.

Sirius blinked and pulled Harry close to him, dropping a few tears into his locks.

Dialogue line.

“It’s so sad that the highest authority is right outside the door, and the children don’t even trust him enough to go to him immediately.” said Tempest shaking her head.

Dialogue line.

“Oh no!” said Mrs. McFinn.

"I didn't know that saying that would distress him further." said Madam Pomfrey.
“Keep Snape away from Harry, Harry will beat the snot out of Snape for this.” said Moody with an approving smile.

“So he showed some concern? I’m impressed.” said Madam Bones.

“Well, it is Harry Potter, he wants to be a fatherly type to Harry.” said Kingsley.

“I’d rather look up to Mundungus Fletcher than Fudge,” said Harry.

“Speaking of which, where did he go?” asked Tonks.

"He tried picking his guard's pocket, right now he's unconscious.” said Lionus.

“I was in panic mode. I completely forgot that, Professor Snape discredited us before we even got to speak.” said Harry.

“I don’t think that guy’s ever had anything under control.” said Terry with a sneer.

“Frogface didn’t help matters either.” said Fred.

“You kept the Minister and Snape in there, getting Harry all stressed out?” said Mr. Weasley in disbelief.

“Oh trust me, they were getting very close to being hexed out of existence if they kept it up.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Never distress a patient, or you’ll end up a patient.” said Remus.
“Listen to the kids dammit!” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

“Severus, you’re getting very close to being arrested for lying to the Ministry. *If* Sirius decides to press charges.” said Madam Bones.

Snape blinked and looked from Madam Bones and Sirius.

Sirius had a wicked smile on his face, but Harry looked over at Sirius.

“Stop the dance please.” said Harry shaking his head.

“He tried to...” said Sirius.

“I realize that, but you got back at him, by getting away.” said Harry softly. But then he began to talk a bit louder so everyone and Snape could hear. “You started the fight, he helped drag it on. I’m finishing it.”

“How can you end a battle that’s been going on for over twenty years?” asked Kingsley.

“Well, I can’t threaten Professor Snape much, but I can threaten Sirius.” said Harry.

“How?” asked Sirius with a smirk.

“Want to take a guess how long I can go without talking to you or looking at you?” asked Harry with an even bigger smirk.

Sirius paled.

Dialogue line.

“Minister, if you know what’s good for you.” said George.

“Agree with Harry, swear on your life that you’ll do what he wants.” said Fred.

“Back away slowly and do it.” said George.

“You will find yourself living longer and happier.” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.

“Like I said, I was going to distress him if he didn’t get out.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.

“Severus doesn’t want you heard, Fudge thinks you’re just a brainless child.” said Bathilda angrily.
“Sort of sends a mixed message doesn’t it?” said Lionus with a small smile.

“It was either that or stunning him.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“He’s like one of those punching clown things, smack him, he’ll just pop back up.” said Hermione.

“Good, tell him everything.” said Moody nodding his head.

“You want me to stop stressing, keep Dumbledore in there and let me talk to him.” said Harry.

“Why not talk to the kids?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Sirius was conscious at the time.” said Dumbledore. “I didn’t to disturb the children. Especially not Harry, the look on Harry’s face when he was brought in, I had a flashback from his first year.” he finished quietly.

“Out of respect for you Severus, I didn’t peer into your mind. I suggest you do not test my trust for you again.” said Dumbledore sternly.

“No sir.” said Professor Snape quietly.
“So you knew he wasn’t telling you the truth.” said Remus.

“Judging from the look on Harry’s face I knew he wasn’t.” said Dumbledore.

“He didn’t say anything about not allowing the kids, Remus or Sirius to prove to him that Peter was there.” said Charlie.

“You forgot he was there to hear both Remus and Sirius talk about it.” said Ron.

“Yeah, and if wasn’t so stuck on getting his twisted revenge, he’d of seen it all, and would have been credited with solving a horrible crime, but no he has to add to it.” said Tonks with a snort of disgust.

“I wanted to slap him.” said Harry. “With my foot.”

“A life must be saved.” said Dumbledore.

“Sick son of a...” muttered Harry.

“Dear....what did I say about swearing?” said Mrs. McFinn with a frown.
Harry sighed. “Do I have to?” whined Harry.

“Say, what I said about swearing.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry sighed again. “’A cute cupcake like me, is better with sugar than salt.’”

Several students snickered.

“Now you know why I didn’t want to say it.” said Harry with a frown and a blush.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I side with whomever or whatever is telling me the truth, even if it was my greatest enemy.” said Dumbledore.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“And you tried to kill me, just an hour before this all occurred.” said Sirius. “You had your wand at my throat.”

“I’m going to go silent on you.” said Harry firmly to Sirius. Then he turned to face Snape. “Don’t make me go out and buy colored contacts.”

Snape and Sirius both paled.

“It took you that short amount of time to come up with something to go against Snape with?” said Remus in awe.

“It was either that or ruining each of his cauldrons. Putting a different color in my eyes is a safer way of going.” said Harry.

”What's colored contacts have to do with anything?” asked Dean.

**Dialogue line.**

“That and you kept retelling the event almost once a week.” said Dumbledore.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**
“I was very wise in going to Sirius first. I would have been beyond bewildered.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Then give us Veritiserum!” said Hermione exasperatedly.

“Hermione, this was two years ago.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

“I’m amazed that as the caster it didn’t tell you that it had switched.” said Remus.

“Only the people who were personally affected by the spell itself. The spell wasn’t cast upon me, and I wasn’t the Secret Keeper, I wouldn’t be aware of the change. I only gave evidence that Sirius was the Secret Keeper when I cast the spell.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

“I felt like an idiot.” said Harry shaking his head. “I can’t picture anyone walking up to you with you F.M-ing and asking you to testify on anything. Most you’d get is assessing how tasty you are.”

Even Remus laughed at that.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“He sort of made us think that he didn’t even believe us.” said Hermione.
“Not to me, but to the Minister.” said Dumbledore.

“Yeah, I was a real idiot.” said Sirius sheepishly.

“I can counsel him, but not control him.” said Dumbledore.

“I’m flattered that you think so highly of me.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

“I thought he meant we had to sneak out and go up to the tower.” said Harry. “I’ve crawled all over the roofs of Hogwarts over the past few years. Getting to that tower, from the Hospital Wing would take me at least fifteen minutes. I’d never make it.”

Sirius and Remus turned slowly around and stared at him.”What do you mean, ‘crawled all over roofs.’?”

Harry smiled innocently. “I have to keep in shape during the year.”
“I didn’t expect what happened next.” said Harry.

“She smacked my hand when I tried to help get the chain out of her way.” said Harry with a fond smile.

“And you did that repeatedly?” said Ron, having not heard the description before.

Hermione blushed.

“You know how hard it was to not let Madam Pomfrey see that cut? Had to keep my collar buttoned up all the way the entire time.” said Harry.

“Sounds like a dream to me.” muttered McLaggan with a smirk.
Ron and Harry snarled at the Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Several people laughed loudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Whoa Hermione!” said Tonks.

“I had a whole year of dodging myself Ron and Harry.” said Hermione.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Harry you don’t have time to worry about that now!” said Tonks.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“And you use it against them. I love it.” said Kingsley with a deep laugh.
“Till now.” said Hannah.

“You should have been turning back the clock and getting more sleep.” said Harry.

“I think I know where this is going.” said Nightstrike with a broad smile.

“Hey, I just woke up, give me a cup of coffee, tea or something and I’m as bright eyed and bushy tailed as you like.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Except some mornings when waking you up is a crime punishable by death.” said Ron with a smirk as well. “Then we don’t give you the tea, we toss it at you and run for our lives.”

“Gives him an escape route.” said Lionus.

“I wasn’t happy about where they put you.” said Flitwick with a somber look. “I didn’t want to come into my office and see the place where one of my brightest students had met such an end.”
Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry and Hermione sent each other a bright smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“[I was hoping we got to see Hermione smack Draco again.” said Harry. “I have that moment seared into my mind.”

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Not the bloody forest again.” said Remus worriedly.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“You didn’t even let her run beside you, you ran ahead of her?” said Ginny.

“Would you believe that I made sure that nothing dangerous was ahead? I didn’t think so.” said Harry with a sheepish grin.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“[That was kinda creepy.” said Harry.

“You don’t get used to it, either.” said Hermione.
“And we’ve done a lot.” said Harry, Hermione, and Ron.

“And you shouldn’t have.” said most of the adults in the room.

“Ooh, good point.” said Emmeline Vance.

“Then why were you grinning like a crazy person?” asked Hermione.

“I was getting excited, love impossibilities.” he said with a demonic grin.

“Not a wise move.” said Dumbledore.

“No, you aren’t, I had already known Buckbeak’s escape when I came to the Hospital Wing. The event happened. You would be breaking the law if you hadn’t gone back in time to do it.” said Dumbeldore with a bright smile.

Ron scratched his head in a confused way, while Hermione was figuring out the logic of what the
headmaster said. Harry on the other hand smirked. “Brilliant.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I would tell my past self something only I would know.” said Harry with a shrug.

“Like what?” asked Hermione.

“A number, a certain number that no one else but me would find some importance with.” said Harry.

“But couldn’t anyone just say the number and you’d think they were....uh...well...you.” said Zacharias.

“Are you out of your mind? Have you forgotten how many numbers there are?” said Harry. “The chances of you picking the number at random, is highly unlikely.”

“How unlikely?” asked Zacharias.

“Sort of like having a box of seashells, dozens upon dozens of seashells, picking up a certain one, marking it, putting it back in the box and then getting blindfolded, shake the box and then find the same seashell.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“It’s a strong reason to not use time travel for frivolous reasons.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

“Like those Scattered Shots and Recollection Scrolls.” said Harry.

“Wish they’d come back, loved those things.” said Charlie. “And hated them when it had
something to do with a the summer.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Wow, this is getting sort of intense.” said Dennis.

“It’s not over yet.” said Lionus.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“What happens if Hagrid doesn’t sign it?” asked Blaise.

“Buckbeak dies anyway and Hagrid gets fined over two thousand galleons.” said Madam Bones.

“I don’t have that kind of money.” said Hagrid.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It wasn’t easy to dull down the moves. Didn’t want Hermione to ask questions right there.” said Harry.
“I still couldn’t believe what I saw.” said Hermione.

Notice of Execution.

“...” said Charlie with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

End of Notice

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Beaky never did like ‘walkies’.” said Hagrid with a smile.

“Now is not the time for his preferences to come into play.” said Snape sourly.

“So who’s side are you on now?” asked Ron.

“Ronald!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I made a very large mistake.” said Snape. “I’m...sorry...”

Sirius raised his eyebrows.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

“Come on, move faster!” said Neville.
“Did you know someone was going to go and rescue Buckbeak?” asked Madam Bones.

“I knew it was possible that someone close to Hagrid would want to rescue Buckbeak. And I knew that one of Hagrid’s closest friends had a time turner.” said Dumbledore.

“But how did you know that the first set of the three kids didn’t set Buckbeak free?” asked Speckerton.

“Sirius Black said that Buckbeak was still tethered a few moments before he met up with them and dragged Ron and Peter under the tree.” said Albus.

“Don’t stop running, keep going!” said Bill.

“What about the noises that Harry and Ron heard earlier?” asked Seamus.
“How did you not hear that part?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“We were too busy crying.” said Ron.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“How Harry had to wrap the rope around a tree just to stop him.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I settled on tea.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

“I sorta had the brandy.” said Hagrid quietly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Sounds easy to me.” said Nightstrike.

“Well, not being seen didn’t help much.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He’s taking charge again.” said Tonks with a smile.

“We were sharing the load.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Sixtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Several people laughed.

End of dialogue set.

“And disturbing, you and I were both getting smacked and we can’t go and help ourselves.” said Harry.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“But then the Ministry people would have come too, then Sirius would have been killed on the spot.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

Madam Bones smiled faintly.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.
“I didn’t even see it.” said Remus apologetically.

“It’s so cute that he’s so devoted to you.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“Not one person can blame you for celebrating Hagrid.” said Kingsley.

“I was still really pissed off at you.” said Harry.
Seventy-second paragraph.

“What made you pass out?” asked George.

“I-I don’t really know.” said Hermione. “I just got cold, I couldn’t think, and I fainted.”

Seventy-third paragraph.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That’s the million galleon question.” said Seamus.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius looked confused.

Dialogue line.

“Why are you pressuring him like that?” asked Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Give the kid a chance to breathe?” said Charlie.

“She hates not knowing something.” said Harry.
Hermione blushed.

**Dialogue line.**

Several people turned and stared at Harry, but they didn’t say anything.

**Seventy-sixth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“There’s a newsflash.” said Draco rolling his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

**Seventy-seventh paragraph.**

“His mind is just fine.” said Sirius running his hand over his godson’s hair.

Dialogue line.

**Seventy-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“...You know...when you think about it...” said Fred.

“It makes a lot of sense.” said George.

End of seventy-eighth paragraph.

**Seventy-ninth paragraph.**

**Eightieth paragraph.**
“Were you guys talking about anything?” asked Professor Flitwick.

“No, the whole talking about my dad sort of silenced me for a long time.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-first paragraph.

Eighty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“God, that must have been hard.” said Colin.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He didn’t say anything about running out into the open.” said Tempest.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

“So I guess you’ll bend the rule, huh?” asked Sirius with a half-hearted smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.
Remus paled and clasped his hands together in front of his mouth, muttering silent prayers.

**Eighty-sixth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

**Eighty-seventh paragraph.**

“Nothing bugs him.” said Sirius with a smile.

Dialogue line.

**Eighty-eighth paragraph.**

“Love it how I’m supposed to trust people, yet no one trusts me.” said Harry with a laugh.

“I trust you!” said Hermione and Ron together.

Harry raised his brows at the two, they looked down shamefully.

“I can understand Hermione, she didn’t let him out of her sight. But Ron?” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Trust me, I didn’t forget.” said Harry.

**Eighty-ninth paragraph.**

“Just don’t get bit by me.” said Remus quietly.

**Ninetieth paragraph.**

**Ninety-first paragraph.**

Sirius brushed his lips into Harry’s hair, tears continued to flow down his face.
“Harry...” whimpered Remus softly.

Harry felt Sirius’ arms got a little tighter around his chest, not so tight that he couldn’t breathe, but just tight enough to make sure that Harry knew he was there.

“Someone, anyone...please...” said Sirius in a whimper.

“Wait! You didn’t make a solid Patronus yet!” said Cho.

Madam Bones leaned forward in her seat.

“A murder of Dementors and one person and send them back to their posts? Remarkable.” said Madam Bones with a proud smile.

“A what of Dementors?” asked Colin.

“It’s what a group of Dementors are called, that and crows.” said Harry.
Harry looked out of the corner of his eye and saw both Sirius and Remus were smiling.

“Was that my dad’s Patronus?” asked Harry.

Sirius thought carefully. “I think so, I’m not too sure.”

“How do you not know?” asked Harry.

“Your dad...he never really made a fully corporeal Patronus. He and I weren’t really good at that spell, only Moony managed to handle it. It looked kinda like a stag...then again, it also could have been a cow.” said Sirius slowly but ended with a teasing smile.

“Your mom was really good at that spell though.” said Remus. “Her’s was a doe.”

Harry smiled warmly.

End of hundredth paragraph.

One hundred and first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That’s right.” said Remus with tears in his eyes.

One hundred and second paragraph.

One hundred and third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He just saved all your butts!” said Lee.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“God, let it go.” said Draco shaking his head.

Dialogue line.
“Nice to know she doesn’t think you can do advanced magic like her.” said Lionus thoughtfully.

“Well, he didn’t ever show that...” said Hermione quickly.

“Doesn’t mean he can’t. Miss Granger, never underestimate anyone, always expect them to know more than you. You’ll stay alive a lot longer that way.” said Lionus.

“No.” said Ron.

“Yes it does.” said Luna with a dream-like smile.

“I have to give you some credit, Severus. You weren’t so blinded to leave the children out on the grounds.” said McGonagall with a scowl on her face. She wasn’t ready to forgive the man for blinding himself with revenge for a school age attack.

“Glad he’s occupying his time.” said Ron.

“He wasn’t just going to get the Dementors, I just about flung him out the door. I didn’t want him in the same vicinity as Harry.” said Dumbledore angrily.
“Voice of experience.” said Harry with a smile.

“I’m not fond of flying, I’m really not into flying.” said Hermione.

“Didn’t even tie him up?” asked Tonks curiously.

“I put a charm on the door, he wouldn’t have been able to break the door down with physical force. Going out the window would have been suicidal.” said Flitwick.

“I was contemplating it. The moment they opened the door to come and get me and use the...you-know-what...I’d of jumped out the window.” said Sirius.

“Glad we got there first.” said Harry with a sigh of relief.

“Don’t question, just get on!” said Fred.
Dialogue set.

One hundred and fifteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“He just barely got through.” said Harry.
“I don’t think I can get through the window now.” said Sirius with a smirk.

End of one hundred and fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and sixteenth paragraph.

“Took everything I had not to stay on Buckbeak.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Weasley sent Sirius a grateful smile.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So much for sappy goodbyes.” said Sirius with a bark-like laugh.

End of chapter.

“I wanted to just go on my knees, cry, scream...anything.” said Harry.

Dr. Clark got up and stood behind Harry, nuzzling his head against Harry’s. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I just...after I lost you, Officer McFinn, and Miss Holly, I swore I didn’t want to lose anyone else.” said Harry softly.
“I’ll read the last chapter than.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Twenty-second chapter.”

“Well, this wasn’t so bad.” said Sirius.

“Book ain’t over yet.” said Tonks.
"Let's finish this day off with this chapter." said Dumbledore kindly.

"Sounds good to me." said Harry. "Hagrid and I can get an early start on cooking lessons."

Dialogue line.

“Present.” said Harry raising his hand with a smile.

First paragraph.

“More running, less chatting.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph, third sentence.

“You should take Ron and Hermione on one of your Security things!” said Dennis.

“I’ll never take them, or anyone else with me.” said Harry.

“Why not?” asked Dennis.

“I have an obligation to my...clients....that I provide a discreet and private testing. I can’t bring everyone I know into it. It’s bad enough that those Scrolls showed you guys that museum!” said Harry.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I will make all the difficulties I can when I feel justice is not being done.” said Dumbledore sternly.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Yeah, I never had a trial, imagine what that could do to several people’s Ministry career.” snorted Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

“I get the distinct feeling that someone would want to coerce me to speak to the Prophet.” said Harry.

Dumbledore looked at Harry curiously. Snape looked down at the floor.

“You’d confund him to follow your story, wouldn’t you?” said McGonagall angrily.

Snape still said nothing.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Sorry about that, I think I might have left a mark.” said Harry guiltily.

“Not a scratch on me.” said Hermione kindly.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“He never did like me. Seems someone that fit my description trapped him in a teapot for two weeks somehow.” said Sirius with an unconvincing innocent look.

End of dialogue set.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“How is she not panting but you are?” asked Dr. Clark.

Hermione blushed.

“I carried her on my back.” said Harry with a slight smile.
Sixth paragraph.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That’s strange.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I still can’t believe that you asked the kids to save the two justice victims.” said Rivers shaking his head.

“He couldn’t really trust any of the teachers, he might’ve not been able to tell where their feelings came about.” said Harry thoughtfully. “If a teacher had gone missing a few moments before the Minister had inflicted the Kiss, they would be under suspicion. No one would even think of a student or students going around the Ministry and saving someone.”

Dumbledore smiled and Madam Bones nodded.

Tenth paragraph.

“That would have been really funny if Ron had been awake.” said Hermione.

“I’d of been confused out of my mind.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

“I’m sorry Albus, it was just...” said Madam Pomfrey looking upset.

“Not at all Poppy, I can understand.” said Dumbledore raising his hand to dismiss his colleague’s worry.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Very wise move, she’s hexed me a few times when I failed to tell her I was ill.” said Snape
Eleventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

“I saw his discomfort later and gave him a cup of hot chocolate, went down his throat a bit easier.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Eleventh paragraph, sixth sentence, second comma.

“You managed to choke down four chocolate pieces?” asked George.

“Scratched the hell out of my throat.” said Harry.

End of eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“They just found the cage empty.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“She hates noise, noise of any kind.” said Remus.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Unless Dumbledore allows it, you can’t Disapparate, and he wouldn’t lay his freedom down on the line like that.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set.

“How can it be me? You just saw me twenty minutes ago.” said Harry innocently.

Dialogue line.

“Isn’t it wonderful that Fudge can be logical and still be wrong?” said Tonks with a smile.
“Well, at least Snape won’t start smacking you.” said Sirius with a low growl.
Dumbledore and Snape looked away.

“Only you.” said Bathilda with laugh.
Dumbledore still, however looked very uncomfortable.

“I’ll never tell!” said Harry in a singsong voice.

“I’ve never seen him so unbalanced.” said Madam Pomfrey, even she was a becoming pale.

“At the time, I thought they never left the Wing.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“Wait...what?” asked Snape looking up.

“There’s a piece missing there.” said Dumbledore looking confused.

“Indeed, something, horrifying happened.” said Madam Pomfrey. “And it didn’t end like that.”

“I don’t remember anything else happening.” said Hermione looking confused.

“Me either.” said Harry.

“How could you forget?” asked Snape looking bewildered.

Suddenly the little balls of light came shooting out of the book in Dr. Nicodemus’ hands.

“Those are Scattered Shots, Holly, they show a piece of Harry’s past that the books don’t elaborate on.” said Dr. Clark explaining them to Mrs. McFinn.

“But nothing special happened, or did it?” asked Hermione.

The lights flew into each person in the Great Hall, darkness met each of their eyes and when the light came to them, they found themselves in the Hospital Wing. A second set of Snape and Dumbledore were standing in the middle of the Hospital Wing.

Snape hung his head in shame. The Snape of the past however, was bursting with rage.

“I’m afraid I don’t see any point in troubling them further.” said the past Dumbledore calmly.

The younger Snape snarled fiercely to Dumbledore and then to younger Harry. Without a warning, Snape whipped out his wand, a spell shot out of the tip of his wand and slammed into Harry’s chest.

“OI!” shouted Sirius loudly.

Harry stared at the scene with confusion, as did Hermione. “I don’t remember this.” said Harry in shock.

The younger Harry was slammed into the wall, and knocked out. The Watchers stared in shock at the unconscious boy lying in the corner.

Dumbledore rushed over to Harry and pulled the small boy into his arms.

“I don’t remember this either.” said Hermione fretfully.


Dumbledore carried Harry to another bed and laid him gently on the bed. Harry groaned and opened his eyes slowly. “Ohh...” said Harry softly.

“Are you alright?” asked Dumbledore worriedly.

“My chest hurts a bit.” said Harry.
Madam Pomfrey hurried over to the boy and casted a few healing spells over him as Hermione huddled beside the head of Ron’s bed, shielding him.

“I really don’t remember this.” said Harry again.

Snape, who was succumbing to the effects of the Calming Draught, turned on his heel and stalked out of the hospital.

“Damn.” said Tonks in a whisper.

“It’s taking everything I have not to hex you into a puddle.” said Remus angrily.

“I still don’t know how I don’t remember this.” said Hermione.

Then the scene shifted, the Hospital Wing was dark Ron was asleep, but Harry and Hermione were on a different bed. Hermione was whimpering quietly, and Harry was busy trying to comfort her.


“It’s better not to, I kinda don’t want to remember it.” said Harry.

“I don’t want to remember it either, but Memory Charms are tricky, we’d miss a whole night, and what if Ron wants to hear about it later? We won’t remember any of it.” said Hermione fretfully. “And my parents tell me, forgetting things don’t make you any stronger.”

“But they don’t hurt you either.” said Harry softly. “Somethings, are best forgotten.” he slowly raised his hand, “Sorry Hermione.”

“Sorry for what?” asked Hermione. But Harry brought his hand down, almost like lightning, Hermione quickly passed out.

“You knocked me out?” said Hermione over to Harry in shock.

“Uh...I apologized right?” said Harry with uncertainty.

His past self laid Hermione gently down on the bed, covered her up with the blanket. He stood beside Hermione’s bed and muttered a spell. A soft cloud of magic wafted down around Hermione’s head. The silver cloud slowly crawled around her head, like a heavenly halo, and then it was gone.

“That spell, at thirteen, you knew that spell!” said Dumbledore in awe.

Hermione looked at Harry in shock. “You chose to mess with my mind?” she shrieked.

“Looks like I messed with more than just yours.” said Harry.

They looked over at Harry, who was standing in front of the mirror above the sink in the back. Harry looked intently at the mirror, then he casted the same spell that he had just used on Hermione, on himself.

Once the cloud had disappeared, Harry blinked heavily, looked at the mirror in a confused daze, turned and went back to bed.

“You eradicated that memory? Why?” asked Madam Bones.

“I don’t know why, I don’t remember doing it. Even watching myself do it, I don’t remember it
happening.” said Harry slowly.

The lights left their bodies and they found themselves back in the Great Hall.

Hermione opened her mouth, but Harry stopped her.

“You have every right to be angry with me, and I’m really sorry, I don’t know why. I can only guess that...I wanted to protect you.” said Harry. “Though I should know, you can handle yourself just fine.”

Hermione closed her mouth, not knowing what to say.

“I hate awkward silences.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a cough.

Dialogue line.

“Ya THINK?” said Lee.

Dialogue line.

“This was after Harry and Hermione were tended to.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“There’s nothing new.” said Bill.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I had my fingers crossed behind my back.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“It’s happened three times now.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“I beg your pardon!” screeched Madam Pomfrey.

“You are not going to use my dragons for guard duty!” shouted Charlie.
Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I wanted to put them at ease, Miss Granger did calm down a little as I smiled.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

“No more visitors, not that night.” said Madam Pomfrey crossly.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Except for the fact that Snape attacked you.” said Ron.

“What did you do to punish Snape?” asked Sirius.

“The Headmaster kept me at the school, after he soundly cursed me for over an hour, I had to write I will not attack a student ever again, under penalty of death, on every blackboard in the school, thirty times. I was lucky to get done with it by the start of term.” said Snape quietly.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence.

“I still couldn’t go, but I just wanted to go down to the lake and relax.” said Harry.

Twentieth paragraph, third sentence.

“I figured Spain.” said Harry.

“France actually, met a really nice mademoiselle.” said Sirius with a smile. “Too bad she was married.” he added with a shake of his head.

End of twentieth paragraph.

“I felt a little bit more confident about that spell since that night.” said Harry with a smile.
“I didn’ know yeh knew already.” said Hagrid.

“Hey, my Poker Face is better when I have cards in my hands.” said Ron with a smirk.

“I was absolutely starving.” said Remus. “I got close to a deer, but a normal wolf scared the stupid thing off.”

“Vicious! You try and kill an innocent man, and then you ruin a man’s chance of ever truly living!” shouted Mrs. McFinn angrily.

Snape looked down.

“Tell me you punished him for that!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“He was in a different way; he took a fifty percent pay cut. Half his wages go to Remus, Severus now supports Remus.” said Dumbledore, his smile faltered when he saw Remus’ confused face. Dumbledore massaged the bridge of his nose. “Severus? Did you even tell Remus he had money in his vault now?”

“Not my fault he doesn’t check.” scowled Snape.

“Don’t make me hex you.” said Dumbledore sternly.

“You're way too noble, one mistake, and it wasn’t even really your fault.” said Dr. Clark.
“Not like I’m just going to let him go without saying goodbye!” said Harry. “I’ve already experienced what it was like to let someone go without a goodbye, never doing that again.”

“I left the school with more clothes than what I came in with.” said Remus with a smile.

“No one needed to know what happened.” said Remus.

“But I wasn’t told of Severus’ attack on you.” said Remus.

“I didn’t need you biting Severus.” said Dumbledore with a half-hearted smile.
“Actually, I received many letters, asking your removal, and just as many letters asking for you to stay. The grades for Defense Against the Dark Arts class had never been higher.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Remus leaned over Sirius’ lap and whispered, “I actually saw tears in your eyes that day, took everything I had not to hold you.”

“I wanted to change the subject.” said Remus.

“And your dad is there to protect you.” said Sirius, kissing the top of Harry’s head. “From your greatest fear.”

“You gave it back to them?” shrieked Mrs. Weasley.

“They would need it, in case something bad happens. Harry, Ron and Hermione wouldn’t use it for the purposes we would.” said Sirius.
“How about the forty-nine different ways that don’t rely on a secret passage out of the castle?” said Harry with a smirk.

Sirius stared at his godson. “He’d be kissing your feet I think.”

“And Lily would have you over her knee.” said Remus with a laugh.

“I’ll settle for them not knowing.” said Harry.

“I would have been disappointed if you weren’t there.” said Dumbledore.

“You never do ask for help, do you dear boy?” said Dumbledore.

“Kinda ruins the adult coolness of the situation when the adult starts bawling like a baby.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“I had never seen you so sad before.” said Dumbledore faintly.
“And I lost Sirius, and Remus, all in twenty-four hours.” said Harry.

“You didn’t lose us, we were just...misplaced.” said Sirius.

“I should learn to put my toys back in the toy box.” said Harry with a smirk.

“A fate I still have nightmares about.” said Sirius.

“Something tells me that you’ve heard a few doozys.” said Ron.

“I’ve had a large amount of interesting conversations with her.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

"More with him than anyone else." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Why?" asked Sirius.

"I was impressed with the fact that he would share the information. It's been known that real predictions have been kept a close secret between the Seer and the listener." said Dumbledore.

"I've had more than just that one!" said Professor Trelawney indignantly.

"No it doesn't." said Dr. Clark quickly.
"Either way, it was still my fault." said Harry softly.

"The one who holds that responsibility is Tom, dear boy. No one else." said Dumbledore.

**Dialogue set.**

"It really was noble." cooed Romilda.

"Don't hug me again." said Harry quickly.

Romilda looked put out.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

Lionus whistled. "That's a handy weapon for you."

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Don't know when that will hit." said Harry with a snort.

**Thirty-seventh a paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Yeah, he was a noble idiot too." said Sirius with a small smile.

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

"I'd never laugh at your expense dear boy, well...except for that one time..." said Dumbledore.

"What?" asked Harry.

Dumbledore smiled warmly. "I was babysitting you one evening, you were just sitting happily on the rug in the living room, playing a game with blocks, and then suddenly I heard a crash in the next room. That blasted cat," he smiled even brighter. "that cat was a menace, wasn't an evening that I came over that it didn't try and destroy the house. I came back and you were gone.

"I nearly drove myself mad trying to find you." said Dumbledore. "I ran all over crawling distance trying to locate you, then I heard another crash, this time in the kitchen. I hurried in the kitchen,
and there you were, covered head to toe in chocolate pudding. I don't remember ever laughing so hard in my life. You had this tiny little indignant look on your face. Until of course you tasted what was all over you, then you were the happiest baby I've ever seen."

"To be honest, I would laugh at you too." said Sirius with a chuckle.

**Dialogue line.**

"I don't think anyone would ever really laugh at you for that." said Remus with a kind smile.

**Dialogue line.**

"I wasn’t close enough to see my own eyes." said Harry.

**Thirty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

Luna smiled warmly, as the rest of the school had to wipe tears from their eyes or shift in their seats.

**End of dialogue set.**

"So, you knew what they called themselves?" asked Terry.

"They referred to each by those nicknames most of the time during their youth. It's only natural that the teachers be aware of their pseudonyms," said Dumbledore. "But the part of Animagi, I did not know until the prior night.

**Fortieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Forty-first paragraph.**

"Did I confuse you? I apologize." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"I was more confused about when you saw the Lion King." said Harry.

Dumbledore laughed loudly, "A particularly tragic tale, I quite enjoy watching it over and over again."
Forty-second paragraph.

"It was insane, I heard one that someone said that Sirius killed an Auror and blew Flitwick's office apart." said Hermione.

"I got wind of one where they said that jumped from the window, turned into a bat and flew away, they thought you were a vampire." said Harry shaking his head.

"Each one I heard was too stupid to mention." said Ron.

Forty-third paragraph, second sentence.

Several people snorted with laughter.

"Sucks when someone better than you outwits you isn't it?" said Fred with a cheer.

End of forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Really, Mr. Weasley?" said Madam Bones. "I think you should make the proposal that Minister of Magic's office keeps out of our business unless they know what they're doing!"

Percy turned a deadly shade of white.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Sirius kissed the top of his godson's head.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

"Everyone but Draco, right?" said Bill.

"Actually, he faked his enjoymen..." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"We got a Death Eater instead." said Harry with a scowl on his face.
"Gee, we weren't even thinking about it." said Ron scratching his head.

"Don't freaking blame you!" said George.

"But I'm amazed that you aren't terrified to go home, you just sound miserable. Like a little kid not getting to go to a theme park." said Dr. Clark.

"I'm used to it. I knew nothing I did was going to change a thing. Having Sirius as a wanted fugitive relative helped a bit." said Harry with a slight smile.

Sirius' breath hitched deep inside of him. Sirius gave Harry's shoulder a squeeze. "I'm so sorry."

"I don't blame you, I blame someone else." said Harry coldly.

Dumbledore hung his head heavily in shame. Even Snape's face held some discomfort.

"Very good Harry, I called Severus into my office to analyze your test results. I showed my disgust with him quite vividly." said Dumbledore sternly.

"Only cause you didn't remember that he actually hit you with a hex." said Mr. Weasley.

Snape flinched horribly.

"Why not keep on your guard around him?" growled Moody, "Forgetting that someone attacked you won't keep you alive."

"I could handle the dislike, the feeling that he wanted to expel me at every turn. But knowing that
a teacher, that I secretly admire and actually hold in pretty high esteem, I didn't want to feel that he was reenacting Uncle Vernon." said Harry quietly. "Also, I guess I didn't want Hermione to flinch every time she went to his class and then her grades would suffer."

"You've been giving your motive a bit more thought then, huh?" said Ron.

"A bit yeah," said Harry. "Cause I don't remember the motive I did have."

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"And yet, we still make more money than him, and we're infinitely happier." said Fred and George together.

Forty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

"Alright!" shouted Sirius happily.

Forty-eighth paragraph, thrird sentence.

"The only gloomy lot, which was normally, was the Slytherin House." said a sixth year Hufflepuff.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

"You really make the rest of us feel sort of guilty about that." said George.

"Huh? How do you figure?" asked Harry.

"We take good times for granted, you try and hold onto as many as you can." said Fred.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Thank goodness." said Hannah. "You didn't need that much stress."

Dialogue line.

Bill whistled. "You beat even Dad's record."

"Well, it wasn't all that fair, she lived in the Muggle world, dad didn't." said Charlie.

“I thought you said you didn’t do very well.” said Emmeline.
“I only used what the books said, not what actually happened in the Muggle World.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set.

"Should have dropped one more." said Ron shaking his head.

"I like the rest of my classes a lot though!" said Hermione in shock.

"We like you sane a little bit more though." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

"Like you've never kept things from them." said Blaise.

"Well...." said Ron shrugging.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Are you nuts? He just lost his only hope of ever getting away from the Dursley's! How is he supposed to be happy?" asked Draco.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"No thanks." said Ron.

"He's got a point Hermione. That class isn't for everyone." said Mr. Weasley.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Well, at least you get some perks from your job." said Lionus with a frown.

"Uh..." said Mr. Weasley.

"No, its fine...those are fine...Fudge however is another story." said Lionus.
"Were you being sarcastic there?" said Ernie.

"Yeah, but I knew I could use something to let me go." said Harry.

"What?" asked Sirius.

"You." said Harry.

"Why not?" asked Remus.

"I had enough chocolate just on the trip to Hogwarts, didn't need any leaving." said Harry with a smile. "Also, I wanted to abstain from chocolate, in honor of you."

"Suck up." said Sirius.

"Shut up." said Harry with a smirk.

"They're called trees." said George.

"It's Pig!" said Ginny.

"Haven't been able to catch the fluffy menace since." muttered Ron good-naturedly.

Both owls seemed to come as if called by some unknown force. Hedwig sailed serenely down and landed on Harry's shoulder and Pig decided to flap and hoot around the Great Hall as if someone had injected pure sugar in his feathery body.
"They are complete polar opposites." said Mrs. McFinn as she watched Pigwidgeon flutter about.

"I swear he hates the ground." said Ron shaking his head. "Hedwig, can't you show him some...stability or something?"

Hedwig slowly looked at Harry.

"I'm thinking that means, she tried." said Harry with a laugh as he stroked her feathers.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

"After the incident with Scabbers, regardless what the truth was, didn't want Crookshanks to try and hurt anything else." said Ron.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

"I shouldn't have shouted." said Harry sheepishly.

"I'm over-excited that you get excited from my letters." said Sirius softly.

Dialogue line.

"Not another bright move." said Remus.

Sirius' Letter, third paragraph.

"Really eager." said George.

Sirius letter, fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Big whoop, but he didn't hex the broom." said George.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

"He saw Hedwig nibble my finger and tried copying it." said Harry.

Letter from Sirius', first paragraph.
"Gladly!" said Harry with a bright smile.

*Letter from Sirius, second paragraph.*

"What brought that to your attention? The fact that he was almost run over by the bus?" said Tonks.

*End of Sirius' letter.*

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

*Permission to Hogsmede*

"That's AWESOME!" shouted Tonks happily.

"I was happy to do it." said Sirius. "Beats the hell out of him trying to sneak out every time."

Dialogue line.

*P.S*

"So...you gave Ron the owl?" said Mrs. Weasley in shock.

"I did." said Sirius.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"What the hell?" asked the twins together.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Fool me once shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me." said Ron.

Sixtieth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

"He recognized the hair." said Harry with a laugh. "From two summers ago."

End of sixtieth paragraph.
"He wasn't happy." said Harry.

**Dialogue set.**

"A scowl and growl." said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Yes I do." said Harry.

**Dialogue set.**

"I love you." said Sirius.

"I knew you'd like that." said Harry.

**Sixty-first paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

"What I wouldn't give to see that look." said Mrs. McFinn. Suddenly a quick picture of Uncle Vernon's face appeared in the middle of the school. The school erupted in cheers and laughter.

"He didn't change much since the last Scroll!" said Lee gleefully.

"The books aren't supposed to do that." said Speckerton quietly. "First the early start, now this? What's going on?"

**End of chapter.**

**End of book**

"Anything would be better than the years prior." said Neville.

"Well, let's end for today, an early dinner than the rest of the evening is yours." said Dumbledore with a smile.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading, please review
Harry nibbled on a bit of perch and ate a few spoonfuls of mashed potatoes.

"Harry you should really eat more." said Mrs. McFinn softly.

"I'm teaching Hagrid how to cook tonight. First lesson till the weekend comes around." said Harry. "Coming Hagrid?"

"Well...I...uh..." said Hagrid nervously.

Harry smiled. "Ron made the same noise when I told him he was going to go practicing with me at five in the morning on the grounds. Come on, we'll work with start with easy stuff to start with."

"Will I fit in there?" said Hagrid. "In the kitchens?"

"Ah, well, the kitchen itself, perhaps, the door, maybe not." said Harry.

"Allow me." said Dumbledore with a smile. In the middle of the room, a pair of large stoves, two counters with a large sink and two large fridges full of food. "There you are."

"No excuse now Hagrid, come on." said Harry, taking a hair tie off his wrist and tying his long white hair, with black fringes, back into a ponytail. He washed his hands in one of the sinks. He then threw a small white apron around his waist. Hagrid slowly came over and mimicked Harry's motions minus the apron, he didn’t know he was going to cook that evening and left his in his hut.

"Alright now that that's done. What do you want to make? A treat, dessert, meat dish, vegetable dish or something completely different?" said Harry wiping his hands on a towel.

"You pick." said Hagrid, his face looking apprehensive.

Harry shook his head with a smile. "God, you're worse than Ron. Well, we'll do a dessert thing. Um, let me check and see what we've got to play with." He opened the fridge, in the cupboards above the counters and under the counters.

"Well, we can make a certain kind of dessert that I took to Mrs. Figg a few times over the summer when she couldn't get around much due to tripping over a cat or two," said Harry. "She really liked it, and it took about an hour to make it, but it tastes really good." said Harry.

Harry took out several pots, a double whisker, a bowl and measuring spoons and cups. Then he went over to the fridge and grabbed some dark colored berries, then from the cupboard grabbed a bottle of thick liquid, a lemon a few apples and a bag of sugar.

"You ready to get started?" asked Harry with a bright smile.
Harry walked Hagrid slowly through recipe that he had memorized in his head. Once he had to turn off the stove when he, (while he was over with his own pots and pans), could smell that the concoction he was having Hagrid make was beginning to burn.

"Just keep stirring it Hagrid." said Harry with a smile.

Trying to explain to Hagrid that the peel of the lemon was supposed to go in the pot was an adventure in itself.

"Why put it in there?" asked Hagrid in confusion. “Shouldn’ t go in the garbage?”

"It just does, it makes it taste better." said Harry reassuringly. "Don't worry about it, it won't stay in there."

People were watching eagerly as Harry taught Hagrid and focused also on his own dessert. They tried giving Hagrid helpful hints as they looked over the stoves and around the counters as he cooked. Mrs. Weasley tried giving him different spices to drop into the pots, but Harry stopped her before she could sprinkle any in.

"Don't, trust me, don't." said Harry kindly. "The wrong spice at the wrong time screws it all to hell."

The dish that Hagrid was making should have only took him forty-five minutes, but he kept burning the pot a few times, so it took about two hours plus.

"Sorry it took a long time." said Hagrid sheepishly took the pot off the stove and placed it on a pot holder.

"Ah, don't worry about it, it took me this long to make what I wanted to make." said Harry with a smile. He turned and on a delicate glass cake display. It was a large, beautifully decorated cake.

"What's that?" asked Hagrid staring at the cake as Harry placed it gently on the counter. Harry reached under and pulled out a crystal punch bowl and set it beside the cake.

"It's a Black Forest Cake." said Harry.

"And what did I make?" asked Hagrid.

"You made," said Harry, tipping the contents of the pot carefully into the punch bowl. "Elderberry soup."

"Elderberry soup?" said Hannah.

Harry took a spoonful of the soup and tried it, he smiled. "Try it. You'll like it."

Ron and Hermione took a cup each and drank deeply from it. "This is really good Hagrid!" said Hermione with a sincere smile.

Ron showed his enthusiasm by smacking his lips and scooping another cupful of the soup. Watching the school's third biggest eater take another cup of Hagrid's soup, people began to line up behind Ron taking cups and getting ready to taste Hagrid's soup.

"So why did you bake that cake?" asked Hermione.

"I made it for those two nuts." said Harry pointing to Sirius and Remus. "Thought they could use a pick-me-up." said Harry.
"Sounds good to me!" said Remus hurrying over and grabbing a plate. Sirius came rushing over and grabbed a plate as well. "Me too!"

Harry looked at them, one eyebrow raised. "Should I just cut the cake in half for you guys?"

"Yes!" said the two of them.

"I think you'd better give them a bit of a smaller slice than that, sweetie." said Mrs. McFinn with a sweet smile. "That's a really rich cake."

"And you want a slice." said Dr. Clark with a smirk as he sipped a cup of Elderberry soup.

"It's my favorite cake of all time!" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Here you go." said Harry slicing the cake up and handing the three adults a piece each.

Dumbledore walked over with a cup of soup, drinking deeply. "Marvelous Hagrid. A great triumph for your first lesson."

"Thanks Dumbledore." said Hagrid turning red behind his beard.

"We should do this again." said Flitwick drinking from his own cup. "Quite enjoyable, people walking around and chatting, all while eating…well drinking dessert. Like a large party."

"I quite agree, perhaps with a bit more planning, and convincing, we could ask Harry to hold these classes every once in a while," said Dumbledore with a smile over to Harry.

"We can give it a shot." said Harry sipping a cup of the soup. "Just me and Hagrid doing it, or me, Hagrid, Mrs. McFinn, Mrs. Weasley and other people?"

"You sure I should...?" asked Hagrid.

"Take a cup of that soup and you'll find out why." said Harry with a smile. "There you go." he said as Hagrid drank deeply from his bucket sized cup. Hagrid filled his glass several times afterwards.

"You're a fine teacher." said Rivers smiling as he drank his own Elderberry soup.

"Not really, I didn't pay enough attention and helped burn two batches of the soup." said Harry.

Dumbledore patted Harry's back affectionately. "That did not change the results; you helped Hagrid make something absolutely delicious."

Hagrid blushed and smiled warmly. Hagrid patted Harry’s back, and accidentally caused Harry to spill and spit out his Elderberry soup.

He wiped his mouth and dropped a rag on the ground, then he smiled and turned to his Black Forest cake. All that was remaining was crumbs and smears of chocolate ganache. He looked up and saw Mrs. McFinn dabbing her mouth with a chocolate stained napkin, whereas Sirius and Remus had it all over their faces.

"Remind me to make that cake a lot bigger next time. Or at least more than one." said Harry.

Later that night Harry curled into one of the armchairs in their suite. He was busy writing in a very large notebook, while Mrs. McFinn was standing over him.
"He doesn't have a stove?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"It's more of a pioneer kind of thing." said Harry. "So I'm writing a bunch of stuff he can make in his pots, mostly stews and stuff."

"I think that cookbook idea is a good one." said Dr. Clark with a bright smile. "It'll help him practice from class to class."

Sirius groaned and stretched out on the sofa. "That cake was good."

"Absolutely." said Remus on the same couch, almost asleep.

"They didn't leave any for us!" pouted Leroy.

"You had three cups of that soup though!" said Rudolph.

"Still wanted a piece of that cake." grumbled Leroy.

The door opened, revealing Dumbledore and with him, the Diggorys.

Harry looked up at them in shock, but lowered his eyes.

"We start the fourth book, and I thought...." said Dumbledore softly. He motioned the Diggorys to sit in the only unoccupied sofa in the room.

Sirius looked worriedly over to Harry, who gently set the notebook aside. Harry leaned forward in his chair and placed his now clammy hands on his face.

"I know, warnings.....um...some parts of the next book, aren't really kind." said Harry gently. "But...you gotta listen to me, we were just kids, and kids...can be cruelest people on the planet. We don't know any better and we just don't care."

Dumbledore smiled sadly. "Harry, I already warned them about that, I brought them here, so they could speak to you."

Harry gazed somewhat fearfully at the Diggorys.

Mrs. Diggory walked over and kneeled in front of Harry. "Dumbledore told us that you still beat yourself up over what happened." she asked softly.

Harry closed his eyes.

"Harry, it wasn't your fault, you didn't know what was going to happen. How could you possibly know what was going to happen? Not even Dumbledore knew." said Mrs. Diggory.

"I should have...." said Harry.

"We all think back and say we should have done more." said Mrs. Diggory, tears were filling her eyes and trickling down. "Trust me, I should have done a lot of things that I didn't but that doesn't make me a bad mother because I didn't kiss and hug Cedric every minute like clockwork."

Harry sniffed and wiped his eyes.

"Oh, baby." said Mrs. McFinn wrapping her arms around Harry. Dr. Clark stood up and ran his fingers through Harry's hair.
"Harry..." said Sirius with a worried look.

"I'm okay, just...tired..." said Harry trying to sound convincing.

"Well, let's get you to bed then, I'll put the balm on your back." said Sirius comfortingly. Harry took his hand and allowed himself to be led into their bedroom.

Harry walked over to the bedside table and took the balm, placed a bit on his hand and gently rubbed it on his wounds. He accidentally pressed too hard and released a hiss of pain.

"You okay?" asked Sirius quickly as he pulled the covers back from the bed.

"I'm fine, it's just, I pushed too hard." said Harry breathing deeply.

Harry finished with the front of his body and he lay carefully down on the bed, Sirius took the balm from Harry's hands and gently massaged the balm into his godson's wounds.

"How's that? Should I think of another way?" asked Sirius.

"No, this is great." said Harry sleepily.

Sirius finished putting the balm over the torn pieces of flesh and gently covered his cub with the blanket carefully. He leaned over and kissed the top of Harry's head, "Thanks for letting us baby you. It helps us make it up to you." he said softly.

"No problem." said Harry with a yawn.

Sirius walked back out to the room, discovering Lionus standing in the room as well.

"How's the healing salve?" asked Lionus leaning against the fireplace.

"It's healing, thanks to that stuff." said Sirius with a smile.

"Just who are you?" asked Mr. Diggory suspiciously.

"Lionus, Captain of the Rangers, European division." said Lionus smartly.

"Your real name, sir." said Mr. Diggory, not willing to trust someone he did not know.

The room became very quiet.

"I don't answer to you, Amos Ulyssus Diggory of Coldolphin Lane, Nicklehampton." said Lionus, his glare was causing Mr. Diggory to turn pale.

"Hey, keep it down, Harry's probably asleep." said Remus.

"Sorry about that." said Lionus quickly. "But frankly, Diggory, you don't need to worry about me, unless you break the law. If you do, then seeing me is the worst thing you could hope to happen."

Mr. Diggory cowered slightly. Mrs. Diggory looked up to Lionus in awe.

"Sir...?" she asked softly.

"Yes, my lady?" said Lionus bowing low, just because he had killed over a thousand criminals to date, didn't mean he wasn't a gentleman....well...sort of....

"Could you find our son's killer?" asked Mrs. McFinn.
"Already on it, Madam." said Lionus with a smile.

"Doesn't look like it." said Mr. Diggory.

"There's more than just me, Viper, Nightstrike, and Wildfire in my company." said Lionus.

"Also, Sirius, Remus, I believe you and I need to have a bit of a chat." said Dumbledore sternly.

"Uh..." said Sirius.

"Er..." said Remus.

"We'll have a nice long discussion very soon. Perhaps while Harry is giving Hagrid a complete lesson." said Dumbledore, his eyes blazing. "You, Remus, Severus and I."

The next morning, Harry sat up in his bed and stretched his thin frame. He yawned and looked over to Sirius, expecting him to be asleep. He was sorely mistaken.

"Mornin' kiddo." said Sirius sitting on the edge of his bed.

"Have you been up all night?" asked Harry.

"Sort of." said Sirius with a thoughtful look.

"Any idea why?" asked Harry.

"I just wanted to think for a bit." said Sirius.

"About what?" asked Harry, slipping on a pair of jeans, the students began to abandon the dress code and came down in casual clothes.

"All the wasted years, I could have been a part of your life if I didn't fly off the handle." said Sirius.

Harry groaned. "Don't worry about it, just think about the time we're going to have!" said Harry with a smile. "And just think, someday I'll have kids, and I'll bring them over to torture you properly."

"That's mean." said Sirius throwing the pillow over to him.

"Not my fault you're depressed for a stupid reason." said Harry with a laugh. "Hungry for something special? I'm in the mood to cook."

"Biscuits and sausage gravy?" said Sirius eagerly.

"I could go with bacon." said Remus in the doorway with a smile.

"What are you doing up so early?" asked Harry.

"Full moon coming, I just went to go see Dr. Nicodemus and asked for that serum to make the transformation easier." said Remus.

"I thought he said you didn't have to transform." said Sirius.

Remus stared, "Did he? I'll have to ask again. All he did was give it to me."
"Should we get Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark up?" asked Harry.

"Uh...no...they'll get up later." said Remus quickly.

Harry raised his eyebrows, then a sly smile went across his lips and he covered his eyes with his hand. "I'm taking that to mean that they're no longer just "friend friends"."

Remus looked taken aback.

"Guess that means I'm right." said Harry with a laugh. "Wish they told me, I'm not seven anymore."

"They didn't know you'd take it." said Sirius easily.

"Well, it's been a long time since Officer McFinn...passed away." said Harry, his eyes closed and he rubbed his shoulder to comfort himself. "And I don't know if Miss Holly's dated anyone else since, I kinda doubt it, especially if she's lived her mother. Dr. Clark, also pretty easy to assume he didn't date anyone while he was captured."

"Oh..." said Sirius.

"Well!" said Harry standing up and throwing his sweater over his button up shirt. "Let's get your breakfasts started."

The sky was just beginning to be colored orange and pink from the dawn. He walked them down to the kitchens and set to work on their food.

"Hello Harry Potter!" squeaked Dobby as he hugged Harry's leg.

"Hi Dobby." said Harry kindly. "You okay?"

"Dobby is fine, Dobby is so distraught that Dobby attacked Harry Potter." said Dobby, tears beginning to well up in his round tennis ball eyes and fall down his pointed nose.

"It wasn't your fault Dobby, and they got the person that made you do that to me, I think." said Harry with a smile.

Dobby sighed with relief and dried his eyes on the jumper Ron had given the year prior.

Harry walked over to closest stove and began to make breakfast for his father's old school friends.

After they ate their fill of sausage gravy biscuits, and bacon omelets, they went upstairs into the Great Hall and waited for the rest of the people to come down from their nice warm beds to join them.

"Well, at least there's no dementors in this one." said Sirius sitting in the bowl with his hands behind his head.

"No...but..." said Remus.

"But what?" asked Sirius.
"I'm constantly in danger. Remember the Triwizard Tournament?" said Harry softly. "And the whole bit at the end."

Sirius uttered a curse that caused Remus to reach behind him and smack him on the back of the head.

I thought I would do this, for anything that Harry makes that isn't just made up in my mind:

So far, the only thing that doesn't have a recipe is Harry's Seven Day Spaghetti.

Elderberry Soup: By THELASTBARON

~~~~~~~~~~~~

5oz elderberries

1 qt water, divided

1 1/2 teaspoons cornstarch

1/2 pound apples- peeled cored and diced

1 lemon peel

white sugar- to taste

Place the elderberries in a pot with 2 cups of water, bring to a boil. Reduce heat to low and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove from heat, puree in a blender until smooth, and return to pot. In a small bowl, mix the cornstarch with 1 tablespoon of the puree, and stir into the pot to thicken.

In a separate pot, bring the apples and remaining to a boil. Place the lemon peel in the pot. Reduce heat to low and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove peel. Mix the elderberry puree into apple mixture and sweeten to taste with sugar.

Black Forest Cake by: Valinda

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

1 2/3 cups of all purpose flour

2/3 unsweetened cocoa powder

1 1/2 tsp baking soda

1 tsp salt
1/2 cup shortening

1 1/2 cups of white sugar

2 eggs

1 tsp vanilla extracting

1/2 kirschwasser

1/2 cup butter

3 1/2 cups confectioner sugar

1 pinch salt

1 tsp strong brewed coffee

2 (14 oz) cans pitted Bing cherries, drained

2 cups heavy whipping cream

1/2 tsp vanilla extracting

1 tbs kirschwasser

1 (1 oz) square semisweet chocolate

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C). Line the bottoms of two 8 inch round pans with parchment paper circles. Sift together flour, cocoa, baking soda and 1 tsp salt. Set aside

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and vanilla. Beat in flour mixture, alternating with buttermilk, until combined. Pour into 2 round 8 inch pans

Bake at 350 degrees F (175 degrees C) for 35 to 40 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted into the cake comes out clean. Cool completely. Remove paper from cakes. Cut each layer in half, horizontally, making four layers total. Sprinkle layers with the 1/2 kirshwasser.

In a medium bowl, cream the butter until light and fluffy. Add confectioners sugar, pinch of salt, and coffee; beat until smooth. If the consistency is too thick, add a couple of teaspoons of cherry juice or milk. Spread the first layer of cake with 1/3 of the filling. Top with 1/3 of the cherries. Repeat with the remaining layers.

In a separate bowl, whip the cream to stiff peaks. Beat in 1/2 teaspoons vanilla and 1 tablespoon kirschwasser. Frost top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with chocolate curls made by using a potato peeler on semisweet baking chocolate.

I hope this was a nice added bonus! Most of my recipes come from a charming little website, allrecipes.com.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Everyone piled into Great Hall, grabbing plates and helping themselves to breakfast. Dumbledore was the third to last person to come in, he came over and placed a gentle hand on Harry's shoulder.

"How are you doing this morning, dear boy?" asked Dumbledore quietly.

"Not looking forward to the end of the book." said Harry honestly.

Dumbledore closed his eyes. "I do not blame you." he placed a hand on Harry's head and sat down in the chair beside the bowl.

Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark came into the Great Hall, but something stopped them. A bright golden circle appeared around them

"What's going on?" asked Mrs. McFinn wonderingly

"I don't know, but this circle came from the books." said Dr. Clark looking around themselves.

"Oh, yeah, Harry knows about you two." said Sirius.

Mrs. McFinn blushed twice as red as Dr. Clark.

"Well, Sweetie/Sport, we didn't want to..." said Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark together.

"It's fine." said Harry with a smile. "I'm actually really happy for the both of you."

The two adults looked a bit more at ease.

"Why are you happy for them?" asked Remus curiously.

"Officer McFinn wouldn't want her to be frozen in time after he died, he'd want her happy, and he knows Dr. Clark can take care of her." said Harry in a whisper.

Remus smiled at him.

"Time to start a new book!" said Dennis eagerly.

"Yippee skippy." groaned Harry.

Before they could decide who was going to start reading, the door opened and in came an old man with long white hair, a clean shaven face, but fierce yellow eyes. Behind him was a trembling and stuttering Cornelius Fudge.

Lionus, Tempest, Nightstrike, Wildfire, and Viper all stood up suddenly.
"Sir!" they all shouted.

"Hello Chief Hawkeye." said Dr. Nicodemus pleasently.

"Nicodemus." said the Chief of the Rangers just as pleasently. "I had a nice little chat, with this man. He's ready to come back and behave." he said reaching behind himself and tossing Fudge a little bit forward. "You all can relax."

The Rangers and Lionus finally relaxed themselves and sat down in their chairs. Fudge was unsure where to go.

"Aren't you going to take a seat?" asked Chief Hawkeye sharply.

"His seating buddy is tied up at the moment." said Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

Captain Hawkeeye looked up and saw Umbridge gagged and bound.

"Take the gag and binds off, she's not going anywhere. Not with all of us here." said the man with a sneer.

"I was enjoying her silence." said Nightstrike with a quiet grumble.

"Well, we had two books at least of freedom." said Tempest with a laugh.

The moment Umbridge was free, she made a break for the Great Hall doors, ignoring the fact that the Chief of these insanely strong people was right in her path.

Chief Hawkeye watched her with an amused look on his face, till he closed his eyes, then snapped them open.

Umbridge stopped dead in her tracks, and froze in place. Chief Hawkeye flitted his eyes up to her old seat and she flew backwards and landed hard in her seat.

"Now stay there, Tempest, Nightstrike, you can move elsewhere. She won't get pass me." said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.

He looked over to Harry, his countenance full of curiosity.

"This is the young man?" said Chief Hawkeye.

"Yes sir. He's shown amazing capabilities sir." said Lionus with a proud smile.

"Have you decided to join our ranks yet boy?" asked Chief Hawkeye.

Harry looked away.

"I'll take that to mean that you are still undecided, well, take all the time you need. From what I hear, you're a prize worth waiting for." said the man with superior look.

Chief Hawkeye turned and whipped out his wand, a silver gilded cherry wood wand, he flicked it and a winged wooden chair appeared. He sat smartly down and crossed his legs. "I want to hear some of this boy's accomplishments for myself. Should be quite enlightening."

Lionus looked slightly put out.

"Something wrong son?" said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.
"I'm not the highest ranking person here anymore." said Lionus respectfully.

"Poor sweet baby." said Chief Hawkeye, still smirking.

"Who'd like to start it off this new book today?" asked Speckerton taking the new book off the dias.

"Let me, my granddaughters say I'm a wonderful book reader" said Chief Hawkeye extending a hand. The book floated over to him and he read the title out loud.

**Fourth Book** he said loudly. "I remember learning a school was doing this again. Reminds me of the Running of the Bulls in Pampalona."

"How?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Two reasons, you see the bravest people and you thin the human herd of stupid people." said Chief Hawkeye.

"Brave and stupid." said Snape with a sneer, "Sums Potter up perfectly."

**First chapter.**

Umbridge paled. "He's not back!" she shrieked.

"You were gagged for a reason, don't make me put the gag back." said Chief Hawkeye glaring.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

"Load of puffed up popinjays." said Dr. Nicodemus. "I knew the patriarch, worse of the lot."

"You *knew* them?" asked Harry interestedly.

"Yes I did, they wouldn't converse with anyone that had a lesser standing in society as they did." said Dr. Nicodemus. "The Gaunts were the same way, only they were concerned about blood, not famillarities."

"You may find out about them later." said Lionus with a grim smile.

**First paragraph, second sentence.**

"I'd like a vine covered house." said Mrs. McFinn thoughtfully. "Our vines never did rise above the door at our house."

"I can grow all the vines you want on Night's Rest." said Sirius with a bright smile.
"Turned into the ugliest house I've ever seen." muttered Harry.

"When did you go to Little Hangleton?" asked Remus.

"I didn't, but I did do a security job in the next town, and the story about that house was one of the favorites an old man would tell in the local pub." said Harry with a bright smile.

"That seems to happen with a lot of stories." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Whoa, wonder what happened?" asked Fred.

"Regular investigations led to nowhere, but we found that it was the son of the youngest Riddle that caused the murder of the three adults." said Chief Hawkeye.

"Why didn't you arrest him?" asked Hermione.

"It's my firm belief that if the evidence is there, let the normal channels take it. We're Rangers not nursemaids for you people." said Chief Hawkeye. "We handle the ones you can't, you can hold your own end of the battles."

"Those people sound sick." said Charlie.

"The most that town has to look forward to is the local Harvest Festival." said Harry. "And even then, it's only people in their sixties and up having any fun at that thing."
"Never said they were in great social standings with the town." said Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

Fourth paragraph, third sentence.
"Sounds like the Dursley's." said Fred.

Harry groaned.
"Least you didn't kill your family." said Sirius quietly.

End of fourth paragraph.
"So they wanted to know who did it out of curiosity?" asked George.

"Nice town, good place to raise a family." said Fred.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.
"That's one jolly town." said Lee.

"You gotta admit though, they make one mean beef stew." said Harry with a smile.

"I thought you said you never went there." said Remus.

"I did say that, but they export their stew out of town. I tried a bit of it in Halo's Peak, a pub in the town I was working in. It was good, but I had to catch a ride back and didn't have time to walk to and back to The Hanged Man." said Harry.

End of fifth paragraph.
"They've probably been starving for some action for a while." said Bill shaking his head.

Dialogue line.
"Of course not!" said Fred.

"But Fred, you know what Frank is like." said George.

"Oh that's right." said Fred smacking his forehead.

"Hang on..." said George.

"Who's Frank?" asked Fred.
Sixth paragraph, first sentence.
"Oh that Frank!" said Fred.
"Good old Frank!" said George.
"I always knew he was a shifty guy." said Fred.

Chief Hawkeye stared at them. "Those are two strange boys." he said with a laugh.

End of sixth paragraph.
"Bet that worked out for them." said Hermione darkly.

Seventh paragraph.
"Get them juiced up and they'll spill." said Blaise quietly.

Dialogue set.
"Can you blame him? You come back after battle, even for a brief time, you don't want to talk to anyone. You just want it to fade away, like it never happened." said Dr. Clark quietly. Mrs. McFinn patted his shoulder.

Dialogue line.
"Someone with sense!" said Mrs. Weasley sighing in relief. She didn't want a poor innocent man go to jail for a crime he didn't commit.

Chief Hawkeye was watching and listening to the commentary of the students and adults with amusement. He was enjoying himself immensely.

Dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph.
"The man most likely had nothing to gain from their deaths!" said Madam Bones angrily.
"Love it how speculation can twist people around like that." said Ernie with roll of his eyes.

Harry stared at him, Ernie noticed and blushed heavily.

"I had a temper when I was little, everyone did!" said Sirius in disgust.

"Vicious, gossiping..." muttered Tonks.

"It didn't get any cleaner years later." said Harry with a smirk.

"Did you guys come to his aid then?" asked Hermione.

"Why?" asked Nightstrike.

"He was going to be arrested!" said Hermione angrily.

"Not enough evidence, not even close." said Nightstrike.

"But there was enough plain evidence to suggest the identity of the culprit." said Chief Hawkeye, "Solve your own problems when you can."

"But, if you had caught him, you could have saved dozens of lives and families!" said Hermione close to tears.

"I don't expect you to understand us, little lady, but we all took this job knowing that we can't save everyone. We have more pressing matters than focusing on one man."

"Then why are you just sitting here? All of you?" she shrieked.

"We're officially on our seven year furlough now." said Chief Hawkeye with a smile.
"What?" said the Rangers in shock.

"You don't go on real active duty for weeks, what did you honestly expect?" said Chief Hawkeye with a mischievous smile.

"Damn...I was going to take it next year, spend seven years in Tahiti." said Nightstrike frowning slightly.

"You still have over six years to use up." said Chief Hawkeye with a smile. "Or you can leave now and head to your island paradise."

"And miss how these end? No thank you!" said Nightstrike.

"What the hell? Seven years?" gasped Tonks.

"Do one month of our job, you'll understand." said Lionus.

Eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph, third sentence.


"To think, a teen could do that." said Emmeline shaking her head.

"Don't ever use that spell." muttered Remus.

"Count on it." said Harry.

End of twelfth paragraph.

The Weasley's raised their hands.

"The Grim." muttered Ron to Hermione quietly; she restrained herself from rolling her eyes.

Thirteenth paragraph.

"Why shouldn't he go home?" asked Draco. He didn't do it."

Dialogue set.

"I cannot believe how anyone could..." said Mrs. McFinn.

Suddenly, the balls of light came out of the book and rotated around the room.

"Those are..." said Nightstrike starting to talk.
"Scattered Shots." said Chief Hawkeye with a smile. "I know."

The balls flew around in a quick circle a few times and then embedded themselves in the chest of each listener of the books.

They were transported to a large dormitory, black and yellow curtains and armchairs beside the fire. They were in the Hufflepuff Common Room.

"What are we doing in here?" asked Ron.

They looked around and someone noticed the calendar on the wall. "We're three years in the past!"

Then a voice came from the center of the room.

"Don't know why Potter stays, we know he's the one that petrified Justin!" shouted one of the Hufflepuffs.

"What on earth?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"I don't think you want to know." said Dr. Clark.

Dumbledore was becoming afraid of Harry's personal being when he heard a few of the Hufflepuffs plans to exact their revenge.

The lights left their bodies quickly and flew back to the book.

"Well, the book answered your question." said Remus softly.

"Man, that ended real quick." said Fred.

Fourteenth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

"If it was really about that, they would and could have fired him." said Hermione.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

"Probably didn't like the stories around it." said Bill.

"Or that could have been a selling point." said Fred.

Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

"That was kind." said Hermione.

"So you think." muttered Harry.
"That poor man." said Tempest shaking her head.

"What happened to her?" asked Chief Hawkeye with raised brows.

"That stallion over there and these books." said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

Chief Hawkeye looked at Firenze and smiled slightly. "Good, she needs someone. Ever since she took this job, she didn't make company with her tribe."

"Little vandals." muttered Madam Hooch.

"Such disrespect!" cried Professor Sprout.

"He was most likely right." said Moody.

"What were the parents doing?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Most likely giving them ideas." snarled Remus.

"Oh my god!" screeched Mrs. McFinn.

"Tell me the fire department came and put it out." said Dr. Clark. "I don't want him to get burned in the fire."
"Innocent men can hold some pretty strong grudges." said Sirius.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

"Foolish man." said Snape shaking his head. "What did he hope to do."

Nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph.

"So the whole house isn't on fire?" asked George.

"Must just be in a fireplace." said Fred.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Twenty-second paragraph.

"Did Quirrell come back to life?" asked Dean.

"Sounds more like Wormtail." said Sirius with a scowl.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Perfect description of his voice." said Dumbledore softly.

End of dialogue set.

"Called it." said Sirius.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
"Milk her?" said Sirius turning pale.

"Familiars have amazing abilities to heal their partners. If one's familiar is a venomous creature, their venom is not harmful to them, in fact, it becomes highly beneficial." said Dumbledore.

"Bless him." said Charlie shaking his head.

"Maybe he wants to know how it turns out too." said Fred with a snort.

"Don't joke Fred." said Mrs. Weasley fretfully.

"That sounds a bit more like him." said George.

"What was he hoping to do?" asked Colin.

"He didn't have much nerve, at any point in his life." said Remus.
Sirius and Remus stared.
"He remembered that he owed his life to you," said Dumbledore with a sad smile.

"Except your friend's only son!" shouted Remus loudly.

"Except when I go and do stupid stuff at the end of each year, then I'm super vulnerable." said Harry with a small laugh.

"I get the feeling that's what Wormtail wanted." said Sirius.

"I don't blame him." muttered Harry.
"He's got him pegged." said Tonks.

"That poor man was probably beginning to fear for you, Harry." said Luna, the dream-like tone to her voice gone.

Fudge looked down his face full of regret.

"He was always really jealous." said Remus.

"Yeah, no brains and can't even pretend to be loyal." said Sirius quietly with a smirk.

"He had no clue." said Charlie.

Harry cringed slightly.

"What's wrong?" asked Remus.

"Something you'll find out at the end." said Sirius.
Remus frowned. Sirius never told him what Harry had seen at the Graveyard, he had simply waited until either of them were comfortable enough to tell him. He couldn't help but feel grateful towards these books.

"If we're lucky." said Remus darkly.

Sirius blanched "...So Peter..was trying to get lucky?"

"I didn't need that image thank you." said Remus.

"So he's going to go and warn you? Hope he got to you in time." said Mrs. Weasley.

Harry didn't have the heart to say he never got to meet the man in living person.

"That guy wanted to know the entire plan?" said Bill, "He's got guts."

Mrs. McFinn whimpered.

End of dialogue set.
"Not another basilisk!" cried Lavender.

Several people had their eyes closed and begged for the safety of the old man.

"Wow, prayer works." said a few people in surprise.

"That doesn't bode well for Frank." said Hannah.

"Run Frank RUN!" shouted people all over the Great Hall.

"Reminds me of bedtime at my son's house." said Chief Hawkeye shaking his head.

"Running for the nearest border." said Nightstrike.
"That's one small person." said Terry.

"I still can't believe that there's a term for that." said Mrs. McFinn.

"I know, there's a lot of things I still coming to terms with too." said Dr. Clark.

"That's some quick thinking, but he ain't married is he?" said Neville.

"Don't think so." said Seamus.

"You know nothing." hissed Harry angrily.

"You-Know-Who is *dead!" shrieked Umbridge.

"Evidence is staring at her in the face and she still denies it." said Lionus shaking his head.

"Don't do that." groaned Sirius.

"I would have said 'less', still do." said Harry.
Some of the younger students began to whimper and cry.

Chief Hawkeye looked at the book skeptically. "If this is a book on the boy's life, how does it show this?"

"It should explain, soon enough." said Harry softly.

Chief Hawkeye looked at the boy, while the Rangers groaned softly. No one, not one person, has ever denied information to him.

"I hope the next chapter I read is a happy one." said Chief Hawkeye handing the book to Harry with a genuine smile. "Happy stories are my forte."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry groaned as he took the book.

"Don't feel like reading right now?" asked Sirius.

"Not at all during this one." said Harry with a frown.

"I'll read then." said Remus taking the book gently.

Second Chapter read Remus.

Sirius placed his arm around his godson gently and gave him a bit of a squeeze.

First paragraph, first sentence,

"What was wrong, sweetheart?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"Was it your scar?" asked Remus looking up from the book.

Harry nodded.

"Completely addled!" shrieked Umbridge.

"Shut up you stupid woman." said Chief Hawkeye.

End of first paragraph.

Sirius dragged Harry closer to himself so Harry was leaning into the Sirius' shoulder and placed a gentle hand over his godson's brow.

“I’m alright.” said Harry.

“I’m not.” said Sirius in a whisper.

Second paragraph.

"That streetlamp gets broken at least twice a month." said Harry.
"How?" asked Fred.

"Dudley and his little...friends...keep chucking rocks at them. To see who has the best aim." said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Who has the best aim?" asked Ron.

"The only one in the troupe that has a lazy eye." said Harry with a smirk as he lifted his legs over the side of the bowl.

**Third paragraph, third paragraph.**

"Why did you do that?" asked George.

"Midnight primping?" asked Fred placing a hand on his hip and the other on the side of his head.

"I was making sure it wasn't bleeding." said Harry.

Fred stopped posing.

**End of third paragraph.**

"I could almost see it throb." said Harry.

“And he can live through that pain, I wouldn’t last four days.” said a first year.

**Fourth paragraph.**

"Boy do I remember that dream now." said Harry shaking his head.

**Fifth paragraph.**

"When you don't eat, it leaves a really hollow feeling in your stomach.” said Harry.

“And I take you didn’t eat the day before.” said McGonagall furiously, she wasn’t angry at the boy, but the relatives he was forced to live with.

“I did, it was just…not a lot.” said Harry.

**Sixth paragraph.**

"I would say both." said Tempest.
"So in a way, his warning did reach you." said Dumbledore thoughtfully, "But all those facts about his life, and what those people said in the pub, how did you know all that?"

"I don't know, I really don't know." said Harry pondering quietly. "I'd say something but it's ridiculous." speaking in his "genius personality".

"Please, indulge me." said Dumbledore turning around in his chair completely to face the boy. "Well, because of Voldemort's and I's connection, perhaps it took a different direction when I utilize it. One that worked entirely in my favor as opposed to his, but backfired on me. Maybe I looked in on him, in a gentler tone and third party way. As opposed to his bombarding my mind in the way he does." said Harry.

"Glorious, it makes perfect sense." said Dumbledore. "So during your dreams, you take upon yourself a sort of Morpheusus pathway..."

"And head towards Voldemort." said Harry finishing Dumbledore's thought with a grim smile.

"So, occlumency will not help you if Voldemort realizes that." said Dumbledore.

"Nothing can. I can stop him from taking over my body for the most part, but he can show me whatever he wants." said Harry.

"I'm lost." said Sirius staring at his godson and Dumbledore.

"I think a lot of people here are." said Remus.

"These split personalities of his are going to drive me mad." Sirius said with a smile.

"Truely a Morpheusus pathway." said Dumbledore in awe.

"I'd hope you remember that little fact of the dream." said Dr. Clark, his face pale.

"Unusual for muggle teenagers." said Harry.

"Yeah, he doesn't have any pictures like what you have on your bedroom wall." said Tonks to Sirius with a gleeful smile.

"You want some?" asked Sirius with a bright smile.
"Want what?" asked Harry.

"He's not getting any," said Remus sternly.

"Oh come on! A boy has to have one bathing beauty on his wall." said Sirius with a smile.

"Amen!" said Dr. Clark, Nightstrike, Charlie, Bill, Fred, George, and Lionus loudly.

"Boys." groaned Hermione rolling her eyes.

Eighth paragraph, fifth sentence.

"You really let us down you know." said Fred.

"I read in order to do my summer job." said Harry.

"We forgive you then." said George.

End of eighth paragraph.

"Oh then you were just reading a Chudley Cannon book." said Ron.

"You'd be amazed what one can learn from that book." said Harry with a smirk.

Ninth paragraph, third sentence.

Fred and George gasped dramatically.

End of ninth paragraph.

"You like to survey places at night don't you?" asked Neville.

"A good quality to have." said Moody with an approving growl.

Tenth paragraph.

"What time was that?" asked Hermione.

"About three in the morning." said Harry absently.
Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

Dumbledore cringed shamefully in his chair while Sirius gripped Harry tighter to himself.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence.

"Stupid Dazzle Gums." said Remus hotly.

Eleventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

"I'd rather forget that." said Sirius turning pale.

Eleventh paragraph, fifth sentence.

"Those *things* shouldn't have ever been allowed on the grounds." said Dumbledore angrily.

End of eleventh paragraph.

"More along the lines of attracting a lot of trouble than just being in the school." said Dennis.

Twelfth paragraph.

"I would hope so, but now I'm unsure." said Dumbledore. "As I said while reading the first book, something knocked the blood wards out of balance. They hid you from detection, though it wouldn't have stopped a Death Eater from stumbling on you and attacking you."

Thirteenth paragraph.

"You think the ghoul is bad, try getting used to Dudley's snores." said Harry with a laugh. "He could wake Merlin."

Fourteenth paragraph.

"Bet they aren't feeling that way anymore." said Tonks bitterly.
"They hurt you when they're awake!" said Hermione angrily.

"You know, the way you put that, you made it sound like you were taking over the world or something." said Ron.

Harry laughed. "I've got enough on my plate, I don't need that additional headache."

"On your mother's side maybe, but your dad's not at all." said Leroy.

"Do I have other relatives?" asked Harry eagerly.

"Your Great-Grandmother is still around, a few Great-Aunts and Uncles, some cousins...They're flitting around abroad." said Uncle Rudolph. "We already sent word that you'd like to meet them, this summer anyway."

"Why not now?" asked Charlie.

"Trust me, you don't want my mother hearing these things. Unless you have a strange wish of having your ass in the critical ward at St. Mungoes." said Rudolph.

"Kinda over protective?" asked Seamus.

"That's being mild, yeah." said Leroy. "She loves me though; I'm her cute little baby in law."

"She still tells me you're too thin." said Rudolph rolling his eyes.

"I feed myself enough, it's the keeping of my figure that kills me." said Leroy.

"Harry, tell me that they didn't..." said Remus.

"Never as bad as it had been. Sirius helped with that." said Harry.

"How?" asked Sirius.

Harry grinned.

"Fine don't tell me." pouted Sirius.
"So some people in the neighborhood actually cared?" asked Hermione.

"Beats me, but then they started shutting their kids inside when I came home." said Harry. "Suited me fine, not a whole lot of people on that street I'd even consider talking to."

"Why not?" asked Ron.

"They've seen the bruises, heard me scream and they do nothing." said Harry bitterly.

**Fifteenth paragraph, fifth sentence, third comma.**

"Stupid Ministry ruined the only defense you had." said Bill hotly.

**Fifteenth paragraph, end of fifth sentence.**

"What do you mean?" asked Dean.

"The air conditioning could be on the fritz, the plumbing could get backed up. Uncle Vernon hates doing maintenance work." said Harry.

"So you're..." said Uncle Leroy.

"Mr. Handyman." said Harry rolling his eyes.

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

"They'd ask what they could do to make it hurt even more." said Harry.

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

Sirius ran his fingers through his godson's long white hair.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

"Before you say anything, shut up." said George to Zacharias.

"I meditate on that thought every year around my birthday." said Harry quietly.

"You shouldn't." said Sirius.

"I know, it doesn't help me, but it doesn't hurt me either." said Harry.
Eighteenth paragraph.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"Hermione would freak." said Ron. "Then consult a book, I'd go and ask dad."

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"How do you know that's the book I would try and look it up in?" asked Hermione in shock.

"There is nothing Miss Granger, in that book." said Dumbledore shaking his head. "Curse scars are not a common ailment or affliction."

"Oh." said Hermione looking sheepishly.

"No need to look like that, it was what Harry said you would look in, you didn't really consult it." said Dumbledore with a smile. "I was merely....the word I think I'm searching for is *teasing.*"

Hermione giggled.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence.

Hermione blushed.

Twenty-first paragraph, fourth sentence.

Hermione chewed her lip slightly.

Twenty-first paragraph, fifth sentence.

"I mostly stay at my home and rest." said Dumbledore with a smile. “It’s not easy one my age to be surrounded by such rambunctious children and not get weary.”

Twenty-first paragraph, sixth sentence.

Dumbledore himself laughed the loudest. "A seaside vacation, that would be most pleasant."
"She is a marvel." said Professor Sprout.

"A short, but to the point, letter." said McGonagall with a twitching smile.

Several people laughed.

"Damn, Harry. How do you do that?" asked Ron in shock. "We can't even begin now to know what you're thinking, but you got us pegged!"

"You're right Harry, curses aren't my forte, charms are, but not curses." said Mr. Weasley.

"That's what friends and family are supposed to do, get jumpy with you." said Bill.

"Mum would fuss yeah, but no Harry, we wouldn't think that." said George.

"Yeah, we'd freak out." said Fred.
The Weasleys smiled broadly.

"I'll admit it dear, I would have kept you home with me." said Mrs. Weasley. "I should have kept you all home."

"Nothing happened to us Molly." said Mr. Weasley soothingly.

Fred and George looked at each other worriedly.

"What's so shameful about that?" asked Professor Flitwick.

"The fact that I actually needed someone, I went a long time without an adult within calling distance. Now I really wanted someone." said Harry quietly.

"So I'm simple and obvious, huh?" asked Sirius tugging Harry's hair slightly.

"You said it not me." said Harry with a smirk.

"Young man you are in big trouble." said Sirius tickling his godson mercilessly.

"Strange, my thoughts haven't left you, and yet you've forgotten me." said Sirius in mock sadness.

"Maybe you didn't leave a big enough impression on me." said Harry with a laugh.

"Maybe you don't remember something else." said Sirius, reaching forward and tickling behind Harry's knee once again.

Harry had to beg Sirius profusely to get him to stop.

"I'd really rather not think of those things." said Sirius faintly.
"Still don't know why we have to recap these things every single time." said Zacharias.

"I find it useful." said Chief Hawkeye.

Zacharias looked down.

"It's not fair, every time you get close to getting some happiness, someone takes it away." said Ginny.

Remus reached over and rubbed the back of Harry's neck.

"I gave you some emotional help, huh?" said Sirius.

"Uh...sure...whatever you say." said Harry.

"Huh?" asked Sirius.

"So you used me?" asked Sirius.

"For a good purpose, and think of it this way: Uncle Vernon is completely terrified of you." said Harry.

"He'd better be." said Sirius.
"I tried finding the handsomest birds I could." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Hedwig didn't like them." said Harry.

**Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence.**

"Had to use my cauldron just to water them." said Harry.

**Thirty-first paragraph, fourth sentence.**

Sirius smiled. "I really was enjoying myself, though I wished you were with me."

"I'd rather you resting calmly as opposed to having to worry about me." said Harry.

**Thirty-first paragraph fifth sentence.**

"On the nose." said Sirius with a laugh.

**End of thirty-first paragraph.**

"Why not tell Remus?" asked Tonks.

"Didn't want to bug him, that night before was a full moon." said Harry.

"Oh." said Tonks.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

"It took a lot of drafts, to get a semi decent letter. I sounded like a baby in the first one." said Harry.

*Letter to Sirius.*

**Letter to Sirius, First paragraph.**

**Letter to Sirius, Second paragraph, second sentence.**

"Bout time they put that hippo on a diet." said Fred.
"It's a game system that some Muggles play. Sort of fun actually." said Dean. "My cousin has one."

"Mega-Mutilation'? said Tonks.

"Some games are really violent." said Harry.

"Screw bats, I'd kill them." said Sirius with snarl.

"I didn't know how to answer that, but I was really worried when you said that." said Sirius.

"I didn't want you to come back to the country and get caught though." said Harry.

"I wouldn't let myself get caught." said Sirius.

"I did, he said Hi back." said Sirius teasingly.

"I wish you had told me about the dream, that would have brought me to the country faster than what I did." said Sirius.

"So you were up at three and then going down to breakfast?" asked Seamus.

"That summer I didn't have to do much cooking." said Harry. "With the whole diet thing."

"Surely they didn't make you follow a diet!" said Madam Pomfrey.

"You'd be surprised." said Harry.

"I'll read next." said Dr. Clark quickly.
"Third Chapter." said Dr. Clark.

"Invitation to what?" said Emmeline.

"To the best Quidditch game ever!" said Fred and George together.

Please comment!

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
First paragraph, first sentence.

“That was a shock, they’re hardly ever up before I am.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Hope they didn’t get angry for you not making their breakfast.” said the frail girl that Harry had given a lily to the very first week of the readings.

“I didn’t cook much that summer. Dead awful for me.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Huh?” said the school in confusion.

End of first paragraph.

Several people snorted.

“Well, at least she knows how to cut fruit.” smirked Snape.

“They just look like they’ve been cut with a saw.” said Harry with a laugh.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“That’s saying a lot.” snorted Fred.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“I don’t think I want to know how big that table is.” said Uncle Rudolph with his face contorted in disgust.

Second paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“Why was she trembling?” asked Terry.
“Cause that table has been overturned about ten times that week.” said Harry.

End of second paragraph.

“Did he fail everything?” asked Charlie with a sneer.

“That and something else.” said Harry.

Third paragraph, first sentence, first colon.

“They weren’t all that creative.” said Harry.

Third paragraph, first sentence, first colon, eleventh word.

Ron snorted.

Third paragraph, first sentence, first colon, first comma.

“The teachers understand him fine, it’s just that the Dursleys don’t want to help their son.” said Flitwick, remembering what Harry said about Dudley’s learning disability.

Third paragraph, end of first sentence.

“So he didn’t want his son to excel in life?” asked Hermione with a scandalous tone.

End of third paragraph.

“He couldn’t catch a fly.” said Harry with a snarl.

Fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“The only thing they couldn’t skate around.” said Harry.
“Dragon shit.” spat Charlie.

“Harry’s a growing boy that needs food too!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.
“Can you imagine the conniption fit that Dudley’s school would have if she saw you?” said Fred with a laugh.

The student body laughed loudly, so hard in fact that many had tears coming from their eyes.

“I was starting to think she was blind.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far,” said George.
“Far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far, far,” said Fred.
“From needing it.” said the twins together.

Many students stared.
“And she was being kind.” said Harry.

“The end of an era, Dudley lost a fight.” said Harry with a laugh.
“Did it make cooking a little harder?” asked Hermione.

“Not at all, we ran out of vegetables a little faster but other than that no. Came up with some really great recipes too. Even some dessert ones.” said Harry.

“What kind of dessert can you make that’s healthy?” asked Colin.

“Well, Strawberry Sorbet for one, it uses sugar and cornstarch, but despite, doesn’t have any cholesterol, little to no fat and only seven calories.” said Harry shrugging.

“I must have the recipe.” said Madam Hooch quickly.

Harry reached into his bag, grabbed a bit of parchment and wrote the recipe. Madam Hooch eagerly came and took a hold of it.

“Vernon Dursley, I could understand putting him on a diet, but your aunt and you…not at all.” said Mr. Weasley.

“That’s all you would get?” shrieked Mrs. Weasley.

“I had a safety net, remember?” said Harry with a bright smile. Mrs. Weasley blushed.

“I didn’t know it was that dire dear or I would have sent more.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I’ve never shown the Dursleys that piece of parchment. They’d only laugh.” said Harry.
“It took a lot for me to convince Aunt Petunia that I could cook healthy and tasty foods. She was under the impression that if it tasted good, it’s not a diet food.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

Hermione, Hagrid and the Weasleys all smiled broadly.

“I don’t know where you got those brownies, but they really needed some frosting or something.” Said Harry kindly.

“I know, I told mum that those weren’t all that good, but she insisted.” said Hermione with a smile.

“You’re learning! But I did eat some a little later that week, just needed a few more spoonful’s of sugar and it would have been fine.” said Harry quickly.

“It took a lot for me to ration those.” said Harry with a smile.

“Thought he died the first day.” said Harry. “I was about to send Hedwig to Diagon Alley with some money to get you a new owl. Had the shovel in my hand and everything, he twitched while I had him in the box and stopped digging the hole.” said Harry with a smile full of relief.

“That was nice of you Harry, wanting to have a funeral for Errol.” said Luna.

“I don’t think he had a bible and everything Luna.” said Hermione with a shake of her head. She didn’t notice Harry’s blush. He didn’t want to tell her that he did have the holy book handy and was ready and most willing to say a few words for the apparently dead bird.
Sixth paragraph, tenth sentence, end of parenthesis.

“Big surprise.” said Neville.

Sixth paragraph, end of tenth sentence.

“How did you make a birthday cake anyway?” asked Harry.

“I ordered it from the Diagon Alley bakery.” said Sirius with a smile.

“I would hope so, he can’t tell which way to hold a spatula right.” said Remus.

End of sixth paragraph.

“Real breakfast doesn’t entail cake dear.” said Bathilda Bagshot with a smile.

“Beats a tenth of a grapefruit.” said Harry.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If they’d just let me make them breakfast, it wouldn’t just be grapefruits.” said Harry shaking his head.

“What would you make them?” asked Draco.

“Blueberry muffins and pumpkin pancakes.” replied Harry.

“Pumpkin pancakes?” said Ernie.

“Don’t knock them till you try them.” said Harry with a smile.

Eighth paragraph.

“Greedy little…” said Bill.

“He’s not so little anymore, Mr. Weasley.” said Snape with a wicked grin.

Ninth paragraph.

“Don’t know what he’s so upset about, he always leaves after breakfast to get himself a doughnut.” said Harry rolling his eyes.
“How do you know?” asked Sirius.

“I’ve seen the wrappers in his car.” said Harry.

Tenth paragraph.

“Dear lord.” said Dumbledore covering his eyes.

“And Harry was forced to live with these people.” said Tonks shaking her head.

“At least I had some fun times, they just were never at Privet Drive.” said Harry shrugging.

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Never a good sign.” said Harry wisely.

Eleventh paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Really not a good sign.” said Harry.

End of eleventh paragraph.

“You get another letter from Hogwarts?” asked Sirius.

“Nope, this was from someone else.” said Harry.

Twelfth paragraph.

“Run, Harry.” said Fred seriously.

“Run fast.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“He doesn’t just hit you for the hell of it does he?” asked Remus fearfully.

“Dudley does, Uncle Vernon likes a reason, that way he can…” Harry had stated this plainly, but then fell silent, realizing too late what he was saying.
“‘He can…’ what?” pressed Sirius.
Harry mumbled.

“Didn’t catch that.” said Sirius.
Harry mumbled a bit louder.
Sirius heard it this time and turned pale.

“What is it?” asked Remus worriedly.
“I’ll tell you later.” said Sirius quietly.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“The day Vernon Dursley becomes a law abiding citizen is the day I’ll snap my wand in half.” said Moody with a growl.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma, second word.

“Are you crazy!” said Lee.

“Yes!” said Umbridge loudly.

“Shut up!” shouted the school.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Thank goodness you had the sense to NOT say that.” said Kingsley with a sigh of relief.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He started to fear anything that came for me.” said Harry with a smirk.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“I thought of you sir.” said Harry to Dumbledore. “But I couldn’t think of why you would write to
me.” said Harry. 

Dumbledore smiled gently. 

Sixteenth paragraph. 

Letter from Mrs. Weasley, greetings. 

Letter from Mrs. Weasley, first paragraph. 

“Uh, I never told them about you guys. Wasn’t worth the confrontation.” said Harry sheepishly. 

Mrs. Weasley had a sad smile on her lips and tears fell from her eyes. 

Letter from Mrs. Weasley, second paragraph. 
Letter from Mrs. Weasley, third paragraph, first sentence. 

“You can say that again, not even we can get tickets when we really want them.” said Nightstrike. “If you don’t have the gold, you don’t get to go. We’ve got plenty of gold, but we don’t have the time to go.” 

“When you have to work the schedule we do, you don’t get to enjoy games like that.” said Lionus. 

Letter from Mrs. Weasley, end of third paragraph. 

“They’d rather I got lost and hit by that train.” muttered Harry. 

End of Letter. 

“Did I dear?” asked Mrs. Weasley. 

“More than enough.” said Harry with a smile. 

Seventeenth paragraph. 

Dialogue line. 

Eighteenth paragraph. 

“Sorry.” said Harry sheepishly. 

Dialogue line.
“Don’t you understand the school motto? Don’t poke a sleeping dragon in the eye!” said Remus.
“Oi, don’t call him a dragon.” said Charlie. “The poor things don’t need to be insulted like that.”

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Boring life.” muttered a seventh year Hufflepuff.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Snape groaned. “You’ve got to be kidding me.” he said rubbing the bridge of his hooked nose.

Twenty-first paragraph, fourth sentence.

“You sure you don’t know Legilmency?” asked Hermione.

“I just know him.” said Harry with a shrug.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“In Dudley’s case, it meant a loss of pocket money and privileges. In mine, it meant being locked in my room.” said Harry.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He’s twice the size of Uncle Herman!” said Fred in shock.
“And he’s the biggest one in our family!” said George.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley smiled at Harry who, if it had not been his villainous Uncle, would have defended her honor.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“That rubbish is my favorite game to play.” snarled Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“In his case, I’m a sadist, I love seeing him uncomfortable.” said Harry gleefully.

Sirius also smiled, “I don’t blame you. I am too.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“They’re as nosy as Aunt Petunia, sometimes it wouldn’t surprise me to see them right in the garden with a glass to the walls.” Harry smirked.

Dialogue line.

“Only after Duddykins wore them.” snarled Ginny.

Dialogue set.
“You need a whole new wardrobe.” said Remus. “We’ll do that this weekend.”

“Think again, I’m grounded, remember?” said Harry.

“Oh….” said Remus.

**Dialogue line.**

“Then let me.” snarled Sirius angrily.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph, third sentence.**

“And what was going to stop them from smacking the brains out of you?” asked Cho worriedly.

**End of twenty-eighth paragraph.**

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

“You little *scamp*!” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Desperate times call for desperate measures!” said Harry happily.

**Dialogue line.**

“He’d better be afraid of me, I still want to squash him like a bug.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

“I would too.” said Sirius quietly.

**Thirtieth paragraph, second sentence.**

“You really are cruel.” said Ron with a laugh.

“Learned from the second best.” said Remus quietly.

**Thirtieth paragraph, fourth sentence.**
“Damn straight.” said Bill. “Though not being allowed to go to a game isn’t mistreatment.” he added honestly.

“Is for any son of James Potter.” said McGonagall with a smirk.

End of thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Took me thirteen years to completely manipulate him.” said Harry with a sneer.

“Happy to help you in that endeavor.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“It’s his favorite form of entertainment.” said Harry.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You’re a nutter.” said Seamus with a smile.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“What did you do this time?” asked Lavender.

“I wasn’t sure.” said Harry with a wink over to Ron.

Almost as if summoned, both Hedwig and Pig came floating down from the rafters. Floating in Hedwig’s case, crashing into a bowl of fruit in Pigwidgeon’s case.

Ron plucked his owl out of the large bunch of grapes. “Learn how to land, will ya?”

Hedwig gracefully landed on Harry’s stomach and nibbled Harry’s finger tenderly.

“Pig’s so cute!” said a few girls eagerly.
“Yeah, and Hedwig is so beautiful!” said another girl.

**End of thirty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Had a small bump on my head from his beak.” said Harry with a smile.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Apt description.” said Percy good-naturedly.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Letter from Ron, first paragraph.**

“Apparently faster than an owl with ‘Attention Deficit Disorder.’” said Hermione with a giggle.

“He doesn’t have that, he’s just stupid.” said Ron shaking his head at his pet owl. He had a tight grip on the little feather ball, but he was smiling.

“He’s cute though.” said Ginny petting the top of the restrained owl’s head.

“That’s all he’s got going for him.” said Ron with a smirk.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.**

“And it doesn’t look like Dudley, either.” said George.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.**

“That could be.” said Ron. “I write like a drunken niffler.”

“I read your letter right.” said Harry.

**End of thirty-fifth paragraph.**
“Sounds like a good plan to me!” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.

Percy frowned at Ron, who merely shrugged.

“Trust me, tried writing to Hermione, and he got lost. I got told off by some warlock in Brighton for writing to him. Turns out he’s allergic to birds.” said Ron.

“I think she would have chased him out of the country.” said Harry.

“He didn’t even wait for me to tell him where to go.” said Harry.

“Uh…you don’t tell owls where to go.” said Charlie. “They’re charmed to know where to go when they get a letter.”

Harry stroked Hedwig’s feathers. “Huh…when I write to you, I write a different name on it and ship it to you.” said Harry to Sirius.

“That’s cause Hedwig is special.” said Sirius stroking Hedwig’s feathers as well.
“Was she trying to show off?” asked Draco, thinking of the hyperactive owl that was flapping haphazardly around.

Hedwig leapt off Harry’s knee and flew over to Draco, her talons out to try and scratch the Slytherin.

“Hedwig!” said Dr. Clark quickly.

Harry reached into his bag and pulled out the flute Hagrid had carved for him. He quickly played a tune, halting his owl in midair. She looked behind him and flew back to her master and rested on his knee hooting with the song he was playing.

Once he was finished, he looked at Hedwig with disappointment. “Don’t go tearing off on other people. I don’t want to lose you.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Note to Sirius

Forty-second paragraph.

“Even Ministry owls don’t have the majesty Hedwig has.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Why can’t you learn anything?” said Ron shaking his head at Pig as he dive-bombed the students.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“You expect me to take a plate, fork and knife out of the kitchen, you’re nuts.” said Harry. “Aunt Petunia inventories those things.”

Forty-fourth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.

“What happened to my little angel?” said Mrs. McFinn with a laugh.

“He got hungry.” said Harry with a beaming smile.
“Constant Vigilance, boy!” shouted Moody.

“You’d think I get a break.” said Harry shaking his head.

“I’ll read next.” said Mrs. McFinn as she took the book gently. Then she read the title. “Chapter four”

“Going back home.” said Harry with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.
Mr. Weasley Meets the Dursleys

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

First paragraph, first sentence.

“How touching!” said Fred wiping a tear from his eye.

“Our gift to him is one of his prized possessions.” said George.

"Your gift that was made by his father." said Sirius.

"Don't ruin our moment." said the twins together.

First paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“What would happen if you left anything behind?” asked Neville.

“If Uncle Vernon saw it, it would have been burnt, most likely.” said Harry.

End of first paragraph.

“Don’t tell me you keep it.” said Ernie. "I pitch mine every year."

“When I get to school, I clear it and use it the next year.” said Harry with a smile.

“Why didn’t I think of that.” muttered Ernie. "It would save a lot of drawing."

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“Nothing new.” muttered Harry.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“He didn’t hurt you did he?” asked Sirius worriedly.

“Not with a full grown wizard coming, he’s not that stupid.” said Harry with a smile over to
Mr. Weasley.

“He’s stupid enough to hurt my cub, that makes him a complete idiot.” said Sirius with a snarl.

End of second paragraph.

“That was really funny, he couldn’t really decide whether to hit me or grab everyone and run away.” said Harry.

"If he hit you, then it's not really funny." said Remus.

Dialogue line.

“Oh darn, left our suit and tails in the cleaners.” said Fred.

“Well, at least we still have the flowered jumpers and the kilts.” said George.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“And I’m really happy about that.” said Bill

“Aunt Petunia would faint looking at you.” said Harry with a snigger.

“I’m irresistible.” said Bill smiling cheekily.

“I don’t think she’d stray from the ponytail and the earring.” said Harry shaking his head.

Third paragraph, third sentence.

Harry squirmed, but Mr. and Mrs. Weasley sent Harry a kind smile.

End of third paragraph.

“Why were you worried?” asked Fred.

“I didn’t want Uncle Vernon to bully anyone.” said Harry.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“I didn’t think he was intimidating, but I wish I had seen…” said Mr. Weasley with regret etched
on his face.

**Fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

Several students cheered.

“Take that you big bully!” shouted a first year Hufflepuff.

**Fourth paragraph, fifth sentence.**

“Serves the little beast right.” said Bathilda Bagshot angrily.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

“ Took everything I had not to roll on the floor laughing so hard.” said Harry with a laugh.

**Fifth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Why not?” asked Ron.

“He must have been nervous about meeting them.” said Hermione.

“Actually, he snuck away earlier and gorged out on cakes and candy, he needed some comfort food.” said Harry with a smirk.

**End of fifth paragraph.**

“It was a nice quiet lunch for a while.” said Harry longingly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixth paragraph.**

“Nope, we came to Privet Drive in style!” said Ron.
“What's a Ferrari?” asked Ron.

“My dream car.” said Dean with a bright smile.

“I want a red Chevrolet Convertible.” said Harry wistfully.

Sirius and Remus looked at each other with a smile. "Make a note of that." said Remus quietly.

"It would help if I kinda knew what the hell that was." said Sirius with a chuckle.

“Maybe we should send a rhino through her flower garden.” said Ginny with a gleeful smile.

“Did you do any jobs that summer?” asked Colin eagerly.

Harry thought carefully. “I did actually. I took care of an art gallery. They have a really good security system. Couldn’t get out with what the target was.” said Harry.

"What?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

"Nevermind." said Harry.

“We were still trying to hook the house up to the Floo network.” said Mr. Weasley. “Umbridge kept dragging her feet to send the word on. I just decided to skip the formality and go to Frank myself.”
Eleventh paragraph.

“Never keep Uncle Vernon.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“They didn’t.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“I’m not fond of vegetables and cottage cheese.” said Mr. Weasley. “With other food yes, but not by themselves like that.”

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“I beg your pardon!” said McGonagall angrily.

End of dialogue set.

“Why did you scream like that?” asked Dr. Clark, he looked around on the ground for a mouse or something else that might have startled her.

“It was in the book.” said Mrs. McFinn with a shy smile.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Now you just need to tie him up and then he’ll be absolutely pleasant to be around.” said Ginny.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“Damn, we should have been there to watch that.” said George.

Fred laughed. “Would have been hilarious to see.”
“Why?” asked Hermione. “They didn’t want anything else coming down the fireplace to attack them.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Father Christmas is a bit late, don’t you think?” said Dennis with a giggle. “What happened?” asked Remus. “We got stuck in the chimney.” said Ron. “Thank goodness there was no fire going on at that time.” said Dr. Clark. “I went first to check.” said Mr. Weasley.

“They didn’t hurt you did they?” asked George turning pale. “Nope, not with you guys right there to hear me scream.” said Harry. "Mr. Weasley? Can you hear me?"
“How come you needed silence? It’s only a few wooden boards.” said Hannah.

“How George’s foot was in my ear.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

“Arthur!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

“I didn’t think he could hear me!” said Mr. Weasley sheepishly.

End of dialogue set.

“Work on getting you guys out first, Dad, then you can go gushing over the muggle stuff.” said Bill shaking his head.

End of dialogue set.

“Whatever made you think that?” asked Malfoy with a sneer.

“I was getting a brick mark on my face.” said George.
“You’ll be sorry!” sang a few students sweetly.

“Too bad I didn’t blow him up too.” muttered Mr. Weasley.

“Well, he’s not completely inhuman, he’ll protect his son and wife, but not his nephew.” said Kingsley darkly.

Fred and George looked at each other. “How closely do you study us?” asked Fred.

“Fairly close.” shrugged Harry.

“Always the picture of perfect manners.” said Mrs. Weasley with a kiss to her husband.

Several people snorted.

“I could understand a little of that, not a lot though.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.
“You’d win that bet, by the looks of it, cub.” said Sirius.

“Something bad is going to happen.” said Hannah.

“Absolutely no faith in us.” said Fred rolling his eyes.

“Damn, you’re good.” said George shaking his head.

“Don’t bother being pleasant, Arthur, they don’t deserve it.” said Madam Bones.

“I would have loved to have seen that.” said Sirius gleefully.

It took everything in Dr. Clark’s being not to snort with laughter.

Mrs. Weasley snarled.
Several adults were growling, how *dare* they think of Arthur like that, and think that he would attack anyone!

“Dear lord.” said Dumbledore covering his mouth. How could a child be *that* size?

“Your Dad wouldn’t have had the strength to hold back his laughter.” said Remus to Harry with a chuckle.

“Oh Arthur, bless you.” said Madam Bones.

“Boys…” said Mrs. Weasley.

“We’ve already been punished for this, Mum.” said Fred quickly.

“I really want to know what happens now.” said Sirius happily.
“MAGIC IN FRONT OF MUGGLES!” shrieked Umbridge.

“They’re the guardians of a wizard, they are allowed to see magic.” said Madam Bones. “You know that as well as I.”

Umbridge scowled.

“Better catch them quick, before the piglet grabs them.” said Moody.

“Getting out and away from the scene of the crime.” muttered Mr. Weasley.

“Why even be civil to them? They were never civil to you!” said Charlie.

“Habit.” said Harry shrugging.

“They heard him just fine.” growled Mrs. McFinn.
“I just could not believe that people would act like that.” said Mr. Weasley.

Mr. Weasley blushed slightly.

“I really don’t remember the last time he said goodbye to me.” said Harry.

“Still hate Floo travel.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Is he sick or something?” asked a third year Gryffindor.

“It’s not a…muggle…ailment that I know of.” said Dr. Clark.

“That’s disgusting.” said Mrs. Mcfinn with a disgusted look.
“Bad move.” said Snape with an amused smile.

**End of forty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“No amount of Muggle surgery can get fix that tongue.” said Remus knowingly.

**Dialogue set.**

Fred and George pouted. “How did Dad figure out the spell? We could have doused them in Swelling Solution for all he knew.”

"Because I know my boys." said Mr. Weasley sternly.

**Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, third semi-colon.**

“He wasn’t in any danger of suffocating!” said Fred.

“I’m still not happy with you boys over that.” said Mr. Weasley.

**End of forty-fourth paragraph.**

“Hang on! Harry’s over there!” said Sirius.

“I was fine.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Forty-fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Good! Get him out of there!” said Sirius fretfully.

**Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Good. get out of there right now.” said Dr. Clark.
"Ah...come on, I wanted to finish watching." said Harry pouting playfully.

Forty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“I didn’t want to be hit thank you very much.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of chapter.

“That was the best Dursley exit ever.” said Kingsley with a laugh.

The table of food came back to the Great Hall.

“Lunch time!” said Ron excitedly.

Harry stood up and joined everyone else as they gathered around the table. No one really noticed Chief Hawkeye walking over to Dr. Nicodemus. Chief Hawkeye leaned over to the old man and whispered in his ear.

“Is the boy all healed up?” asked Chief Hawkeye.

“There is still a bit of toxin in his body, every time he remembers the incident between himself, Umbridge and Filch, a cut appears on his body. Until finally it forms the word ‘Liar’.” said Dr. Nicodemus quietly.

Chief Hawkeye’s widened slightly. “That explains why the high security measures around the place, the boy is still in a state of vulnerability. Is his magical core back online yet?”

“Not yet, but he’s getting there.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “It will take some time.”

“Keep up with the security, I don’t want any interruptions. If others want to sit in, fine. But anyone with those skull tattoos, I want kept out.” said Chief Hawkeye. “Last thing I need are annoyances.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Hannah decided to take another crack at reading, this time doing it at the beginning of the book, instead of the end.

“Chapter fifth.” said Hannah.

“I love those things!” said a first year eagerly.

Mrs. Weasley sent a fierce glare over to her twin sons, who were looking more than a little nervous.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“I hate Floo travel, hate it, hate it, hate it.” said Harry shaking his head.

“He loves the carts in Gringotts but hates Floo, makes no sense.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Harry frowned at his godfather. “I don’t spin on my broom like a top.”

“You do when you dive at the ground when we practice.” said Katie. “It looks so cool.”

End of first paragraph.

“Jammed my wrist though.” said Harry.

“Explains why you were giving us a left handed handicap when we played Quidditch.” said Ginny with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“We learned at a very early age, never take anything they give us, especially if it looks edible.”
said Ron.

Second paragraph.

“So much for intros.” said Charlie.

“He doesn’t know which one of us is which.” said Bill.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Charlie stared, "That's not fair."

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Charlie looked at himself, as did the twins.

"Hey now." they whined.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, fourth comma.

Charlie raised his brows over to the youth.

"Don't even." said Harry with a smile and blush. "I don't go for blokes."

End of dialogue set.

"If I remember correctly, that came from a very sick Swedish Short Snort. Poor baby had a cold."

"And how little is this baby?" asked Fred.

"Only ten feet long." said Charlie with a shrug. "Still just a youngster."

Third paragraph, second sentence.

"How do you figure?" asked Bill.

Third paragraph, third sentence.

Bill gagged loudly.
Bill pumped his fist into his side, "One of the coolest guys I know, says I'm cool." said Bill with a laugh.

"It's a dragon fang," said Bill tweaking it slightly. "Charlie gave it to me for Christmas."

"Its the baby tooth off of a Chinese Fireball, was taking the infant scales off when the Fireball bit my boot and the tooth popped out." said Charlie.

"Dang, I didn't even notice you looking down at my boots." said Bill.

"Something's alway been on my mind." said Mr. Weasley.

"What's that, dear?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Harry?" asked Mr. Weasley.

Harry looked up at Mr. Weasley.

"Why did you flinch, when I apparated into the kitchen?" asked Mr. Weasley.

Harry lowered his gaze, "Reflex."

"Lose that reflex." said Sirius.

"Ton-tongue toffee!" said a few third years excitedly.

Mrs. Weasley looked even madder than before.
"Even if he wasn't on a diet, he'd still eat it." said George.

"That's not the point." said Mr. Weasley shortly.

"Serve the brat right." muttered McGonagall quietly.

"Too right! We aren't like those Death Eater nutters." said George with pride.

"More than you guys could ever guess." said Harry.

"That's not fair Arthur." whined Sirius who had been laughing.

"I thought I had a split personality." said Harry with a chuckle.
"I wanted to punish them myself." said Mr. Weasley. "It was my area of expertise, my job to discipline."

"Did you?" asked Madam Bones.

"Not on a bit." said Mr. Weasley.

**Seventh paragraph, fifth sentence, second comma.**

Harry mouthed an apology over to the love seat where Ron and Hermione were sitting.

**End of seventh paragraph.**

"And he never said that he knew." said Charlie giving his sister a hug.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"That was it?" asked Madam Bones with an amused smile.

"They would have had to do something else to make up for it." said Mr. Weasley.

**Dialogue line.**

"That confused the hell out of me." said Harry with a snicker.

**Dialogue line.**

"Yeah, get Harry out of 'Molly-Rage Range'." said Sirius cheekily.

"I wouldn't harm a hair on his head!" said Mrs. Weasley indignantly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**
"I'm still amazed it took me that long." said Ron shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Fred and George pouted.

"Why doesn't Hermione appreciate our pranking genius?" said the two of them.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

"Well, actually we do like the noise, if the joke business didn't pan out," said Fred.

"We were going into the music business as the 'Dynamite Duo'!" said George.

"Every instrument blows up at the end of each song." said Fred.

"Can I be your first groupie?" asked Tonks eagerly.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

"A BIT?" shrieked Mrs. Weasley. "Just the smoke from some of those potions killed my violets!"

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

"Understatement." said Ron, Ginny, Fred and George.

End of dialogue set.

"I want all my kids to do well." said Mrs. Weasley softly.

"We did alright in the areas we wanted to Mum." said Fred.
"Molly and I had a talk after that row." said Mr. Weasley. "I wanted my kids to do well, sure, but I want my kids to be happy too."

"And yet Percy wrote to me and told me to ditch him as a friend. Calling him a nutcase and violent. Yet he's polite enough to say 'Hi' to you." said Ron snidely. Percy flushed.

"Which is more than what other people in the family are willing to do to you right now." said Ginny with a scowl.

"Seriously, it’s home. You gotta expect the loudest noises at The Burrow." said Ron.

"Eating your words about Harry yet?" asked Bill.

Snape snorted. "That's why I only buy local cauldrons. But I can't picture the Department of International Magical Cooperation being bothered by that."

"I know you had ideas of grandeur, Perce, but seriously...you could have picked a better project." said Charlie shaking his head.
"Stop allowing the ruddy things in the country, and there wouldn't be a problem." said Snape.

"She had me pinned, I couldn't not tell her." said Mr. Weasley with a guilty smile.

"Have half a mind to pour a Calming Draught in his water cup." said Ron.

"Yeah, but we got to work on our stuff too!" said George.

"Hey, we only needed the room at night, you were more than able to get in there and work." said Bill.

"It's something." said Harry.

"Still, I'll admit, I'm fond of the little feathered beggar." said Ron.

"That's not fair how he knows what we're thinking!" said Charlie.

"I don't know what everyone's thinking." said Harry.
"And they love pulling his tail and getting dragged all over the garden." said Hermione with a laugh.

Percy blushed faintly.

"Didn't know how honest you were being." said Hermione.

"Sorry we didn't trust you Gin." said Ron.

"It was a sort of secret," said Hermione.

"That was best kept to a short amount of people." said Harry.

"QUIT STEALING OUR ACT!" shouted the twins.

"Better believe it." muttered Umbridge.

"I never really knew an awkward moment before that." said Harry.
"Let's go back up to my room." said Ron to the snickers of the students.

**Dialogue set.**

"Did any hit you?" asked Sirius to Harry.

"Nearly got a tuber in my ear how's that?" asked Harry with a smirk.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"We didn't do anything, so the only logical answer would have been the twins." said Harry.

"We were hellions back in the day." said Bill looking at his younger brother.

"But we got nothing on them." said Charlie.

**End of dialogue set.**

"We're jokesters Mom, it's our life calling." said Fred.

"Though we're amazed," said George.

"That the Mauraders didn't go into the same business." said Fred looking over at the bowl.

"We had a war to fight, and a little one that needed our protecting." said Sirius giving Harry a squeeze.

"We couldn't do that if we went into the pranking business." said Remus.

"Well, we could, but you can't exactly run a pranking business and arrest Death Eaters." said Sirius.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

Professor Flitwick smiled. "One of my brighter students!"

"Only in some parts, sir." said Mrs. Weasley with a blush.

**Dialogue set.**

"We stay well within the laws." said Fred.

" Mostly." muttered George.
"We studied those laws most particularly, right along with dad." said Fred.

Sixteenth paragraph.

"You and I both shouldn't cook when we're pissed." said Harry with a laugh. "We can be really dangerous."

Dialogue set.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"Fake Wands!" shouted the first years.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Before we get onions shoved down our shirts." said Ron with a smirk.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Okay, I'm starting to like your cat now." said Lionus with a smirk.

Twentieth paragraph, sixth sentence.

"Awesome!" shouted a few students as the rest clapped.

End of twentieth paragraph.

"A table doesn't feel a thing." said Bill.

Twenty-first paragraph.
"You're of age! Put a silencing charm on the window." said Tonks shortly.

"Wonder how it is that the entire family of laughing children, there's one Grinch?" asked Charlie quietly.

"Beats the hell out of me." said Bill.

Mrs. Weasley wiped a tear from her eye.

"Just don't get sick." said Mrs. McFinn, Mrs. Weasley, Madam Pomfrey and Bathilda Bagshot.

"Poor dad." muttered Charlie.

"Ludo is a good man, in a way..." said Dumbledore.

"Abuse of your authority!" screeched Umbridge.

"You have no room to talk, woman!" shouted the Rangers loudly.
"Ludo is full of fun and well, betting. Perfect for Head of Magical Games and Sports. Mr. Crouch is serious and methodical, an obvious choice for his station." said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

"That name clicked in my mind!" said Harry.

"Why didn't you tell anyone about that?" asked Remus.

"Would anyone really believe me?" asked Harry.

"Well you didn't try." said Remus with a raised brow.

Harry chewed his tongue, holding back the fierce words that wanted to burst through his mouth.

Dialogue set.

"That makes you a very dependable and kind person." said Chief Hawkeye.

"He's the one that's pay was nicked from him." said Lionus with a snarl.

Chief Hawkeye turned and snarled at Fudge, who cowered behind his own chair.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"Poor woman." said Mrs. McFinn. "Maybe she just didn't find the one department she was best at."

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second dash.

"Merlin, he's so overdramatic." said Fred.

Dialogue set, end of fourth sentence.

"So working on a damn Quidditch game is more than important than finding someone who might be injured or hurt?" said Mrs. McFinn angrily. "You're supposed to be all-powerful wizards!"

Several people stared guiltily at the floor.

End of dialogue set.
"Someone smack him." said Alicia.

"Little bigger than that." said Charlie.

"They don't care one notch." said Bill.

"Well, when I wore that goblin belt buckle that one time, they cared a great deal." said Bill.

"You're Great-Great-Great Grandfather Bartleby's opal belt buckle? What did they do?" asked Mr. Weasley.

"They tried stealing it off me while I was in Gringotts." said Bill. "They never got it, I just never wore it to work again."

"Rapunzel's hair was the only thing longer than his." muttered Dr. Clark with a snicker.

"It's okay, Harry, I wasn't really following it either." said Sirius and Remus.
"Well, when it's only the reserves playing, while the whole team is out with Sleeping Sickness, it's no suprise." said Charlie.

"Don't even." said Dr. Clark and Sirius with a snarl over to Zacharias.

"First year...huh? Not bad kid." said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.

"Something I don't normally feel." said Harry.

"Let's hope the Minister doesn't catch wind of that." said Blaise.

"Or Professor Snape." said Hannah quietly.

"He's like a human shield, isn't he?" asked George with a somber look.
"That would be one awesome game!" said Colin.

**Dialogue line.**

"Then just go home when you have to, that's what everyone does." said Kingsley.

**End of chapter.**

"WHAT?" shouted Percy loudly.

"Duh!" said the twins.

"Who else knew about the dung anyway?" said George.

"It was only known between you and the ones that sent it!" said Fred with a laugh.

Dumbledore himself had to magically restrain the power-driven young man from throttling his younger twin brothers. "Now that's quite enough of that." said Dumbledore with smile. "Let's all settle down, and read another two chapters, and then we'll have a bit of dinner."

"I'll read the next one!" said Colin happily.

He took the book from Hannah and read aloud. **Chapter six.**

"Another one of my least favorite methods of travel." muttered Harry.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
“Five more minutes.” said Harry closing his eyes, leaning against Sirius and smacking his godfather lightly on the head.

“If you want that to seem convincing, don’t be smiling while you’re sleeping.” said Sirius tugging his godson’s white locks.

“Doesn’t that mean I’m having a pleasant dream?” said Harry. “Never mind, that definitely means I’m not sleeping.” he added with a smirk.

“Harry had to double back.” said Fred.

“I had my shirt on inside out, and my pants on the wrong way.” said Harry. “I was not ready to get up.”

“I wouldn’t be either if I came down in that ensemble.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“I thought I was still dreaming.” said Harry quietly.

“I think you should come to me before you go out like that.” said Dr. Clark with a snicker.

“Better come and see me, before you see him.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.
“What’s wrong with my style?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Harry’s Halloween?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Never mind.” said Dr. Clark quickly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I thought I looked good.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Take a lesson from Bill dad.” said Ginny kindly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

“And dangerous.” said Sirius. “I’m not fond of doing it.”

“Says the danger seeking Marauder.” said Remus with a snicker.

“Hey! My uncle had his…well, got splinched somewhere that shouldn’t have been splinched.” said Sirius.

“What’s splinched?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It’s where you leave a bit of yourself behind.” said Sirius. “It’s horrible.”

Dialogue line.

“Cause you don’t know how yet.” said Alicia.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

“We went back to sleep.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.
“I think getting splinched is punishment enough.” said George.

“Still don’t know how dad had the stomach to eat after saying that.” said Fred.

“Still don’t know how there was some treacle left for the rest of us.” said George looking over at Harry.

“It doesn’t sound painful.” said Dr. Clark.

“It is quite painful.” said Dumbledore.

“Almost unendurable.” said Sirius.

Sirius flinched horribly as he grabbed his knees and eyes. “Dammit! Don’t put that in my head!”

“I’ve never been splinched, so I guess, I don’t…” said Mr. Weasley sheepishly.

“Way safer!” said Sirius.
“Squashed her grapefruit and kumquats.” said George.

Charlie reached behind the twins and smacked the both of them.

“And you said that Percy didn’t do what we do.” said George folding his arms.

“I was getting close to recommending the Knight Bus.” said Harry.

“You must have been tired.” said Sirius.

“We both really need to work on that.” said Fred.
Dialogue set.

“Dad only told us to get rid of the toffees.” said Fred.

“And I told you to get rid of the rest!” said Mrs. Weasley.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“That wasn’t the half of it.” said Harry. “The twins were far from happy.”

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“And if something had happened.” said Mrs. Weasley mopping her eyes.

“Nothing did, Molly, they were just fine.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Very carefully.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“So, why not just buy a large field or something, that way you don’t have to keep finding a place in England for it to happen in. Each place with a Quidditch team will have a place all ready just in case?” asked Dr. Clark.

Several people stared at Dr. Clark.
“Not a bad plan. I’ve got some land that might do nicely, it’s far away from any muggle visitors.” said Sirius with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

“Beats the hell out of the Knight Bus.” said Dr. Clark.

“You’d think.” said Harry.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“I should have made Harry wear his thicker socks and give him some mittens.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I was already wearing two pairs on my feet, and that was an accident.” said Harry with a smile.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“We were all dead, and climbing the hill on all fours, and he’s just getting tired.” said Fred shaking his head.

“I really let myself go.” said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Who’s calling you son?” asked Charlie.

“Amos.” said Mr. Weasley.
Charlie shook his head.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Mrs. Diggory giggled as her husband rubbed his hand over his face.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Diggory stopped smiling instantly. Mr. Diggory’s lip quivered.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He was always so polite.” said Mrs. Diggory blowing her nose.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Fred and George cringed slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.

Mrs. Diggory broke down crying. Her husband tried his best, but found he was unable to console her.

Harry wiped his eyes, reached underneath the seat and pulled out his bag. He took out a piece of parchment and a quill and scribbled a note. Hedwig flew over from Dr. Clark’s shoulder and held out her leg.

“Here you go Hedwig, you’re going to have to play courier for a while.” said Harry. “I’ll make you a bunch of owl treats when you get back home.” said Harry. He tied the message gently to her leg, and watched as she flew away.

“No Pig! He didn’t give you something to deliver!” said Ron trying to catch his owl before it could
fly after Hedwig.

End of dialogue set.

“Two red-headed people can’t really have a black haired or brown haired child.” said Dr. Clark. “Chances are not good.”

“Biology isn’t taught, here.” said Harry.

“That sucks, that was my favorite class.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Several people looked uncomfortable.

Dialogue set, second sentence, third comma.

Mrs. Diggory cried harder.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Good boy.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He was always so noble.” said Professor Sprout wiping a tear from her eye.

Dialogue set.
Sirius snarled over to Mr. Diggory.

Harry squeezed Sirius’ hand. “Let it go.”

“You’re a great flier! Better than anyone else in this school!” said Sirius angrily.

“Let…it…go…” repeated Harry slowly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma, ninth word.

“Did you have fun at the game, Luna?” asked Harry.

“We went to go and collect Poladoggles, they love happy and excited people.” said Luna with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And that’s all it takes.” said Harry softly.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“I’d question it.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, second semi-colon.

“Potter, I want you to be honest with me, did your shoulders get bruised?” asked Madam Pomfrey quickly.

“I’m not delicate.” said Harry with a growl.

“You didn’t answer me,” said Madam Pomfrey.
“They weren’t big bruises.” said Harry.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

His feet slammed into the ground;

“Stuck the landing on your first try!” said Sirius proudly.

Thirtieth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“And…never mind.” said Sirius lowering his arms.

End of thirtieth paragraph.

Thirty-first paragraph.

“Harry would have been standing too, if Ron hadn’t fell on him.” said Sirius.

“And I would have been standing if George didn’t knock into my knee.”

“Well, Ginny, pushed me.” said George.

“Fred shoved me.” said Ginny.

“Hermione’s bag knocked into my side.” said Fred.

“I tried not crashing into Harry.” said Hermione.

“It’s like a giant game of ‘Ring around the Rosie.’” said Harry with a smile.

End of chapter.

“I wanna read the Quidditch chapter!” shouted Lee.

He hurried over to Colin and took the book, but handed it to Dennis. “Not yet.”

Dennis read the chapter title: Chapter Seven

“You know, when you think about it, Ludo’s name takes on a second meaning.” said Harry with a laugh.

“What do you mean?” asked Dr. Clark.

“What’s a Bagman?” asked Harry.
Dr. Clark thought, “It’s someone that takes money or slips from Bookies to one place or another.”

“It’s also a traveling salesman.” said Remus.

“The Bookie one is the one I was looking for.” said Harry.

“That’s crazy.” said Fred looking at his twin.

“Fates’ one crazy chick.” said George.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.
“After this, we’ll have dinner.” reminded Dumbledore.

“Aww! Right before the Quidditch Cup?” asked Lee.

“Think of it this way, Mr. Jordan, your voice will fresh for tomorrow.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Works for me!” said Lee with a bright smile in return.

“First paragraph.

“You men need help.” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her head.

Dialogue set.

“Kind of risky to use newspapers and cans.” said Harry. “Some people pick that stuff and can get money for it.”

“How do you get money for rubbish?” asked Draco.

“It’s called a recycling center.” said Hermione. “You take paper, plastic, aluminum, stuff like that and get money back.”

Dialogue set.

“How did you get the first field?” asked Kingsley, “I had to get all the way to the third farthest field.”

“Ludo got me the spot, it went with the tickets.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.
“What made you think that?” asked Sirius.

“His pants matched his shirt.” said Harry quietly.

“What would happen if the game lasted longer than that?” asked Emmeline.

“I’d get in touch with Ludo again, and he’d hook us up with another night. I’d pay him back later.” said Mr. Weasley.

“You know, converting wizard gold to money…you’d be better off in the Muggle world.” said Harry thoughtfully.

“He’ll be way better off when the money finishes depositing in his vault.” said Lionus with a smirk.
“I guess we are sort of foreign.” said Sirius.

“Not good.” said Tonks.

“This guy’s asking to be obliviated.” growled Moody.

“You have to be kidding.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“After only seeing it once, hememorized the look, that’s insane.” said Fred.

“Which means that he’s quite a brilliant person, poor man, those two days won’t be easy on him.”
said Dumbledore.

End of seventh paragraph.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He most certainly should.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue set.

“Too true.” said Remus with a smile. “I stopped supporting them when he left. They kept getting clobbered now Ludo left.”

Ninth paragraph, third sentence.

Dumbledore shook his head shamefully, “We really need to make Muggle Studies a required course.”

Ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Who had the peacocks anyway?” asked Charlie.

“Sounds like Fleur’s Dad’s tent.” said Bill thoughtfully. “He doesn’t like to leave his peacocks home for very long.”

“You’ve met the family already?” asked Charlie.

Bill blushed.

End of ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph.

“You sure about that?” asked Neville.

“Yeah, people like to misspell our name a bit.” said Ron.
“Didn’t stop a lot of wizards.” said Tonks.

“As long as you’ve done it before, no.” said Dr. Clark.

“And we’ve never done it before.” said Harry.

“Good luck to you then.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh. “You’ll need all the help you can get!”

“I didn’t know one end of the tent from the other.” said Harry. “I’ve never been camping.”

“Thank goodness you went camping before.” said Ron to Hermione.

“Well, not really, but I’ve helped put up overhead things in my cousin’s backyard.” said Hermione.

“Overhead things?” asked Ron.

“I’m not too sure what they’re called.” said Hermione with a blush.

Harry shuffled his feet sheepishly.

“Don’t feel like that Harry, it was no secret that Dad was going mental.” said Ginny with a guilty.

“Yeah, Harry, he was having the time of life.” said Fred.

“What’s so wrong?” asked Ernie.
“It would be a tight fit.” said Harry.

“Didn’t you know about enlarging spells?” asked Zacharias.

“We’re in field, in full view of muggles…no magic spells allowed, didn’t you catch that?” asked Ron snidely.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Squeeze is a good word.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Harry could sleep on the roof, with his weight it wouldn’t sink.” said George with a snort.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“God you were short, Dad had to go on his hands and knees, and all you had to do was duck down!” said Ron with a laugh.

“Hey! No more short jokes!” said Harry. “I’m as tall as you now!”

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“Yeah, Perkins’ wife is a cat lover like Arabella, in fact, they’re actually cousins.” said Mr. Weasley. “Arabella and Anabella”

Dialogue set.

“Oooh, my uncle had that, poor guy.” said Dr. Clark.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Fred and George decided to fight each other with some of the sticks.” said Ginny with a smile.
“He started it.” said Fred and George pointing at each other.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You make it sound like you’ve been stalking us.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Trade ya?” asked Harry and Ron.

“Not a chance.” said Hermione and Ginny.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Why not?” asked Seamus.

“I was too worried about trying to stay alive in this one.” said Harry.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“Ah! That brings back memories.” said Sirius fondly.

“Good times.” said Remus.

“What are you talking about?” asked Harry.

“The one time that you got a hold of Lily’s wand. The house was never the same again.” said Sirius.

“What did he do?” asked Hermione earnestly.

“It was early in the morning. We spent the night so we could babysit you while your mom and dad had a long date night. Even with the War going on, a young couple needs to have time to themselves, forget the horrors going on. Well, I got up a little late and there you were, waving your mom’s wand around, changing all the furniture into kittens and chickens.” said Sirius.
Remus laughed, “We still don’t know how you got into your parent’s room and snuck your mom’s wand out without her knowing, or how you managed to do Transfiguration at that age. But it took almost till noon to get most of the furniture and knickknacks back to their original state. But every so often, even days after Fur and Feather Day, we heard chickens clucking and cats meowing in odd spots in the house.”

“Imagine taking a shower and hearing a meowing cat somewhere in the bathroom.” said Sirius with a laugh. “Nearly scared the magic out of me.”

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“I still have the scars from when I gave you your first toy broomstick, your mother went after me with that thing, I still got a splinter on my thigh.” said Sirius.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“Cheaters.” said Mr. Weasley.

Twentieth paragraph, end of second sentence.

“Works just fine for us.” said Mrs. McFinn giggling madly.

Twentieth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“I think we’d find that a little strange.” said Dr. Clark.

Twentieth paragraph, end of third sentence.

“One of the American schools, it only takes girls though.” said Lionus.

Twentieth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

“Hang on…did you understand the languages that you heard?” Bill.

“I don’t remember.” said Harry quickly.
End of twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“I had to beg my mom to get a ticket for Dean.” said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“And your mom called Harry hostile?” said Ron hotly.

Seamus chewed his lip.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“There’s a shock, no wonder that the obliviators were running around like nutcases.” said Tonks.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Grumpy?” said George.
“Who cares? Best Seeker…well he ties for Best Seeker.” said Fred.

**Dialogue set.**

“Can you imagine if Krum joins the Chudley Cannons?” said George quietly.

“I think he’d wet himself.” said Fred even quieter.

**Twenty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.**

Mrs. McFinn’s giggles turned into peals of laughter.

**End of twenty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

Mrs. McFinn, and a few other witches ran from the room to get better control of senses.

When they came back, they were still giggling madly.

“My god, tell me someone made Archie put on some pants.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.**

“His dream come true.” said Angelina.

“His Dad’s dream too, he’ll actually get to play his first actual season next year.” said Alicia.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph, fifth sentence.**

Cho giggled and waved again.
“It was right painful, but Paco ended up apologizing after mum sent him a howler.” said Bill.

“Last year and the year before that were a bit much for me to read up on anything that had nothing to do with defending myself.” said Harry.

Fred looked sheepishly over to his father, who was merely thinking fondly of his experience that morning.

Harry turned in his seat so he could look and fascinate over the wooden door that led to the Entrance Hall.

“Sorry Dad.” said the younger Weasely children.

“You’d think that St. Mungos would be able to come up with a cure by now, he’s had them for over five years.” said Mr. Weasley.
“I’m an Unspeakable.” said Croaker with a smile. “I work in the Department of Mysteries.”

“Dad started cooking, but the eggs kept falling in the fire. Harry had to take over.” said Ginny.

“Percy! There could be muggles about! Keep your voice down!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.
Fred and George wiped the tears from their eyes. “So beautiful.” said Fred.
“I never thought I’d live to see this day.” said George blowing his nose.

“And that’s saying a lot.” said Ron.

“You’re right, he posed for witches’ calendars.” said Remus. “He was a popular guy with the ladies.”
“Which made it kind of creepy.” said Sirius. Emmeline, and Mrs. Weasley blushed heavily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Oh, except for obliviating the field manager.” said Bill.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“And the occasional magical outburst.” said Bill again.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Or furthering his own career.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue set, second sentence, third dash.

“Come on, Dad! We know, you know who’s who!” said Fred.

Mr. Weasley smiled. “Sure I do, but it’s more fun for me to see someone try and stumble over your names.”

“Oh.” said Fred.

“Thanks Dad!” said George.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“I want a bandana to cover up this damn thing.” said Harry rubbing his scar.

Dumbledore smiled softly over to the boy, he waved his wand and a silk, red ribbon flowed softly out of his wand.

“There you go.” said Dumbledore handing the fabric over to the boy.

Harry took the material and wrapped it securely around his temple. “Thanks sir.”
“Don’t even…” said Mrs. Weasley. “Not again.”

“I…it wasn’t like before sweetheart.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Dad?” asked Ron.

“It’s nothing son.” said Mr. Weasley quickly.

“Poor Agatha.” said Fred.

“I heard though, that someone bought the shares from Ludo, and then put up money to make the eel farm more efficient.” said Mr. Weasley.

“So someone is actually a partner?” asked George.

“And making money hand over fist, her eel farm is now the best in Europe.” said Professor Flitwick.

“So…who’s the mysterious investor?” asked Bill.

Sirius looked over to Harry, who was smirking.

“ARTHUR!” shrieked Mrs. Weasley.

“It was just a galleon dear.” said Mr. Weasley sheepishly.

“A galleon we don’t have to spend on gambling!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“But…But I won…” said Mr. Weasley.

“By pure luck!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

“I don’t want to hear about you gambling either.” said Mrs. Weasley hotly.
Dialogue set.

Before Mrs. Weasley could begin to scream, Fred and George quickly ran and hid behind the bowl.

“Harry, save us!” said Fred.

“I don’t feel like dancing with death today,” said Harry quickly. “You’re on your own.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Ugh…” said Mrs. Weasley.

“See, mum…it’s our calling.” said Fred.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Just look how happy your mother was when your dad bet one galleon.” said Remus looking behind the bowl at the cowering twins.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“No more trips without me there, ever.” said Mrs. Weasley. “Especially a game.”

“We decided never to bet on Quidditch again mum. We decided long before right now.” said George.

“You’d better believe you’re never going to bet again.” muttered Mrs. Weasley darkly.

“Thank god she forgot about the bets we made on the books.” said Fred quietly.

“No I didn’t!” said Mrs. Weasley loudly.

Dialogue set.
“That does seem to sum it up.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Well, I guess he was worried for her.” said Madam Bones. “Though perhaps not wholeheartedly.”

“I had a mad idea to invite him over to Privet Drive for tea the next summer.” said Harry with a dry chuckle. “Just to see if he can spot Mr. Crouch for who he is.”

Several people snorted with laughter.

Percy blushed.
“He’s more than able to sell them in his country, just not in England.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Oh that would be lovely, imagine flying around like Aladdin and Jasmine!” said Mrs. McFinn dreamily.

“Like who?” asked Ron.

“It’s a muggle story.” said Hermione.

Sirius scoffed loudly.

“Why is that adults love to just hold stuff over our heads?” asked Harry.

“Seriously, it was getting old really fast. I swear adults just like saying stuff like that so they tell us
they’ll tell us later.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

**Forty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“And to think, Dad got them with his connections, for being a *really great guy!*” shouted Bill angrily at his younger brother. “Not for being a power hungry maniac!”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Oh, Percy that’s enough.” said Mrs. Weasley tiredly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Not the way I would have said it.” said Mrs. Weasly quietly.

**Forty-seventh paragraph.**

“A million wizards outnumber the Ministry officials easily.” said Tonks.

**Forty-eighth paragraph.**

“Beats the flimsy stuff you get at football games.” said Dr. Clark.

“You wanna go to a game?” asked Sirius.

“Can I?” asked Dr. Clark excitedly.

“We’ll do our damndest.” said Sirius with a smirk.
“Buyer’s remorse.” said Lionus with a laugh.

“You only spend a galleon on him for Christmas?” asked Fred.

“We have an agreement. A galleon each Christmas is all we spend.” said Harry with a smile.

“Nice of you to offer to double back and get us something and then we just pay you back later though.” said Fred with a smile.

Dennis held out the book at arm’s length, hoping that he would be able to get an up and close view of the scrolls. However, nothing happened.

“Darn it.” said Dennis sourly.

“Harry! Can you cook again?” asked Ron eagerly.

Harry blinked several times, and then looked up at Hagrid. “Want to take another crack at it?”

Hagrid shuffled his feet nervously.

“Come along Hagrid, you did wonderfully last time.” said Professor Flitwick eagerly.

Dumbledore waved his wand and once again, the dual kitchens appeared.

“I…uh…” said Hagrid sheepishly.

“Do you want me to teach you tonight?” asked Mrs. McFinn sweetly.
Hagrid blushed.

“Oh come on! It’s been a long time since I’ve been able to cook anything.” said Mrs. McFinn walking over and slipping an apron around her small waist. “I’ll teach you how to make Harry’s Grape Pie.”

“Grape pie?” asked Sirius.

“You have got to try it!” said Dr. Clark with a sigh, “He made it one Bonfire Night, and it’s delicious.”

“Harry mentioned something a long time ago, that you make ribs?” said Remus quickly.

“Yeah, I made them one summer at my apartment.” said Dr. Clark.

“Can you make those?” asked Harry excitedly. “I miss ‘em!”

“Anything for you.” said Dr. Clark ruffling Harry’s hair.

It took a while, but the food was completed. Mrs. McFinn had a fun time teaching Hagrid. There were pros and cons of Harry and Mrs. McFinn’s different styles of cooking classes.

Harry would allow Hagrid to just follow the instructions and then leave Hagrid to do it, giving Hagrid some space. The downside was that the possibility of Hagrid burning something was high. Whereas Mrs. McFinn stayed beside Hagrid to ensure that he didn’t burn anything, but Hagrid got so nervous that he almost cut himself and her four times.

But the result was still the same, Hagrid had once again succeeded in making a delicious dessert. The entire school feasted on the ribs that Dr. Clark made with the other kitchen set up and ate the several grape pies that Hagrid and Mrs. McFinn made.

Harry huddled himself deeper into the bowl.

“You okay cub? You didn’t eat much.” said Sirius softly.

“I’m not feeling well.” said Harry quietly. He felt bad, as Dr. Clark worked hard on making the ribs just for him, but after one plateful, he couldn’t bring himself to eat anymore.

“Not well as in here?” asked Sirius putting a hand on Harry’s stomach, “Here?” he said as he laid the same hand on Harry’s brow. “Or here?” he placed his hand over top Harry’s heart.

“Last one.” muttered Harry. “The good times just go straight to hell after the game.”

“Well, the good times are back now, you’re going to live with me and you got Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark back.” said Sirius with a smile.

Harry smiled and leaned into Sirius’ arms.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry woke up the next morning unenthusiastically, he felt apprehensive about the days readings. He didn’t want to think about last year, let alone go through it piece by piece. He groaned as he lifted his head from the pillow and ran his fingers through his hair.

“You up yet Harry?” said a voice coming from the sitting room.

“Coming Dr. Clark.” said Harry tiredly.

He left the bedroom where he and Sirius shared and walked out to the sitting area.

“You slept in kiddo.” said Dr. Clark as he read the London paper, courtesy of Dumbledore.

“What time is it?” asked Harry rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

“About nine –thirty.” said Dr. Clark.

“I’ll bet I pissed off a few people.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Lee Jordan wasn’t too happy, but when Sirius said you weren’t feeling good, he clammed up real tight.” said Dr. Clark with a smile. “Dumbledore said that if you just wanted to rest, they can postpone the readings.”

“What do you think?” asked Harry.

“It’s not my decision, it’s all up to you.” said Dr. Clark. "But, one day just so you can sleep, won’t hurt."

Harry sighed. “I guess we’d better get this over with.”

“If you want to take a nap during it, no one will argue.” said Dr. Clark throwing an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

Harry smiled softly and walked down to the Great Hall with Dr. Clark.

Once he got down there, Remus, Sirius, Mrs. McFinn, Mrs. Weasley, Dumbledore and Madam Pomfrey came up to them. Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Fred and George were held back by Charlie and Bill.

“Are you alright, dear?” asked Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn.

“You sure you’re up for this cub?” asked Remus and Sirius.

“Severus can give you a sleeping potion if you just wish to sleep today.” said Dumbledore.
“Where does it hurt, Potter?” asked Madam Pomfrey.

Harry took a step back, “Can I get a chance to breathe here?”

“Sorry.” said Sirius and Remus taking a large step back. “Want some breakfast? The table is still here.”

Dumbledore lightly ushered Harry over to the bowl, and when he sat down, he tossed the phoenix blanket on Harry’s lap. Sirius and Remus brought him over a plate of omelets, sausages and toast.

“Eat as much as you can.” said Remus.

“I’m not hungry.” said Harry putting the plate over to the little table.

“Can you at least choke down a bit of toast?” said Sirius pleadingly.

Harry looked at the plate, and begrudgingly took a piece of toast.

“My turn to read!” shouted Lee loudly.

Harry curled up in the bowl chair and munched slowly on his piece of toast.

Lee grabbed the book that had been unveiled for a short while. “Eighth chapter.”

“Least mom will see we won our bet.” said Fred.

“It still hurts to sit down.” said George rubbing his backside.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“I know about seven Irish songs, and one of them is a drinking song!” said Harry with a laugh from his curled up position.

“What drinking song is that?” asked Sirius gleefully.

“Seven Drunken Nights, and don’t ask me to sing it.” said Harry.

“Aw…I don’t know that one.” said Sirius with a disappointed frown.

"It's a good one." teased Harry slightly.

First paragraph, third sentence.

“Finally! You deserve some happy times!” said Colin.

End of first paragraph.
“Wow, I wish I could see that.” said Dr. Clark.

“Perhaps we can, if the Cup happens near Britain again.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“It was so adorable.” said Mr. Weasley teasingly.

Harry blushed.

End of dialogue set.

“What if you didn’t have an appointment, or have need to meet up with anyone?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You know, I don’t quite know.” said Mr. Weasley.

“They all of a sudden feel hungry or thirsty, they instinctively go back to where they last ate to get refreshment.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Even if you just ate?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Even if you just ate.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“You deserve that box, more than anyone one else that could have paid for it.” said Madam Bones.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley blushed.

Second paragraph, third sentence.

“Prime Seats is right, my box is right above that one.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Do you go to the games?” asked Draco.

“I go to each Quidditch World Cup.” said Chief Hawkeye, “It’s the perk of my job, there needs to be at least one of us in order to properly protect you lot when you get into throngs that size.”

“Protect us?” said Hermione.

“From our level of criminal activity.” said Chief Hawkeye cryptically.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence, third comma.
“Oooh! Those are the best seats!” said Tonks.

**End of second paragraph.**

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“That’s the lights.” said Draco with a sneer.

**End of third paragraph.**

**First Advertisement**

“Yeah, but for speed it’s the worst broom on the market.” said Harry shaking his head. “But if you just need to get from point A to point B, then it’s alright.”

**Second Advertisement**

“It’s all that Mum will use.” said Fred.

“And Filch.” said Professor Sprout.

“He’s still lucky I haven’t run into him yet.” said Dumbledore darkly.

**End of advertisement**

“We need to get you some clothes this weekend.” said Sirius.

“I’m grounded.” said Harry tiredly.

“Oh…” said Sirius. “God, this grounding sucks.” said Sirius.

“More for you than me, obviously.” said Harry with a smirk.

**Fourth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“What the hell is Dobby doing there?” asked Remus.
“Dad still wants to get back at you for that.” said Draco quietly.

“Tell him to bring it on, I’ll rip him limb from limb before he can even try.” said Sirius with a growl.

“Good deduction.” said Lionus with a smile.

“I was wondering who Harry was talking to.” said Mr. Weasley. “There are some unscrupulous folk about in the world.”

“Excellent, Arthur. Keep CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” shouted Moody, causing several younger students to shriek in shock.

“I should just wear a t-shirt that says ‘Yes it’s me, quit staring and git!’” said Harry.

“That would be an awesome shirt!” said Fred. George wrote something down quickly on a bit of parchment.

“That scared me. I was afraid he was sick, hurt or something.” said Harry.

“It’s nice that you’re so worried about him.” said Luna with a dreamy smile.
“Cause people don’t like their house-elves to have ideas.” said Hermione shortly.

“Ah, bless you, lad.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“He probably couldn’t find a good one.” said Fred.

“He should have came to our house, Mum would have loved him.” said Charlie.

“I love how they believe their above goblins, and the goblins think they’re above everyone else.” said Bill with a chuckle.

“The remaining bit of your innocence is just too adorable.” cooed George.

“Sweet lord.” groaned Harry.

The twins laughed.

“Oh the poor dear.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“What horrible person would make someone do that?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

Percy tried to look indignant, but a pair of fierce glares that came from his older brothers stopped
him dead in his tracks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Harry growled.

“What’s up, kiddo?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out later.” said Harry darkly.

End of dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He was.” said Harry defensively to the scolding look that Remus and Mrs. Weasley sent his way.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh Ronald!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Sorry Mum.” said Ron sheepishly.

“Boys.” said Mrs. McFinn with a fond smile over to her half-way adopted son.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’d call that barbaric, but they actually looked like they had some fun.” said Hermione softly.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.
“They were all nice and pleasant chaps.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Nice and pleasant chaps?” said Percy in shock. “Father, one of them was the French Minister of Magic!”

“Jean Philippe was at your mother and my wedding, he had one of the first dances with your mother.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile. “We still keep in touch, we’re on each other’s Christmas card list.”

Percy stared at his father in shock.

“And dad has these contacts just by being a swell guy.” said Bill hotly.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence.

Fred and George snorted while Ginny giggled.

Eleventh paragraph, fifth sentence.

Percy blushed, while the Minister looked sheepish.

“Seeing just how attention seeking you were as opposed to the boy?” said Chief Hawkeye sternly.

End of eleventh paragraph.

“Wish I could have people like me cause of the way I act towards others.” grumbled Harry.

“The people that know you like you for the way you act, not for the title you have.” said Remus ruffling his hand in Harry’s white locks.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“He’s a damn good actor.” said Harry with a snicker.

End of dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I could live without him there.” said Mr. Weasley.
“I’m amazed that Lucius and Arthur were allowed in the same box, what if they got in another fist fight again?” asked Tonks.

“I think they’d knock some of the kids out of the box, good thing Arthur had a head on his shoulder.” said Moody. “No doubt in my mind that Lucius would have attacked Arthur if given the chance.”

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

“Don’t let Lucius sit behind Arthur, he’ll strangle him.” said Moody.

“He didn’t strangle me, but he did smack me with his cane a few times. Bill saw it and he placed a shield charm on the back of my chair.” said Mr. Weasley.

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

Draco snarled over to Harry.

“I said she was nice looking.” said Harry, “If she just brought her nose down, she’d look even better.”

**Dialogue line.**

“It was in your best interest that you don’t meet his son.” said Charlie.

**Dialogue set.**

“You…are…an…idiot…” said Madam Bones. “There isn’t a week that Lucius didn’t complain about Arthur’s Muggle Protection Act!”

Fudge looked down shamefully.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

“This won’t be a kindly word.” said Professor Flitwick. “The man never did have a kind word for anyone if it didn’t benefit him.”

**Dialogue line.**

“If I were you Harry, I would have told it was the tribute money his family has to pay your family.” said Sirius with a malicious smile.

“What?” asked Harry.
“Your family is the richest in the world, and every year, pureblood families that live in stately manors and whatnot pay a tribute to your family.” said Sirius.

“What’s the reason?” asked Harry. “Is it something like a mob or something?”

“No, but that would be really cool.” said Leroy.

“Well hundreds of years ago, our Great-Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother was a very VERY rich witch and she helped a lot of the pureblood families make ends meet. Each family took a pact that they would pay her and her family back with interest when they could. Frankly, only within the last two hundred years could they finally begin to pay her family back, and the amount is astronomical.” said Uncle Rudolph. "And that's just the interest."

“They’ll be paying the family of Potter back till five hundred years go by I suspect and that’s still just the interest.” said Remus.

“What happens if we don’t pay the money?” asked Draco.

“The pact was signed magically, the amount comes automatically out of your account, the goblins are bound by another contract to keep the transfer of money going, despite greedy offspring.” said Sirius snidely.

“How do you know so much about it?” asked Harry.

“My family has to pay back a similar debt. No point telling me I don’t have to pay, won’t do you any good. I owe everything to your family, and I’ll give them all the money they want and you all the love you want.” said Sirius with a smile.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“And that’s how he uses you.” said Madam Bones, “And you never even seemed to want to know it.”

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph, third sentence.

“And she’s sitting in the best seat in the house.” said Harry with a smirk.

Seventeenth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Though I doubt Fudge would do anything.” said Tempest smugly.

End of seventeenth paragraph.
He looks like a what?” asked Sirius.

“I think I might have read it wrong, or someone miswrote, I don’t know.” said Lee. "I can't imagine anyone looking like cheese."

Lee also bellowed out the words, and the students imitated the cheers and yells.

“My ears were about to start bleeding.” said Harry.

“And yet they’re the second most popular candy in the wizarding world.” said George.

Mr. Weasley shuffled his feet sheepishly as he avoided his wife’s eyes.

“Don’t blame you Arthur, even we lean forward to watch them.” said Rudolph.

“I like to reenact their dancing later.” said Leroy quietly.

“That’s way too much info.” said Harry with a smirk.
Mrs. McFinn huffed.

“That’s quite the compliment.” said Dumbledore quickly, coming to Sirius’ unexpected rescue, “for being a pureblood Veela...if the Irish team does what I suspect, you’ll find out being a Veela has a drawback.”

“I’m impressed.” said Lionus “Not many guys want to come to that conclusion. And they actually aren’t human, but if they mate with a human, then their children become one hundred percent human.”

“Though they retain the good looks.” said Nightstrike with a smirk.

“If they’re not human, where did they come from?” asked Hermione.

“Some say they’re a cross between fairies and harpies, that’s one of the big mysteries that not even we’re sure of.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Dang, I wasn’t really questioning it.” said Ron.

“Don’t blame you.” said Sirius with a beaming smile.

Remus rolled his eyes.

“Act aloof if you want, but I’m not the one that was willing jump from the tallest building just to impress them.” said Sirius.

“S-Shut up.” said Remus. “You and James were going to duel each other to the death just to have them see who was better.”

“You’re a girl.” said the boys and men in the room.

_end of twenty-second paragraph._

“Like what?” asked Hermione with a sneer.

“I don’t know, just something.” said Harry shrugging.

_end of twenty-third paragraph, first sentence._

“Oh dear.” said Dumbledore with an amused smile. “I hope someone puts some sense back into your mind.”

_end of twenty-third paragraph._

“Sit down and put a blindfold on!” said Sirius.

“Didn’t wanna.” said Harry with a cheeky grin.

“This is not funny.” said Sirius.

“Don’t worry, magical nets were placed all around when we learned they were bringing Veela.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

_end of twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence._

Draco smirk.

“Your mom didn’t even let you watch.” said Ron with a sneer. “She had your eyes covered.”

Draco blushed heavily.

_end of twenty-fourth paragraph._

“Fred and George were ready to start pummeling each other.” said Ron.

“Bill and Charlie had their fingers in their ears.” said Ginny.
“Which is a wise move.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Why didn’t you tell the younger boys what to do?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“I thought they should experience that.” said Mr. Weasley. “I had a plan.”

Mrs. Weasley folded her arms.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“Yeah, I shouted for them to keep going too, my mum smacked me.” said Seamus with a smirk.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, end of third sentence.

“Us too.” said Dean, Seamus, Fred and George.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Stupid…danm…” muttered Ron.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Sorry, I’m a guy.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Leprechauns!” said Neville wistfully.

“Beats the hell out of the banshees they brought that one year.” said Kigsley.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

“That’s not rain.” said Remus with a bright smile.
“They are quite theatrical.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“They’ve never seen a leprechaun then, the gold disappears after a while.” said Sirius.

“Did you know that the gold would disappear?” asked Ron.

Harry averted his gaze.

“And you didn’t say anything?” asked Sirius.

“I hoped he’d never find out.” said Harry.

“I swear, Ron was in love.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Stuff it.” said Ron.

Hermione giggled.

“What’s so funny?”
“Krum said you looked like a bird too.” said Hermione.

“Did he say which?” asked Seamus.

“A phoenix.” said Hermione. “With the red and gold uniform and the fire being everywhere.”

End of thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Lynch doesn’t have a thing on Krum.” said Professor Flitwick. “More’s the pity, he was the school’s best Seeker when he was here.”

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Ooh, he’s a veteran.” said Sirius. “He’s been a referee for a long time.”

“But I don’t think he’s ever reffed with Veela on the playing field.” said Remus.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And so the game begins.” said Sirius excitedly.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“ Took a while for the scar to go away.” said Harry.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Still can’t quite get that move down.” said the Hufflepuff team captain.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, second sentence,
“We just mastered that one.” said Katie.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You’re still on slow motion, Harry.” said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“It’s okay, the play wasn’t all that spectacular.” said Hermione kindly.

“Says the person who was hopping about.” said Harry.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“One of the best group of Chasers in the world.” said Lee.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Bet the Bulgarians weren’t all that thrilled.” said Tonks.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“The Bulgarian team can be brutal if the scoring gets too out of hand.” said Nightstrike.

Dialogue set.

“Good thing the Veela can’t see you, they get right miffed if you don’t watch their dancing.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue line.
Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“I couldn’t see it anywhere.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph, second sentence.

“I was afraid you were going to do that in your first year.” said Professor McGonagall looking over at Harry.

End of fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I didn’t want her to start crying and not having a good time anymore.” said Charlie with a kind smile.

“I’m not a baby.” said Ginny indignantly.

“You and Ron will always be our babies.” said Bill and Charlie together.

Ginny and Ron blushed.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph, second sentence, sixth word.

“Which means that Harry will do it at some point during a game here.” said Fred.

“He’d better not.” said Remus.

“He’s already done a sort of Wronski Feint.” mumbled Lee.

Forty-second paragraph, third sentence.
“I wanna see Harry and Krum go at it.” said Angelina. “See who’s better.”

“I’m betting on Harry.” said Colin.

End of forty-second paragraph.

“You don’t take anyone lightly do you?” asked Lionus.

“Try not to anyway.” said Harry. “But I tend to overshoot myself.”

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Professional games tend to do that.” said Emmeline.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Caught her right in the eye.” said Ron.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“Well excuse me for not wanting to leap off the side of the box.” said Harry teasingly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Several people laughed loudly.

“How come the music didn’t affect you that time?” asked Dennis.

“I think I was focusing more on the referee.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
“Wish that would be an option at some football games.” said Dr. Clark.

“I agree.” said Dean quickly.

Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“Another option that should be allowed at football games.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

“Bad move, very bad move.” said Bill.

“This won’t end well, I take it.” said Remus with an amused smile.

“World War three would have been a better war to watch.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence, first colon.

“Nasty was a huge understatement.” said Ron.

End of twentieth paragraph.

“This game is going to get real nasty.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“It was turning into a Slytherin and Gryffindor game.” said Ron.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn huffed at crossed their arms. “The children don’t need to see that!”

“At Potter’s age, they’ve already mastered that sign.” said Snape with a sneer.

“Mrs. McFinn,” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Harry climbed out of the bowl and walked behind Mrs. McFinn. “That’s why you’re a hundred times more beautiful then they are.” purred Harry as he threw his arms around her neck from behind.

“Oh, sweetie.” said Mrs. McFinn kissing Harry’s cheek.

“Your dad could have learned a thing or two from you.” muttered Remus with a laugh.

“Dear lord!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I went t for the whole package; beauty, brains, kindness and everything else an angel has to offer.” said Mr. Weasley kissing his wife, who in return giggled.

“I’d be more interested in the battle on the pitch.” said Sirius.

“So much for International Cooperation.” said Ernie with a snigger.
Several students groaned in sympathy and pity.

The groans turned to peals of laughter.

“Good instinct!” said Charlie.

“Instinct nothing, Lynch doesn’t have the dexterity to do the Feint.” said Harry.

“At this point, he’s been a professional player for about a year, the Bulgarian team was desperate for a Seeker. This was his first pro year, he had to do whatever it took to get the Snitch.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

“I could pick a better way of dying.” said a sixth year Hufflepuff girl.

“Speak for yourself.” said a seventh year Gryffindor boy.
“So close!” said a few first years.

“Hang on, the twins said that Ireland would win, but Krum gets the Snitch! They won their bet!” said a third year girl.

“Hey! That’s right!” said her friend.

"IRELAND WINS!" Bagman shouted, who like the Irish, seemed to be taken aback by the sudden end of the match. Dialogue set second sentence.

“He was watching the fight, I’ll bet.” said Blaise.

“Except for the twins.” said Lavender.

“Made sense to me.” said Harry.

“I think you hit the nail on the head there.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Why is it that boys seem to love pain?” asked Hermione.
“As if nothing happened.” said Harry with a smile.

“He can speak English!” said Sirius with a barking laugh.

“Can’t argue with him there.” said Remus with a bright smile.

“You’re finest moment.” muttered Moody amusedly.

“I hope you turned away.” said Sirius quietly.

“I did.” said Harry. “Last thing I need is someone to scream my name everywhere.”

“Well, yeah, he’s the youngest Pro-Seeker in a long time.” said Ron.

“Poor guy.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.
“Good job boys, just don’t go betting all the time. Gambling is fun if done responsibly.” squeaked Professor Flitwick.

Mrs. Weasley sent a soft glare to her twin sons.

“That was the last time we bet on Quidditch matches.” said Fred.

“Who’s next?” asked Lee.

“I’ll take it, the last one I read was a short one.” said Remus

“You aren’t going to like it.” said Harry.

“What’s not to like? You’re away from the Dursleys, it’s summer and…oh…” said Sirius his face looking crestfallen.

“You just remembered huh?” said Harry.

“Ah…Moony? You may want to pass it off to someone else.” said Sirius.

“I know about the Mark.” said Remus calmly.

“Oh, well then…never mind.” said Sirius.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Please review
“Ninth Chapter” read Remus loudly.

Mrs. Weasly whimpered slightly.

Dialogue line.

“I’d have your hide.” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

Dialogue line.

“And I would have if someone had told me.” said Mrs. Weasley, she looked at Percy.

Percy looked down.

“That means, Mom, that he bet with somebody too.” said Fred.

“Hey! You didn’t yell at Percy for betting on Quidditch in his final year…” said George pouting.

Mrs. Weasley blushed.

First paragraph.

“What I don’t know about your two’s business, keeps me out of interrogation with your mother and allows me to sleep at night.” said Mr. Weasley kindly.

First paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Did you sing?” asked Sirius eagerly.

“You kidding, I’m not a nut.” said Harry.

“Your dad loved to belt out of tune notes in public, god he was awful.” said Remus smiling at Harry.
“I was thinking about putting a silencing charm around the tent so we could get some sleep. It’s a good thing I didn’t.” said Mr. Weasley.

“I think that some cobbing techniques could be used legally.” said Charlie.

“And I think that cobbing is never the answer.” said Mr. Weasley.

“You make it sound like Ginny just woke up and went to bed, Dad had to carry her to bed.” said Ron.

“Irish getting their pride on.” said Fred.

“I think they’d roast you over their fires, Arthur.” said Tonks with a smile.

“Then Ireland would have to deal with me.” said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“Ireland would be doomed.” said Harry, Ron, Fred and George.

“Wow, Ron let you have the top bunk?” asked Neville.

“We flipped a knut for it.” said Ron.
“If I caught you doing that, I’d paddle your behind, I don’t care how old you are.” said Remus. “And this would have happened last year, well within a reasonable time frame.”

“Dammit.” said Harry with a slight smirk, realizing his argument winner was now gone.

Third paragraph, third sentence, first pause.

“You mean that you knew of the move before you went?” asked Alica.

“Well, I did read Quidditch Through the Ages, the move was in there.” said Harry. “And it said ‘Dangerous’ that sort of stuff is like a magnet to me.”

“Not funny.” said Sirius.

“Strange, I thought it was hilarious.” said Harry.

End of third paragraph.

“I had the same dream when I was younger, now it’s more me riding dragons around in the sky.” said Charlie.

Fourth paragraph, first sentence, second dash.

“The last of the pleasant dreams.” said Harry.

End of fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

“If that tent ceiling was hard, I’d of been knocked out for days.” said Harry.

“And that would have been really bad.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.
“Well, that’s a tell-tale sign something is wrong, screaming.” said Tonks.

“Oh my, what was going on?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Criminals were out and about.” said Dumbledore. “Criminals called Death Eaters.”

“Oh, Harry, tell me you were safe!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“As safe as possible for the situation.” said Harry.

“That does not reassure anyone.” said Dr. Clark.

End of sixth paragraph.

“Thank god I got new pajamas the first time I was able, the ones I had to wear for the longest time were Dudley’s old ones.” said Harry.

“Oh, that’s gross.” said Lavender.

“You have no idea, there were little purple teddy bears on them too.” said Harry.

Seventh paragraph.

Eighth paragraph.

“Whatever you do don’t touch that light!” said Rivers loudly.

“If someone even gives you a cut I’ll hunt them down!” said Sirius.

“Me too!” said Remus with a snarl.

Ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Those would be Death Eaters. Keep well away from those until you’re strong enough to take them on.” said Kingsley to the younger students.

Ninth paragraph, sixth sentence.

“It was Mr. Roberts and his family.” whimpered Ginny.

Mrs. McFinn had tears in her eyes.
“Oh…those must be his children! Oh please someone get them down!” said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry looked over to her and slipped over to lay his head on her lap. Mrs. McFinn took notice and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Thanks Sweetie, I needed this.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“This is horrible!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Reminds me of some of the stuff from when I was the army.” said Dr. Clark his face turning pale.

Dr. Nicodemus magicked over a phial of clear liquid. “Drink that Sam.”

Harry watched as Dr. Clark downed the contents in one gulp.

“My dear, we are not all like that.” said Dumbledore softly looking over to Mrs. McFinn.

“Absolutely not, they’re the mass minority that needs to be stamped out.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Amen, Mr. Weasley.” said Professor McGonagall approvingly.

“Listen to your father!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I will give you credit, you do run towards the danger and not away from it.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Were you at the game sir?” asked Hermione.

“Yes I was.” said the Chief to Hermione.

“Then why didn’t you stop them?” asked Hermione.
The Chief looked at her, and then turned towards Lionus. “Is she the one you told me about?”

“Yes sir.” said Lionus.

“Well, young lady, I did do something, I put up a shield around the Roberts so that they wouldn’t get hurt anymore than they already were.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“But what about innocent children or people that were running away?” asked Hermione stiffly.

“I have a certain ability…when a child is within two kilometers of me, an invisible shield goes over them. Any further damage is negated, existing however, I cannot stop.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Hermione stared.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Well, guess you all aren’t imbeciles.” said Tempest.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence.

Sirius took ahold of Harry’s leg, and rubbed it gently. “I’d hold your hand, but I can’t reach, so I’ll settle for your leg.”

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“NO USING MAGIC OUTSIDE…” shrieked Umbridge, who was trying to find something against Harry.

“It’s an emergency!” said Madam Bones. “It’s a lesser spell anyway!”

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“How much do you want to bet, Ron was tripped by him and not a tree root?” said Fred.
“Actually, it was a root.” said Ron with a grumble.

Ron told Malfoy to do something that Harry knew he would never have dared say in front of Mrs. Weasley.

“And what was that, Ronald?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I all of a sudden do not remember.” said Ron innocently.

Dialogue line.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” asked Ginny angrily.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Snape reached behind Malfoy’s head and smacked it sharply.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Draco cringed under the gaze of his godfather.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I would have pummeled him right there.” said Ron.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“Why you little sadist.” growled Nightstrike.

Dialogue line.
“Something your father and mother should be trying to do, if they weren’t trying to terrify them instead.” said Bill hotly.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You kinda just did.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I had to grab Harry; he looked ready to beat Draco with a rock.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“If Fudge had a brain, he’d be in jail a lot earlier.” said Lionus.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Where did you learn French?” asked Sirius.

“I’ve picked up a few things.” said Remus.

“Could’ve used you when I went to France.” muttered Sirius. “Wouldn’t have gotten slapped as much.”
“Jeez, and you just get all this stuff from books,” said Padma.

“How’s that for fate, we saw students from both schools before they even came here!” said Ron.

“That’s nuts.” said Harry.

“Did you know about them before that?” asked Hermione.

“I’ve read about them, but I didn’t know how to pronounce the word correctly.” said Harry.

“Don’t tell me you dropped it…” said Moody rubbing his eyes.

“It wasn’t, dropped anyway.” said Harry.

“Didn’t have a holster then.” said Harry, “After that, I made one real quick.”
“Whoa, why didn’t you voice that?” said Hermione.

“You wouldn’t have believed me.” said Harry. “And besides don’t you remember? We talked about that.”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“That needs investigating.” said Kingsley.

“We’re a bit preoccupied.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“And so it begins.” said Harry and Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sorry Ron.” said Hermione.

“It’s alright, least Harry and Dumbledore explained it a bit better.” said Ron.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“If they catch a peep at your scar, you’re going to be in worst danger than all of them put together.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“So they won that from Ludo?” said Hermione.
“Apparently.” said Ron.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Charlie snarled. “There are no dragon killers! If a dragon goes rogue, then we just stick in a remote part of the reserve and try and calm him down!”

Dialogue set, second sentence, first pause.

“Oh come on!” said Sirius. “Best friends don’t do that.”

End of dialogue set.

“Don’t even get me started on that one.” said Viper from behind Fudge’s seat.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“It could happen, but he’d better improve the driving on the bus in order to get a lot of people to know him.” said Tonks with a smirk.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Ginny giggled.

“How come you didn’t brag?” asked Ron.

“I don’t know.” said Harry with a shrug.

Dialogue set.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Smart move.” said Kingsley with a smile.
Thirty-first paragraph.

Thirty-second paragraph.

“What’s got him so nervous?” asked Neville.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“How did he not notice that?” asked Sirius.

“Must’ve had a rendezvous with someone.” said Blaise.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Our poor little innocent ears.” said Harry with a mock shocked face from where he laid in Mrs. McFinn’s lap.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’d be shocked if he was, if it had nothing to do with a game of some sorts.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Too bad they didn’t give him a tiny broomstick to ride around on.” said Colin.

“They did, but that was ten sickles more.” said Ron.
“Fred and George don’t need wands to defend themselves, all they need is a pair of long sticks.” said Ron and Ginny with paired smirks.

“And make Dad’s century.” said Bill.

“They were trashed, we could smell it all over them.” said Kingsley.

“You don’t know what’s out there!” said Emmeline.

“You children should never know that spell.” said Remus sorrowfully.
Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

“And you kids are right underneath it? Oh no…GET OUT OF THERE!” shouted Sirius.

Forty-second paragraph.

“Just get out of there, if that thing is over you…you need to get out of there!” said Sirius worriedly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Idiot boy,” said Snape.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Damn, kid!” said Lionus with a bright smile.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Oh my goodness, don’t get hurt, please don’t get hurt.” said Mrs. McFinn ruffling Harry’s hair.
“Oh Arthur! Thank goodness.” said Mrs. Weasley who was gripping her husband’s hands tightly.

“Make him.” said Charlie angrily.

“At who? They’re just kids!” said Dr. Clark. “You were the ones that screwed up and let those nuts run around free like that!”

Several adults looked down in shame.

“Has he lost his mind? They’re kids! No kid, even if they knew the incantation could cast that spell!” said Nightstrike.

“Well, he…” said Percy pompously.

“Don’t…even…justify…it…” growled the rest of his family.

“Get the children away from that madman.” said Tempest.
“What an idiot.” muttered Dr. Nicodemus.

“Well, at least the rest of them have the brilliance to see sense.” said Tempest.

“Sounds like he hadn’t learned a single thing, he’s still ready to pin it on anyone he sees first.” said Sirius.

“No, freaking way.” said a Hufflepuff sixth year.

“Winky wouldn’t have done that.” said another Hufflepuff student. “Besides, the voice was way deeper wasn’t it?”

“He wasn’t trying to prove Winky’s innocence.” said Hermione, “Just trying to save his own skin.”
“A house-elf cannot cast that sort of spell, you fool.” said Moody shaking his head.

Mr. Diggory glared at the veteran Auror.

“How about that?” said Mr. Diggory snidely.

“She picked it up, you fool.” said Moody with a scowl.

Mr. Diggory opened his mouth.

“It wasn’t her, not in any sense.” said Harry.

“Poor man needed a nice rest at home.” said Percy.

“Home was not the place for him.” said Ron.

“Cause they’re spell happy.” said Ron.
“Why was he taking charge?” asked Nightstrike.

“Why was she crying?” asked Neville.

“You’ll find out later.” said Ron.

“Human! The elf has a name!” said Tempest angrily.

“That’s not good.” said Sirius.
“AMOS!” said Dumbledore sharply, “Have you lost your mind?”

“How could you even think he’d do something like that?” said his wife in shock.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That’s well beyond carried away!” said Professor McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Foolish Human!” stamped Tempest angrily. Her long hair flailing around. “Do you think that every other creature in this world is as foolish and idiotic as yourselves?”

Mr. Diggory quaked slightly under her fearsome gaze.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Big whoop, it tells the spell but not the person who did it.” said Harry.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Amos, leave justice to those who know what they’re doing.” said Madam Bones.

Mr. Diggory looked down in shame.

“Big question, do you?” asked Charlie. “You were the first to accuse him.”

“Exactly.” said Kingsley.

“Where were you?” asked Hermione.

“I was calming down the families.” said Kingsley.

“Finally a voice of reason!” said Tempest.
Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“But she didn’t do anything wrong!” said a muggleborn first year.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“If she had stayed in the tent, she would have been burned alive!” said Hermione shrilly. “Or blown to bits, or levitated and scared half to death!”

Dialogue line.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

“It was a real switch from when Dobby was set free.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-first paragraph.

“Get the kids back to safety.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
“She’ll get clothes and have to find work elsewhere.” said Professor Flitwick.

“This won’t end well.” said Fred and George together.

“We were fine Dad.” said Fred.

“And that’s all that Dad said.” said Ron to Percy.
“I was fine Mom.” said Bill.

“No blood, not a scratch.” said Charlie.

“He tripped and fell on a cauldron.” said Bill.

“Was it foreign made?” whispered George.

“Can we skip Percy’s line?” asked a second year Ravenclaw. Percy looked insulted.

“Stupid idiot.” muttered a first year Gryffindor, nods scattered about the Great Hall.

“She wasn’t running amok! She picked up a stick off the ground!” shouted a Hufflepuff student.
“Have you read that book, Harry?’ asked Dennis eagerly.

“Not when I learned there where was a whole two chapters dedicated to him and me.” said Harry pointing to his scar.

“It was ours, especially in the final months.” said Remus and Sirius quietly.

“Maybe Harry should have had a hand in wiping their memories. Hermione didn’t all of a sudden think it was winter when she woke up the next day.” said Seamus.

“What sort of idiot dresses up like them for fun?” said Charlie. “Not even the most rebellious kid knows not to go that far!”

“It’s nice though, that you try and find proof.” said Nightstrike.

“They never had a point, doing that to Muggles was just their idea of fun.” said Tonks.
“Whatever point they had, was just pure nonsense.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue set.

“Horrible monsters.” said Tempest.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Sound reasoning, Mr. Weasely.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“When I heard, I nearly went mad with fright.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Eightieth paragraph.

“Should I give you a lifetime supply of sleeping potion, Potter?” asked Madam Pomfrey.

Eighty-first paragraph.

“It means you tell someone really quick.” said Mrs. Weasley.

End of chapter

Charlie blushed.

“What’s worse, he didn’t say a thing about hearing Ron’s snores.” said Dean with a gleeful smile.

Both Ron and Charlie blushed even heavier.
Thanks for reading, please review
“Who wants the book now?” asked Remus.

“Come on, cub.” said Sirius taking the book from his school friend, and extending a hand to help Harry off of everyone’s laps.

“You okay?” asked Harry looking up at Mrs. McFinn.

“I’m fine now.” said Mrs. McFinn with a weak smile.

“You sure? I can stay over here.” said Harry.

Mrs. McFinn kissed the top of Harry’s head and helped him sit up.

“You need to eat more.” said Dr. Clark, Harry’s full weight was on him as he sat up, if you could call that weight.

“I not going to eat much anymore, I’m just going to get sick, if you want I can vomit all over you.” said Harry with a smirk as he returned to his original seat.

“Never mind.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“You read first.” said Sirius handing Harry the book.

“Tenth chapter, this should be good.” said Harry.

“With Fudge in charge, it’s always mayhem.” said Ginny quietly.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Few as in only three.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of first paragraph.

“Oh that poor man.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue set.

“How was his family?” asked Harry.
“They were just frightened out of their wits, it only took calming draughts and memory charms.” said Madam Bones.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“Didn’t make Basil’s work any easier.” said Mr. Weasley. “Poor guy couldn’t get a break at all, and he had to reorganize the Portkeys thirteen times, people tried taking the wrong ones in their panic.”

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“And we got there when it was pitch dark.” said George.

Second paragraph, third sentence.

“And the nice, warm beds waiting for us at home.” said Ron with a fond smile. “I wanted to go to bed so badly.”

“Me too.” said the rest of the group that had gone.

“Well, I had important work to do.” said Percy stiffly.

“You weren’t needed at work, if you were, there would have been an owl sent for you.” said Charlie.

“Well, then, Dad didn’t need to go!” said Percy hotly.

“Muggles were attacked! It’s Dad’s department!” said Charlie.

“Boys that’s enough.” said Mr. Weasley tiredly.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I couldn’t believe what I had read! I thought I lost all of you!” said Mrs. Weasley wailing as she remembered how the news crashed into her that morning.
Fourth paragraph.

“That paper sold more copies of that issue, than any other one for the past twelve years.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

“Nearly knocked us out, it did.” said Fred.

“I still have the dent in mine.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Well, at least that morning anyway.” said Bill.

End of dialogue set.

“That was scary, her fawning over us like Bill, Perce and now Ron.” said George.

“Downright terrifying, we crossed over to enemy territory.” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

“You aren’t going to like it.” said Remus. “Gave me a heart attack, especially when Sirius wrote to me and told me you were going,” he said looking over to Harry. “He told me to look for you, just in case you were in a photo.”

“Why look for me?” asked Harry.

“I wanted to start a scrapbook.” said Sirius. “Remus was kind enough to make it for me. Got a nice load of photos of you from that year.”

“Show me where that thing is and I’ll burn it.” said Harry with a sweet voice.

“No chance, cub. I love those pictures, I kept some of the articles for laughs,” said Sirius.

“I’ll laugh you right in the…” said Harry.

“Harry…” said Mrs. McFinn in a warning tone.
“Calmed her down quite a bit, after she had a few sips, she settled with just hugging me till my face turned blue.” said Charlie.

Really need to break you of that habit, quite annoying trying to read a briefing when you are right there to offer comments.” said Madam Bones shaking her head.

Percy blushed.

“I can’t stand that woman’s writings, if I had a bigger reason than just annoyance, I’d of taken care of her permanently.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“She’s right over there sir.” said Lionus. “We knocked her out, for the duration of our stay.”

“Wake her up, let me have a nice chat with her.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Her knock-out drops will wear off soon enough.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Might be today or tomorrow.”

“I beg your pardon?” said Viper looking hard over to Percy. “Non-Vizard? Part-Human?”

Percy turned a shade of white that resembled the sheets up in the Hospital Wing.

“Right on.” said a few students together.

“I don’t remember reading about that.” said Dumbledore.

“Not by name sir.” said Mr. Weasley.

“I should have sent all you kids to bed.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“We were waiting on food, mum.” said Ron.
Strange thing, I don’t remember seeing her there.” said Mr. Weasley.

“You wouldn’t have if she had been in her usual snooping disguise.” said Hermione.

“What bodies? There were no bodies.” said Madam Bones.

“Bodies and lies sell papers.” said Ron with a snarl. Mrs. Weasley looked over to Hermione worriedly.

“You kept professional Arthur, you didn’t say a single thing wrong.” said Madam Bones loyally.

“Dozens of owls asking us who was killed and wondered if they were their long lost cousin Bartleby or something along those lines.” said Tonks.

“I had to field some of the owls. Some even started coming at us with conspiracy theories, that said that the attacks were Ministry organized.” said Mr. Weasley, “I couldn’t breathe from laughing so hard.”

“Your report, during that time, would have gone right in the garbage.” said Fred.

“Right next to the dragon dung.” said George.

“His help was greatly appreciated.” said Kingsley.
“You didn’t make any wrong moves.” said Emmeline Vance. “Only Fudge thought you were wrong.”

“I wanted to write to you right away. Let you know I was fine.” said Harry.

“That’s it, keep writing to me and telling me you’re okay.” said Sirius. “Really puts my mind at ease.”

“Something bothering you, cub?” asked Sirius.

“Just normal stuff.” said Harry.

“Should have told us that before we left.” said Hermione.

“Didn’t want to risk not being allowed to the Quidditch Game.” said Harry.

“That’s creepy how you do that.” said Ron.
“I can handle myself.” said Hermione.

“So can I, but that never stops you and Ron from protecting me.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Wish we could get you used to that name.” said Harry.

“Never happen.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You weren’t there.” said a nervous first year, “It sounded creepy.”

Dialogue set.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Every time I turn around, there’s another hole.” said Ron.

“If you’d clip your nails, you wouldn’t have that problem.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh trust me, I ran the entire way, no walking involved. Apparating from country to country, and then when I felt I couldn’t do that safely, I turned into a dog and ran the rest.” said Sirius. “My turn to read.” he took the book from his godson.
“I’m going to paddle your backside till you can melt a glacier when you sit on it.” said Sirius.

Harry blushed.

“You say the word ‘Quidditch’ to someone who plays it, and they’re full of adrenaline.” said Ginny.

“And girls too!” said Angelina, Alicia, and Katie indignantly.

“Perce, everyone in the house and in the entire bloody school knows what a Howler does.” groaned Charlie.

“She wouldn’t let me give her my copy, or buy her a new one.” said Harry with a pout.

“My copy had all the hearts and arrows in it.” said Ginny sticking her tongue out.

“And you know that how?” asked Tonks.
“Charlie knocked into it before we got to you guys.” said Bill with a smirk.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“If James and I had that clock, it would be stuck on that last one.” said Mrs. McFinn softly.

Dr. Clark gave her a one armed hug.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“He said that? Right in front of his mother?” said Remus in shock.

“How can you even stand sitting down?” said Sirius his mouth slack. “I would have taken after you with a broomstick!”

“He was quite close.” said Mrs. Weasley sending an icy glare towards her ambitious son, who was cringing under the glare of many adults and children alike.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Long-haired, yes, pillock, no.” said Tonks with a giggle.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I like it long, so does Fleur.” said Bill.

“Fleur? As in Fleur Delacour?” asked a few students loudly.

“That’s right.” said Bill with a smile.

“You’re dating her?” they asked in wonder.

“Uh huh…can’t find the perfect ring to give her though.” said Bill thoughtfully.

“You’re going to propose?” said the twins together with a shocked look.

“Oh…Bill…” said Mrs. Weasley, tears in her eyes.
“Good for you son.” said Mr. Weasley proudly.

“I know a great jeweler, Muggle world, but I can get the price of any diamond ring you want cut in half.” said Harry. “And he does custom work too.”

“How the hell can you get a deal like that?” asked Sirius.

“He was one of my earlier security clients.” said Harry with a smile.

Eighteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Should have wrote down that she didn’t need to get me that book.” said Harry.

Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence.

“Helps when we’re examining the youngsters, they tend to shoot fire at anything that moves. Helps them practice hunting when the time comes. However…when those things get holes in them, it’s like you got polka dot burns all over your head.” said Charlie. “Poor Frank, he had to restyle his whole look, had an afro, now he’s stuck with a Mohawk cause he had a tear right on both sides of his balaclava.”

Eighteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Your broom is the best cared for broom in the school.” said Madam Hooch.

“I haven’t gotten it back yet.” said Harry crossing his arms.

“You mean this?” asked Chief Hawkeye. He reached up into the air, snapped his fingers and Harry’s Firebolt appeared out of thin air.

“How did that…?” asked Hermione.

“Secrets of the trade little one.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Harry stood up and grabbed his broomstick quickly, he held it close to his body. “Thanks.” he looked at the broom and saw that it wasn’t in the best shape, but it wasn’t destroyed.

“Seems you’ll need this.” said Chief Hawkeye, he snapped his fingers again and a broomstick servicing kit appeared.

“Looks like I have something to occupy my time.” said Harry with a bright smile.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Several teachers snorted.

“You boys are famous for saving your work for the train ride.” said Flitwick.

“How do you know?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Their handwriting is even more illegible at the beginning of the year.” said Professor Sprout.

“And yet we get good grades.” said George.

“What were you thinking, doing that right in the living room?” asked Tonks.

“We thought she was preoccupied with something else.” said George.

“That got us off the hook.” said Fred.

“I say it’s not a good day at work unless I get home and I’m ready to pass out in Molly’s arms.” said Mr. Weasley.

Mrs. Weasley blushed.

“If that’s the case, how did they have so many kids?” asked Sirius with a teasing smile.

“Easy days at work.” said Mr. Weasley with a bright smile.

“Dad…” moaned several of his children with their eyes shut.
Harry smiled over to them as he trimmed the broom end of his broomstick. Though he despised these books at the beginning, especially for showing everyone his thoughts, feelings and actions, he couldn’t help but feel grateful for the outcome:

He had Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark back, and they were now completely part of his life.

Umbridge was going to jail with no chance of ever getting out.

Malfoy was incarcerated, the man that tried to kill Ginny and discredit Mr. Weasley.

Sirius was a free man and was able to take Harry away from the Dursleys.

The Dursleys were going to jail for putting him through hell his entire life.

Remus was going to be a teacher again, in a non-jinxed position.

Mr. Weasley was going to get a massive raise, and get his back wages sent through to his account.

He met his two Great-Uncles, both of them fascinating as hell.

And the list went on, he supposed that the good outweighed the bad. The few negative things that had happened were that at the beginning of the readings he kept getting hurt and his security testing job was now out in the open. Also, he almost forgot this, now that they had reached the part where things only happened the year before, he’d get punished now. He had never been punished before, and lately Sirius and Remus kept mentioning spanking and paddling, but the most they’ve done was ground him, and that seemed to punish them more than him. He’d have to wait and see what happened next.

“You alright, Harry? You’re staring at the floor.” said a voice.

Harry looked up and saw his Uncle Rudolph looking over to him intently.

“I’m fine, just thinking.” said Harry reassuringly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I like it when it gets that way, only way I can stomach the stuff.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

“I don’t think it would have done enough good, if Voldemort got her.” said Harry quietly.
“So when are you and him getting hitched?” asked Leroy with a laugh.

Percy blushed.

“Uh…Lee? Mr. Crouch passed away.” said Remus.

“Oh…sorry.” said Leroy.

“Don’t feel bad, we were out of the country.” said Rudolph.

“Dad’s being irritable.” said George.

“He’s never irritable.” said Fred.

“Except towards Percy when he’s being a prat.” said Ron.

“That could cripple you in society, being a cruel Master isn’t socially acceptable.” said Harry. “But, unfortunately, there aren’t many laws protecting House-Elf cruelty. There ones that punish people for ordering their house-elves to kill themselves or killing them themselves, but…nothing much more than that.”

“That’s horrible.” said Hermione. “Doesn’t anyone try and stop that and get new laws in?”

“Fudge and Umbridge helped kill forty of them thus far.” said Madam Bones sourly.

“To a limit.” said Harry. “As long as he earns it from his servants.”

“We don’t need to go into that again, do we?” asked Harry.

“No, I’ve been doing my own investigating…but I haven’t learned much more.” said Hermione.
“Ron can sleep through anything, but I was debating about sleeping on the couch downstairs.” said Harry.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

“You’re always sad when Hedwig’s gone.” said Hermione.

“Not my fault that I miss her.” said Harry.

“The whole world would have heard.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“I was more excited about the socks.” said Harry.

He heaved a pile of parcels onto Harry's camp bed and dropped the money bag and a load of socks next to it. Harry started unwrapping the shopping. Apart from The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 4, by Miranda Goshawk, he had a handful of new quills, a dozen rolls of parchment, and refills for his potion-making kit - he had been running low on spine of lionfish and essence of belladonna. Twenty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

“There’s the proof right there, he has been doing some very advanced potions.” said Snape quietly to himself.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Why on earth were you putting it in there?” asked Hermione.

“Cause Hedwig’s cage was dirty.” said Harry teasingly.
“You’d stick your shorts in there?” asked Neville.

“Only if I had nowhere else to put them.” said Harry.

“You’re either shameless or foolish.” said Snape with a sneer.

“I just don’t care what people say about my clothes. I went my entire primary school days of people making fun of my tattered clothes that I don’t care what they see anymore. And besides, they aren’t the shorts that I used to have.” Harry gave a full body shiver. “These are at least decent looking.”

“Boxers or briefs?” said a girl ending in a fit of giggles.

“Boxers.” said Ginny.

“Are you trying to get me killed?” said Harry looking horrified over to Mrs. Weasley.

“Nothing happened mum, I was kidding!” said Ginny quickly.

“She’s right though, isn’t she?” asked Sirius quietly.

“Shut up.” hissed Harry. “And she’s telling the truth, nothing happened, we never even tried.”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Worse thing I had ever seen.” said Ron. “Didn’t you notice the mold?”

“No Ron I didn’t.” said Mrs. Weasley shamefully.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I never seem to be able to fold stuff right.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I didn’t want to even think about me wearing them.” said Ron.
“I don’t blame you Ron,” said Remus. “As financially strained as I am, I’m not desperate enough to buy Dress Robes with lace on them.”

Mrs. Weasley looked down.

“Why didn’t you fix it up Mum? From it sounds like from Harry’s description, it wasn’t washed.” said Bill.

“I…I ran out of time…” said Mrs. Weasley guiltily.

“That was a lie. Harry’s didn’t look like that.” said Ron.

“All the ones at the consignment shop looked like that.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“They were actually nice looking.” said Ginny. “You looked really handsome.”

Harry blushed.

“I paid for Harry’s out of his own money.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“Sorry Mum…” said Ron.

“It’s alright dear, I should have taken the lace off yours and styled them up a bit.” said Mrs. Weasley standing up and walking over to hug her son.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

“Yeah, we don’t need anything from you Harry. Just you being there is good enough.” said Charlie.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I think I would have too…but I wouldn’t have sent the picture on.” said Harry with a snort.

**End of chapter.**

“He’s not rubbish, you just have to break his Owl Treats into smaller bits.” said Sirius.

“I think a bit of lunch wouldn’t do anyone any harm.” said Dumbledore summoning the table back.

“I’ll get you some new Dress Robes dear.” said Mrs. Weasley standing up.

“I’ve got some, Fred and George bought me a brand new set.” said Ron.

“Where did you two get the money?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Little fairy gave it to us.” said the twins with a teasing glance over to Harry, who rolled his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry sat in the bowl and ate his plate of sandwiches and fruit. Though he couldn’t’ exactly call it eating, more along the lines of light nibbling. He was still dreading the end of the book, and he couldn’t wait for it to be over.

Seamus decided to take the book and read the next chapter.

“Chapter Eleven.” said Seamus.

“I love the train rides.” said Tonks. “Well, I liked the first one…”

First paragraph.

“A sweatshirt? In summertime?” asked Sirius.

Harry looked away.

“Harry?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“I was cold.” said Harry.

“And?” asked Sirius.

“Nothing…” said Harry.

Sirius and Remus wanted to press a little harder, but Dumbledore shook his head. “He’ll tell us when he’s ready.”

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That’s something you don’t want to hear on your day off.” said Kingsley.

Third paragraph, first sentence.

“Sorry Harry.” said Mr. Weasley.
“I’ve learned from Uncle Vernon to get out of a person’s way when they have an important call.” said Harry.

Mr. Weasley turned white and his jaw was clenched shut.

End of third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph.

“You saw a Floo call for the first time didn’t you?” said Sirius with a teasing smile.

“What’s a Floo call?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“You toss in a special sort of Floo powder and say who you want to talk to and your head will appear in their fireplace. If it’s a fresh batch, your head will just appear in the flames, if it’s a little old then you appear in the embers, and that hurts.” said Sirius.

Harry looked at Sirius quickly.

“You’re worth it.” said Sirius consolingly.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

Mrs. Diggory couldn’t help but laugh.

End of fifth paragraph.

“You don’t feel it if the batch is fresh.” said Sirius to Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“Please-men? You mean Policemen right?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

If she gets ahold of anything she twists it around.” said Ron sourly.
“You do have the most original security system, Alastor.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Bet that was hard to explain.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

Moody sent a fierce glare over to Mr. Diggory who almost succeeded in hiding behind his wife.

Moody’s glare softened slightly.

Dumbledore turned to him and sent a pointed look over to his old friend, who nodded.

“See? I’m on your side.” said Mr. Diggory nervously.
“Someone else chose for me.” said Moody angrily.

“I told you, you should have eaten before you Floo called.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“I was in a rush, but I ended up getting something to eat.” said Mr. Diggory sheepishly.

“Besides, she had us with her.” said Charlie.

“He’s George,” said the twins pointing at each other while Moody glared at the twins.

“He’s Fred.” said the twins pointing at each other again.
“Was? Still is.” said Tonks loyally.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore chuckled warmly at that statement.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“You’re real good with that blank look.” said Ron.

“I should be an actor.” said Harry posing with the back of his hand on his forehead head and laughing.

End of dialogue set.

“Doesn’t hurt to be cautious.” said Moody with a snarl.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Not the way I heard it, he kept trying to ditch him.” said one of the Unspeakables with a snigger, “Even before the cup.”

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Taxi drivers aren’t all that known for being a cheery lot.” said Dr. Clark.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Owls?” said Ron. “We only had the one.”
Hermione nudged him, “He didn’t mean there was more than one.”

**End of fourteenth paragraph.**

“I had half a mind to wash his mouth out with soap.” said Mrs. Weasley.

**Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence.**

“I was willing to give her my allowance money for four years to get him declawed.” said Ron.

“I was ready to have the taxi driver stop at the first vet we saw.” said Harry.

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

“Stupid psycho tried running us over.” said Ron.

“Got back at her, I memorized the license plate and reported her running through the red light.” said Harry with a smirk.

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“More teasers!” groaned Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“We were getting really close to whacking out on you guys.” said George.
“It’s always a pleasure dears.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I wish adults would just smile and let it the frick go.” said Harry.

“Easy, cub.” said Sirius.

“This is getting old.” said Mrs. McFinn quietly. “Really, stop torturing the poor kids.”

“The only thing those were good for.” said Ron muttering.

“I offered to buy you a new set.” said Harry.

“I still owed you ten galleons.” said Ron.
Draco cringed under the gaze of several adults while Mrs. McFinn looked confused.

“Pity.” said Fred.

Dumbledore turned and frowned at the child. “It’s better to defend against them, then to use them.”

“Yes sir.” said Draco softly.

“Amen.” said George quietly.

“It was quite the battle to keep you from being accepted to Durmstang and Beaubatons.” said Dumbledore looking at Harry.

“Well, being part of the Potter family, it’s natural for a massive amount of schools to ask to have you at their school. A legitimate Potter is a status symbol.” said Rudolph. “Our Great-Great Aunt Eileen was the first Potter child to actually given the option of going to any school she wanted. Before then, all the Potter children were homeschooled. But the fighting got so bad that they decided to home-school her, just like all the other kids.”
“Seemed kind of stupid, how are people supposed to inspect the school if that’s where they wanted to send their kids there?” said Harry.

“That in itself made me want to break into Drumstang and Beauxbatons.” said Harry.

“It’s hidden to Muggles Hermione, but not to wizards and witches.” said McGonagall.

“I saw that sign.” said Mrs. McFinn. “But then it faded away.”

“I know I saw it too.” said Dr. Clark.

“What did you mean by that?” asked Hermione.

“It can be plotted down on a map, you just need the password incantation.” said Harry.

“And how did you find out their password incantation?” asked Hermione.

“Haven’t yet, I’m just saying it can be done.” said Harry shrugging.
“How the hell do you know their uniform list? That’s a bit much, even for you.” said Remus.

“I was just curious.” said Hermione blushing.

“There’s curious and then there’s being an information stalker.” said Moody with a good-natured laugh.

Several people snorted.

“They provide the company, I provide the snacks.” said Harry with a smile.

“That was really the only fourth year spell I couldn’t really grasp.” said Harry.

“But you mastered it in the nick of time.” said Hermione.

“Except for the nearly getting killed by a stampede of drunken power hungry assholes.” said Sirius with a scowl.

“Love how adults can get away with swearing.” said Harry cheekily.

“You’re too cute to be spewing foul language.” teased Sirius back.
“And cue Malfoy.” said Charlie.

“It won’t be his last…said Sirius with a smirk. “If Harry has anything to do about it.”

“Way to go guys.” said Ron.

“Sorry.” said Seamus and Dean.

Draco looked down at the floor.

“They probably don’t have the faintest idea what’s going on.” said Charlie.

“It figures that Lucius would tell his son.” said Mr. Weasley.

“And it figures Fudge would tell someone who really had no business knowing it in the first place.” said Madam Bones.

“I’d like to know one time where someone said there was a competition and someone saw me raise my hand and say I’ll do it.” said Harry shaking his head.
“They just wanted to keep the surprise for their kids.” said Bathilda Bagshot. “I doubt the other Ministry officials told their kids about the Tournament.”

“Ronald!” shrieked his mother.

“Mum, it’s glass, insanely easy to fix.” said Bill.

“Thank you, Ron.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Um, I think he’s getting to you.” said Fred.

“Just a wee bit.” said George.

“What did you do to keep dry?” asked Uncle Leroy.

“Just my cloaks hood.” said Harry.

“Tell me someone gave you some Pepperup Potion.” said Uncle Rudolph and Sirius together.
“Cheerful thought.” said Remus sarcastically.

“The students are more than safe when they cross the water.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, at least nothing horrifying happened.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“The only luck I had that day.” said Harry quietly.

Thanks for reading, please review
“Who wants it this time?” asked Seamus loudly.

“I’ll have it.” said Katie.

She took the book from Seamus and read aloud. “Chapter Twelve.” said Katie.

“Finally, the whole ‘shush-shush’ nonsense is done.” said a Ravenclaw girl.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“I nearly fell out.” said a second year Hufflepuff boy.

“I did.” said Dennis. “I fell right out of the boat!”

First paragraph, third sentence.

“That weather should have been at the start of the previous year.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a light laugh.

End of first paragraph.

“Home sweet home.” said Harry with a full bodied stretch.

Dialogue line.

“What happened?” asked Bill quickly.

“Nothing too horrible.” said Ron with a sour look.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“You kids could have caught your death of cold!” said Mrs. McFinn.
“Would you believe they have a cure for the common cold?” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“You’re kidding.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“The side-effect is that you have smoke coming out of your ears.” said Dr. Clark.

“I think I’ll deal with the cold.” said Mrs. McFinn covering her ears.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

“That’s gotta hurt.” said Sirius.

“Again, I’m sorry Miss Granger.” said McGonagall.

“That’s all right.” said Hermione with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You had a nasty bruise.” said Ron quietly.

Dialogue line.

“Shame on you Peeves, you only pissed her off more.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Not exactly something you do to proclaim your innocence.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Can’t we even dry off first?” asked Fred.
Fifth paragraph.
“I just about slipped and fell right on my rear.” said Harry.

“Aw, poor baby.” cooed Sirius with a grin.

“Wanna kiss it?” said Harry quickly.

Remus laughed loudly as Harry and Sirius wrestled about in the bowl. “You did open yourself to that!”

Sixth paragraph, fifth sentence, fifth comma.

“Thank goodness our table was right beside the fire. We managed to snatch the seats right in front of it.” said Ron.

End of sixth paragraph.

“Nearly Headless Nick?” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Yes sir, there’s a bit of skin that keeps his head still on his shoulders.” said Lionus.

“Hmm, we had a ghost like that at my old school, Captain Roberts, he’s missing an arm, leg, and eye. He was on the wrong end of a cannon ball.” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Wow, someone’s cranky.” said Sirius.

“Do you blame me?” asked Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Man, you were missing out big time.” said Sirius. “The songs that hat comes up with…”

End of seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.
You *are* a hero Harry.” said Colin.

Harry rolled his eyes slowly.

“Breathe kid.” said Remus.

“Parvati likes to climb trees and play games a bit more than I do.” said Padma.

“Padma likes to go and sit under a tree and read all day.” said Parvati.

“Why do you look for them first?” asked a third year Ravenclaw.

“You're kidding, we need to know who to look out for.” said Harry.

Remus blushed slightly.

“Don’t be too excited, look who he had in the years before.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Shut up.” said Remus.
“This year, it wouldn’t have been a bad idea.” said Harry.

“Now that honor belongs to the two sadistic nuts.” said Harry.

“Harry, don’t think about them.” said Dumbledore softly.

Harry sunk deeper against Sirius’ side as Snape scowled over to him while Sirius snarled back to the potion’s master.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry with an amused smile on his face.

“It didn’t look pleasant that night.” said Dumbledore.

“They looked like drowned rats.” said Ron.

“They had to line up outside the Hospital Wing and get a dose of Pepperup Potion after dinner.” said Professor Flitwick.

“That’s me!” said Dennis eagerly.
“Are all Gryffindors nutters?” asked Blaise.

Harry looked around at his fellow Gryffindors. “Most of us are, I suppose.” said Harry.

“Harry…?” said Lavender.

“No.” said Harry.

“You’re no fun anymore.” said Katie.

“I don’t want to sing.” said Harry.

“Oh, sweetheart please do! You have the sweetest voice.” said Mrs. McFinn. “But wait, what does singing have to do with anything?”

“You’ll see if we can convince Harry to sing.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Harry rubbed his eyes. “Fine.”

“Here you go.” said Katie with a grin.

**Sorting Hat Song.**

The same happened again. Dr. Clark, Mrs. McFinn, Leroy and Rudolph applauded loudly and wiped the tears from their eyes.

“Hang on, the hat sings?” said Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn.

“Just a little thing Hogwarts is known for.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“It sings a different tune every year, it’s got nothing better to do with it’s time.” said Sirius with a shrug.

“That and scares people who happen to put it back on their head.” said Harry.
“ME!” shouted a Ravenclaw boy.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.

People began clapping again.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Cho blushed, as well as Harry.

Dialogue line.

The Slytherin House applauded their housemate.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“That wasn’t nice.” said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“We didn’t hiss as in ‘We don’t like you.’” said George.

“We hissed as in snakes.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The Hufflepuff house cheered loudly.
Hagrid smiled warmly.

The Gryffindor house cheered loudly for their twelve year old member.

“You and your brother are quite rare.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“How do you mean?” asked Colin eagerly.

“Two muggle borns, from the same family and are two different ages are quite unlikely to happen.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“You make it sound like a bad thing.” said Dennis.

Harry turned and faced Blaise, “I guess we are a bunch of nutters.”

“Mr. Creevy!” scolded McGonagall.
“Ooh, bad move Ron, he takes that sort of thing personally.” said Bill.

The people the book named stood up and cheered.

“I love your speeches sir.” said Ron with a smile.

“I could almost hear the stomachs of my students growling all over the Great Hall.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Oh, Ron.” said Mrs. Weasley shaking her head.

“If it got too bad, how much do you want to bet Harry would have gone downstairs and cooked for the whole bloody school?” whispered Charlie.
“I was hungry, I didn’t care about manners.” said Harry.

“There’s a usual argument?” asked Nightstrike.

“Not that we’re aware of.” said Sirius.

“I had that problem, when I was two months old.” said Charlie.

“Aw, Peeves was just having a bit of fun, someone got hurt but it wasn’t bad.” said Dr. Clark.

“Say hello to the only member of the Peeves fan club.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“I like him too though.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“And then the trouble starts.” said Ron quietly.

“That tablecloth is still down in the kitchens, they’ll never get that orange tint out of that thing.” said Harry.

Hermione blushed.
“Honestly, what did you think?” said Lavender.

“That’s the point, it’s the way they like it, the guests never see them.” said Harry.

“Dig down, dig deep…” sang Harry softly. Sirius sniggered.

“They don’t want to get paid, and their families are most likely in different houses all around the world. When they are ill, they don’t work, but being ill for a house-elf just doesn’t happen, not unless it’s life threatening. As for Pensions…they’re taken care by the other house elves when they get older.” said Dumbledore and Harry together.

“Nearly made a few first years faint.” said Hermione.

“Got an up close and personal look at a bit of Yorkshire pudding.” said Harry.
“That’s not what they would say, they make everything with love, that’s why the food is so good.” said Harry.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“And not eating the food is very rude to them.” said Dumbledore.

“Dobby calls me the rudest person here, but he says it with a smile.” said Harry with a laugh.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“If that was me, I’d of been sold.” said Harry licking his lips.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Chief Hawkeye spat out the tea he was drinking. “What did you just say?”

“It’s a pudding.” said Harry.

“You have got to be kidding.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Haven’t you ever had it?” asked Hermione.

“I’m not British, I’m an American.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“You don’t sound it.” said Hermione.

Chief pointed to a pair of dog tags around his neck. “This thing lets me understand each language and speak it fluently; even the accent is dead on.”

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Magic not required.” said Harry. “Especially the treacle tart.”

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

“That was quite a nasty storm.” said Professor Flitwick.
Hermione blushed.

“Wow, he didn’t have them on before?” asked Bill.

“The things we could have done!” said Sirius.

“I knew no one would read it.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“We switched out Quidditch for something only four people can play, what a rip off. We still could have played, showed Durmstang what an awesome flyer we have here.” said Cormac McClaggan. He figured himself the best flyer this school had to offer, and was happy to see several people smiling and nodding along with him.

“Yeah, Harry is the best.” said Fred and George together, several other people smiled and nodded as well.

Cormac felt as if he had been struck over the head with a pan. Potter was not who he was talking about.

“Not another cliff hanger!” said Tonks.
“Nice dramatic entrance.” said Tonks.

“That’s not me.” growled Moody.

Forty-first paragraph.

Hermione blushed furiously.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence.

It was Harry’s turn to blush.

Forty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“Battle scars, every one of them.” said Moody gruffly.

End of forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph.

“The best All-Seeing-Eye I’ve ever made.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

Whispers and murmurs went flitting around the room after that statement was said.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“What did you say?” asked a first year.

“None of your business.” said Moody shortly. It also didn’t help that he didn’t know.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Gotta admit, he’s got me down pack.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

“Still cannot believe he was allowed to even consider the job.” said Umbridge stiffly.

“The faker was a better teacher than you.” said Harry.
“It was quite awkward.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

“Fighting the Dark Arts.” said Moody.

“Got that from a pair of Death Eaters, used Flesh Eating Fire against me, I had to slice my own foot off.” said Moody.

Fred and George leaned forward eagerly to hear more, but Moody didn’t continue.

“What made you decide to host this thing when people have died during it?” asked Chief Hawkeye.

“To promote…friendship with other countries.” said Dumbledore.

“It came with one massive cost didn’t it?” said Chief Hawkeye quietly.

Several adults laughed loudly. “Only you Headmaster, only you.” said Charlie wiping a tear from his eyes.
“Aw…Professor…come on.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fifteenth word.

Harry snorted. “Boy did that change.”

End of dialogue set.

“And for very good reason.” muttered Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue set.

Harry shuffled his feet nervously.

Dialogue set.

It was Dumbledore’s turn to look guilty.

Dialogue set.

“Wow, that’s a big incentive to try and win it.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Was the only reason anyone agreed to it.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second dash.

“We weren’t seventeen yet, we had a few months to go.” said Fred.

“Wasn’t fair.” said George.
“I’m amazed you didn’t look at Harry.” said Remus.

“Harry wouldn’t just leap into danger, and I knew that he wouldn’t try to disobey me, he might think about it, but he wouldn’t do it intentionally.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.

“Hopefully you get some sleep that night.” said Sirius.

“Cause you aren’t old enough.” said Mrs. Weasley. “I’m glad neither of you were in the Tournament.”

“Don’t want the money, and wanted a nice break.” said Harry.

“There’s not a whole lot of people that could be labeled as impartial.” said Harry.

“How simple we were back then.” said Fred dramatically.
“You didn’t ask Harry?” asked Colin.

“We figured he had enough dangerous stuff, besides, we wouldn’t stand a chance at winning the spot if his name was in on it.” said George.

“You most certainly haven’t!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“She’d rather have you alive.” said McGonagall shortly.

Neville blushed.

“Don’t worry about that, I can’t seem to remember that dangerous stuff hurts.” said Harry with a smile.

“I didn’t even finish falling.” said Neville.

“Those suits of armor make noise?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Yeah, sometimes.” said Harry.

“Explains the whistles I hear when I’m walking down here.” said Mrs. McFinn.
Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“Is that going to be the thing for this book?” said a third year Hufflepuff.

“Yes.” said Harry and Ron dully.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“Best athletes anywhere.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

“Hey now.” said Dr. Clark.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“I took mine out after a while.” said Ron.

“Mine stayed in all night, I think I would have froze without it.” said Harry.

“Should we stick some extra ones under your sheets tonight?” asked Sirius.

“Nah, someone’s already been warming up my blankets before I even get there.” said Harry. “I’m nice and warm all night.”

Remus and Rudolph tried to hide their smiles.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ron cringed guiltily. Harry never said he wanted to sign up, he never even voiced his desire to take part in it.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.
“Typical teenage boy dream.” said Sirius ruffling Harry’s hair.

End of chapter.

“Why not?” asked Colin.

“I had a feeling that Ron wouldn’t want to go head to head with me trying to get a spot.” said Harry.

“I think we’ll have dinner after the next chapter.” said Dumbledore. “This chapter was quite long.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Katie took a look at the next chapter title and saw what it was called.

“Um…Professor Moody, do you want to read?” asked Katie.

“I’m not a Professor, I’ve never spent a day teaching.” said Moody, “but why not, I’ll read a chapter.” He summoned the book over to his own seat, read the title and chapter and smirked.

“So that’s why, “Thirteenth chapter” said Moody, “Just what I wanted, to read about that damn bastard.”

“Alastor!” scolded several teachers and Mrs. Weasly.

First paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“Not the best start to the year.” said Remus with a smile.

End of first paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley scowled at her twin sons.

“Come on, Mum! You’d tell us off for giving up too early or not aiming high enough.” said Fred.

“We’re just trying to make you proud.” said George.

Dialogue set.

“Why can’t we be paired with the Ravenclaws or something?” said Ron. “We’re always with Hufflepuffs or Slytherins.”

Dialogue set.

“Don’t blame you cub.” said Sirius as Professor Trelawney glared down at the youth.
“And miss out on nap time? You’re nuts.” said Ron with a smirk.

"Yeah...and you were hungry," said Ron, grinning.

“You just love fighting with her don’t you?” said Charlie. Ron blushed.

“Now that I give it some thought, Harry has the only snowy owl the school has.” said Professor Flitwick.

“God, I was missing Hedwig, and worried about you.” said Harry to Sirius.

“It was my Transfiguration book.” said Neville.

“I would have cursed who ever would hurt her right into oblivion.” said Harry. “Or at least make their week the worst one they ever had.” he added throwing a smirk up to Umbridge.

“Something tells me something happened.” said Remus with a smile.

“She hurt Hedwig’s wing when she tried to read my mail. So I…uh…” said Harry looking nervously around at the teachers.

“Whatever you did to her, we don’t find any fault.” said McGonagall proudly with a smile.

Harry smiled, “I slipped a powerful laxative potion in all of her food, every three minutes she had to run to the bathroom.” Harry sneered even more. “She couldn’t even get three words in before heading off.”

“Have I told you lately that I love you?” said Sirius with a proud smile.

Umbridge scowled fiercely down to him. “I knew it was you.”
Professor Sprout looked a little hurt at the youth.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“Oh, Bubotubers, they aren’t the most pleasant thing to look at.” said Professor Sprout with a smile.

End of third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“The what?” said Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark together.

Dialogue line.

“Glad we aren’t the only ones.” said Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I’d rather not touch it.” said Seamus quietly.

End of dialogue set.

“Boy, don’t I know it.” muttered Hermione.

Fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“You’re a nut.” said Remus turning green. “I hated doing that.”

Fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“People had to step outside before they passed out, some were acting kinda funny.” said Ron.

End of fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I certainly was, especially with a castle full of teenagers.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“What did you do for your acne?” said Parvati looking over to Mrs. McFinn.

“Yeah! Your skin is so pretty!” said Lavender.

“I want my skin to look like that when I get older.” said another fifth year girl.

Mrs. McFinn thought carefully, “I believe I just used the normal products you can get in the shops, my mother wanted me to go see a dermatologist, but I wouldn’t.”

The Rangers, Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn absently touched their noses.

“Yeah, careful, he might lick us to death.” said Fred.

Several students groaned loudly. “Not these things.”

Hagrid looked a little hurt.

“Hagrid they were really fascinating, but…” said Hermione.

“They were a bit much for us to handle.” said Harry.

“They would have been awesome for a N.E.W.T’s level class.” said Ron quickly.

Hagrid looked thoughtful.

“What?” said Chief Hawkeye and Rivers together.

Lionus shuffled one of his feet.
“There’s a new species, and I wasn’t told?” said Chief Hawkeye turning towards his English Captain.

“It’s a…new species cause…he made them.” said Lionus.

Chief Hawkeye groaned and slapped a hand to his face. “Why do idiots insist on trying to play God?” he fixed Hagrid with a stern glare.

“He didn’t know…” said Harry.

“Ignorance doesn’t excuse him.” said Chief Hawkeye. He flitted a glance over to Dr. Nicodemus. “There’s a way that I’ll forgive his law breaking, and Mr. Weasley’s fine that I was notified of.”

“What?” said Harry.

“You have something we want.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Harry looked at them in confusion.

“That white notebook of yours and the black one.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Why do you want those things?” asked Harry.

“There’s something in there that I might want to look at.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Harry stiffened slightly, he didn’t want to hand over his notebooks, but if it helped Hagrid and Mr. Weasley, he didn’t have a choice.

Harry reached into his knapsack that was under the bowl and pulled out the two tattered notebooks. He passed them down to the Chief.

“I’ll get that back right?” said Harry.

“As soon as I copy the pages I want.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“What is it that you want?” asked Dr. Nicodemus quietly.

“I’ll show you what I want later.” said the Chief with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, (Blast-Ended Skrewt description) first sentence.

Harry reached over the side of the bowl, picked up his red and gold blanket and covered himself to hide from Hagrid.

Dialogue set (Blast-Ended Skrewt description) second sentence.
“They sound so delightful.” said Tonks sarcastically, though she said it quietly.

Dialogue set (Blast-Ended Skrewt description) fourth sentence.

“How do you know what that smells like?” asked Lavender.

“Dudley hid one of the fish I bought for dinner one night, his whole bedroom stunk for weeks.” said Harry his voice muffled in the blanket.

End of dialogue set. (Blast-Ended Skrewt description)*

“That’s sounds really funny.” said Dr. Clark.

“Wait’ll they get older.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Rivers was about to say something, but he leaned back and look thoughtful. “Actually, as long as the kids don’t get hurt, it’s not a bad idea for a project, learning to study a new species. Though getting permission to breed those creations would have been better. Just to cover your bases.”

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

“Big shocker they would try and blow Hagrid’s second year of teaching.” said Tonks.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Every creature has a point, but you humans don’t seem to recognize them for the most part.” said Tempest haughtily.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Nice save.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of tenth paragraph.
“Quite the learning experience.” said Rivers with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Not the best day for someone to eat a full breakfast.” said Seamus.

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.

Hagrid smiled sheepishly towards them.

End of eleventh paragraph.


Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph.

“Wasn’t sure how it got him.” said Hagrid worriedly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Would have been handy to know that ahead of time.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Don’t blame you dear.” said Mrs. Weasley in a whisper.

End of dialogue set.

A few adults rubbed their eyes as a few seventh year boys decided to start snickering.

“Sweet Merlin.” said Dumbledore as he rubbed his temple a small smile on his lips.
“You mean you actually found a mouth on those things?” said Leroy.

“Well, no.” said Draco.

“Way to go! Stand up for Hagrid!” said Fred.

“Though, Hagrid would also like a dragon, but let’s not go into that.” said George.

“They’re just misunderstood.” said Hagrid.

“Yes, that very well may be true, but Hagrid, most people are terrified of some of those creatures. It’s not easy for one to overcome one’s fears.” said Dumbledore.

“Tell me about it.” said Harry.

“Then things will get really bad.” said Lee.

Hagrid looked sadly down at Hermione.

“I’m really sorry.” said Hermione quickly.

“Ever notice that once those two start talking, Harry doesn’t join in all that often?” said Kingsley.

“What were you thinking Harry?” asked Sirius.

“Just stuff.” said Harry, keeping an eye on Chief Hawkeye as he read the boy’s book.
“It was like she and Ron switched personalities.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Which is a miracle in itself.” said Ron.

“How did you lot luck out? We had four feet long essays!” said Fred.

“And then reading a twenty page chapter.” said George.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Moment it hit us, Harry sneezed.” said Ron with a smirk. “Cutest little sneeze I ever heard.”

“Shut it.” said Harry turning red.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“God I was not focusing during that class.” said Harry.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“What led you to that conclusion? The fact that I hardly smile during class?” said Harry rolling his eyes.

End of dialogue set.

“That freaked me out, I was afraid that you were going to get captured or killed.” said Harry.

“Have a little faith in me here.” said Sirius. “And don’t listen to her.”
Nineteenth paragraph.
“Teacher worship, makes you wanna puke.” said Sirius rolling his eyes.
“It’s even worse on the side of the teacher.” said Remus.
“Unless you’re Dazzle Gums, then he’d easily get off on that.” said Sirius in a whisper.
“I don’t think I want to know about this Dazzle Gums person.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“You really don’t want to know about him.” said Sirius quickly.

Dialogue set.
Tempest and Firenze rolled their eyes.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence.
Professor Trelawney scowled and folded his arms.

End of twenty-first paragraph.
“Exactly” said Hermione.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.
“Your eyes were shut and everything, I thought you were asleep.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
“That doesn’t help her mood one bit.” said Hermione with a small smile.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence, third pause.**

Tempest and Fireze slapped a hand to their faces. “Wrong.” groaned the both of them.

**End of dialogue set.**

“He’s not a snow child, he’s a sun child.” said Luna with a smile.

“Explains why he’s so pale.” said Sirius teasingly. “If you were a snow child.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

“We wouldn’t be able to hold it in.” said the twins laughing out loud.

**Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

“Still say it’s punishment for you being born in the wrong month.” said Ron. “She wanted you born in winter.”

“It was your laughing that got us in trouble.” said Harry.

**End of twenty-fifth paragraph.**

“Notice he said ‘DULL’ and not ‘HARD’.” said Neville.

**Dialogue line.**

“Not unless there was a strange phenomenon that not even we knew of.” said Tempest.

**Dialogue line.**

“I’m still waiting to get back at you for the short jokes.” said Harry with a smirk.

“I’m still waiting.” said Ron with a sneer.
“And thus opening the door to several juvenile jokes.” said McGonagall.

“RONALD!” screeched Mrs. Weasley.

“Molly, someone had to say it.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“See it was all your fault.” said Harry.

Moody snorted as he read that part aloud.

“Remember the good old days when teachers didn’t know what you said about them?” said Ron cowering slightly.

“Not the thing to brag about at that moment.” said Bill with a laugh.

“You’re favorite memory is coming Ron.” said Hermione.
“I take it, it’s not you winning another lottery.” said Dr. Clark looking over to Malfoy.

“Sorry again.” said Draco.

“At lease you’re repentant.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“Facts are flown out the window.” said Remus.

“There was no way you could stop that riot of fear!” said Charlie. “It’s Fudge’s fault for granting pardons to those damned Death Eaters!”

“Oh great! She isn’t talking about me.” said Mr. Weasley happily.

“Arthur she got your name wrong to be a bitch.” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

Their kids stared at their mother in shock.

“I was kidding sweetheart.” said Mr. Weasley soothingly.

“At least she spelt that right.” said Mr. Weasley.
“What’s the important thing is you didn’t do anything wrong!” said Mrs. Weasley.

Second paragraph of article, second sentence.
Moody scowled over to the still unconscious Rita Skeeter.

Second paragraph of article, third sentence.
“That’s what you think.” snarled Mad-Eye Moody.

End of article.
“He was going to the aid of someone who long served the Ministry of Magic and owes him more than just his pension!” said Tonks angrily.

Dialogue set, third sentence.
“Best house there ever was!” said Harry and Hermione angrily.

End of dialogue set.
“Are you suicidal? You don’t insult a boy’s mother!” said Rudolph angrily.

Thirty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Way to be a bigger man, you guys.” said Charlie proudly.

Dialogue line.
“And you just dragged in an Evans in a battle of wits, you won’t survive without cracking first.” said Sirius with a laugh.

Dialogue set.
“Harry!” said Remus.
“I didn’t say anything against his mother, I just insulted him.” said Harry innocently.
“Let him be, the brat asked for it, and it was something Lily would be thinking, and taking
everything she had not to speak it.” said Sirius with a laugh.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Win goes to Harry.” said Sirius holding Harry’s arm up into the air.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“What the…?” said Sirius. He lowered Harry’s arm slightly.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, second dash.

“OI!” shouted Sirius and Remus together.

“What’s going on?” said Dr. Clark.

“It looked so cool, it was like he knew to dodge.” said Neville. “And the look on his face, he
looked ready to kill.”

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, at the faker knew that I never took my hand off my wand.” said Moody with a growl. “And
that I don’t stand for that nonsense.”

Thirty-sixth paragraph

“You didn’t.” said Sirius.

“He most assuredly did.” said McGonagall hotly.

“Wicked.” said Bill and Charlie together.

“And we missed that!” wailed the twins.
“Your eyes looked real pissed before you saw Moody, I wanted to just go and find a rock to hide under.” said Ron.

“Alastor!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Wasn’t me, but that’s what I would have done.” said Moody with a grim smile.

“Must have been hard for that bastard to say that, that’s how he struck down most of his own victims.” said Moody to Dumbledore quietly.

“Thus ends the good memory.” said Ron with a smirk.

“I wasn’t quite sure what was going on, I didn’t even have a clue.” said McGonagall.
“Not the thing to admit to.” said Seamus.

“We’re you hurt?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“He earned it!” said Ron.

“Nevertheless no child deserves to be hurt.” said Mrs. McFinn, “At the very least by an adult.”

“I was fine ma’am.” said Draco softly.

“I didn’t think that needed explaining further.” said Dumbledore.

“You’re lucky you just said that to my imposter and not me.” said Moody.

“What happened then I wonder?” said Fred.
“Slap on the wrist more like it.” said George.

Snape and Draco didn’t say anything.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The entire school, minus a few Slytherins laughed loudly.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“No bruises or broken bones reported.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Which was lucky, I’ve never sat apart from George before in my life.” said Fred.
“We’ve only had one good teacher for Defense class.” said Harry.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’d hope so, I was an Auror, and he was a Death Eater.” said Moody.

End of chapter.

“That was a massive downfall of my good mood.” said Ron.

“Let’s have a bit of dinner.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Moody was about to put the book down and walk over to the table and pick up some dinner for himself. But before he managed to lay the book down, the long lost light of the Recollection Scrolls appeared, blossoming out of the book.

“What the hell?” asked Chief Hawkeye, he threw himself in front of Mrs. McFinn as she screamed.

“It’s a Recollection Scroll, it’s been a while since one showed up.” said Colin excitedly.

The light increased it’s brightness and enclosed in around them. They found themselves on the front steps of a Police Station, and from they remembered from a previous scroll, it was the Little Whinging Police Station.

“Wonder what we’re doing here again?” asked Fred.

They looked around and saw several uniformed officers walking in and out of the door. One person wasn’t moving far from the spot where he stood. A short balding man was standing outside of the station. He looked as if he couldn’t make up his mind on what to do.

“What’s his problem?” asked George.

Finally he seemed to have come to a decision and slowly climbed the stairs to the station, opening the door for a small boy pushing a cart.

“Harry! It’s you!” said Katie.

“You look so cute!” said Alicia.
“But you look a little younger than you did in the last one.” said Angelina.

“This happened a little while after my first security testing job, with Mr. Buckthorn.” said Harry.

“What’s the cart for, son?” asked the man kindly.

“I bring food for the police officers, sir.” said the boy with a smile.

“You’re so cute!” said a few seventh year girls. Harry blushed furiously.

The man smiled warmly at the small boy.

They watched as Harry pushed the cart into the elevator and followed the duo inside. The man then turned to the front desk where a police officer was answering phone calls. Harry continued onwards to the elevator and pushed his cart inside. They found themselves zooming upwards through the ceiling to join Harry on an upper floor.

Younger Harry was taking orders for food and filling the plates of different officers and taking money from them. Some of the Watchers turned and saw the man from outside the building was now coming out of the elevator.

The man that some of them recognized as Inspector Homes was standing beside Harry and was the first that took notice of the man.

“Can I help you?” asked Inspector Homes, standing beside the boy with a cup of coffee in his hands.

“Oh, I’m looking for Inspector Homes.” said the man quietly.
“That would be me.” he said sipping his cup of coffee.

“Ah! Well, I wanted to talk to you about something.” said the man nervously.

“What about?” asked the Inspector.

“Well, you see…my name is Abberton, Charles Abberton. I own a jewelry store in Farthington, and every month so far this year, I’ve been robbed. Not armed robbery, but they break into my building and rob me of my choicest pieces of jewelry.” Said Abberton earnestly.

“Poor guy.” said Bill.

“Did you report these thefts to the Farthington Police?” asked Inspector Homes.

“Yes sir, and they've never caught the scoundrel! They just keep coming, again and again I've been robbed! I’ve tried everything!” said Mr. Abberton.

“Ask Harry to investigate!” said Colin.

“He’s asking the cops, he doesn’t need to ask me.” said Harry.

“What can I do for you then?” asked Inspector Homes.

“Well, I heard about the incident with the Forbidden Fruit ruby, and frankly, I could use the same person who took care of that security to take care of mine, tell me where I’m going wrong.” said Mr. Abberton.
Several students cheered. “Yay! More awesome stuff!”

Harry rolled his eyes.

Younger Harry didn’t let it show, but he was paying close attention.

“Question: Why should he come and test your security system, what’s in it for him?” asked Inspector Homes, trying to shield the boy with his own body and yet not make it obvious he was doing so.

“I would pay him a hundred thousand pounds, a small fee to stop me from losing almost my entire inventory.” said Mr. Abberton.

Inspector Homes looked at the man with an inquisitive look. “I’ll see what I can do and get back to you as soon as I can.” said the Inspector quietly.

“Thank you sir!” said Mr. Abberton handing the Inspector his business card and then leaving quickly.

Both younger Harry and the Inspector walked to his office, the Watchers followed close behind.

“So, what do you think?” asked the Inspector.

“I don’t know if I can. I mean, Mr. Buckthorn left the blueprints of his house here. I’ve never been to Farthington.” said Harry meekly.

“Never hurts to try and help someone.” said Inspector Homes. “But it’s completely up to you. You can’t be arrested or cited when you’ve been invited to go inside a building after hours.” He reassured the boy.

Harry looked down slowly, but then looked back up. His eyes were alight with green fire.
“Harry Potter!” said Mrs. McFinn in shock. “Is this where you got the money to find Dr. Clark?”

“Yes ma’am.” said Harry meekly. “Well, the thing before this…”

Mrs. McFinn looked angry, “If Inspector Homes thinks he’s getting away with it, he’s sorely mistaken.”

“Poor Inspector Homes.” muttered Harry. “But Mrs. McFinn, they let me go, I didn’t steal anything! And the money went to a really good cause!”

“Be that as it may, but you and I are still going to have a chat.” said Mrs. McFinn sourly.

The scene shifted and they found themselves on a dark street, right in front a modest looking jewelry store.

“What are we doing here?” asked Sirius.

“I’m working.” said Harry quietly, not wishing to piss Mrs. McFinn off again.

“Why aren’t we in there with you?” asked Colin.

“I don’t know.” said Harry.

“What’s Inspector Homes doing here?” asked George looking into the interior of a dark car parked along the side of the road.

“He brought me here.” said Harry.
“He’s in big trouble now.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Suddenly a bell rang out from inside the building and a flashing light came from the inner chambers. Inspector Homes jerked himself out of the car and nearly ran to the building, when he saw Harry running towards him. He scrambled into the car and instinctively Inspector Homes jumped in as well and drove off.

The Watchers flew alongside the car and listened in on the conversation taking place in the car, as if they were sitting right inside the car as well.

"What happened?" said Inspector Homes, looking worriedly at the ashen face of the boy.

"I screwed up, big time." said Harry panting. “I couldn’t even get in half way!"

“What happened?” asked Dennis.

“Their system was too good.” said Harry.

“Want to try again another time?” asked the Inspector, “Or forget it?”

“Well, at least he was willing to give you a choice.” said Dumbledore.

Mrs. McFinn’s frown faltered slightly.

“I wanna give it one more shot. Is there a way you can get a hold of Mr. Abberton, so I can take another try?” asked Harry.
“Sure thing, but we’ll do it tomorrow night. Time I got you back to bed.” said Inspector Homes driving back to Little Whinging.

Harry reached behind his seat and pulled a woolen blanket from the backseat and wrapped his small body around in it. In less than five minutes, he was asleep.

“Aw, even at that age you’re adorable.” said Uncle Leroy cooing.

“Maybe mother should see this.” said Uncle Rudolph.

The scene shifted once again next day, they found themselves in the Inspector’s office, he was filing some paper when the phone rang. Once again, they heard both sides of the conversation.

“Is this Inspector Homes?” said the caller. “This is Mr. Abberton.”

“Hello, Mr. Abberton? This is Inspector Homes, how are you?” asked the Inspector with a cordial air.

“Fine sir…just fine…but I’ve been robbed again.” said Mr. Abberton.

“….what?” asked Inspector Homes, it was like he was hit in the head with a frying pan.

“I thought you said that the security system was too good!” said Colin.

“Last night, it wasn’t what you were supposed to take.” said Mr. Abberton. There was an accusing tone in his voice.

“When was this?” asked Inspector Homes quickly.
“Sometime during last night, I discovered it missing when I came to turn the alarm off. Did you, I mean, your man take something else by mistake?” asked Mr. Abberton.

“No, the man I sent in didn’t even get halfway.” said the Inspector softly.

“And he’s trustworthy?” asked Mr. Abberton quietly.

“As honest as a newborn babe.” said the Inspector crisply.

Harry blushed heavily.

“Yet he’s a thief.” said Mr. Abberton quietly.

Harry smiled in spite of himself.

“Not a thief, just someone who needed the money that Buckthorn was offering.” said Inspector Homes stiffly. “Besides, he received three million pounds, he doesn’t need to work again for the rest of his life. What would anyone need to steal after getting that much money.”

“Where did you get that much money?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Uh…from another job?” said Harry quietly.
Mr. Abberton didn’t have a remark for that.

Harry then came in the room, with a hamburger, fruit salad and a large helping of coleslaw.

Inspector Homes placed a hand over the receiver end of the phone.

“How far did you get into the jewelry store?” asked Inspector Homes quietly.

“I didn’t even make it into the main room, the entire place was rigged up so tight.” said Harry.

“Didn’t you say that you screwed up?” asked Inspector Homes.

“I did, big time. I accidentally set off one of the alarms the moment I took the grate off of the inner air duct.” said Harry.

“So someone came in before we got there, but that’s not possible, we saw them lock up the doors.” said the Inspector. “So that means…”

“That whoever took it, before we got there.” said Harry slowly.

“An inside job?” said Dr. Clark.

The scene shifted once again, It was nighttime and the streetlights had just come on. Due to the constant shifting of time and space, Neville had to run to the nearest bushes to settle his stomach.

Younger Harry, Inspector Homes and Mr. Abberton were on the other side of the street talking.
“Did you sell any jewelry today?” asked Inspector Homes.

“We sold a few rings and a bracelet.” said Mr. Abberton.

“We’ll keep that information in mind.” said Inspector Homes.

“Why did you bring the boy with you?” asked Mr. Abberton.

“Just to look the part, tell them I’m an old friend and his son.” said Inspector Homes.

They walked across the road were standing inside the brightly lit room, this time with Mr Abberton.

The store was still open, and there was a pair of employees inside carefully placing the merchandise in the assorted safes in the back for safe keeping. The younger Harry looked at them as he held onto Inspector’s belt, one was an middle-aged man, and the other one was a younger woman with a ring in her nose.

“Strange styles they have.” said Kingsley looking at the earring in the young lady’s nose.

“Mr. Abberton! What brings you here tonight?” asked the man with a smile.

“I thought I’d bring an old friend and his son over to see my store.” said Mr. Abberton reciting the script that Inspector Homes wanted him to say.

They watched as Harry walked around the glass cases, looking at each glass intimately. He saw beautiful stones, of various colors, shapes, sizes and arrangements.

“I wanted to buy everything here for you.” said Harry to Mrs. McFinn.

She sent a slight smile to him.
They noticed that Harry was looking at the jewels in the glass that were still not taken and stored, then his focus switched to the man and woman closely as he walked over to the Inspector.

“There’s a necklace missing.” He whispered into the man’s ear.

The Inspector looked at the boy and smiled. He turned to Mr. Abberton and smiled. “You do much business here, Bruce?”

“A fair amount of business.” said Mr. Abberton. “I’ve sold two bracelets and a few rings today.”

“No necklaces?” asked Inspector Homes. “That’s what my wife loves more than anything.” He added with a smile, allowing the boy to watch the two.

“Damn, you guys are a great team.” said Sirius guessing where this was going.

Harry saw one of the two people looked over at the coat rack nervously. One nice looking coat was hanging on it, and he could see a slight bulge coming from it. He looked beyond it, seeing a small corridor.

Harry walked over to Mr. Abberton, hopping from one foot to the other.

“What the hell are you doing?” asked Draco.

“Do you have a bathroom?” asked Harry earnestly.
“Should have done that when you left home.” said Fred with a smirk.

Mr. Abberton pointed towards the back of the room. Harry hurried in the direction which Mr. Abberton pointed. Harry then turned, as he ran, to face the Inspector.

“I’ll be right back!” he said, but then he “accidentally” crashed into the coat rack.

SMASH!

Harry landed with a crash on top of the coat.

“How the hell did you get so clumsy?” asked George.

“That wasn’t on accident.” said older Harry.

“I’m sorry!” said Harry quickly as he picked the coat up. He made sure to grab the coat up, upside down. Out of the pocket, came a small strand of silver and diamonds came trickling out.

“What the?” asked the young woman quickly.

“Our words exactly.” said the twins together.

“What’s the meaning of this Victor?” asked Mr. Abberton in shock.

“Come here, Harry.” said Inspector Homes quickly. Harry hurried as fast as he could to the
Inspector, but Victor didn’t make a move towards the boy.

“I wouldn’t hurt him.” said the man fretfully.

“Answer my question!” said Mr. Abberton shortly.

“I just needed the money.” said the man guiltily. He sank slowly into a chair and buried his face.

Harry stared at the man wonderingly.

“What do you need the money for?” asked Inspector Homes noticing Harry’s concerned look.

The man wiped his face with a handkerchief from his pocket. “My son and his wife died a few months ago, and my wife and I are taking care of their five children. Money is very tight, and with the smallest one’s recent illness…we’re just desperate. I swear, Mr. Abberton! I would have paid you back before the inventory was to roll around, I just needed some of the smaller things to pay for the hospital bills!” said the man pleading with the owner.

Mr. Abberton looked uncertainly at the man.

Harry tugged Inspector Homes’ shirt and pulled him down to his level. Harry whispered quietly into the man’s ear, Inspector Homes smiled.

“Mr. Abberton, if the money for the jewelry were repaid, by tomorrow afternoon, would you not press charges?” asked the Inspector.

“Oh course.” said Mr. Abberton.

“I can’t pay it all back tomorrow!” said the man turning pale.

“Any time before inventory would be wonderful.” said Mr. Abberton curtly.
“I didn’t say that you would be repaying it. I know someone that will do that for you.” said Inspector Homes for a smile. “How much is the total you owe?”

“Almost fifty thousand pounds.” said the old man wearily.

“Holy crap that’s a lot.” said Dean.

“Easily taken care of.” said Inspector Homes clapping his hand together. “I’ll bring the money tomorrow.”

“You have that much?” asked Mr. Abberton in shock.

“He’s going to get the money from you, isn’t he?” said Hermione. Harry smiled.

“No, but the security tester would most likely be happy to lend a hand. He knows what it’s like to be desperate.” said the Inspector.

“How will I repay him?” asked the man, fearing the worse. “What will the interest be?”

“No interest, you just pay him back a little bit at a time, I’m betting he’d like to help you raise your kids too.” said the Inspector. “Monetarily of course.”

Harry gave the Inspector’s hand a squeeze, signaling to him that he agreed.

“So that’s what you meant by you were taking care of someone with the over flow of money.” said Hermione with a smile.
“Just who are you?” asked the woman, who was watching the events in shock and alarm.

“Now she talks?” said Hannah.

“Inspector Homes.” said the man holding Harry’s hand.

The old man flinched. “Are you going to arrest me?”

“You really are shocked out of your mind.” said the Inspector with a smile.

The light came back to collect them and take them back to Hogwarts. After it deposited them back at Hogwarts safely Mrs. McFinn took Harry by the hand and into room just off the Great Hall.

“This won’t go well.” said Ron.

“The way she looked, I think Harry’ll be fine.” said Dr. Clark.
Harry followed Mrs. McFinn into the off part of the Great Hall. He wasn’t too worried, the most Mrs. McFinn ever did was make him stand in the corner, or stay in his room at the McFinn’s. That, and he knew she just wanted some words with him. Harry followed her until she finally decided to stop and look at him.

He could remember a time when he would have to look up just to see Mrs. McFinn’s face, now the roles were reversed. She had to look up to see him now. How he missed the old days.

“I still can’t believe how much you’ve grown.” said Mrs. McFinn, brushing aside a strand out of his eyes.

“I’ve grown up a lot in these past months.” said Harry with a smile.

Mrs. McFinn wrapped her arms around him. “I’ve missed you so much, honey. And I’m so sorry I left you behind.”

Harry smiled, allowing the tears to fall and hugged the woman he truly believed was his surrogate mother, her scent never changed, even after all these years. She still smelt of gingerbread. And as for her leaving him, he forgave her a long time ago, she was in pain, and her mother was only torturing her while she stayed in Little Whinging. “I’m sorry that I’m going to make you worry.” said Harry.

“Going to? I’m already worried about you.” she said with a hiccupping laugh.

They broke apart gently and Harry leaned against the wall, with his hands behind his back. “Should we get the telling off part over and done with, with the whole security testing, thing?”

“Well, until you brought it up just now, I was going to let it go.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smirk,
she placed her hands on her hips.

“I’m going to apologize to Remus, he can tape up my mouth whenever he wants to.” groaned Harry as he rubbed his face.

Mrs. McFinn laughed a little. “I…was not happy when I saw what you were doing, and how you got the Private Investigator money. And I’m especially not happy with Inspector Homes for letting you do this.”

“He didn’t exactly let me in the beginning. He didn’t know what I was doing, until after I did it. And the person I did it to, Inspector Homes was only more proud of me.” said Harry with a smirk.

“And I take it nothing I say will get you to not do it anymore?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Not really.” said Harry honestly. “I have the time of my life doing that.”

“Then may I ask that you be careful?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Anything for you.” said Harry giving Mrs. McFinn a large hug. “You want me to show you whatever I’m commissioned to take, next time?”

Mrs. McFinn gave him a little shove. “Get back in there young man.” she smiled.

Harry and Mrs. McFinn went back inside the Great Hall, and saw the kitchen set up already and Mrs. Weasley was cooking away, she didn’t know how long Mrs. McFinn and Harry were going to talk, so she took the initiative to teach Hagrid how to make an apple pie. And Hagrid was grateful for it. So was Harry and Mrs. McFinn, that way they could take all the time they needed to talk to each other.

With more and more lessons that they gave Hagrid, he was getting better in leaps and bounds. Hagrid was quickly mastering the basics of cooking, though...he still hiccupped on some things but he was making great progress. As they entered the Great Hall, they could smell the apples and cinnamon from way over where they stood.

“You don’t look like a guy that just got paddled.” said Sirius with a teasing smile as Harry made his way back to the bowl.
“She doesn’t paddle, she makes you stand in a corner.” said Harry. “Instead of your rear getting red, your legs get tired.”

Harry lounged in the bowl and dined leisurely on his plate of stroganoff. He smiled as he watched all the other students, teachers and guests as they shoveled food in their mouths so they could enjoy the apple pies that Mrs. Weasley and Hagrid made.

“You eat any slower you’re going to miss out on the pie.” said Uncle Leroy with a smile.

“I’ll be fine.” said Harry with a smile. “After this, I won’t have much room for dessert anyway.”

Once they all finished their dinner, they clambered over and helped themselves to pieces of apple pie. Hagrid succeeded once again, he followed Mrs. Weasley’s directions perfectly and the pie turned out wonderful.

Dumbledore turned to speak to Professor Flitwick, about continuing this onward once a month, when he saw Harry was fast asleep in the bowl. He placed the plate down on a table of dirty dishes and walked over to the sleeping figure.

“Harry?” he said shaking Harry’s shoulder lightly. “Do you want to head to bed?”

Harry yawned hugely and sat up. “Yeah, I guess.” he stood up slowly.

Harry started walking towards the doors, when he noticed Dumbledore was following him.

“I’ll make sure you get back to your rooms, I’d hate to see you passed out on a staircase, at Peeves’ mercy.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“I really appreciate that. Last thing I need is him scribbling something on my face or something dumped on me.” said Harry as they left and began to climb the stairs.

The entire trip up the stairs was uneventful; except for Harry who kept colliding into the wall he
was so tired. Dumbledore had to take Harry by the shoulder and guide him to the rooms where Harry and his new/old family slept.

They finally arrived, and Harry staggered towards the bedroom. “I’m going to put the medicine on and then I’m going to bed,” once he reached the bedroom door he groaned. “Aw, crud, I’m not going to be able to put the damn salve on my back.” He turned to Dumbledore. “I’m desperate, can you help me out?”

“I’ll do what I can.” said Dumbledore with a worried smile. He hadn’t seen the state of Harry’s back in a while, and from what Sirius said, it was a horrifying scene.

Harry and Dumbledore both went into the bedroom, the moment Harry had the salve in his hand; he took his shirt off carefully and rubbed the balm all over the gashes on his front that spelt the beginnings of the word **LIAR**. Harry didn’t notice Dumbledore had a look of absolute horror on his face. His entire face was white, the usually twinkling eyes were bulging out and almost pinpricks, and his hand was over his mouth to stop him from screaming.

Harry finished reaching everywhere he could and he turned to face Dumbledore and hand him the salve when he saw the look on Dumbledore’s face.

“Are you alright, sir?” said Harry worriedly.

“I’ll be alright, I just hope you will.” said Dumbledore slowly lowering his hand.

“I can go without it tonight, that’s not a problem sir.” said Harry quickly.

“No, no I’ll help you.” said Dumbledore taking the salve in a shaking hand. He held back the guilt that was crawling up his throat. Harry laid gently down on the bed and closed his eyes. Dumbledore gently rubbed the salve on the wounds on his back. Tears began to fall down his eyes and onto the sheets.

When he was all done, and discovered Harry was asleep, he covered Harry gently with the fluffy blanket and left the rooms. Once he stepped outside the room, tears came back in full force and he had to hold himself tightly to stop from falling down into an emotional fit.

“I’m sorry…I’m so sorry…” sobbed Dumbledore.
He wiped his eyes and blew his nose loudly. Then he felt guilt being replaced by intense fury. If he had known the lasting damage was that severe, if he even knew the pain he really was suffering…

Downstairs everyone was enjoying the apple pies and some of the other dessert delights the house-elves came up with.

“I wonder where Albus went to?” asked McGonagall.

“He took Harry upstairs, he looked really tired.” said Hermione.

“We were going to put him to bed, but Dumbledore got there first.” said Ron.

“Hopefully he can return in order to have another piece of pie.” said Professor Sprout with a forkful of apple pie.

“Shit! I forgot, Harry needs help putting the salve on his back.” said Sirius nearly choking on a piece of pie.

“Don’t worry, if he needs help, Dumbledore can give him a hand.” said Remus. “Or he’ll send word down by Hedwig.”

Out of nowhere, the doors to the Great Hall blasted open and Dumbledore stormed into the room. He looked angrily about until he saw Umbridge, who was staring furiously at all the people walking around free. When he saw her, he raised his wand and the curses began to fly. Umbridge had to jump out of her chair and hide behind one of the large pillars in the back just to escape.

“How…dare…you! How dare you!” shouted Dumbledore angrily.

The curses, jinxes and hexes continued to fly down to the woman, and without a wand all she could was scream and beg for mercy.
The Rangers only stood out of the line of fire and observed. They made no effort to try and stop the old man from his relentless attack on the woman. One person however was idiotic enough to stand between Dumbledore, and the target of his powerful vengeance.

“Now see here Albus!” shouted Fudge loudly. He stood right in front of Umbridge to shield her. With a quick flick of Dumbledore’s wand, the man was sent flying out of the way. The attack resumed.

Finally, after Dumbledore made contact a total of forty-seven times, (which turned Umbridge into a pink polka-dotted slime mold with a pair of eyes on flexible pink stems) he stopped his attack. He then turned his attention to the Chief of the Rangers.

“Do what you will to me.” said Dumbledore.

“Why? What did you do?” asked Chief Hawkeye.

Fudge glared at the Chief as he staggered to his feet. “He attacked…!”

“She’s in our custody, in all sense, she doesn’t exist anymore.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smile and a shrug. “Her rights as a human are gone.”

Fudge looked shocked, but one look from Chief Hawkeye and he lowered his own glare.

“Urgh, I didn’t want to touch her before, now I really don’t want to.” said Nightstrike picking up the slime mold by one of the extruding eyeballs and tossing it on the chair she came from.

“You can use magic, just lift her off the ground with it.” said Tempest eating a apple.

“Wish that dawned on me.” said Nightstrike rubbing his fingers on his pants furiously.

“Hey tomorrow’s the weekend, what are we going to do?” said Lee staring at the slime mold with intense interest. “You want to go to Hogsmede again?”
“You know what we should do? We should throw Harry a party. A mean, after all the crap with the Dursley’s he’s had to put up with. We should throw him like a retro-active birthday party.” said Dean with a smile.

“That wouldn’t be a bad idea.” said Flitwick, trying transfigure the chairs to their original shape, size and silent selves. “The boy has been through enough, and you Albus could use a bit of cheering up.”

Dumbledore said nothing at first. Then he looked up in direction of the room in which Harry slept. “Yes, a party for Harry…that would be good.”

“Are you alright, Albus?” asked Professor Sprout.

“Yes…just…tired…very tired…” said Dumbledore softly.

After dinner was over the Potter’s, Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark, Remus and Sirius and Dumbledore went back to the suite. They each peeked inside Harry’s room and made sure he was alright. Dumbledore was not one of them; he sat beside the fire and buried his face in his hands.

“I can’t…I didn’t realize it was…” said Dumbledore.

“Take another Calming Draught, you don’t need another heart attack.” said Sirius. He handed the old man a phial and made sure he drank it.

“You had a heart attack?” said Rudolph in shock. “You’ve never had a heart attack!”

“With good reason, we couldn’t even use magic to help him.” said Remus.

Leroy conjured up several pillows, placed them behind the old man, a fluffy blanket was draped over him and Leroy pulled Dumbledore back in the seat.

“Take it easy.” said Leroy soothingly. “Harry’s just fine.”
“You haven’t seen his back!” said Dumbledore, worry etched in his voice despite the potion.

“You’re right, I haven’t, but Harry’s a tough guy, he’ll be fine.” said Leroy.

“We think he’s strong, but then…these books…” said Dumbledore covering his eyes.

“He is strong.” said Remus softly.

“You made me feel better with what you did to Umbridge.” said Rudolph with a laugh. “Harry’ll wish he had seen that when we tell him about it.”

“I must say, I do feel a bit better.” said Dumbledore quietly. He could feel the Calming Draught taking full effect and felt himself sink back into the cushions.

Mrs. McFinn came over and placed an ottoman under his lifted feet and covered them with another blanket. “Would you like some tea? We can iron out the plans for Harry’s party.”

“She’d rather have hot chocolate.” said Sirius with a smile.

“I have a great recipe, Harry absolutely adored when he was little.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

She hurried off to the little kitchen that was there for any late night snackers and soon the room was full of the delicious smell of chocolate, fudge, and marshmallows. She brought over the teapot full of hot chocolate and took it around, pouring a cupful for everyone.

“Oh my god.” said Leroy holding his fingers over his mouth to not spew out the hot chocolate. “I was going to ask where the marshmallows were, but they’re right in there with it!”

“It was my grandmother’s recipe.” said Mrs. McFinn. “I wanted to teach Harry it, but I never got the chance to do so.”
“Teach it to him!” said Leroy. “When we go on our little world tour, I want to drink that!”

Mrs. McFinn smiled warmly. She finished off her cup and went in to go check on Harry. She hadn’t noticed that Sirius had taken his cup of hot chocolate into his and Harry’s bedroom and was just watching him sleep.

“Are you alright?” asked Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“I’m fine. It may sound creepy, but I like watching him sleep.” said Sirius.

“You’re right, it does sound a bit creepy.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile. “Why do you like watching him?”

“Several reasons, he’s been through all enough already, it’s nice for him to look kinda peaceful. That and he looks so much like his dad. I just sit here, and think, how they would have gotten on. I can just see it, James and Harry would be just driving Lily nuts with their broomstick stunts, Harry would be the best prankster this school had ever seen, and yet he’d be the biggest momma’s boy.” said Sirius wiping a tear from his eye.

“All boys are momma’s boys, they may say they aren’t but they are.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“I wasn’t one, I couldn’t stand my mother.” said Sirius with a snort. “Most vile person on the damn planet.”

“Did you always think that way?” asked Mrs. McFinn curiously.

“…No…it wasn’t till after she started spouting off all the pureblood nonsense that she started losing her loyalty in me.” said Sirius. “I was never really close to my dad. He was a real bastard.”

Mrs. McFinn looked taken aback, “What did he do?”

“Same thing Harry’s uncle did to him, only with magic.” said Sirius quietly.
Mrs. McFinn stared at Sirius, then wrapped an arm around him. “I’m sorry.”

Sirius smiled slightly. “It’s okay, like you did for Harry, Mrs. Potter and Mr. Potter came to my rescue.”

“Do you want to come back out and help figure out the party?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Yeah, I’ll come out in a moment.” said Sirius. “I want to make sure he’s fine.”

“Take your time.” said Mrs. McFinn giving Sirius a quick hug.

She left Sirius to watch Harry breathe gently in and out.

Irish Apple Pie: By BrianGreen, found on Allrecipes.com.

1 ½ cups of all purpose flour
¾ cup cake flour
½ tsp salt
1 tbs white sugar
1 cup unsalted butter
3 tbs shortening
¼ cup sour cream
1/8 tsp lemon juice
5 large Granny Smith apples-peeled, cored and sliced
½ cup white sugar
2 tbsp all purpose flour
1/8 tsp lemon juice
1 egg beaten

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 C). Grease a 9in pie pan

To make crust: In a large bowl, combine flours, salt and sugar. Cut in butter and shortening until coarse crumbs are formed. Mix in sour cream and lemon juice. Keep mixing until dough may be slightly lumpy, this is fine. Wrap dough ball in plastic wrap and allow to chill for 1 hr.

Once chilled, take dough out of refrigerator and cut it in half; keep one half covered and in the refrigerator. Roll dough to 1/8 of an inch. To lift pie shell, roll dough around rolling pin and then unroll into pie pan. Trim overhanging edges of pie crust.

To make filling: Place apples into pie shell. In a small bowl, combine sugar, flour and nutmeg; mix thoroughly. Sprinkle mixture over apples. Squirt lemon juice over apples. Place pie in refrigerator while top crust is rolled out.

Remove pie from refrigerator. Brush outer edge of bottom crust with beaten egg. Place second crust on top of pie; crimp pie shell edges together. Brush entire top crust with egg and cut 4 steam slots into it.

Bake in a preheated 350 degree F (175 degree C) oven for 45 minutes, or until golden brown. Allow pie to cool before serving. Serve warm whit whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry woke up with the sun shining softly down on his face, he rubbed his eyes and sat up. Despite the sun shining down, his mood didn’t quite match the cheery day outside. Looking over to the other bed, he saw Sirius wasn’t there and he couldn’t hear anything from out in the sitting room. He looked outside and noticed the sun’s position.

“According to the sun, it’s seven.” said Harry out loud. “So I’ve got some time to myself. Hagrid won’t be down there till about nine.”

He changed into his jeans and his cleanest black shirt, and then he opened the door to the sitting room. He thought there was no one in the room, he was mistaken, Sirius and Uncle Rudolph were both there.

“Hey kiddo!” said Sirius happily. “Sleep well?”

“Fine, I’m amazed you’re up this early.” shrugged Harry looking at Sirius.

“I slept pretty hard.” said Sirius with a cheerful voice.

Harry slipped his shoes on and headed towards the door.

“Where you going?” asked Uncle Rudolph quickly.

“I’m going to go down to the kitchens and makes something.” said Harry plainly.

“How about you and the both of us go to Night’s Rest, we can polish up some of the decorating and the final touches.” said Sirius.

“Um…I’m grounded remember? I can’t go anywhere.” said Harry with a raised brow.

Sirius and Rudolph looked at each other quickly.

“Uh…we’ll sneak you out, Remus won’t ever know.” said Sirius quickly.

“Just what I need, mixed messages.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“Come on, before Remus finds out we took you.” said Uncle Rudolph quickly.

“Especially as it’s his Full Moon time.” said Sirius.

“So he won’t be around at all today?” asked Harry.

“Nightstrike said that the Werewolf inoculation he got only turns him into a werewolf for one night and whenever he has free time, so he might transform way later tonight.” said Sirius.
He took a pouch of Floo powder and held it out for Harry to take a bit.

“Can’t I walk or fly?” said Harry leaning away from the pouch.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be right beside you.” said Sirius.

“That doesn’t make me feel all that better.” said Harry.

“Oh come on.” said Sirius.

Harry sighed and took a bit of the green powder, he watched his Uncle Rudolph toss the powder into the fire.

“Night’s Rest.” said Uncle Rudolph, and in a flash of green he was gone.

“You’re turn.” said Sirius extending his hand.

“And if Remus catches me not here?” said Harry. “I’ve dodged all the other punishments…this…”

“Learn to save your own ass and take an escape route. Get going.” said Sirius.

Harry shook his head, but followed after his uncle. The moment he was gone, Remus came out of the bedroom.

“Alright, keep him there until I send you word that we’re done.” said Remus with a smile.

“He didn’t want to go!” said Sirius. “I could hardly believe it.”

“Yeah, I heard that. Now go and keep him busy till we finish off the party.” said Remus pointing to the fireplace.

“So are you transforming tonight?” asked Sirius. Despite the arguments Harry and Remus went through, Harry would have been hurt if his favorite Defense teacher wasn’t there.

“I’ll be here, now get going.” said Remus with a smile.

Harry shot out of the fireplace and crashed right into the sofa and the pile of pillows that was right across from the fireplace.

“This is why I hate Floo travel.” said Harry looking up at Rudolph from where he lay.

“We need to work on your landing.” said Rudolph with a smirk.

“How about we don’t and leave it at that.” said Harry trying to sit up.

Sirius came striding out of the fire and stared at Harry who was still lying on his back.

“What happened?” asked Sirius.

“He fell down and went boom.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

“Haha.” said Harry as he stood up. “So what do we do?”

“Damn, you’re grumpy this morning. Let’s go polish off your bedroom first.” said Sirius excitedly.
Back in the Great Hall, people were decorating the hall with streamers and helping Leroy, Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley set up the party food. The Rangers were standing in the corner, with Umbridge, who still was transfigured as the slime mold creature, in a jar beside them.

“I don’t remember the last time I was at a party.” said Nightstirke.

“I’m not sure what the point of this celebration is.” said Tempest looking around with a bored look.

“It’s sort of a birthday party and a sorry you had to go through so much.” said Colin excitedly.

“I think you should just leave it as a birthday party.” said Dr. Nicodemus helping Professor McGonagall as she twirled a bunch of different colored streamers.

“Why is that?” asked Colin.

“I believe a “We’re sorry” party might not go over the best with him.” said Professor McGonagall.

“Why not?” asked Colin.

“Harry and pity…not a happy mix.” said Ron walking up to them as he helped his mother carry a few large plates of treacle tart down to the food table.

“That reminds me, I’d better gather up my Gryffindor students and we’ll see what would be the best gift.” said McGonagall.

The word went around that the party was now strictly a birthday party and almost all the students ran down to Hogsmeade to purchase presents. They were going to help make up all of Harry’s past pathetic birthdays and make this one the best Harry ever had, though…it wasn’t his birthday. Sirius and Remus already had an idea to get Harry, it didn’t cost any money, but Remus had to leave the area in order to get it. Rudolph had left Leroy a satchel of money to get a gift for Harry, but Leroy had problems of his own at the moment.

Leroy and Mrs. Weasley spent two hours pretty much arguing who was going to make Harry’s birthday cake.

Mrs. Weasley wanted to make a birthday cake in the shape of a snitch, gold icing and sugar quills for the wings.

Leroy wanted to make a cake full of treacle and have it shaped like the Hogwarts crest with chunks of Honeydukes chocolate on the sides.

Not surprisingly, especially for what she chose as a profession. Mrs. McFinn came up with an idea for a cake that the three of them agreed quickly to.

“That…actually…sounds…awesome.” said Leroy staring at Mrs. McFinn with an excited look.

Harry sat in one of the armchairs in his new bedroom, looking around the room slowly.

“This room needs a bit more color.” said Rudolph looking around. “What do you think Monster?”
“Sure.” said Harry tiredly.

“What’s wrong cub?” asked Sirius.

“I don’t know, just not feeling all that upbeat today.” said Harry.

Sirius and Rudolph shared a look and smiled. “You know cub, we don’t have to decorate, we can just hang out.”

“I’d rather do that.” said Harry leaning back and closing his eyes.

“Okay.” said Sirius and Rudolph sitting in the other chairs that were there. “We can just chill out here.”

“Thanks.” said Harry his eyes still closed.

“Didn’t expect it to be this easy.” said Rudolph with a whisper.

A few hours later, Leroy levitated the giant silk sheet covered cake into the Great Hall.

“Holy cow! What’s that?” asked Fred.

“Harry’s birthday cake.” said Mrs. Weasley happily.

“Can we see it?” asked Ron excitedly.

“We’ll let you kids see it at the same time Harry does.” said Mrs. McFinn. “It’s just about two, they should be coming back soon!”

They levitated the final touches to the decorations and placed the giant pile of presents beside the table with the giant cake. Most of the students couldn’t wait until they saw the shocked surprise on his face. It’s about time he had some pleasant memories, except for all the ones they’ve listened to.

They froze in place when they heard the sound of footsteps nearing the door. Most of the students took a deep breath and prepared to scream.

The door opened slightly and a foot came into view.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!” shouted the student body.

Dumbledore, standing in the doorway with a golden wrapped present in hand, blinked, then he smiled. “Wrong person, I’m afraid, but I will remember that shout for when my time comes.” said Dumbledore cheerfully.

Several students laughed.

“What did you get him Albus?” asked Professor Flitwick.

“I had to spend all morning to prepare this.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Also, I came down to let you all know that they’ll be here in fifteen minutes. Harry wanted to pick some of the fruits that were in the orchard. So we gained a few moments of leeway time.”

“Well, we’re pretty much all done, we just need a few more streamers in the corner.” said Percy,
“Here’s Hedwig.” said Ron looking up in the air at the snowy white owl. “What has she got in her beak?”

Hedwig fluttered down softly and landed beside the cake, in her beak, was a pair of tiger lilies.

“How the hell did she know this was for Harry?” asked a first year.

“She’s very close to him.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “But I think she’s trying to tell us that he’s just arrived.”

“Alright you lot, stay quiet.” said Bill. “He could be coming down any minute.”

The moments ticked by until the door creaked open. This time the right person stepped through the door.

Harry walked inside the Great Hall with a bucket of apples in his hand and nearly dropped it when the entire Great Hall shouted those two words at him.

“What the hell?” said Harry in shock.

“We wanted to make up for all the rotten birthdays you’ve had so far!” said Alicia, Katie, and Angelina coming over to kiss Harry on the cheek.

“This explains the mixed messages.” said Harry looking at Sirius.

“Are you feeling a bit better?” asked Uncle Rudolph.

“Why, what’s wrong with him?” asked Remus and Leroy, who came by and gave him a one armed hug each.

“I’m not in the best of moods.” said Harry with a frown. “Got a Cheering Charm handy?” he added with a smirk.

“Do you really need it?” said Leroy.

“Unless you want me cranky for my own birthday party.” said Harry with a serious look.

“Right, good point.” said Sirius quickly. He took his wand out and waved it softly over his Godson’s head.

Harry sighed. “That’s a lot better.”

Almost immediately, Harry was dragged over to the table full of present by Dennis, but then was carried by both Fred and George the rest of the way.

“Come on! Presents!” shouted Fred and George.

It was almost nightfall when Harry finished opening the presents. Just before he opened the last few, the cake was revealed. It was a giant cake replica of Hogwarts castle!

Everyone was amazed by the intricate detail and how delicious it looked. It had towers and torrents and even Hagrid’s hut right beside it. When they cut into the cake Harry just about dived into the entire thing, it was full of treacle. Soon, thanks in big part to Ron and Harry, the cake looked nothing more than ruins.
After he wiped his cake covered face clean, he looked around at his presents. He now had a lifetime supply of broomstick care kits, eagle feather quills, and a massive amount of different candies. Fred and George even got him a t-shirt, and it said what he had said earlier: "Yeah it's me, now get away from me!"

“I love this!” said Harry looking at the shirt and laughing out loud. "Say hello to lots of cavities and calluses on my hands.” said Harry looking at the rest of his presents.

He opened Dumbledore’s gift and discovered a gold gilded ebony box.

“That box will protect whatever you place in it from prying eyes and sticky fingers.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“I need this, it sucks only sleeping on and off.” said Harry thinking of his summer job.

“Here’s the present from Remus and me.” said Sirius excitedly.

Harry took ahold of the small blue wrapped package and opened it up. Inside, was a pair of golden rings.

“They were your parent’s wedding rings.” said Remus. “We thought you should have them.”

Harry stared at the box with tear filled eyes. He gently caressed the small bands of gold.

“Dumbledore gave them to me, they would have gone to Sirius, but being where he was…it wasn’t possible.”

The tears streaming down Harry’s face was all the thanks they could ever have wanted.

“No fair getting a tear jerking gift! He isn’t done opening every one of them yet!” said Leroy with a laugh.

Uncle Rudolph and Uncle Leroy handed Harry a silver wrapped present, inside was a photo album.

Harry looked at it, and then looked up at his Great Uncles.

“It’s an album, of your entire family. All the way back to when wizards first used cameras.” said Uncle Rudolph with a smile. “We thought…”

In a flash Harry hugged, Sirius, Remus, Leroy and Rudolph each in turn. Rudolph was the one that held onto him a little while longer, Harry was grateful, as he gently sobbed into the man’s shoulder. “You’re welcome Little Monster.”

Treacle Tart (HARRY POTTER'S FAVORITE THING EVER!)

1(9in) pie crust pastry
1 cup golden syrup
¼ cup heavy cream
1 cup bread crumbs
1 lemon, zested
2 tbsp lemon juice

Preheat oven to 375 degree F (190 degree C). Press the pie crust pastry evenly into the bottom of a 9in pie plate.

Mix the syrup, cream, bread crumbs, lemon zest, and lemon juice together in a bowl; pour into the pie crust.

Bake in the preheated oven until the filling is set, 35-40 minutes. Allow to cool slightly before serving.

Now imagine a cake that's been hollowed out and filled with this? Oh my god that sounds really good!

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
The next morning, everyone slept in, the party went well into the night, despite the teachers’ best efforts to send the students to bed at a decent hour. Some of the girls had a few records of the Weird Sisters music and a dance ensued. When a slow song would be played, Harry and Ginny would take the opportunity to enjoy a nice quiet dance together, just looking at each other’s eyes and dancing in a slow circle. However when a fast song would come around, several people dragged them out on to the dance floor to join them in their little dancing circle, though Harry preferred to just sit on the sidelines.

Aside from Harry, three other males were very popular dance partners. Sirius was being dragged off to join a few seventh year girls, at first he blushed each time, but after a while, he just took it in stride. Uncle Rudolph and Uncle Leroy seemed to dance non-stop with each other, several of the seventh years would dance along with them and even a few first years seemed to want to take both Rudolph and Leroy out on the dance floor with them.

Remus had a few seventh years through fourth year girls waiting to dance with him, but Tonks didn’t let him have a moment’s rest without her, which he didn’t seem to mind in the slightest. He enjoyed waltzing around the dance floor with during the slow songs and tried his best during the faster songs.

Hermione and Ron shared quite a few dances together and refused to dance with anyone else. They were one of the last people to actually leave the Great Hall, though as tired as Harry was, he was happy to see those two finally holding hands. There was another couple leaving arm in arm that he was happy to see so happy, Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark. They said they were tired and wanted to go to sleep, Harry was only too happy to let them.

Tempest and Firenze left once the dancing had started, preferring to travel around the lake as opposed to dancing to wizard music.

The last remaining people that were still down there, was the remainder of Harry’s close knit family, Dumbledore and a few of the Rangers.

Dumbledore transfigured a chair into a large trunk and with a few extra charms tossed in; he levitated the presents into the enchanted trunk. “Did you enjoy the party, dear boy?”

“I did, thanks to that Cheering Charm, and Ginny.” said Harry. “I don’t really know why I was in a bad mood.” he ran his fingers through his hair. He sank slowly into a nearby chair and looked at the floor.

“I’m not a psychiatrist, but judging from what I’ve seen, I think you’re having a bit of a hard time with these readings.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Harry looked up the doctor with a confused look.
“From what I can tell, you are still unhappy about everyone learning about what transpires in your thoughts, life, and during the summer.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Harry turned his head away.

“You still having problems cub?” asked Sirius concernedly.

“What’s wrong Harry?” asked Remus.

Harry said nothing.

“You’ll feel a lot better when you get it off your chest.” said Lionus. He reached into his pocket and took out a wand and waved it gently, removing the cheering charm and placing a compulsion charm. “There you go, now you can shout, scream and stamp your feet all you want.”

They all saw Harry’s tired, calm face turn into one of sheer annoyance.

“Come along lad, tell us what’s bothering you.” said Chief. Hawkeye.

“I…I just…I don’t really see how everyone can get all upset about the life before school, summer, and my thoughts. You lot didn’t give a damn about me before, you didn’t check up on me, nothing, you did absolutely nothing. You have no right to know anything about me.” said Harry sourly.

Everyone but the Rangers looked uncomfortably at each other. What do they say? What could they say? They did let him down, and frankly, all his accomplishments, all his talents, his heart, his soul, likes, dislikes. They had no part of their development. All the credit, of Harry’s selfless nature, goes straight to himself, the McFinn’s and Dr. Clark.

How long had he been burying this?

“You’re right Harry,” said Dumbledore softly. “We haven’t earned the right to peer into your past in this fashion, or in any fashion.”

Sirius and Remus looked both hurt and horrified.

“I mean, I get this feeling that I’m the only one supposed to fight Voldemort, I want revenge for my parents of course but…why do I have to save everyone? No one in this world did anything for me, except for Mom and Dad, no one came to my rescue when I really needed it. All those nights that Uncle Vernon beat the crap out of me, when Ripper gnawed on my leg, Aunt Marge smacking me with that cane, Dudley chasing after me…” Harry’s fingers tightened on his scalp and angry tears burned his cheeks. “No one came to save me, no one here helped me.”

Dumbledore was dreadfully pale. “I’m sorry, Harry…I’m so sorry.”

The tightness of Harry’s fingers on his scalp lessened slightly, but they were still dug into his skull.

“I’ll apologize to you every day for the rest of both of our lives, and yes, that still won’t be enough.” said Dumbledore kneeling in front of Harry. He took Harry’s trembling hand, which was clutching his kneecap, in his own shaking one. “I’m sorry, but I’ll never let you fight alone and if you don’t want to fight, I will do everything I can so don’t have to.”

Harry removed his hand from his scalp, swallowed.

“I think that we need to quicken the pace of that therapist.” said Lionus. “Wouldn’t hurt to have you vent every once in a while. How do Sundays work for you, starting just as soon as you like?”
“I’d like that, so I don’t blow up every week or so.” said Harry. “Though, this party was really nice.”

“It’s sort of a belated birthday party for you.” said Sirius. “But you’re getting another one when
summer comes around.”

“You’re going to spoil me.” said Harry with a dry laugh.

“I’ve got a lot of years to make up.” said Sirius weakly.

“As do we.” said Rudolph, Leroy and Remus.

Harry sighed, “This is both one of the best and worst years I’ve had here.”

“And I hate to tell you this, but you’ve got two more years.” teased Leroy softly.

The next morning people got up the next time, though they had the same demeanor as Harry had
the night prior. Harry was the only one that seemed to be in a chipper mood.

“Roles are reversed it seems.” said Harry quietly with a slight smirk.

“We told them that they weren’t going to be all that energetic if they stayed up all night.” said
Dumbledore cheerfully.

“You seem just fine sir.” said Lee grumpily.

“I’m used to working all night and then coming down to breakfast with a castle full of students that
expect me to be cheerful.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

The adults in the room, save Sirius and Remus were in alright moods, those two were pretty tired.

“So what do you guys do for Halloween?” asked Dr. Clark eagerly.

“Well, we normally just have a feast and perhaps some light entertainment.” said Dumbledore with
a smile.

“Oh, you don’t dress up?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Like a costume party?” asked Lee sitting up suddenly.

“I thought I heard a few of you say you didn’t want to have another party ever again.” said
Professor Sprout with a laugh.

“We’re always saying that, can we have a costume party tomorrow?” said Fred eagerly.

“What about the readings?” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

“Better find comfortable costumes.” said Lionus with a smile.

“Well, then I think on today’s agendas would be costume hunting.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“We’ll have the feast and another get together after the day’s readings, not nearly as big as last
nights, but a calmer one.”

Once Dumbledore finished speaking, whispers trickled out amongst the students. Harry looked
over to Remus. “Am I still grounded?”

“How is Harry going to get his costume if you ground him.” said Ron trying to help.

Remus ran his hand over his face, “I’ll forgive you this time, if…”

“Here it comes.” said Harry with a smile.

“You want to be grounded?” said Remus with a smirk.

“No sir.” said Harry quickly.

“I didn’t think so. Bake me a few of those cookies I like and then you’re off the hook.” said Remus with a smile.

“Done.” said Harry with a smile.

“So what are you going to dress up as?” asked Sirius eagerly.

“None of your business.” said Harry with a smile.

Down in Hogsmede, People were running into Gladrags to get different clothes to go as different things. Owls were sent to parents with wishes and pleas of costumes to wear the next day. Those who wanted to be a bit more creative went down to Gladrags and ordered bolts of fabric and little odds and ends to make up their costumes.

Harry had sent Hedwig to go fetch the costume he wanted. He couldn't trust himself to make the costume on his own and he wanted it to be a surprise to a few people. While he waited for the package from an old friend and mentor, he prepared a few treats for tomorrow and the cookies that Remus wanted.

Most of the teachers and other adult wanted to just sit back and allow the students have their fun, but others, like Professor Flitwick and Professor Sprout and Dumbledore wanted to join in with the festivities. Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn also wanted to join the fun, but they weren’t comfortable leaving the castle without someone to accompany them.

“I’ll take you down.” said Sirius standing up out of his chair. “Gives me something to do.”

“Aren’t you going to dress up for tomorrow?” asked Mrs. McFinn sweetly.

“Don’t know what I could go as.” said Sirius.

“You could go as a poodle.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

Sirius stared at him, then walked over and peered into his eyes.

“Can I help you?” said Dr. Clark leaning back slightly.

“Just checking your eyes, if they were the same as James, I’d swear you were his reincarnation.” said Sirius.

“I’m not that young.” said Dr. Clark with a gentle smile.

“It’s just, that’s something James would have said.” said Sirius somberly. Mrs. McFinn looked
down and muttered about fixing some tea. They watched her leave with her eyes watery, “I forgot, her husband’s name was also James.” said Sirius.

“Yeah, when she and I spent our first night together… it was hard for the both of us, we just ended up holding each other all night.” said Dr. Clark folding his arms and leaning against the mantle.

A thick silence fell between the two of them.

“So what costume idea do you guys have?” said Sirius.

“I haven’t decided yet, I was thinking something, but I didn’t to insult anyone.” said Dr. Clark sheepishly.

“You wanted to come as a wizard?” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Yeah.” said Dr. Clark sheepishly.

“Do it, I’ll help you look the part.” said Sirius.

“How come I don’t trust you?” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“Oi! Remus!” shouted Sirius loudly.

A door opened but it wasn’t Remus that answered.

“He’s gone, left with Tonks.” said Rudolph.

“Sam here wants to go as a wizard for a costume.” said Sirius.

“And he doesn’t trust you, does he?” said Rudolph throwing on a cloak with a smile.

“Why does no one trust me?” said Sirius with a pout.

“Instincts.” said Rudolph. “Well Sam, at least your costume will be easy to do.”

Mrs. McFinn came back into the lounge, her eyes a little red and puffy. Seeing her distraught, Rudolph swept over to Mrs. McFinn and held her hand.

“Are you alright? What’s wrong?”

“I’m fine, just remembering…” she said laughing slightly and hiccupping at the same time.

Rudolph took Mrs. McFinn in his arms and hugged her. “Let’s take you shopping, that always cheers up Leroy when he’s feeling down, the other thing… he might not like it if I did that with you.”

Mrs. McFinn’s face broke into a smile and a fit of giggles.

“Where is Leroy?” asked Dr. Clark.

“He went to take a few girls shopping for costumes. Ginny and Hermione, I was going just hang out here, but I’ll go.” said Rudolph with a smile.

They went down to the village of Hogsmede and stopped first at Gladrags for the clothes for Dr. Clark.
“Here we go, pretty much you wear normal clothes that are over there, and a robe over top them.” said Rudolph handing Dr. Clark a deep blue robe. “You seem to be the Ravenclaw type.”

“So…do I need a pointed hat?” said Dr. Clark softly.

“Nah, not many people wear those, they went out of style about thirty years ago.” said Sirius.

“Well, the kids…” said Dr. Clark.

“They’re forced to stick with that, it’s traditional.” said Rudolph. “Did you find anything to give you an idea, Holly?”

“Well, if I can get a few yards of this fabric, I can make myself a nice ornate dress and go as a Queen of some sort.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“If you want to add a bit of sparkle, Leroy can help with that, he’s always adding jewels to something or other.” said Rudolph. “He’s like a magpie that way.”

“Do they have fake jewels here?” asked Mrs. McFinn looking around.

“We’ll hook you up.” said Rudolph with a smile.

“You’re going to get her real jewels, aren’t you?” asked Sirius snidely.

“You bet.” said Rudolph, “She’s worth it.”

“Can’t wait to see it.” said Dr. Clark with a smile. “It should be as beautiful as the Fairy costume you wore for Harry’s first Halloween.”

“My costume is going to be easy, I just need to find some old clothes.” said Sirius with a smile.

“I wonder what Harry’s going to go as?” asked Dr. Clark as he carried both the bags for his costume and the bags for Mrs. McFinn’s costume.

Later that afternoon, as Harry waited for the last few things to finish baking, he read a book he had borrowed from the library. *Animagi: The Art of Skin Changing*. He was contemplating for a while if he wanted to try and follow in his father’s footsteps and become an animagus. He had done all the research and was almost completed with the charms and potions. The only thing that stopped him was the final decision, if he should follow through with it. This was a pretty permanent decision; he would have to register with the Ministry and to have to be registered with anyone just felt as if his freedom was taken away.

Suddenly he was jolted from his thoughts when Hedwig came flapping down and dropped a parcel gently on the table.

“Thanks Hedwig” said Harry. He opened the letter and read it with a smile.

*Dear Harry,*

*I’m happy to hear from you, here’s the uniform you wanted. When you wrote and told me that Dr. Clark was fine and safe with you I could hardly believe what I was reading. I hope that he’s alright, and if he needs anything, you just let me know:*

*You say Holly is back? It seems almost everyone that was lost to you is coming back, I couldn’t be*
happier for you. Tell her and Dr. Clark that I give them my best.

By the way, you were right; the Dursleys haven’t been seen in a long while. Maybe they finally moved away and never came back, them gone makes me feel a lot better. Strange thing though, your cousin Dudley seems to have been abandoned at your Aunt Marge’s place and then she disappeared, she’s been gone for quite some time. Your cousin Dudley has been in foster care ever since. Though I have to admit, I’ve never had to send so many officers to that foster home before in my career. I don’t think he’s taking the disappearance of his parents all that well.

I’ve tried to take him under my wing, like I did for you when James passed away. Though I guess it goes to show, you and him are completely different people, he’s more, how do you say, physical, about his troubles. Most you ever did was scream and cry, which personally I hope you haven’t had to do that at that school again. And if you had, I’ll come and take care of the problem.

Back onto the matters at hand, just keep the uniform, and consider it yours, welcome to the force.

I’m always proud of you and I’ll always be there for you.

Inspector Homes.

Harry folded the letter carefully and put it in his pocket. He ripped open the package carefully and looked at the uniform that Inspector Homes sent him.

It was a police officer’s uniform. He looked at it quickly and smiled, then something else caught his eye, it was a silver badge. Harry thought it just a fake one, made of a thick plastic, but Harry soon discovered it was the real deal.

And not only that, it was Officer McFinn’s number.

He wondered what Inspector Homes meant by welcome to the force, well, now he knew.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review!
The next morning, everyone came down to continue with the readings, however, they didn’t look like the normal students that stayed at Hogwarts and some of the adults looked out of place too. The Great Hall was full of princesses, fairies, vampires, ghosts, angels, demons, and even a few muggle professions.

Remus came as he normally did, in his shabby robes, but Tonks came down dressed as a punk rocker, even more than what she normally looked like. She and Bill must have gotten together to collaborate on a costume cause they seemed to have been part of the same band for he too was dressed to the punked nines. They had chains around their necks and their faces were painted in wild colors.

Charlie came down, dressed sort of normally, but he seemed to have painted or charmed some dragon scales on his face and arms.

Fred and George were dressed similar to the Rangers Nightstrike and Lious, with a sword and wand that matched their inspirations. The originals smiled and laughed good-naturedly at the twins. They even walked over and taunted the form that was Umbridge, they ceased when their mother came over and dragged them away.

“They’re just like us, I wouldn’t want to mess with that woman.” said Nightstrike with a chuckle.

Hermione came dressed as a Hogwarts Professor and Ron came down as a Chudley Cannon player. Ron was just going to come down as a Gryffindor player, but Harry had given his Christmas present to him early and it turned out he bought Ron a complete set of Cannon robes.

“Nice robes Ron.” said Charlie patting his little brother on the back, he then removed his hand. “Let me just put a protective charm on these.”

“I’m not going to get them dirty.” said Ron indignantly.

“It’s not the robes I’m worrying for you about, it’s the signatures.” said Charlie as he waved his wand over his brother.

“What?” said Ron, he quickly but gingerly took the robes off his back and inspected them carefully. “I…Harry…is…AWESOME!” shouted Ron as he hopped up and down.

Ginny was dressed as a Holyhead Harpy player, though Mrs. Weasley wasn’t too happy about it, for the Harpy uniform had an exposed midriff.

“Really dear, maybe you should…” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I’ve got that covered mom, when they play during the fall, they wear this.” said Ginny, she wrapped a silk band around her middle.
“Who bought that for you anyway?” asked Bill who didn’t really want his little sister dressing like that either.

“Mr. Leroy. He took me shopping for an outfit.” said Ginny.

“Oh come on, Molly, she looks fine.” said Leroy putting his hands on his hips. He was wearing a Robin Hood costume, with a bow and quiver strung on his back, a feathered cap upon his head, a satchel of stolen gold on his hip and wide beaming smile on his face.

Rudolph came over to his husband and smiled. “You look great this morning.”

Leroy posed in his green emerald suit. “I was always a big fan of Robin Hood’s. What are you supposed to be?”

Rudolph looked down in his black suit and tie. “A groom.”

“That’s cheating.” said Leroy pouting.

“I was helping Dr. Clark with his own costume, I forgot to pick up something for myself.” said Rudolph.

“Well, it doesn’t matter, you look handsome either way.” said Leroy hugging his husband close.

Dr. Clark came in, wearing wizard robes and even carrying a fake wand. “How do I look?” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“Like the real thing.” said Dumbledore with a smile. He was wearing his traditional purple robes, but he had in his hand a staff instead of the normal wand.

“That’s a real staff then Professor?” said Dennis looking at the staff eagerly.

“That it is Mr. Creevy, I’m posing as a wizard of ancient times.” said Dumbledore with an even brighter smile.

“He’s the right age for it.” whispered Fred.

Mrs. McFinn came up behind him, wearing a jewel studded dress and her hair done in numerous curls and waves.

“You look beautiful Miss Holly.” said Dumbledore bowing low.

Mrs. McFinn blushed heavily. “Thank you, Professor Dumbledore.”

“Albus, please. I assume that you are dressed up as Cinderella?” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Well, an older version yes.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“I love the dress, Holly.” said Mrs. Weasley and Emmeline Vance gushingly.

Sirius came up behind her and smiled broadly. “She does look absolutely gorgeous doesn’t she?”

He was wearing a bright red shirt with a tattered pair of jeans; he seemed to fit in perfectly with the way the students had been dressing lately.

“Who are you supposed to be?” asked Ron.
“A Muggle.” said Sirius with a smile. “Sam and I switched worlds.”

“Ask if they’ll keep you.” said Remus with a smirk.

The last person to come in, was Harry, when Mrs. McFinn saw him, she could feel tears welling up in her eyes.

He was dressed in a police uniform, with a police belt, badge, hat and everything else that went with it. His long white hair fell to the back of his knees, no longer in a ponytail but just hanging loosely. He walked up to Mrs. McFinn and smiled.

“I had to send away for this.” said Harry softly.

“This was your first Halloween costume you had with us.” said Mrs. McFinn with a warm smile. Then something caught her eye, Mrs. McFinn looked at the badge, “That’s James’ number.” she added in a whisper as she touched the badge on the boy’s chest.

“Yeah, Inspector Homes sent it to me.” said Harry.

Mrs. McFinn dabbed her eyes and smiled. “You look so handsome, sweetheart. Just like he did.” She threw her arms around him and held him tightly.

The people in the Great Hall turned away to give them some privacy, and the girls had to dab their own eyes to rid themselves of the tears that came to them so suddenly.

They all settled down, the bowl was replaced with several armchairs. Mrs. McFinn’s dress wouldn’t have allowed her to sit in the bowl very comfortably.

So Harry sat beside Mrs. McFinn who held a tight grip on Harry’s hand. Dr. Clark walked behind him and whispered in his ear before he went to sit down.

“Good choice.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“It was the best idea for a costume I could think of.” said Harry with a smile. “Someone I really admired.”

“He’d be so proud of you. So proud of how far you’ve come.” said Dr. Clark patting Harry on the shoulder.

Madam Bones decided to read the first chapter of the day.

“Chapter Fourteen” said Madam Bones. “I forgot that last year we had you learn those curses.”

“What are they?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Very bad curses, use them once, you’re sent to Azkaban for life.” said Sirius. He then turned to Harry, “If I catch you even attempting one of those…”

“What makes you think I’m going to?” said Harry.
“Sixth that year or so far.” said Rudolph curiously.

“So far.” said Neville with a blush.

“Don’t worry, he’s still got your score beat.” said Rudolph nodding towards the man who sat beside him on the sofa.

“What?” asked a few Gryffindors.

“There wasn’t a month that went by that I didn’t blow up a cauldron or two.” said Leroy with a laugh. “I may be a great cook, but somehow I can’t seem to transfer the talent over to Potions class.”

“Wait, weren’t you in Slytherin?” asked Blaise.

“That I was.” said Leroy with a smile.

“But…Slytherin’s are the best at potions!” said Draco.

“I was better at Transfiguration than I was at Potions.” said Leroy.

“He was one of my prized students.” said McGonagall with a smile.

The Slytherin students stared.

“Big shocker.” said Sirius rolling his eyes.

“He was still pissed about not getting an Order of Merlin.” whispered Rudolph.

“I kept thinking of Trevor.” said Neville weakly. “I had nightmares for a long time.”

“Cause he’s just nasty.” said Sirius with a shrug.

“Ah…” said several adults shaking their heads.
“Doesn’t that tell you something.” muttered Tonks. “You aren’t getting the job.”

“I didn’t quite know why he despised you in particular.” said Harry.

“Well you see…” said Moody.

“Alastor…” said Dumbledore in a warning tone. “That’s in the past.”

“Sometimes, the past comes back to bite us.” said Moody sending a glare over to Snape.

Snape looked up, Potter was watching him?

Snape blushed slightly.

“I’m going to have pleasant dreams tonight!” said Fred with a laugh. But his laughing ceased when Snape sent his fiercest glare over to the Twin.

“Doesn’t happen all that often. Teachers aren’t known to be entertaining.” said Bill. “Except for Flitwick, he makes learning really fun.”

“Thank you Mr. Weasley.” squeaked Professor Flitwick with a blush.

Dialogue line.
“It’s like you were going to go see a stage show.” said Tonks.

“Trust me, this wasn’t the best show.” said Ron.

“Disappointment was it?” asked Bill.

“No, just frightening,” said Hermione.

“I’ll give him credit, not a bad way to start the year.” said Moody gruffly. “It’s what I would have done.”

"That was pretty creepy, but at least he didn't focus on any of the girls in the class." muttered Hermione.

"Too bad we haven't made that much progress this year." said Harry with a smirk up to Umbridge.

"You would have made twice that much progress!" shouted Fudge.

"With that book? You have to be kidding," said Rivers with a scornful smile.

"They weren’t old enough to deal with curses." said Remus, "Sixth and seventh years, yes, but not the under years."
"I didn't think that someone would actually aim to only be here one year." said Ron.

"Maybe the imposter is nicer than you are." teased Tonks. Moody responded by growling at her.

"I was happy to do it, but was it you or the imposter I actually helped." said Mr. Weasley. "I believe a bit of both." said Dumbledore softly.

"Yeah, like that's just going to stop us from learning some actual curses." said Hermione as she rolled her eyes.

"Well, at least three people's nerves." said Leroy with a bright smile to the couple in the love seat and Harry.

"It's even worse when you don't know what to expect." said Harry softly.

"He's got a point." said Sirius. "They aren't going to shout their moves like in a chess game."
"He wasn't talking about anything important!" said Lavender indignantly.
"You could have missed something very vital, and then where would you be." said Remus sternly.

"Why did you keep staring at me?" asked Lavender to Moody.
"That wasn't him, remember." said Fred rolling his eyes.
“That and he was making sure you didn’t try and whip out your horoscope again.” said George.
“I mean come one, Defense class? You pick that one to screw around in?” said Fred.
“Well, we don’t muck about in Transfiguration.” said George.
“Or potions.” said Fred.
“Charms.” said George.
“Herbology.” said Fred.
“We save it for the teachers that need a good laugh.” said the twins.
“I’m not sure if we should thank you or not.” said Professor Vector with a smirk.

"Still is making a headache." said Mr. Weasley. "No one can really tell if they've been under the Imperius Curse or not. Even Veritiserum doesn't work on them."

"And they hate him, judging by the second book." said Dean.
"I don't think I want to know." said Mrs. McFinn.

"I've got a granddaughter that's afraid of spiders, I don't think she'll ever overcome her fears." said Chief Hawkeye thoughtfully. “Screams bloody murder when a little Daddy-Long-Legs comes into the room.”

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

"Hang on, can you use those spells on animals and be alright?" asked George.

"Yeah, it seems sort of one sided." said Lee.

"It's still against the law to use those spells, regardless if they're on animal or human." said Dumbledore. "I told him to use spells of the same nature but not as strong or as harmful. Though, the only spell that has a softer version is the Imperius."

"So he was just supposed to show us the Imperius curse?" asked Ron.

"That's right, the other two he was only supposed to talk about." said Dumbledore.

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

"That sounds horrible." said Mrs. McFinn, “making a poor creature do that against it's will."

"Performing it on humans is even worse, they can be made to kill their own family, betray their friends, and even allow themselves to be molested." said Rudolph with disgust in his voice.

Remus looked panic-stricken over to Harry.

“No…one…touched…me…” said Harry slowly so Remus could understand each and every word.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

"Looking back, it wasn't funny at all." said the fifth year students.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

"Good, you guys should think that's not funny." said Leroy.

**Dialogue set.**
Seventeenth paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn whimpered.

Dialogue set.

"And that was as hard as trying to find a single needle in a pile of junk." said Nightstrike.

"Don't you mean needle in a haystack?" said Hermione.

"Naw, that's easy, just set the hay on fire." said Nightstrike with a smile.

Dialogue set.

"He's got a point, fighting that spell is pretty damn hard, takes years of strength build up and personal wisdom to fight it off." said Charlie.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

"I don't know what made me do it, but I felt that I needed to." said Neville softly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore and the rest of the teaching staff looked at Neville sympathetically.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence.

"Cause he knew the name." growled Harry.
"Stupid spider." said Remus shaking his head.

"He just about shot clear through the table behind him." said Seamus.

Neville and Harry both turned a very pale shade of white. Luna threw her arms around Neville and Sirius stood up and walked behind Harry enveloping him in his protective arms.

“I’m right here, it's okay, I’m here.” said Sirius.

"I agree." whimpered Dr. Clark.

"God, this is getting to be a bit much for me so early in the morning." said Mr. Weasley wiping his face with his handkerchief. “Explosions and odd smells coming from the twins’ room I can understand, but this is a bit much.”

"It's still popular." muttered Harry. Sirius heard him, and hugged him around his neck.
"That's the worst spell." said Ron.

"I don't know, Cruciatus curse seems to be a lot worse than that one." said Harry in a whisper.

Sirius flinched horribly, as did Remus who was leaning over and putting a supportive hand on Harry’s shoulder.

Harry closed his eyes and leaned heavily back in his seat. "I hate this year."

The Rangers, Aurors and a few other adults turned and stared at Harry, who wasn't even looking back at them, his eyes were closed tightly.

Mrs. McFinn brought both hands to her breast and closed her eyes. "Harry, tell me that you don't have to come up against that spell." pleaded Mrs. McFinn.

Harry was too busy counting the beats of his own heart to try and calm himself down.

“We’ll find out soon enough I guess.” said Dr. Clark quietly.
Leroy, Rudolph, Dr. Clark, Mrs. McFinn and Remus both got out of their chairs and hurried over to Harry's seat.

The adults around Harry’s seat cringed slightly and gripped Harry’s police uniform. Dumbledore had to quickly sip a Calming Draught.

Remus didn’t care about comfort anymore, he summoned the bowl chair back to the Great Hall and dragged Harry over to it. Despite the professional uniform he wore, and his height, Harry was draped across several people’s laps and his head rested gently in Mrs. McFinn’s lap.

Leroy and Rudolph cried and leaned on each other. Sirius and Remus held onto Harry’s hand and Mrs. McFinn wiped the tears from the poor young man’s face.

A few students whimpered and cried quietly.

“Don’t dwell on it, we’re here now.” said Remus giving the boy’s hand a squeeze.

“Well, at least a child can’t just accidentally kill someone.” said Mrs. McFinn with a sigh of relief.
“I’m amazed we didn’t develop a nervous disposition.” said Harry softly.

“And that’s why Harry taught us what we needed to know.” said Terry angrily up to Umbridge.

“I was amazed that Harry didn’t start throwing up.” said Ron.

“I don’t blame you.” said Sirius.

Luna placed an arm around Neville and gave him a reassuring hug.

“No, not at all.” said Harry as he made to sit up.
“Nope, you keep laying down.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I thought you had flipped.” said Ron.

“Harry’s not talking again, you notice that…?” said Ernie.

“Must have really shook him up, and those two didn’t quite notice.” said Hannah.

“Harry’s good about hiding his emotions, more than we think apparently.” said Justin.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“I don’t blame you.” said Tonks with a gentle giggle.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Why do all the Defense Against the Dark Art Professors seem to like me so much?” said Harry as he smiled softly.

“And some just like you way too much for my liking.” said Remus darkly.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
"Ron." said Charlie in a warning tone.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

"His eyes looked sort of dead." said Ron. "It was really scary."

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

"Ron did most of the talking, and I don’t think Harry ate anything." said Hermione.

Remus took a large plate of toast and took a piece and handed it to Harry.

"Eat a bit of this." said Remus. "Please." he added pleadingly.

"Not now, I don’t think I can." said Harry.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

"It was the only question that I could cough up." said Harry.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

"Nothing new." said a few Gryffindors.

Fiftieth paragraph.
“Nice of you to ask dear.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I knew what he was going through.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Wow, you do notice everything.” said Neville with a blush.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Remus smiled slightly.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That’s the one class that I can’t get any sort ground on.” said Harry.

“Neither could I, dear boy. The only class I managed to get a ‘T’ in.” said Dumbledore with a shameless tone of pride in his voice.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Good for you boys!” said Sirius joyfully, finally something was going right for the kids.

Dialogue set.

Professor Trelawney scowled angrily down to the two boys.

“You asked for it.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“We thought that was so cool.” said a second year Gryffindor excitedly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I forgot just how creepy these predictions were.” said Ron trying to lighten his friend’s mood. “Cause some of them happened, they just happened a lot later.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I did, but it wasn’t on Tuesday, it was a bit later.” said Ron losing the jovial tone in his voice.

End of dialogue set.

Ron paled. “I don’t remember that.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“You guys are having way too much fun with that.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“I should be angry that you aren’t doing your homework properly, but for Divination…” said McGonagall with a small smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“Come on, Hermione, there is no way to do it right.” said Ron.
“Hey now!” said Fred.

“Keep your eyes on your own work!” said George.

The twins stared, “Quite a nosy little bugger aren’t you?”

The twins and Lee stared at each other with wide eyes.

“You’re flipping creepy.” said Lee looking over to Harry.

“James’ teachings at work.” said Mrs. McFinn giving the badge a bit of a tweak.

“Too late for that thought, mate.” said George.

“But it was fun to write, and you can’t say that about much homework.” said Harry.
“A hard thing to do.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a chuckle.

“BAD choice of words.” said Ginny.

“Don’t I know it.” said Ron.

“I wasn’t being serious, Sirius.” said Harry as his godfather placed his head on Harry’s stomach.

“I still didn’t need to hear that.” said Sirius not caring about the joke he so dearly loved, he loved his godbaby more.

“You weren’t meant to hear it.” said Harry.

“You can decorate it all you want, it still spells spew.” said Chief Hawkeye with a kind smile.
“Well, it’s a start, but not a very healthy society for the House-elves.” said Lionus.

“Pretty long title, you are better to have it as S.P.E.W.” said Emmeline.

“Because that would have caused mass genocide of the House-elf population.” said Chief Hawkeye. “And I’d be royally pissed and have to come after you.”

“Are there any House-elves in the Rangers?” asked Hermione quickly.

“Well, they mostly take papers from one department to another in different countries and take care of the safe houses we have across the world. Other than that, no.” said Lionus.

“They’re not the most offensive creatures. We need Rangers to be ready to strike.” said Chief Hawkeye. “That and they’re the most innocent little bas…buggers…., rather have them off the front lines.”

“They don’t want wages, and for the most part they have working conditions that exceed fair standards.” said Nightstrike.

“Oh, hell no.” said most of the adults.

“House-elves have a stronger branch of magic than we do. Centaurs, Goblins, Mer-people and House-elves are more in tuned with their magical cores, they don’t need an appendage to expel it from their bodies.” said Dumbledore. “Using a wand could actually cause them harm.”
“You do have a point there, but it begins and ends there.” said Madam Bones.

“Goody I get to count money.” said Ron with a smirk.

“First and actually last.” said Harry.

“Why have Harry be secretary?” asked Hannah.

“He had the better handwriting.” said Hermione matter-of-factly.

“And here I thought you wanted a good looking secretary.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh. Ron flushed. “You’re good looking too.” he added quickly.

“It would mean more coming from a girl I think.” said Sirius with a gleeful smile.

“That had to be the most awkward moment of the day.” said Blaise.

“I hadn’t seen him so happy in a long time.” said Ron with a smile.

“Even she knew it was garbage.” said Harry with a laugh.
“I was in a hurry, your note was the straw that broke the hippogriff’s back.” said Sirius.

Letter From Sirius.

“Why not? That’s what I’m here for!” said Sirius.

“Boy did I pay for that one.” said Harry with a whistle. “She gets right snippy with me when I take bad news out on her. And I deserve it.”
“I wouldn’t let myself get captured that easily.” said Sirius soothingly.

End of seventy-second paragraph.

“You’ve done enough of that.” said a few people somberly.

End of chapter.

“Yeah, I couldn’t sleep either.” said Neville somberly.

“That’s it for this chapter.” said Madam Bones.

“I’ll take the next one.” said Leroy raising his hand. “Do you want to take a moment, Monster?”

“I’m fine. Just a little worn.” said Harry.

“Well, we can take a break whenever you feel like it.” said Rudolph nudging the boy’s foot.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please review!
First paragraph, first sentence, second comma. read Leroy.

"Goodness me, most of the time, it takes me at least a few cups of coffee to get my brain started." said Professor Flitwick.

First paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

"It's not that massive of a feat, he sleeps like a drunken troll for the most part." said Fred.

First paragraph, third sentence, seventeenth word.

"Why would you risk having someone take your homework and screw it all up?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Makes it really appear like I don't care about what my homework says and looks like." said Harry with a smile.

End of first paragraph.

Letter to Sirius

"Nice try Cub, but I wasn't going to buy that." said Sirius.

Second paragraph, first paragraph, end of parenthesis.

"Anytime he sees an early riser, he finds the need to give them special attention." said Dumbledore.

"Don't I know it." said Harry.

End of second paragraph.
A sudden twinge went through Ron and Harry's spine. *What on earth was that?*

**Third paragraph, second sentence.**

"Yeah, that place was always a good spot to induce vomiting if you weren't feeling too well." said Remus.

Sirius nudged Remus hard in the side, “Don’t tell Harry that, he doesn’t need to do any extra retching.”

**Third paragraph, third sentence.**

"Owls are really grumpy risers." said a first year Hufflepuff student wisely.

**End of third paragraph.**

"Oh sweet Merlin don't fall, that's a horrible experience." said Tonks shivering. "Happened to me, once every year I was there."

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

"She's a grumpy riser too." said Harry with a smile.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

"She's got me wrapped around her talon, and I've got her wrapped around my finger." said Harry with a smile.

**Dialogue line.**

"I worry about you all the time." said Harry.

"Not nearly as much as I worry about you." said Sirius.

**Fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

"She was still pissed at me." said Harry.
"I'm confused, who's the adult here?" asked Dr. Clark teasingly.

"I still don't see the big deal about that." said Zacharias.

"That and I didn't want to risk losing Sirius, just because I can't seem to take a stupid little pain in my scar." said Harry shortly.

"It's not stupid and I want to know about it." said Sirius ruffling Harry's hair slightly.

"I can't believe that." said Fred.

"Ron had to silence Hermione for no tact." said George.

"The world is doomed." they both said solemnly.

Sirius looked at Harry worriedly. "I'm sorry Cub, I didn't mean to..."

"It's alright." said Harry plainly.

"Well of course they would be, O.W.L's were and are just around the corner." said McGonagall stiffly.
Seventh paragraph.

Silence stretched across the room.

"Say...what...?" said Lionus.

"Alas that would be partially my fault." said Dumbledore humbly.

"How is that?" asked Chief Hawkeye.

"I told him to use the Compulsion Charm, but I discovered later, he used the real thing." said Dumbledore.

“Did you punish him?” asked Chief Hawkeye.

“He had a black eye the next time we saw him.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

"Really Miss Granger, must you say 'you said' every time you wish to confront a teacher?” said Snape as he massaged his temple.

Dialogue set.

"That might be the safest thing, get out of there, especially for who he really is." said Sirius.

Eighth paragraph.

"Still not a good enough excuse to have it done to you." said Remus.

"Yeah, we were insane when we were younger, but we never did that to each other." said Sirius.

Ninth paragraph, third sentence.

"What made him decide to have you do it?" asked Fred.

"He asked if I knew it, and I told him I didn't and I don't like to sing." said Dean with a pinkish tinge to his dark skin.

Ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.

"Well, I did want to look cute." said Lavender proudly.
"I wouldn't have called that cute." muttered Seamus.

**Ninth paragraph, fifth sentence.**

Neville laughed and blushed.

**End of ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Oh come on! It doesn't say anything about making Malfoy kiss mine, yours and Hermione's shoes?" said Ron obviously upset.

Draco growled and blushed.

"I'm trying to repress that memory, I liked those shoes. It's a pity that I had to burn them." said Harry with a mock sorrowful look.

**Tenth paragraph.**

**Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.**

Several people turned and stared.

"I don't know about that, I felt sort of violated." said Dean with a nervous look to Harry.

**Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.**

"I wonder why you seem to enjoy it." said Lionus thoughtfully.

"Indeed." said Chief Hawkeye and Dumbledore together.

**End of eleventh paragraph.**

**Twelfth paragraph.**

"What the hell was he going to have you do on the desk?" asked Remus.

"He said he was going to have Harry sing and dance and tell jokes." said Ron.

"Harry telling a joke...that would take the Imperius curse to have that happen." said Fred. The
twins dodged the pillow that the dark haired youth threw their way.

“We’re only saying you’re such a serious little chap.” said George.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Fifteenth paragraph.

The teachers, Rangers, Aurors, and other adults leaned forward in their chairs, though with Harry laying on top of the adults in the bowl, they could only listen closely.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“And you want to hide this attitude?” said Fred and George. “This is awesome!”

Nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph.

“Never saw you chug a potion like that before.” said Ron.

“And it still didn’t take away the pain.” said Harry bitterly.

“Why weren’t you brought to me?” asked Madam Pomfrey angrily.

“I took a bone mending potion.” said Harry. “It healed up soon enough.”

Dialogue set.

“Was worse than when I landed in the hospital.” said Harry.

“What time?” asked Sirius.

“Every time.” said Harry.

Dialogue set,
“I didn’t want to go through that again.” whined Harry.

“Three guesses who he means by ‘They’ll’.” said Remus darkly.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, end of parenthesis.**

“Wow, so it only took you three times?” asked Nightstrike.

“Thank god it only took three times.” said Harry.

**End of dialogue set.**

“I was so innocent back then.” said Harry wistfully.

“That was last year.” said Dr. Clark thinking about it a bit further.

“You should have stayed innocent.” said Remus sternly. He wasn’t mad at Harry, he could never be angry at him, though he broke that little rule several times so far these past few weeks. He had a lot of things to make up to Harry about.

Sirius got so irked with him about all the stunts he pulled during the readings, that Remus had a giant checklist on the back of his door with several payback suggestions. The instance with him taping Harry’s mouth shut, the groundings, the…well…the list went on and on. On the side with the suggestions there were several things he could do that didn’t involve begging Sirius for money, though Sirius offered it many times without the need to ever repay.

There was: an entire evening telling Harry about his parents, (he’d of done that, but with Harry’s wounds, he needed all the sleep he could get) going down to the kitchens and baking him a massive amount of treacle (he had been making him some every other day, he didn’t want Harry getting sick) and…well, there wasn’t a lot of things he could come up with on his small vault account.

Sirius kept coming in and scratching some things on the payback side, things like: new wardrobe, new watch, gold clasps for his hair, and things for his room back at Night’s Rest. Remus told him off for that, he wanted to pay him back for the things he did. But Sirius only shrugged and told him that if he needed or wanted to get Harry something really special, all he had to do was ask.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“I had to skip around the dang room and bad mouth the Cannons.” said Ron with disgust.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“Oh, okay, this book really sucks.” said Ron turning red as Moody glared at him with both eyes.
“She asked for it.” growled Moody.
“Did she ask to be turned into a bowtruckle?” asked Tonks.

“It wasn’t any more homework then we did in our third year.” said Hermione.
“Yeah, but you took every single class.” said Harry with a kind smile.

“That’s the cue to just accept what she says and do it.” said Sirius quickly.

“Which is next year, best get ready for them so you don’t freak out.” said Remus.

“Harry could do it, and mine was still holding onto the actual face part.” said Ron.

“And you have every right to be proud.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.
“See, it pays to be tragic in that class.” said Ron with a snigger.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

“Um…didn’t Ron say he had drowned? “How was he going to come up with something for the month beyond that?” asked George.

“I had to say Harry brought me back to life, a way only known to him.” said Ron shrugging.

“So for Harry’s predictions he didn’t die?” asked Fred.

“I died saving a friend.” said Harry. “Then Ron brought me back with phoenix tears.”

“Did you plan this all out or something?” said Lee looking at the two in shock.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Still can’t believe we worked all that hard on them.” said Fred glumly.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“Nothing wrong with doing deep research into that.” said Moody.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

Severus cringed slightly as every teacher rounded on them, including the headmaster.

“Why wasn’t I told?” shrieked McGonagall.

“He was a teacher.” said a few students sheepishly.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Well, you did have a few weeks to do so.” said Flitwick.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh Hagrid, how could you?” said Charlie teasingly.
“That is if they didn't set the parchments on fire.” said Ron in a hoarse whisper.

Even Remus snorted loudly.

“It was absolutely beautiful.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Sorry.” said Ron meekly.
“Yeah, she likes you and Potter.” said Zacharias snidely.

Before Ron or Hermione could even retort back, Harry laughed. “Food for thought, she doesn’t like you, how ugly do you have to be for that to happen?”

Zacharias blushed.

“Harry!” scolded Mrs. McFinn.

“Yes ma’am?” asked Harry sweetly as he looked up at her from her lap.

“Don’t say things like that, you shouldn’t stoop to his level.” said Mrs. McFinn, though a smile was just twitching to get out.

“Yes ma’am.” cooed Harry.

“Got any tips on how to take it easy with him?” muttered Remus.

“I’ve heard all about that,” said Mrs. McFinn hinting towards the battle he and with the teen.

Dr. Nicodemus listened in, he had a suspicion about the usually calm man’s outlashes.

Mrs. McFinn whispered in Remus’ ear. “Don’t treat him like a bad guy.”

Dr. Nicodemus frowned, he might have to have a talk with the man later that night.

“He’s got you there.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“It was getting a little old, and the gossip was so thick that you could drown in them.” said Harry.

“A lot of people said you.” said Hermione looking over to Harry.
“And I kept telling them to stop being stupid.” said Harry.

**End of thirty-first paragraph.**

“Beauxbatons: Girls, a little more graceful, Boys, a little more girly.” said Fred.

“Drumstang: Girls, stronger and more cynical, Boys, wouldn’t want to piss them off.” said George.

**Thirty-second paragraph, second sentence.**

“Ah yes, I would told off every time I would walk down any portrait lined corridor.” said Dumbledore.

**Thirty-second paragraph, third sentence, first comma.**

“That just stole their character.” said Sirius shaking his head. “It’s not as creepy when they look at you silently.”

**End of thirty-second paragraph.**

“The poor dear.” said Madam Pomfrey. A second year girl blushed. “I took after Filch with six bedpans the next time I saw him.”

**Thirty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

McGonagall blushed heavily under the glares of several adults. “I apologize Longbottom.”

“That’s alright ma’am.” said Neville who was pink.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph.**

“I wish I could have seen that.” said Tonks wistfully.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph.**
“Who were you talking about?” asked Bill.

“Nothing.” said the twins quickly.

“Fred!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

“Sorry Ron.” mumbled Fred.

“George!” shouted Mr. Weasley.

“Sorry Ron.” muttered George.

“I was just curious.” said Harry quickly.

Remus was looking down at Harry sternly, but slapped himself and smiled, “That’s okay, I know you didn’t want to enter.”

Harry stared at Remus in shock.

“Are you okay?” asked Sirius.

“Suddenly, I’m not all that sure.” said Remus softly. Before he had slapped himself, he could feel a snarl creeping up his face and his hair was bristling. The full moon came and went, and he did turn into a wolf, later on that night and Nightstrike did keep him in line as Sirius kept a vigil over Harry.

Something was going wrong, and he didn’t know what.

“The class was almost over and you hadn’t even begun on it.” said McGonagall.
“Not while others are watching and grading you as you do it.” said Terry.

“But you know, I’d rather face a dragon than a basilisk.” said Ernie.

“Or go down in the lake than the Forbidden Forest with a whole colony of acromantulas.” said Hannah with a shiver.

“Hang on, there’s no way Madam Maxime is that old.” said Parvati.

“Or Kakaroff, Dumbledore maybe, but he said he was only a hundred something.” said Ernie.

“I think something about that book might be messed up.” said Justin.

“I meant that the Heads were all injured, other people were the judges.” said Hermione.

“Then why not just say that?” asked Blaise quietly.

“What the hell kind of title is that for a book?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Because it was sort of common knowledge.” said Fred shrugging his shoulders.

“I wish she would have just sat down and talked to one of them.” said Harry.
“We tried to talk to her, but she wouldn’t listen much.” said Harry softly.

“Holy crap, how do you know that word?” asked Sirius.

Harry smirked.

“Maybe the hospital should hire you to get donations from some stingy people.” said Tonks with a laugh.

“Most people are, you just have to find the right ones.” said Bathilda, “But for that cause, you might be quite outnumbered.”

“I’m the twin that doesn’t like to fight with friends.” said George.

“I’m Fred, you’re George.” said Fred.

“Are you sure?” asked George.

“You know, I’m not sure.” said Fred.

“I know, I’m not too sure either.” said George.
“There’s no rules against students going down to the kitchen.” said Fred.

“Hogwarts always supports students getting extra nourishment, especially with all the walking and running we do.” said Sirius with a shrug.

“You were supposed to stay out of the forest, the third floor corridor, the Chamber of Secrets and Shrieking Shack...you have a strange choice of area to stay away from.” sneered Snape.

“They do.” said Ron.

“They do pretty much what they want, they get to make great meals, fix fires and stuff like that and they get to take care of hundreds of people.” said Harry.

“Not really, house-elves know more about magic than we do.” said Kingsley.

“House-elves began taking care of us, we didn’t go after them.” said Charlie.

“I love seeing her come down to me.” said Harry. “It’s like she’s delivering me hope.”

“That was nice to share your breakfast with her.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile.

“Not what I wanted to read.” said Harry.
“That’s right, Cub, I’ll be right there.” said Sirius.

Sirius blinked as Remus choked on his laughter.

“I’ve never seen an owl drink orange juice.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

There was a pleasant feeling of anticipation in the air that day. Nobody was very attentive in lessons, being much more interested in the arrival that evening of the people from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang; even Potions was more bearable than usual, as it was half an hour shorter.

“He didn’t even get the chance to try any poisons.” said Seamus.

“It felt as if I was going to meet the Queen.” said Colin.

“I was amazed she didn’t mention your hair.” said Ron looking at Harry.

“I had the worst parts covered up by the hat.” said Harry.
“I thought it looked cute.” said Parvati with a frown.

“Not grand enough.” said Tonks.

“Well, when Hogwarts would go to other schools, we would take broomsticks. There is a special formation that we fly in.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Our school is known for it’s flying abilities.”

“There is a way to Apparate on the Grounds, Granger.” said Snape shortly. “If you have permission from the Headmaster himself that is.”

“Where did your blanket go?” asked Sirius looking around.

“I left it upstairs, I figured we wouldn’t need it.” said Harry shrugging from where he laid.
“That’s crazy how you memorize stuff like that.” said George.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It could have been a dragon.” said the second year girl pouting slightly.

“It wasn’t that big.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“Thank god we had Hagrid, without him, we wouldn’t have been able to care for those horses.” said a seventh year Care of Magical Creature N.E.W.Ts student.

Fiftieth paragraph.

“Too bad the horses couldn’t look as nice as the people inside.” said Fred.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“James would be so proud of you.” said Mrs. McFinn whispering in his ear. “You still have the skills he taught you.”

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“How do you get nominated for that job?” asked Lee.
“That’s one big woman.” said Seamus quietly.

Harry blushed.

“I don’t blame you, I’d be shocked too.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Look at Hagrid blush.” said Sirius to Remus with a gleeful smile.

“It’s about time he’s found someone.” said Remus kindly.

“Didn’t they think of wearing warm clothes for England?” asked Tonks.

“Why, what’s wrong with it?” asked Sirius wonderingly.

“It’s not like their palace.” said Harry while rolling his eyes.
“They were exploding all over his pumpkin patch.” said Harry at the questioning look at the adults around him.

“They didn’t think I could, till she saw me.” said Hagrid proudly.

“Ah now Harry.” said Fred.

“Don’t lose faith in our Hagrid.” said George.

“Never have, never will.” said Harry with a smile.

“That would not be good.” said Remus.
“You’re pretty relaxed today.” said Harry.

“He’s trying to be a bit more laid back.” said Sirius quickly.

“So how many Calming Draughts have you had today?” asked Harry with a smirk.

“Hey, now, I wouldn’t be pushing my luck if I were you.” said Remus with an equal smirk. He reached behind Harry’s knee and tickled it quickly.

“AH!” laughed Harry as he tried to move his legs away.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

The students that had been present last year stared at Harry, he knew to look at the lake before anyone else?

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’m impressed that you knew what that part of a ship was called.” said Dr. Clark.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph, second sentence, first colon.

“Well that means that they’re from somewhere cold.” said Dr. Clark.

End of sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Still can’t believe you’re civil to that man.” said Moody.

“He only made a mistake.” said Dumbledore.
“One time is a mistake, more than ten is deliberate.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph, first sentence.

Several people snorted.

End of sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Glad that you don’t trust him right away.” said Moony appreciatively.

End of dialogue set.

“A sip of Pepperup Potion will fix that in a second.” said George.

"Yeah and if they're from up north, then they should have a massive stock of it." said Fred.

End of chapter.

"I swear, Ron. You're in love with the guy." said Fred.

Ron blushed.

"That's enough, Fred." said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

"Who'd like to read next?" asked Leroy.

"Pass it over." said Rudolph.

"Hang on a minute, Sirius, can I have a moment?" asked Harry as he struggled to get up.

"Sure thing cub." said Sirius taking his hand and walking out the door with an arm around his godson.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading, please review
Harry led the way to the small room off from the Great Hall. Sirius lagged behind Harry, watching him walk. His little baby had grown up and now look at him, walking tall and looking strong.

Harry in his police uniform, looked way too old to baby the way they were doing, but Harry always said that they could cuddle him all they wanted. Harry told them a while back that he wanted them to baby him now, because when he would get to spend the summer at Night’s Rest, he didn’t want to be smothered from overdue love and affection.

Harry finally stopped when they reached the small room at the end of the small corridor, entered and then turned to face Sirius.

“So what do you need Cub?” asked Sirius.

“What’s going on with Remus?” asked Harry.

Sirius blinked.

“What…what do you mean?” asked Sirius.

Harry sighed and pushed his glasses up closer to his eyes. “Well, we were bantering back and forth about punishments and what not, now…not so much.”

“He’s taking a step back and not freaking out so much. Why do you ask? Did you miss it?” asked Sirius.

“Not really, but…I just don’t want him exploding later.” said Harry softly as he leaned against a pillar.

“He won’t explode, you might apparently, but he won’t.” said Sirius with a smile. “Just relax, unless you do something extremely dangerous, he won’t flip out.”

Harry looked to the side, he was unsure how to feel about this, he didn’t want Remus to change, then again, these books were making everyone change.

“Now come on, I want to read what happens to you next!” said Sirius.

Harry sighed and they walked back into the Great Hall.

Uncle Rudolph waited till they sat down into the bowl before he continued on with the book.

“Chapter Sixteen” read Uncle Rudolph aloud.

“Say hello to my personal hell.” said Harry darkly.
“I didn’t think he was still young enough to be in school.” said Ron.

“Yeah, and Merlin was only a wizard.” said Charlie with a roll of his eyes.

“It’s my latest dream to commentate Krum’s Quidditch games.” said Lee excitedly.

“Oh sweet Jesus.” said Dr. Clark burying his head between his knees.

“I remember fighting over a marker with another woman at a Leo Sayer concert.” said Emmeline Vance fondly.

“Did you get kicked out for fighting.” said Charlie with a smirk.

“Don’t taint my memory with facts.” said Emmeline shortly.

“I do a pretty good Leo impersonation.” said Nightstrike softy in her ear. Emmeline blushed and giggled.

“My God, they were made for each other.” said Remus with a laugh.

“Were they really?” asked Sirius mischievously.
“I was told not to bring anything down with me, so my bag stayed upstairs.” said Harry.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It’s not in their uniform list.” said Dean with a shrug. “Let’s face it, we’d freeze at Durmstang.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

“Viktor actually found him really annoying.” said Hermione with a giggle.

“There’s something redeeming about him.” muttered Ron.

Dialogue set, second sentence,

“Is that one of the many reason why he liked you? You didn’t care about all that?” asked Ginny with a smile.

“Yeah, he thought it was really nice.” said Hermione also smiling.

End of dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.

“I knew that was going to change once a few days were to pass.” said Hermione.

“And besides, there are many spare rooms for our guests.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

“From what I gather, the ceiling of their dining hall is just plain stone, and their plates are normal china.” said Dumbledore.
Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

“We just shut up when the Headmaster shows up, we’re kind of laid back.” said Sirius with a smile.

End of seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph.

“Pompous stuck up snob.” muttered Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

“You can strike up a conversation with anyone.” said Remus with a smile.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh I love that, that was the only French dish that I could make correctly the first time.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Several people laughed.
“I may like food, but unless Harry cooks it, I’m not trying anything exotic.” said Ron stubbornly.

“Why is that?” asked Fred.

“Harry knows what I can stomach.” said Ron.

“Sea Urchins aren’t one of them.” said Harry.

“You really like colors don’t you?” asked Rudolph as he looked up from the book.

“Impressive that you drew to that conclusion that swiftly.” said Lionus.

Bill sat up straight…that description, sounded like…

“Ron’s gargling in his throat, and you’re just fine?” asked Fred.

“You bisexual or something?” said George.

Harry blinked. “I don’t think so…”

“His mind is just too elevated for a veela’s power to overcome him that easily.” whispered Dumbledore to Leroy.
“You didn’t even try it.” said Hermione with a smirk.

“You weren’t looking.” said Dean.

“She’s half-Veela.” said Bill softly.

“And you’re dating her? Good luck with that.” said Leroy.

“They can be sort of testy.” said Rudolph.

“Some were even drooling.” said Parvati.

“And that pissed off a lot of girlfriends.” said Lavender.

Cho blushed heavily.

“No one cares.” said a few boys.
“Well thank god Percy wasn’t there, his smug face…” said Fred.
“I’d’ve beaten him.” said George.

“No seconds, Ron.” said Dean.

“We don’t know what the hell he does or who he is.” said Neville.

“Casket in my life is not a good thing.” said Harry softly.
Sirius whimpered slightly.

“We don’t know what the hell he does or who he is.” said Neville.

“Both.” said a few people.
“He and I did indeed have different styles.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Who keeps the Goblet when it’s not Triwizard Tournament time?” asked Ron.

“It stays with the International Department of Magical Education.” said Rivers.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“I couldn’t believe that, someone was actually shorter than you.” said Ron.

“You are really asking for it.” said Harry sending a stern look over to Ron.

Dialogue set.

“Sounds like the perfect competition for Potter.” said Tempest with a laugh.

“I didn’t want to sign up, I wanted a nice normal year.” said Harry. “For a change.”

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“How can a cup choose?” asked Dr. Clark. “Is it random?”

“The cup actually tests the magical signatures that each person has.” said Dumbledore.

“Magical signatures?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“That’s right. As each person has a unique wand and core, each person has their own signature.” said Lionus. “It’s like DNA.”

“So the cup registered the…uh faker’s signature instead of Harry’s?” asked Tonks quietly.

“Correct, but it didn’t matter, Crouch had created a whole other school, so his signature would be the only available candidate.” said Dumbledore.

“But how does a signature say that a student is more powerful than another?” asked Hermione.

“The signature also is a diary of sorts, of everything that the person has done in their past life, the
grades and the spells they had mastered for instance.” said Dumbledore. “For example…if I may…
Mr. Diggory was easily one of the top students in the school, a remarkable wizard.”

Mrs. Diggory whimpered slightly.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

“I’m amazed he didn’t burn himself.” said Harry softly. “The thing looked like it was on fire in the
casket.”

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“And to anyone who wants to mess with it.” said Sirius with a snarl.

**Dialogue set.**

“Thank goodness.” said Mrs. McFinn. She looked over at Harry. “You don’t need to do anything
dangerous.”

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Even if you didn’t want to sign up at all, there is no going back once someone else volunteers
you.” said Harry bitterly.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Last semi-decent night of sleep I had.” said Harry.

“You and me both.” thought Dumbledore.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“So you think.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Fred! George!” screeched Mrs. Weasley.

“They didn’t get very far mum.” said Ron.
“Yeah, we weren’t in the same year.” said Fred.

Remus opened his mouth, but gulped down whatever he was going to say.

Harry stared at Remus. “What the…?”

“Tell me you don’t try.” said Dr. Clark.

“I don’t even try.” said Harry.

“Did you try and think of a way to do it?” asked Colin eagerly.

“Out of respect for Dumbledore, I did not.” said Harry solemnly.

“Imagining your anger, was a great motivator to not try.” said Harry.

“My god, I sound like a stalker.” said Ron.

“That’s nice.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“What a nice teacher.” said Emmeline scoffing.

“It was a drop of pumpkin juice.” groaned Harry.

“There’s a shock.” muttered Moody.

“Nothing escapes you does it boy?” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.
“The faker and you don’t like that man all that much.” said Kingsley.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Of course not, not with the Champion selection going to happen that day.” said a first year Hufflepuff.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And I got up at dawn.” said the now fourth year.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first pause.

“Oh Christ.” said Harry slapping a hand to his head.

“Yeah, that’s what made me think you did it.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Fred!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
“Sort of normal when it comes to her.” said Lee with a shrug.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

“I’m the dramatic one.” said Fred with a wave.

Forty-first paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“I’d be upset, but serves you both right.” said Mrs. Weasley as her husband chuckled slightly.

End of forty-first paragraph.

Mr. Weasley, Sirius and Remus laughed loudly.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second comma.

Said Ravenclaw student blushed.

End of dialogue set.

“We had the third nicest beards in school.” said Fred proudly.

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“Will those show up tonight?” asked Mrs. McFinn eagerly.

“Yes, my lady, they will.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.
End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry ducked his head. “I should have phrased that differently.”

Dialogue line.

Mr. Diggory scowled over to Seamus, while Mrs. Diggory only had a watery smile.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I felt like an idiot.” laughed Harry quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He beat out Angelina, he had to be a pretty strong wizard.” said Ginny.

“Too right he was!” shouted Justin.

“Take it easy Justin.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue line.
Forty-seventh paragraph.

“Not this again.” muttered a few Slytherin students.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“That means their names were accepted.” said Dumbledore explaining to Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark.

Fifty-first paragraph

“Wonder what the other school’s younger students were doing while they were here?” asked a second year Ravenclaw.

Fifty-second paragraph.
“That answered that question.” said Charlie.

Fifty-third paragraph

Dialogue line.

“Never, I could find that place in my sleep.” said Harry with a smile.

Suddenly, little balls of light came out of the book and spun around the room.

“What’s so important about this moment?” wondered Harry out loud.

“Why do we need to see something like this?” asked Fred. The balls flew to each person’s chest and the Great Hall went black.

They were deposited inside of Hagrid’s hut, it was dark, obviously in the middle of the night, and Fang was huddled on the floor. There was no fire in the fireplace and the bed looked unslept in. Suddenly the door opened and Harry came inside.

“Harry! What are you doing out so late?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“When is this?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Judging by Hagrid’s lacking presence, I’d say second year.” said Dumbledore.

Younger Harry closed the door behind himself, and patted Fang’s head absently. On closer inspection, Harry’s eyes were half closed.

“Explains how I don’t remember this.” said Harry softly.

“You’re sleepwalking.” said Remus in a hushed voice.

“I don’t remember you ever having sleepwalked before.” said Dr. Clark.

“Except that one time…but he was a little bit awake.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“What time?” asked Harry.

“Nothing sweetheart.” said Mrs. McFinn quickly.

Younger Harry and Fang climbed onto the bed and laid down. Younger Harry was whimpering slightly as he stroked Fang’s fur.

“I’m sorry Hagrid, I should have it solved by now, I’m...so sorry.”

The balls of light left their bodies and they were left with Harry’s soft sobbing, dancing about their brains.

“Oh, Harry.” said Sirius softly. The people in the bowl, as well as Leroy and Rudolph engulfed Harry in a large hug.

I’m going to get crushed with all this hugging. thought Harry.

It was a few minutes, especially after Hagrid came over and hugged Harry, (not as tightly as he
would have normally, he was doing his best to be gentle) that they finally continued on.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.
“Dang, we need to take you somewhere and get you fixed up.” said Leroy shaking his head.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.
Hagrid blushed, “Yeah, Olympe told me she liked me the way I normally am.”
“Aw, that’s cute.” said a few girls and Leroy.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Let’s hope they finish each other off.” muttered George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Sorry Hagrid.” said Ron quietly.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.
“I had never seen it played.” said Hagrid sheepishly.

Dialogue line.
“We’ve seen what the first task was, just on a smaller scale.” said Ron.
“Nice play on words.” said Harry with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Go ahead and spoil it for them.” said Sirius eagerly. He knew what was going to happen, but all this secrecy stuff was going to drive him nuts.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“You’re getting a lot better, Hagrid.” said Professor Sprout.

“We’re all very proud of you.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, first sentence, second comma, fifth word.

“One of the best days we spent down at his place.” said Ron.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

A few people laughed.

Dialogue set.

“And Hagrid knows more about different creatures than anyone else.” said Ernie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“That is true.” said Tempest looking haughty. “Centaurs in the Rangers are exceedingly rare.”
“Only if they were severely abused like Dobby.” said Hannah softly.

“Take it it’s not the best smelling.” said George.

“That’s not authentic stuff.” said Harry. “Dr. Clark used the real stuff.”

“Shut up.” said Dr. Clark playfully smacking the back of Harry’s head.

“Didn’t really connect it that he was trying to impress someone.” said Harry.
“You deserve a relationship, with someone else besides animals.” said Charlie with a smile. “I don’t mean it like that you arse.” he muttered as he slammed his elbow in his brother’s side.

End of sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, are you jealous Hermione?” said Blaise with a smirk.

Hermione blushed.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Hagrid blushed, while Mr. Weasley smacked the back of his youngest son’s head.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“You can’t win them all.” said Fred.

“But we might win the next fight.” said George sending a look over to the form that was Umbridge.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“I’m pretty impatient when it comes to some things.” said Harry with a laugh.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, third sentence.

“…And he just joined the ranks of creepy along with Lockhart.” said Madam Hooch.
End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“We’ve used that room a lot, lately.” said Sirius with a smile.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

“Apparently you weren’t the only impatient one.” said Remus ruffling the teen’s hair.

Dialogue line.

Seventieth paragraph.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Shock.” said Dr. Clark sarcastically.

“Why do you figure?” asked Sirius.

“It kept mentioning him, it couldn’t be anyone else,” said Dr. Clark with a shrug, “that and he’s a professional player, he beats out everyone else.”

“Wow, so Harry already figured him to be the champion! That’s so cool!” said Dennis.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Only because he didn’t give the rest of his students a chance.” said George.

“Yeah, he was putting down all the other students, we heard him critique almost everyone.” said Fred.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“Knew he loved that.” said Harry. “He wouldn’t shut up about her.”

**Dialogue set.**

“They should have known coming here that they weren’t all going to be chosen.” said Ginny.

“Yeah, we felt so bad, we tried to console them.” said Fred.

“Angelina and Alicia took it the wrong way and took after us.” said George.

“That’s the story you’re selling today?” said the Chasers sternly.

“Uh….” said the twins leaning away slightly.

**Seventy-third paragraph.**

**Seventy-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

The Hufflepuff students cheered respectively.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“I wish he had never put his name in.” said Mrs. Diggory wiping her eyes.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Seventy-fifth paragraph.**

**Seventy-sixth paragraph.**

“This isn’t good.” said Dr. Clark.

**End of chapter.**

Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn turned and stared at Harry.

“I didn’t put my name in.” said Harry quickly.
“This tournament is dangerous, isn’t it?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Very much so.” said Dumbledore sadly.

“Why do all the dangerous things happen to you?” Dr. Clark.

“Beats me.” said Harry with a shrug.

“So who wants to read now?” asked Rudolph.

“I will.” said Ernie.

Ernie took the book and read “Chapter Seventeen.”

“Just keeps getting better and better.” said Hermione shaking her head.
Before they started the next chapter, they decided to enjoy a bit of lunch.

“Harry?” said Remus handing the youth a plate.

“Hmm?” said Harry looking up. He had been focusing on the stones on the floor before him.

“You hungry?” asked Remus extending the plate a little further.

“I don’t think I’ll be hungry for a while.” said Harry softly.

Mrs. Diggory laid her fork down slowly and looked over to the young man.

“Here Potter.” said Snape standing up and handing a nutrient potion phial to the Gryffindor.

“Not too sure if I can even get that down.” said Harry glumly.

“Either you find a way to keep it down, or I hold you down and pour it down your throat.” said Snape sternly.

“Oh you’d make a great father.” said Mrs. McFinn sarcastically. She took the phial from the sour looking man and handed it to Harry. “Can you drink this for me?”

Harry looked at the phial and then at Mrs. McFinn. He took the phial and drank it’s contents slowly.

“How do you do that?” asked Remus quietly.

Mrs. McFinn just smiled. “I’m a mommy.”

First paragraph.

“No you heard right.” said Remus as he sat beside Harry and wrapped his arm around the young man. He was slightly shocked when Harry leaned into him. “You sure you’re feeling alright?”

“I don’t think I’m going to be feeling alright until this book is done.” said Harry quietly.

Second paragraph.

“That was the first time I had actually seen you frightened.” said McGonagall quietly.
“I told him you were frightened, and that I knew for a fact you didn’t put your name in.” said McGonagall.

“How did you know?” asked Zacharias.

“I had kept an eye on him, with all the dangerous things he had done, I wasn’t going to let another year go by with him risking his life.” said McGonagall.

“They believe you.” said Mrs. Weasley soothingly.

Ron cringed slightly.

“Would rather not if you don’t mind.” said George.

“His eyes were like really small pinpricks.” said Angelina.

“I could hardly breathe.” said Harry quietly. “I’ve felt like that before, but I…”

Suddenly the book in Ernie’s hands shot out several balls of light.

“DON’T YOU DARE!” shouted Harry loudly.

The balls froze in midair and collapsed back into the book.
People turned and stared at Harry.

“I’m drawing a line at that.” said Harry sternly.

“Harry…” said Sirius.

“You don’t need to know that.” said Harry quickly. “And I’m not sharing.”

Dialogue line.

“There was nothing to smile about.” said Dumbledore. “Though I should have given you some sign that I was there for you.”

“You were busy.” said Harry.

Eighth paragraph, third sentence, eighth word.

“It was like I was watchin’ you walk right into danger.” said Hagrid quietly.

End of eighth paragraph.

“I couldn’t feel the warm reaching me, despite how big it was.” said Harry.

Ninth paragraph.

“I swear, the portraits here are the fastest gossip chain in the entire world.” said Bill rolling his eyes.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Ever notice Harry gets really dramatic around Halloween?” asked Justin.

“I don’t, my life does.” said Harry.

End of tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Nope, he’s there to join you lot.” said Charlie.
“I wish someone could have stepped up and said Harry wouldn’t have to take part.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“It’s a binding magical contract, there was nothing we could do.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, if he had to perform, did it have to be what the other three were doing?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Well…” said Dumbledore.

“He could have just herded bunnies or something, he didn’t need to do anything dangerous.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dumbledore looked at the floor, “I hadn’t thought of him doing age appropriate tasks.” he said quietly.

Eleventh paragraph.

“You say one word, and I’ll come over and beat the snot out of you.” muttered Harry darkly to the red headed teen.

“Touchy touchy…” said Ron with a smirk.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Bagman likes women his own age right?” asked Remus quietly to Sirius.

“Oh yeah…he’s a big flirt.” said Tonks. “He just likes playing with kids.”

Remus’ eyes grew large.

“Not what I meant.” said Tonks quickly.

End of dialogue set.

“Bet that knocked them for a loop.” said Dr. Clark.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“He’s not joking.” said Fred.

“And besides…” said George.

“Vernon Dursley could come up with a better joke than that.” said Fred.
“Politely bewildered?” asked Sirius.

“He didn’t look as pissed as the other two were getting.” said Harry softly.

“But he didn’t put his name in! Isn’t there anything in the rules about people signing other people up?” asked Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“There isn’t but there should be.” said Madam Bones.

“I wasn’t a little boy.” said Harry shortly.

“Of course you’re not…little boy…” said Remus teasingly.

“You really don’t want those cookies again do you?” said Harry darkly.

“Come on, Harry, lighten up!” said George.

“Yeah, you’re killing the Halloween mood.” said Fred.

“Look how red his face is getting.” said Sirius looking at his young godson.
“Oh he’s a real piece of work.” said Tonks rolling her eyes.

“Hey!” said Fred.

“We didn’t plan it.” said George.

“It’s some nutter’s plot to kill one of our students.” said Fred.

“Yeah, he’d bully his younger students.” said Bill.

“You son of a …” said Sirius.

Mrs. McFinn coughed loudly.

Sirius stopped in his vocal tracks.

“Severus, would you please stop seeing Harry as his father!” scolded McGonagall.

“Way to get back at him.” muttered Sirius quietly.
“I was trying to see if he was pissed or not.” said Harry. “Or if he would believe me.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I was expecting him to slam me into the wall and demand an answer.” said Harry.

“Why would you think I would do that?” asked Dumbledore quickly. His face wrought with shock.

“I don’t know, it’s what I sort of come to expect when stuff like that happens.” said Harry with a shrug.

People about the Great Hall snarled and growled.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sirius whistled. “He’s covering all the bases.”

“I had to be sure.” said Dumbledore. “Before I thought the worst.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Never to me.” said Dumbledore.

“Except the one time.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not with a whole school full of underage students who wanted to join in.” said McGonagall sternly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’m willing to leave school for the year, if it means I don’t have to compete, as long as I can go to the Weasleys.” said Harry.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence.

Dumbledore looked thoughtful. This would have been when he was under Voldemort’s control, was this a flicker of the glamour charm fading?

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Whether they put them in themselves or not.” said Harry glumly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“He was ugly to start with.” muttered a seventh year Hufflepuff.

End of dialogue set.

“True, if Harry’s name was put under Hogwarts.” said Dumbledore.

“Out of curiosity, what school was Harry’s name put under?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“We only found out what school it was at the end, when the name was listed as a Tournament winner.” said Dumbledore.

“What school was it?” asked Sirius.

“It was no school that exists.” said Dumbledore.

“Why are you dancing around the question?” asked Dr. Clark.

Dumbledore looked up at the ceiling, feigning deafness. The sight of the name on the Goblet of Fire at the end of last school year chilled him straight to the bone.
Dialog line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Big loss.” muttered a sixth year Slytherin.

End of dialogue set.

“He can’t, not when he has a student entered in the Tournament.” said Moody with a gruff laugh.

Dialogue set.

Moody began to growl. “He’s done his homework on me alright.”

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialog line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“Nothing escapes you my boy.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“I tend to look at an aggressive person’s hands…” said Harry quietly.

The smile left Dumbledore’s face.

Dialog line.

“Kind of gutsy for him to blow his cover like that,” said Fred.

“He’d have to, to make himself look more like the real thing,” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialog line.

“Look at who the kid is, there’s your reason.” said Kingsley.
“Cause I learned not to complain while others were shouting.” said Harry softly.

“I didn’t think I could hate the Dursleys any more than I already do.” said Remus darkly.

“Not Harry, he didn’t even want to go through this.” said Neville.

“Pfft, we make more than four hundred times that a month in tribute money.” scoffed Rudolph.
“And that’s with us not having to do a damn thing.”

“Someone’s hoping he’ll die for it.” said Moody.

“This is getting old.” said Moody slapping a hand over his good eye.

“He’s telling the truth, and giving himself away.” said Hannah.

“And seven out of ten times, I’m right.” said Moody sharply.

“Potter would benefit with that.” said Moody.
“No he wouldn’t! I don’t want my Cub looking over his shoulder every five seconds.” said Sirius patting Harry’s shoulder.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Now he’s tooting his own horn.” muttered Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, cause I sort of doubt that Cedric would have even registered if Harry’s name was under Hogwarts.” said Fred.

“How dare you!” shouted Mr. Diggory.

“Did your son take on a basilisk on his own? Or a whole, what did you call it? Murder of Dementors?” said George.

“And that’s just some of the stuff he’s done on his own.” said Fred.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Still hope you don’t hold that against me, Albus.” said Moody.

“Of course not, it was an honest mistake.” said Albus soothingly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Oooh, that hurts.” said Fred.

“If he was a Death Eater, how come Durmstang had him as a Headmaster?” asked George.

“Its thanks to Fudge that he got the job, as well as I.” said Dumbledore.

“What?” asked Bill.

“I was giving him another chance, Alastor,” Dumbledore looked over at Moody. “Felt otherwise.”

“Still don’t trust another one of your…deserving few…” said Moody sending a quick glare over to
Snape.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

Harry blushed slightly.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Which also means; ‘try it, and I’ll tell you you’re wrong.’” said Ernie.

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

“Yeah, even before being a pro-Beater, he wasn’t the brightest bulb in the box.” said Remus.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Poor guy.” said Ron.

“Yeah, it’s sort of sick to hear about someone who’s going to end up gone and you listen to them as they’re being enchanted and forced to do things.” said Hermione.

“…Yeah…that too.” said Ron. “I was mostly just thinking about the whole enchanted part, not so much the dead part yet.”

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

“I noticed that too…but I just thought he was feeling the after-effects of not having a house-elf to look after him.” said Percy.

“Good thing Winky wasn’t there, she’d of been killed at that house, or worked to death.” said Hermione.
“After what I’ve seen and heard Harry will win that easily.” said Dr. Clark proudly.

“Harry’s got that already, so onto the next task?” asked Padma.

Hagrid blushed.

“Ouch, that sucks.” said Bill.

“Yeah, I can’t figure that they’ll pay attention to that rule.” said Mrs. McFinn. “I’d be sneaking information as quickly as I could to my student.”

“So…out of four years, you’ve only had two end of the term exams?” asked Sirius. “That is so not fair.”

“Suck it up.” said Harry with a smirk.

“He doesn’t mean it.” said Percy indignantly.
“Don’t you think you should try and console Harry and reassure him that he’ll be alright?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

Dumbledore looked down shamefully.

“Did you remember any of the French lessons?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Not one word.” said Harry. “I remember Officer McFinn’s Italian lessons, but not the French.”

“Well, I can understand that, we did go to a lot of Italian restaurants.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“That’s what you think.” said Harry with a smirk.

“That’s right!” shouted Lee.

“I was still in shock.” said Harry.

“You should have come to the Hospital Wing.” said Madam Pomfrey quickly.

“Not that kind of shock.” said Harry just as quickly.
Dialogue line.
“I thought he would believe me.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“Little did I know, that wasn’t going to be the biggest non-believer.” said Harry sourly.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence.
Ron looked down shamefully.

End of thirty-third paragraph.
“Still didn’t want to be in it.” said Harry.
Ron winced and closed eyes.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.
“Not the best treat to have, death-defying stunts.” said Fred.
“Where you could actually die.” said George.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.
“They were mostly likely wanting you to be on the ground in a pool of your own blood.” said Moody.
“ALASTOR!” squeaked Professor Flitwick as he tried to steady Professor McGonagall as she began to wail and shiver uncontrollably.
“What’s gotten into her?” asked Remus.
“She found Harry first, right after the incident.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first pause.

Mrs. McFinn whimpered.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Didn’t stop him from trying to attack the school, through a goddamn book, did it?” snarled Bill.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“I didn’t want to remember that.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Fortieth paragraph.

“I don’t even get a reprieve from my House guard.” said Harry with a slight laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Sorry, Harry.” said Fred.

"How did you do it without getting a beard? Brilliant!” roared George.
“We just figured that you were being sneaky. We didn’t know you weren’t intending to enter.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

“Oops.” said Angelina.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You were going to go and get sick again weren’t you?” asked Remus quickly.

Harry averted his gaze and looked on the floor. “I can’t control that.”

Remus flinched, “I-I know, but…I’ll still worry.”

Forty-third paragraph, first sentence.

Several Gryffindors shifted themselves, they hadn’t noticed.

Forty-third paragraph, third sentence.

“That those peanuts were painful coming back up.” said Harry softly.

End of forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He didn’t even bother coming up with a plausible story!” shouted Fred to the form Umbridge had been forced to take.

Forty-fourth paragraph.
Forty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“I needed the both of them, and they weren’t there!” thought Harry viciously. Harry shook his head, where the hell did that come from?

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

Ron closed his eyes, preparing for the explosion waiting to happen.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

“Were you just enjoying the sight?” asked Charlie.

“To be honest, I wouldn’t help either.” said Sirius. “More fun to watch.”

Dialogue line.

“Say what?” said Bill. “Didn’t he tell you he didn’t put his name in?”

Dialogue line.

“What the hell is going on with you?” asked Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I can sort of see Ron’s point, Harry’s brilliant, he’d find a way easily.” said Terry.
Really, you need to ask that?” asked Draco.

“So I didn’t say it.” said Harry.

“Lie? Harry? He can’t lie!” said a first year.

“Yeah, I don’t think he really knows how.” said another first year.

“This won’t end well.” said Remus faintly.

“You can say that again.” said Nightstrike.

“You’re not doing a good job, boy.” said Tempest stiffly. “If you’re trying to not to look that way.”

“Harry didn’t even go to bed that night.” said Dean.

“Yeah, I didn’t see him.” said Seamus.

“He was in the bathroom, all night, he kept throwing up.” said Neville gently. “I never saw you look so awful before.”
“I don’t remember ever feeling so awful.” said Harry coldly.

The book in Ernie’s hands began to shake and then smoke began to pour slowly out of the book.

“This again?” asked Fred.

“We didn’t do anything this time!” said Ernie quickly as the smoke entrapped everyone.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
They found themselves in the spiral staircase of the Owlery. The sharp fall wind blew around them and scattered the small bits of straw and stray feathers down onto the steps. The steps were littered with owl droppings and the odd owl pellet made up of some poor unfortunate vermin.

“What the hell, what are we doing here?” asked Sirius. “I didn’t like this place when I was here, this place stinks, especially in dog-form.”

“I don’t know.” said Harry. “I’m not too sure why I’m here.”

“Must be another memory he modified on himself.” said Moody darkly.

Harry looked at Moody quickly.

“I hope this doesn’t become a habit.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“I hope so too.” said Harry. “I’d rather not have holes in my history.”

They watched as last year’s Harry came walking up the steps with a letter in his hands. “Hedwig! Hope you’re up for a trip to Diagon Alley. I’m going to need a book…”

“On what, how to photograph better?” came a voice coming from atop the stairs. The Watchers looked over and saw Ron coming out of Owlery. He had a scowl on his face and his fists were clenched.

Younger Harry groaned. “Ron, for the hundredth time, I didn’t put my name in.”

“Sure, whatever you say.” said Ron darkly.

“I don’t think I want to see this.” said Ron.

“I get the feeling I don’t want to see this either.” said Harry.

They watched as Harry shook his head and sighed. “I gotta get this letter mailed off, we’ll talk later.” He climbed up more steps, but Ron refused to let him past.

“We’re talking now.” said Ron angrily.
“This isn’t talking, this is being a brat.” said Sirius.

“Ronald!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“Mum! I don’t remember this happening!” said Ron quickly.

“Listen Ron, you’re pissed, I got that, but I didn’t do anything. I didn’t put my name in and I don’t want to take part in this thing. We’ll talk later when we’ve both calmed down; you do your best thinking when you’re calmer.”

“So you’re saying I’m stupid?” said Ron quickly. His face was turning red from withheld anger.

“What the…Evel Knieval can’t make that jump!” said Chief Hawkeye. “He wasn’t speaking personally, lots of people think better calmer.”

“Harry doesn’t, he thinks best on his feet.” said Sirius proudly. He was however getting pretty worried that Harry might get into a fight with his best friend, neither of them would come out of that unscathed, both physically and emotionally.

“I never said you were stupid, I’m just saying we both need to calm down.” said Harry looking at Ron with a crooked eyebrow.

“I am calm!” said Ron hotly.

“The hell you are.” said Remus quietly.

Harry looked at him in disbelief.”Ron…”

“You’re always the best at everything! Quidditch, classes, money, everything!” shouted Ron.

“You whup my ass every time during chess!” said Harry quickly. It was obvious Harry was trying to calm Ron down, and it was even more obvious that Ron wasn’t ready to do so.

“How do I know you aren’t faking it? How do I know you aren’t holding back like we do for Hermione?”

No one was talking, they were staring in shock at Ron and Harry. Ron was getting angrier and angrier and he was showing signs of aggression.

“I really don’t remember this.” said Ron quickly as he watched his younger self call Harry very foul names. “What the hell is wrong with me?”

“I’m amazed you aren’t standing up for yourself.” said Leroy looking over at his nephew; he threw his arm around him protectively.
“I don’t know why I wasn’t fighting back.” said Harry.

Finally, the young Weasley’s anger over came him completely and he gave Harry a powerful shove, out the open window!

“Oh my god!” shouted Dr. Clark.

“Harry!” shouted most of the adults and students.

They went through the stone wall and saw Harry was hanging onto the ledge about ten feet down. His feet were dangling in the air and his fingertips digging into the stone was the only thing stopping him from falling.

“Ron!” shouted Harry from his precarious perch.

They watched in shock as Ron merely looked out the window. “Come on, a Champion should be able to get out of that!”

And then he walked away and down the stairs.

“What the hell was wrong with me?” yelled Ron looking horrified.

“I don’t know, but I’m getting ready to beat it out of you!” said Charlie angrily.

Ron sank to his knees, in obvious distress over what he had done.

The Watchers watched as Harry strained and pulled himself up the side of the tower. “What I wouldn’t give to have my summer bag!” he groaned as he climbed up. He reached up to try and grab onto another open space, but the stone came loose and the Watchers watched in horror as Harry fell through the open air!

“Harry!” shouted Remus.

“NO!” said Sirius and he tried to swipe at the empty space to latch onto the boy’s hand.

“This already happened!” said Harry pulling his godfather back out of instinct.

“Ron, you’d better do something massively good REALLY soon, or I’m going to…” said Sirius angrily rounding on Ron.

“What’ve I done?” said Ron, looking horrified.

Suddenly, the scene shifted, like a Recollection Scroll. They were deposited in the Great Hall, and the students inside were enjoying lunch. Ron was there, but Harry wasn’t.

“Wait! How did you survive that fall?” asked Charlie. “You aren’t here, but you’re standing here.”

“How could I do that?” asked Ron, guilt tearing through his throat. “How could I just walk away?”
“Ron, where’s Harry?” asked the Hermione from the past.

“Don’t care.” said Ron quickly.

Hermione stared at Ron over their plate of sandwiches.

“Hang on, where are you at?” asked George to Harry.

Harry looked around and then looked up, “There I am.” said Harry pointing up.

The Watchers turned and looked up as well. They could just make out a dark outline up into the rafters.

“Maybe we should just automatically look up when we’re doing stuff like this.” said Dennis shakily.

“Weasley, where is Potter, I wanted to speak with him.” said McGonagall walking up to the seated Gryffindor.

“He went to go send an owl a while ago.” said Ron in a bored voice.

“You didn’t mention to her that you left Harry to pretty much die.” snarled Ernie.

“Look who’s talking!” snapped Ron.

“I don’t think either one of you have a leg to stand on.” snarled Moody.

“Well, go find him, I need to speak to him.” said McGonagall. “It’s about the tournament.”

“Why did you want to talk to him about?” asked Rudolph.

“I wanted to make sure he was alright and to have him give me an account of what he did the day of the Goblet’s choosing, I wanted to find out who did it.” said McGonagall. “It seems I should have asked someone else.”

Ron grumbled and stomped out of the Great Hall.

“What’s his problem.” said Hermione.

“Miss Granger, I was hoping you’d tell me.” said McGonagall turning and walking back to the Head table.
“I should have had Dumbledore with me, we would have gone looking for you.” said McGonagall.

“I’m just glad for that rusty drain pipe, that was most likely the thing that broke my fall.” said Harry with a small smile. “I’ve latched onto that thing time and time again.”

“You’ve climbed alongside that wall before?” asked Remus slowly.

“Never mind.” said Harry.

They walked along with Ron, Mrs. Weasley was going to start telling off her son, but he couldn’t even remember this happening. He seemed genuinely horrified that this happened.

“Why do I have to go looking for him? He wasn’t looking out for me.” grumbled Ron. He went up to the dormitories and crashed on his bed. “He’ll come here eventually, he always does.”

“You’re right, I do.” said a voice coming from the ledge. The curtain parted with a breath of wind and the Watchers saw Harry sitting there nonchalantly. What knocked them for a loop was that Harry’s leg was a bloodied mess, and his face was scratched and streaked with blood.

“Points to Harry for the dramatic flair.” said Leroy giving a thumbs up.

“Gotta hand it to you, Monster, you’ve got style.” said Rudolph with a large sigh of relief.

“Why the hell did you shove me out the window?” said Harry from the ledge.

“Well, you managed to get out of it, you really are a Champion, I guess.” said Ron snidely.

Harry stared at Ron in shock.

“Want to try it again?” asked Ron standing up quickly. “We’re up a bit higher, more of a challenge.”

“Ron, you’ve snapped mate.” said Harry still looking horrified at his best friend.

Ron then rushed Harry, Harry whipped out his wand and sent Ron sprawling to the ground, knocking him unconscious. He levitated Ron over to his bed and covered him with the blanket.

“Sorry, Ron, but I think we’ve had enough fun going on. What is going on with you anyway?”

“Seriously, how the hell can you be so calm during all this?” asked Terry.

Harry waved his wand over his friend’s head and closed his eyes. Then after a short while, he opened them again. “What the hell…what did you get into today?”

He magicked Ron into a pair of pajamas and inspected his best friend’s clothes carefully. He located a small purple petal off the cuff of Ron’s pants and also inspected it carefully. “I never pictured you as a flower picker.” said Harry. He walked over to his trunk and opened it with a
“Hey Harry, that’s not your normal key, your normal one is silver.” said Dean.

“Why the hell do you have two different keys?” asked Seamus.

“It’s a charm I put on my trunk in my first year, took me two weeks to find the right one.” said Harry with a shrug.

Harry opened his trunk, only instead of the normal jumble of belongings he had in there, it was full of books, each one the size of a postage stamp. “Where is that…here it is.” Harry pulled out a tiny hardcover book and the moment he took it out, the book enlarged to a much larger size.

“Holy cow, and I lifted that thing!” said Fred in wonder.

“I think I’ve put out my back years after I lifted it.” said George hunching over and rubbing his lower back.

He took the book over to the small desk and flipped through the pages quickly. When he finally stopped he groaned. “You’re such an idiot.” he said looking over his shoulder to the unconscious figure.

Altering Asters, the most visually pleasing flower, but harmful to the olfactory senses. The smell of the flower, even for no longer than five minutes may have devastating side-effects. Simple side-effects have been known to be: bleeding from the nose lasting three days, loss of olfactory senses and the loss of the entire nose and the nasal cavity slipping down the person’s throat.

More serious side-effects are the alteration of one’s personality, excessive aggression leading to homicidal tendencies and even death.

“How the hell is your nasal cavity slipping down your throat not a serious side-effect?” said Dr. Clark in shock.

“So, I’m assuming that your personality changed and the violence came about because of this. Let’s see what you do to get it back to where you aren’t a danger to yourself and others.” said Harry flipping through the pages till he reached the back of the book. “Here we go:”

To restore altered personalities, the victim must wash away the scent of the flower from his body and garments and the memory of the flower’s scent must be removed.

To remove the aggression, the victim of the aggressive behavior must wash the flower’s victim and clothes, and perform a Titanus memory charm. See Titanus Memory Charm.

“Are you kidding me? I have to wash your clothes and you? Let’s see, Titanus Memory Charm…”
well thank god, it affects me too, last thing I want is to remember this nightmare.” said Harry levitating Ron into the bathroom. “Better write down that McGonagall wants to see me, really don’t want to forget that.” He turned to face the bathroom. “I hope I can get to the memory charm soon, or I’m going to have nightmares for months.”

“Gee, thanks Harry.” said Ron with a red face.

“Not my fault, I didn’t go flower picking for Fleur.” said Harry quickly.

“The flowers never made it to her, did they?” asked Bill worriedly.

“I don’t know, I sort of doubt it.” said Harry trying to calm Bill down.

“I swear, I don’t think I knew that the flowers were harmful.” said Ron.

“That made sense.” said George.

“Not.” said Fred.

"Well, at least it wasn't you just snapping and lashing out at him." said Remus coldly.

"But still, no flower can just put into your mind that you want to hurt someone." said Sirius. "I don't care what any book says."

Ron looked down, tears beginning to flow down his face.

The smoke cleared away and they were left in the Great Hall.

“I seriously don’t remember anything about that day.” said Ron wiping his eyes.

“Thank Merlin I didn’t.” said Harry.

Ron muttered an agreement.

“So, you’ve used memory charms on the both of us.” said Hermione stiffly.

“Well...in your case, I guess I was protecting you, and in Ron’s, I was protecting myself as well as him.” said Harry. “I didn’t want to be shoved out a window again.”

“Let’s get back to the readings.” said Sirius quickly. He didn’t want another fight to break out.

“Here’s hoping I don’t modify anyone else’s memory.” said Harry glumly.

“I don’t blame you for either time.” said Remus.

“You’re really trying aren’t you?” said Harry with a smirk.

“I’m trying really hard.” said Remus with a smile.

“Who wants to read again?” asked Ernie.

“I’ll take it.” said Bill. “But I want to write to Fleur and ask if she got any asters that year. Knowing her, that should narrow it down a bit.”
He left quickly and Ginny hurried over to Harry and whispered, “I’m glad he’s taking Fleur’s past popularity really well, that was one thing I was worried about him not liking.”

“Why is that?” asked Harry.

“Boys are sort of the jealous types, just like girls.” said Ginny with a smile.

“So, we’re all a little jealous at times?” said Harry with a smirk.

“It’s what we do.” said Ginny with a laugh.

“I don’t see how you two can like each other.” said Romilda smugly. “I mean, she’s just a fan girl.”

“If I didn’t want a fan girl, I’d be out of luck wouldn’t I?” said Harry smugly. “Apparently there isn’t a witch or wizard that doesn’t know my name, if I want to be in a relationship with a girl, I think I up a creek without a paddle.”

“Then be with a muggle.” said Romilda with a shrug, not realizing she was only burying herself.

“Don’t say that!” hissed her friends.

“I don’t think I could, I’d rather be honest with my girlfriend from the start to the finish.” said Harry. “Though there was this girl that moved onto Privet Drive two years ago…nah…she’s a bit too out there, even for me.”

“What’s so strange about her?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“She’ll burst into song, like she’s living in a musical.” said Harry.

Luna looked thoughtful. “That is strange.”

People stared at her with wide eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
When Bill finally got back, he took the book into his arms and sat down in his chair.

“Did she receive any flowers?” asked Ginny.

“None that had that side effect, there were some spritzed with love potion but nothing more serious than that.” said Bill with a smile.

"Did you tell Fleur what you were doing?” asked Charlie.

"I told her what I was doing a long time ago." said Bill. "She wanted to come..."

"So why didn't she?” asked Leroy.

"I figured..." said Bill. "That we didn't want to have the entire castle invaded with random people. So she's visiting her family right now."

"She's more than welcome." said Dumbledore, "if Harry says she is."

"You lot can do whatever you want." said Harry with a shrug.

"Well, as long as the reading continues...for safety reasons." said Dr. Nicodemus.

Bill cracked open the book and read the title. "Chapter Eighteenth"

"Great, another dose of Skeeter." groaned Harry.

Ron still looked uncomfortable; he hadn't smiled or joked around since that strange vision of the past.

"Are you alright Ron?” asked Hermione and Ginny together.

"I feel like a such a jackass." said Ron.

"You were, but Harry forgave you, and it really wasn't all your fault." said Ginny with a smile.

First paragraph, first sentence.

"I had forgotten the stupid tournament." said Harry.

"And the backstabbing.” said Rudolph sternly looking over to Ron.
"It was the stupid flower's fault." said Ron.

"Not the first night it wasn't." said Rudolph still sounding stern. "I don't give a damn about the aster, you still sent my Monster out a window."

"Though kudos for you looking up the right plant." said Leroy to Harry.

First paragraph, third sentence, first dash.

"How were you going to do that?" asked Colin.

"Punch him in the face and hold him down then shout at him." said Harry with a shrug. "I hadn't ironed out all the details yet."

End of first paragraph.

"It was sort of odd, seeing Ron come down without Harry." said a third year Hufflepuff.

"It was like the world was tossed upside-down." said her friend.

Second paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon

"It explains why you looked as if someone told you your dog just died." said Lee.

Sirius whined loudly.

"You had your head turned and you could almost see your teeth grinding in your mouth." said Fred.

End of second paragraph.

"We almost head-butted each other." said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Why not let him go to the Great Hall?" asked Charlie.

"Ron was in there, and he was polluting the Hall with his negativity." said Hermione sending a frown over to Ron.
"Of course! It didn't make any sense that he would do that." said Hermione.

Ron turned red.

"You looked like you got hit with a brick!" said Dennis.

"Man, he was on your mind." said Charlie.

"I didn't want to lose him." said Harry softly. "He was the first friend I ever made, I couldn't lose him." tears began to fall from his face.

Remus gently wiped away the young man's tears. “It’s alright, you didn’t lose him for long.”

"That's why I brought him breakfast, you were spouting nonsense." said Hermione.

Ron looked at Hermione in wonder.

"He's most likely jealous of your wealth, popularity, fame, intelligence, and strength." said Luna.
"Just like Harry's jealous of your family, chess tactics, happy childhood, knowledge of the magical world, and full stomach."

Harry and Ron stared at the Ravenclaw girl.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

"I was about to flip out." said Harry wiping his face quickly.

"You alright?" asked Sirius.

"I'm going to be crying a lot in this book." said Harry thickly.

Dialogue set, third sentence, third dash.

"You picked to sit in that compartment." said Emmeline.

End of dialogue set.

"He can this, and all that comes with it." said Harry darkly. "I would love to have my family and a happy childhood."

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"Good point, you shouldn't be a messenger service, but I don't think talking to Ron will fix much." said George.

"He has the second thickest skull in the family." said Fred.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Ron blushed.

End of dialogue set.

"Don't say something like that." said Sirius.
"And what you did to that chair the other day, Ron wouldn't be able to sit down or do anything for a few days." said Fred.

“Screw days, months.” said George.

"I did expect it, it was my worst nightmare." said Sirius.

"You bet your ass he wanted to." said Remus. "I had to almost lock him in the basement."

"Read it in the paper, I nearly fainted right over my eggs." said Mrs. Weasley.

"Nice to know that you need to be convinced to talk to me." said Sirius teasingly.

"I didn't want you to get caught." said Harry.

"You let me worry about that, you just worry about trying to have fun in school." said Sirius. “Though, you weren’t having much fun that year.”
"You've got to be kidding me, that won't fly." said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

*Letter to Sirius*

"We need to work on your letter writing, they're dead boring." said Leroy.

Sixth paragraph.

*End of letter to Sirius.*

"You really need to start opening up to me when you're feeling like that." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"I'll bet she didn't like that." said Dr. Clark.

"Not one single bit." said Harry.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"Sorry Harry." said Sirius.

"I wanted to send you a very bad tempered owl." said Harry. “Just as payback.”

Eighth paragraph.

"It felt as if everyone were trying to just stab my back with six inch knives." said Harry.
Ninth paragraph, first sentence.
Tonks looked angry over to the newest members of her old house.

Ninth paragraph, third sentence.
"Note, he said once." said Sirius quietly to himself.

Ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.
"Vicious little vermin, the lot of you." said Leroy scowling angrily.
Tonks also sent a fierce look over to the two young Hufflepuffs.
Ernie and Justin flushed.

End of ninth paragraph.
Professor Sprout blushed slightly.

Tenth paragraph.
"I'd rather make myself sick and surrender to Madam Pomfrey." said Harry.

Eleventh paragraph.
Dialogue set.
"Took ten minutes to get past it actually." muttered Fred.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.
"Oh good lord..." said Chief Hawkeye.

End of twelfth paragraph.
"I'd suggest drowning them, and I love creatures." said Nightstrike.

"I'd rather he work with a smaller one." said Sirius worriedly.

“I could still barely believe it.” said Hagrid.

A few Hufflepuffs blushed, Harry hadn’t tried to take the credit for everything. Even Professor Sprout looked immensely guilty.

“Thank god he believes you.” said Dr. Clark.

“I just wanted to throw my arms around you and hug you.” said Harry up to Hagrid. Hagrid beamed brightly.

“You didn’t mention anyone else.” said Remus.

“Well, McGonagall already told ‘im that she believed him.” said Hagrid. “I didn’t know about anyone else.”
Fifteenth paragraph.
Hagrid turned a faint sort of pink.

Dialogue set.
“Sounds like a lot of fun to watch.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.
“There’s an understatement.” muttered Remus.

Sixteenth paragraph.
“Wonder if Polyjuice Potion with your hair in it would help Ron see your life isn’t all that great.” said Terry.
“I wouldn’t wish this,” said Harry pointing to the scar on his head. “on anyone.”

Seventeenth paragraph, second sentence.
“And it was the Hufflepuffs then that made his life a living hell first.” said George.

Seventeenth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.
Harry looked at his elbow, as Ron looked away, pain easily visible on his face.

End of seventeenth paragraph.
Remus and Sirius both ran their fingers through the boy’s still long white hair.

Eighteenth paragraph, second sentence.
“Yeah, Slytherins and Gryffindors never really liked each other.” said Moody thoughtfully. “I was no different when I was younger.”
“By support, I meant that no one wanted to smack me about.” said Harry.

Some Ravenclaws looked down in shame.

“How the hell does he know what people are thinking?” asked a second year Ravenclaw student.

“Your nose is straight.” said Sirius.

“You’re the same, minus the gray eyes.” said Leroy.

“I still have the bag.” said a Hufflepuff seventh year girl sadly.

“Wow, that’s one awful week.” said Charlie.

“Gee, wonder why he’s not concentrating on class?” said Tonks with a roll of her eyes.

Mrs. McFinn reached behind Harry and patted his back comfortably.
And for Potter to think that…is he being serious, or merely sarcastic. thought Snape bitterly.

Snape flinched horribly.

“Couldn’t really argue with them.” said Harry plainly.

“And the teachers let them wear them?” said Mrs. McFinn angrily.

“There was really nothing wrong with them, my Hufflepuffs asked if there was and then they handed them out.” said Professor Sprout.

“They’re singling out one student in particular.” said Dr. Clark with a snap in his voice.

“They most certainly did not!” said Professor Sprout indignantly.

Professor Sprout flushed slightly.

“Tell us again how they aren’t singling out a student.” said Mrs. McFinn darkly.

“I…I…” said Professor Sprout.

“And it’s not just you who let them wear them apparently.” said Dr. Clark sternly.

The rest of the staff paled considerably.

“I asked the students to put the badges in their bags, but I did not confiscate them.” said
McGonagall softly.

“You did more than I, Minerva.” said Professor Flitwick sadly.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Ron was starting to cringe almost on a constant basis.

Dialogue line.

It was Draco’s turn to cringe.

“Draco…” snarled Snape.

“Sorry Granger.” said Draco sincerely.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He wasn’t the sneak that tried to hex someone who had his back to him.” growled Moody. “He’s got more guts than you do, boy.”

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wait a minute, Harry yelled.” said Fred.

“But Draco screamed.” said George.

“Did someone have a squeaky voice?” asked the twins in a cutesy voice.

Draco blushed.
Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Sorry Hermione.” said Harry quickly.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

“You poor thing.” said Emmeline Vance.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You attacked him at the same time!” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

“I’m so proud of you!” said Rudolph rapturously.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“T don’t care if you save the entire Hogwarts Express and all it’s student cargo...You...are...going...to...that...seminar.” growled Dumbledore angrily.

Snape cringed...he was doomed.
“I don’t think I want to know what happens at that seminar.” said Fred.

“If Snape looks like that.” said George.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph.**

“And I could hardly try to believe that he could say that.” said Madam Pomfrey.

**Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.**

Several people snorted.

**End of thirty-fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“And nothing for Malfoy.” muttered a seventh year Hufflepuff darkly.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, first dash**

“I don’t blame either of you boys.” said Mr. Weasley sending a glare over to the Potions Master. He had heard from all of his children how unfair this man had been, but he had no idea that it was this bad.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, first dash, second comma.**

“Oh thank goodness!” said Mrs. Weasley.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph, end of fourth sentence.**

“Oh come on!” groaned Remus. “What is it going to take for you kids to get along again?”

**End of thirty-sixth paragraph.**

**Thirty-seventh paragraph.**
Harry turned dead white and before anyone could say a single word, he rushed out of the door.

"Harry!" shouted Sirius.

"I'll go get him." said Remus.

"You muck up, send a patronus down, I'll save your hide." said Sirius. He wanted Remus and Harry to make up completely, this was Remus’ first chance, and if he screwed it up, it would be even harder to get Harry back to trusting him.

Remus left the Great Hall and looked around, hoping to see a sign of the lad. The portraits on the other side of the Entrance Hall pointed towards the door that led outside. The werewolf sighed, thank goodness for his heightened senses.

Remus walked out the door and saw fresh footprints leading down towards the lake.

Remus followed them until he saw the white haired lad sitting on the side of the lake, sobbing quietly all alone.

"Harry, you alright?" asked Remus softly, sitting beside the youth on the grass.

"I...didn't mean that..." said Harry wiping his eyes quickly.

"We all know you didn't." said Remus.

"I would never use that spell, I swear." said Harry.

"I know, I know." said Remus patting Harry's back.

A thick silence swallowed the pair of them.

"So...what's my punishment this time?" asked Harry quietly.


"What?" asked Harry.

"If Sirius or Mrs. McFinn feels that you deserve any punishment, it'll come from them. I don't want to piss you off anymore." said Remus.

Harry looked at Remus with disbelief on his face.

"So...what made you take on the title of disciplinarian, anyway?" asked Harry.

"Well, I remember way back when we were in school...Sirius...was more into egging people on to do trouble...and your dad was more than happy to go with it. I guess I didn't want you to go the same way, I thought I should nip it in the bud before it got too bad, but I really shouldn't have lumped you together with your dad." said Remus softly.

Harry sat watching the lake's waves lap against the shore. He took in Remus' words and thought deeply.

"I just wanted to make sure, that you become something like the man your father became, not what he started out to be." said Remus. "Though, you've already pretty much are."

"Dad wasn't all that nice, was he?" asked Harry with a smirk.
"He was a prat yeah." said Remus with a laugh. "I guess I was worried that you would be as well."

"I had a great example of what not to be." said Harry. "Thanks to the Dursleys."

"I still want to kill those sons of a banshees." growled Remus.

"There's a long line." said Harry. He laid his head on his knees.

"Feel like finishing this chapter up? After this were going to have one more chapter and then it's time for the Halloween festivities." said Remus with a smile.

“Can we just sit for a bit?” asked Harry almost silently.

“Sure, we can do that.” said Remus with a smile.

Sirius kept an eye on the watch in his pocket, it had been a half an hour since Harry and Remus both left. Sirius was getting a bit worried, Remus’ recent history with the teen wasn’t all that great.

He couldn’t really understand how Harry didn’t get on with the werewolf lately. He could remember a time when Remus was Harry’s favorite visitor, even before Sirius himself, and he could turn into a ruddy giant puppy! Remus would always bring little sweets for the child, and as for bedtime, Harry wouldn’t go to sleep without a story from Uncle Remus.

“I’m going to go find them.” said Sirius.

“Why don’t you just sit tight and wait.” said Rudolph grabbing the man’s sleeve.

“I just want to make sure they're not beating the snot out of each other.” said Sirius.

He turned into his giant black dog form and followed Harry’s scent trail. He kept his nose to the ground, right onto the grounds; he was slightly pleased to smell Remus’ scent going right alongside the lad’s.

He looked up and saw the pair of them sitting on the shore, Sirius wanted to turn back to normal and tell them to get their butts back inside, but he saw that they were talking and laughing. Sirius turned slowly and walked back to the castle, he was more than happy now to give them their space.

They had stayed out for an additional half hour, then they came in.

“Were you lot worried?” asked Remus leading Harry back to the bowl.

“Nope, not one bit.” said Sirius, nudging Dr. Clark to keep silent.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“They’re always unpleasant.” said Neville.

End of dialogue set.
“SOMEONE?” shrieked Madam Pomfrey.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.
Everyone in and around the bowl began to growl and glare murderously over to the Potions master.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Do it.” said a majority of the people gathered in the Great Hall.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph.

“It was sort of nice knowing you kid.” muttered Kingsley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I still hate that word.” said Harry sourly.

Forty-third paragraph.

Ron turned pink.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Good, when he’s got poisons at the ready, best get you out of there.” said Sirius.

“I’m sure Severus wouldn’t hurt Harry.” said Dumbledore calmly.

“What makes you so sure?” asked Sirius.

“If he did hurt Harry or any other student, I’d force feed him his most painful potions.” said Dumbledore darkly.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I swear, no one listens to me very much.” said Harry quietly.

“We’re listening now.” said Hannah.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Enter Skeeter.” mumbled Seamus.

“She’s still out cold.” said Dr. Nicodemus, “Apparently someone keeps putting a stunning spell on her.”

Fred and George whistled innocently.

Forty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.

“She did fancy him.” said Bill softly.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

“Pervert.” muttered Katie.
“I didn’t want someone to tamper with my wand, especially then.” said Harry.

“Don’t blame you.” said Leroy.

“But that’s what that ceremony is for, to make sure no one tampers with your wands.” said Rudolph.

“What stops others from cursing the wands afterwards?” asked Tonks.

“A protective spell is put on the spells, to protect that from happening.” said Dumbledore.

“Small, my ass.” muttered Harry.

“Well, that wasn’t very satisfying, was it?” said Fred.

“She doesn’t sound any better from your description.” said Dr. Clark looking over at the unconscious woman.

“More like try to get some juicy info while you corner him.” said Fred.

“That’s not a yes!” said Mr. Weasley.
“Everyone seems to be going over to the perverted side when they come into contact with you.” said Sirius.

“I don’t need to be any more worried than I already am.” said Remus.

“And no one asked her about that?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Say no.” said Moody quickly.

“Cause now she thinks she can get away with blinkin’ murder.” said George.

“One of her interviewees smashed her right in the mouth.” said Tonks with a proud smile.

“How do you know?” asked Sirius.

“I was the one that did it.” said Tonks. “She was doing a bit on Metamorphmagi, and was badmouthing me and others like me in the worst way.”
“Arrogant self-important twit, Rita Skeeter, whose writings have caused countless lawsuits to the Daily Prophet.” said Remus with a smirk.

Sirius stared at him, and then threw his arms around his old friend. “Welcome back Moony! I’ve missed you!” To the shock of everyone, he kissed Remus full on the mouth.

“Get off me.” said Remus pushing Sirius off him with a laugh and wiping his mouth and spat on the floor.

“You’d think they’d fire her by now.” said Kingsley thoughtfully.

“They just pay what the courts say and keep her, it’s her poison that really sells papers.” said Professor Flitwick.

Quick-Quotes-Quill test

“Someone should puncture her reputation.” said George.

“Already happened.” said Ron looking proudly over to Hermione.

Dialogue set.

“He didn’t put his name in.” said a large part of the school.

Quick-Quotes-Quill

“Are as green as a fresh pickled toad!” sang Fred and George together.

“You were waiting for something like that to come about, weren’t you?” said Ginny with her hands on her hips.

“It’s just so catchy.” said George quickly.

Dialogue line.

“He didn’t.” said Sirius and Remus.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“I wish she had been awake for this, it’s just trashing her ego big time.” said Bill.
“I’m a rebel, but when Dumbledore says don’t do it, I listen…for the most part.” said Harry.

“Sick to my stomach and about to throw up on your Quick-Quotes-Quill.” said Dr. Clark.

“You think we should come up with a Marauder name for him, as a honorary member and to make up for Peter?” asked Sirius.

“Why not?” said Remus with a smile.

“No more than any other year.” said Harry stretching out in the bowl and leaning into the soft cushions.

“Want to lay down?” asked Sirius.

“Nope, I’m good.” said Harry.

“Made my family royally pissed at me.” said Harry folding his arms and yawning.

“You’d better believe it skippy.” said Rudolph, “If I get ahold of Voldemort, I’m going to do my best to reduce him to a pile of ashes.”

“Not without my help.” said Leroy.
“Well, that might be, but it wasn’t the trauma she’s thinking of.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set

Dialogue line.

“I swear, I’m losing my tolerance with each passing year.” said Harry.

“Just goes to prove that you need a nice relaxing summer of rest and relaxation.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She loves short answers, gives her the opportunity to elaborate.” said Bathilda darkly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“They’d be worried out of their minds.” said Remus.

“Lily would be really upset.” said Sirius.

“James would be having kittens and sending you the entire Potter family library.” said Leroy.

End of fifty-fifth paragraph.

Quick-Quotes-Quill
Dialogue line.

Mrs. Weasley blushed slightly.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“It was quite an awkward gathering.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“She knows that I detest that quill.” said Dumbledore with a small smile.

“It was great, I needed something to blow my nose with.” said Kingsley with a smirk.

“I swear she doesn’t know the difference between fact and fiction in her writing.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Have no idea what the heck their talking about.” said Charlie.

“Do you bleed calming draught or something?” asked Nightstrike.

“I’d be afraid of what she’s doing to him in there.” muttered Remus.

“Why does she keep sucking the end of it?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“She’s taking the poison off her tongue and putting it on the quill.” said Harry darkly.

Several students laughed.

“That’s actually true.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“Someone put hair from a person in their wand?” said Colin.

“They’re quite powerful wands for an assortment of different spells, however, it has been discovered that half of the wands are incapable of use once a month.” said Dumbledore.

“Girl’s hair wands I shouldn’t wonder.” said Sirius with a snort.

“Sucks to be Ron then.” said George.

“That’s all that matters.” said Dumbledore.

“He’s always been a gentleman.” said Bathilda with a smile.
“He still ended up in the Hospital for three days for other wounds.” said Dumbledore.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I taught him to treat his wand very well.” said Mr. Diggory proudly.

**Sixty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.**

“He loves fingerprints on his wands, it shows constant use.” said Dumbledore gently.

**End of sixty-fifth paragraph.**

“I get enough of that look from Aunt Marge, don’t need it from other people.” said Harry.

“Good thing Fleur aint here to hear that.” said Charlie in a whisper to Bill.

“She’d kill him.” said Bill.

**Sixty-sixth paragraph.**

**Sixty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He’s always happy to inspect other creator’s creations.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**Sixty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-ninth paragraph.**

“Sort of odd, something so happy coming out of Krums’s wand.” said Harry with a silent laugh.

**Dialogue line.**
“You can almost feel the flashback coming on.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“You really need to open up more.” said Sirius.

Several people snorted, including Sirius.

“Best keep that information under your hat where it concerns her.” said Moody.

“Wish I knew what wine that was, it smelled great.” said Harry softly.

“Were you planning a menu around it?” asked Sirius.

“Sort of.” said Harry.

“Day went straight to hell.” said Harry.
“Her opinion shouldn’t matter.” said Charlie angrily.

“What made them send her to a bloody school?” asked Bill.

“She volunteered.” said Madam Bones.

“I’ve got those in my scrapbook, you look so pissed.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Vain, glorious bastard.” said Moody darkly.

“Creeper.” said Angelina.

“I’m amazed that we didn’t miss dinner.” said Harry.

“This won’t end well.” said Emmeline Vance.

Ron blushed and looked down at the floor shamefully.
“At the time I didn’t want to baby him.” said Sirius.

“I was really torn, I wanted to talk to you, but then again I wanted you to stay free.” said Harry.

“You just let me worry about myself, I’ll worry about you.” said Sirius.

“Let’s have a spot of dinner, and then we’ll go about the party.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Yes!” said the students.

“Why don’t you children go and take a bit of a break, while we get the Great Hall ready for you?” said McGonagall.

The students slowly piled out to touch up their costumes and use the restrooms.

“I’ll be right back, I’ve been working on something for tonight, had to get up really early for this.” said Harry.

“Need help?” asked Remus.

“Actually, I could use some magical help, as long as you don’t eat it all before we get back up here.” said Harry with a playful smile.
Remus and Harry traveled down to the Kitchens, being unable to resist in asking, Remus spoke. “So what is it that we’re bringing up?”

“You’ll see, I just hope it survives the trip.” said Harry.

“Whatever it is it has…it has to be as big as your birthday cake to not be able to get it up the normal way.” said Remus.

Harry smiled.

“I’m going to love this aren’t I?” said Remus with a smile.

Harry and he passed through the door to the kitchens when Remus looked at what Harry had been working on.

It was a giant gingerbread Haunted House. The sheets of tiles on the roof were made of thin squares of chocolate, each a different flavor which added a nice touch of color to the roof, despite that it was just made that day, Harry had expertly made it look as if the shingles were falling apart in places and discolored due to age.

The windows were made of different broken bits of lollipops made to look like broken windows, the paneling lined with chocolate graham crackers. and the stones were chocolate rocks The ghosts, monsters and little trick-or-treating children were made up of several different colors of marzipan and given minute details, such as eyes and folds in their outfits.

“This is marvelous!” said Remus in awe.

“I got up bright and early to work on it.” said Harry with a smile. “Think you can get it up to the Great Hall?” he added putting his hands on his police belt.

“I’ll certainly do my best…is that a werewolf up there?” asked Remus pointing to a figure on the roof, it’s furry head flung back and it’s jaws open.

“That’s right, I’ve even got a vampire over here.” said Harry pointing to the garden full of dead flower shaped candy. “Hope the Ranger named Viper doesn’t see it.”

“I’ve already seen it.” said a voice coming from the corner of the kitchen. The turned quickly and saw the Ranger standing beside the fireplace. He began walking towards them.

“Can we help you with something Ranger?” said Remus quickly.

“I’ve wanted a word with the young man. Alone.” said Viper.
Remus looked at Harry worriedly, but saw a flicker of someone else in the room out of the corner of his eye.

*Lionus.*

“I’ll be alright.” said Harry keeping his eye on vampire Ranger.

Remus left, hesitantly, but what Harry didn’t see was that he muttered a silent charm just before he left.

“What can I do for you Viper?” asked Harry.

“You, are a very strange child. Von might say, confusing.” said Viper walking closer to Harry. Harry out of sheer reflexes, retreated back a step.

“How do you mean?” asked Harry.

“I have been a Ranger a very long time, I know the limitations of the human body. You should have died, a very long time ago. How ees it that you are not von of the dead?”

“I…I don’t know…lucky I guess.” said Harry.

“Do not toy with me child, von would not say you are stupid.” hissed Viper. “Do you not realize what and who has saved you?”

Harry stared at the vampire Ranger, he was unsure of what he was talking about.

“You owe your allegiance to us.” hissed Viper angrily.

“I don’t owe anyone anything.” said Harry, his own temper rising. “It’s my life, I make my own decisions.”

Viper’s pupils turned to pinpricks, “If you will not be grateful to us for your continuous life, then perhaps you should experience the pain once more.” His fingers elongated into claws and his fangs became more prominent. He stalked closer to Harry, who was backing up further.

“Viper!” came a shout.

They both turned and saw Lionus standing against a large cabinet. In came Remus quickly when he heard the loud shout.

“Harry, are you alright?” said Remus quickly. He had placed a protective shield around Harry, but if the Rangers were half as strong as they were believed to be, it wouldn’t have lasted long.

“I’m fine. We’d better get this upstairs.” said Harry trying to put some distance between the vampire and himself.


“I apologize.” said Viper retreating back, his claws and fangs shrinking.

“He will not accost you again.” said Lionus. “And I will have words with him.”

Harry nodded, though Remus was a bit unconvinced. He levitated the giant gingerbread house into the air and brought it out with them.
When they left, Lionus swooped over to Viper, grabbed ahold of his collar with one hand and hand over the vampire’s throat, his teeth gnashing together. The Ranger’s fingernails extended into harsh claws. “Have you lost your mind?”

“The boy should be leaping at the chance to become a Ranger.” said Viper angrily as loudly as he could with his Captain’s hand on his throat. “And he owes his life to us!”

“You remember what Doc told you, his cores saved him. Doc only accelerated their healing capabilities. The boy would have been just fine in due time.” snarled Lionus. “Start paying attention to these readings, pain means nothing to Potter. If we want him to join us, we’ll need to sweeten the kitty a little bit.” he said releasing the vampire and shoving him into the table.

“I don’t understand.” said Viper.

“I need to make this job sound and be better, seem more appealing than any other…and that will be quite the chore. But with you threatening him, you’ve made my work twice as hard.” spat Lionus.

“I’m sorry sir.” said Viper solemnly.

“Not nearly as sorry as you will be when I order a complete emergency physical for you with Doc.” said Lionus.

“Sir, you wouldn’t!” said Viper shock in his voice and eyes.

“I would, and I will, don’t cross me again.” said Lionus angrily.

“Sir…send me to Devil’s Garden if you wish, but…not an emergency physical!” said Viper.

Lionus turned and glared at the vampire, who was now cringing and clutching his mouth. “Make it up to me.”

“Anything sir.” said Viper quickly.

“You’ll find out later what I want.” said Lionus. “Right now, I’ve got a party to attend; you’re confined to night guard duty.”

“Yes sir.” said Viper softly. In a flash, he turned into a bat and flapped out of the room. “Too bad, a Halloween party…he would have been a lot of fun.” said Lionus watching the bat flap away into the night.

Harry and Remus escorted the Haunted House up to the Great Hall, much to the delight of the students who had freshened up their costumes or went to go but more elaborate outfits on.

“That looks awesome!” said Ginny eagerly.

“Look at the little kids in costume!” squealed Parvati.

“The dead flowers are a nice touch.” said Neville with a smile.

“I can’t wait to start eating this thing.” said Ron.

Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark were acting as if they had returned to their childhoods they were so
excited over the décor.

Professor Flitwick conjured up a set of musical instruments made to look like an assortment of bones and made them play a multitude of songs. Hagrid brought in all of his pumpkins that had been growing and sat them beside Professor Sprout who raised her wand.

“What are you doing?” asked Mrs. McFinn interestedly.

“I’m going to carve these pumpkins, Holly.” said Professor Sprout. Since Mrs. McFinn came to stay at Hogwarts during the readings, Mrs. McFinn had become good friends with most of the teachers, the same as Dr. Clark had become with them. They helped them learn about the magical world, while they in turn taught them about the Muggle world.

“Why not let the kids do that? Have them make their own Jack-o-lanterns?” said Dr. Clark walking over.

Professor Sprout looked thoughtful, “That might be fun for them, especially the younger ones.”

“I want to make a Jack-o-lantern!” said the Creevey brothers together.

“I think it might be quiet enjoyable for the students to make their own Jack-o-lanterns and have them illuminate the festivities.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

A majority of the students gathered up the pumpkins and began to design their own jack-o-lanterns, Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark and a few muggleborns helped teach the other students how to do it the muggle way.

Which was a total mess, but they seemed to enjoy it nonetheless. Pumpkin goop made it’s way into everyone’s fingernails and even onto some of the costumes.

The usual Hogwarts feast took place with the return of a few of the house tables laden with the most scrumptious looking food. The decorations, Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark were happy to see, were just as the books had described them. Candles were floating alongside the Jack-o-lanterns that were carved into different faces and designs, a much larger selection than what normally comes when the Professors and Prefects use magic.

Enchanted paper bats flapped around the students who squealed with delight. A student managed to snatch a paper bat as it flew around and found to his surprise, the bat had a piece of candy in his claws. Thus began the mad dash to collect the paper bats that arrived.

“Albus, this was a marvelous idea.” said Professor Flitwick snatching his own bat easily.

“I didn’t come up with that idea, but if you were to happen to look over to Miss Granger, and Mr. Potter and Weasley.

Hermione was enchanting the bats to flap around the Great Hall, as Harry placed random candy from his Hogsmede purchase, while Ron and Ginny expertly folded the paper into bat shapes.

This Halloween was easily their finest.

“These carvings are magnificent, we should enlist the student’s help every year for this.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

Harry sat in the bowl watching the others enjoy themselves after the final set of bats were released into the air. He didn’t want to take part in the enjoyment of the festivities just yet, he was too busy
thinking about what Viper had said. He didn’t notice that his family was looking at him worriedly, especially after what Remus had told them what happened.

“Let’s save Harry’s pumpkin for later, just in case he wants to make one.” said Leroy quietly. “Remind me to get him some garlic the next time I’m down in the kitchens.”

Harry looked around, trying to locate the Ranger doctor. He discovered him over by the fire, looking pensive into it. He stood up and walked over to the man.

“What can I do for you, lad?” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

“Um, may I ask a question?” asked Harry.

“What do you want to know?” asked the old Ranger doctor.

“How is it that I owe you my life?” asked Harry quietly.

“Who told you that you” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

“Viper.” said Harry.

“Ah…yes…well lad, you do, and yet you don’t.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“What’s that mean?” asked Harry.

“You only owe me your life, you don’t owe the rest of the Rangers. I only sped up your healing abilities, you would have been fine on your own given some time.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “I’m going to have to have a few words with Viper, lumping his offensive abilities with my healings…

“Don’t you worry lad, you don’t owe us anything, as a matter of fact, we’d owe you, with your going about the place and testing the security systems and such, we’ve had a drop in thefts. I’d say we’re even.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

“Harry! Come on! You’re missing the party!” said Ron running over to him with a plate of pumpkin pasties.

Ron dragged Harry away from the Ranger doctor and led him over to where he and Hermione were standing together in a large group of Harry’s extended family.

“You alright cub?” asked Sirius.

“I’m alright, I just…wanted an answer.” said Harry.

Harry enjoyed the night as best he could. He ate as much food as he could stomach and danced with Ginny to her favorite songs. However, it wasn’t just Ginny he danced with, during a few slow songs, he enjoyed a dance with Mrs. McFinn.

She laid her head on his chest as they danced slowly in a circle.

“I’m so proud of you.” said Mrs. McFinn softly into his police uniform shirt. “You’ve grown up so well.”

“Thanks…mom…” said Harry with a smile. Mrs. McFinn held onto his shirt tighter. They danced around in a circle slowly, the rest of the school gave them their space, and the girls blew into their handkerchiefs as quietly as they could.
When the song ended, and another slow song started up Harry received a surprise.

“May I cut in?”

It was Uncle Leroy.

Mrs. McFinn giggled and smiled, “Harry or me?”

“Sam wants to cut a rug with you, I’d like a dance with my Little Monster.” said Leroy with a smile to Harry.

Harry shrugged his shoulder and held up his hands halfway awkwardly. “I’ve never danced with another guy before.” said Harry.

“Not really, you’ve danced with me before, though you were a lot smaller.” said Leroy with a smile. “If you like, I’ll take the lead.”

He and Harry danced slowly around in a circle; few boys sniggered while a few girls blushed. “This is sort of awkward.” said Harry.

“It is an acquired taste, but I just wanted to talk to you.” said Leroy.

“What did you want to know?” asked Harry as they waltzed slowly around the room.

“Anything you like.” said Leroy. “You and I don’t get a whole lot of time to talk.”

Harry and Leroy smiled at each other slightly.

“I’m sorry that we left you and your parents.” said Leroy softly.

“It wasn’t your fault.” said Harry quickly.

“It is my fault. I told Rudy that we should leave the country, leave Dumbledore and the Order to handle Voldemort, I was a coward. I hate fighting, I really do, Rudy’s always had to run to my rescue when we were in Africa. He even had to go through a whole jungle without magic just to save my life.” said Leroy sadly.

“How’d he do that?” asked Harry. “Why did he have to go without magic?”

“Well you see, Rudy accidentally ticked off an African wizard from a jungle tribe and he poisoned my food…” said Leroy, once the song was over, they walked over to a secluded corner and talked.

“Nice that they’re getting along.” said Rudolph. “I was sure he’d be miffed at this awesome looking Haunted House.”

“I think I heard him talking about the time he was poisoned.” said Dr. Clark walking back off the dance floor.

Rudolph blushed. “I didn’t do much.”

“He obviously doesn’t think it wasn’t much.” said Remus noting the look of complete adoration on Leroy’s face as he retold the tale to his Great Nephew.

“I don’t know why he’s telling Harry that story…I… I almost lost Lee.” said Rudolph.

“Well, the story obviously must mean a lot to him, and Harry’s taking the story pretty well.” said
Sirius.

“Compared to his life, we’ve had a walk in the park.” said Rudolph bitterly.

The party ended a little earlier than the party the other night, the students decided not to stay up late this time. And this time the teachers ordered a more reasonable curfew as opposed to one in the morning.

This time, Remus handled rubbing the lotion on Harry’s back, and it took all of his self-control to not vomit up the Hogwarts feast when he saw the scars.

“Harry…” said Remus trying not to choke on his own bile.

“Mmh?” asked Harry from where he laid, he was almost asleep.

“Is there anything you want me to get for you?” asked Remus.

“No…I’m fine. I just want some sleep.” said Harry groaning into the pillow.

“Alright then…I’ll see you in the morning.” said Remus as he ruffled Harry’s hair.

Remus left the room and wiped his eyes dry.

“You okay?” asked Sirius as he walked up to his friend.

“I’m fine…thanks…” said Remus.

“For what?” asked Sirius.

“Letting me have him for the day.” said Remus.

“No problem, let’s hope that fixes all the problems.” said Sirius.

“Let’s hope I can keep my stupidity in check.” said Remus.

“You were stupid for the most part, just….you didn’t pick the right person to get mad about stuff.” said Sirius.

“You’re right, Harry’s not to blame, well not mostly…” said Remus softly.

“Yeah, he does get himself into it for some parts, he said so himself a while ago, but I get angry Voldemort for doing this to my cub. And angry at myself for not being there when he needed me.”

Remus flinched. “Me too.”

The two old marauders sat in deep thought, Harry’s pain and trials always weighed heavily on their minds.

“He’s just a baby, why does this have to happen?” muttered Remus.

“Cause Voldemort’s a sick and twisted bastard.” said Sirius darkly.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
The next morning, Harry woke up and walked down to the Great Hall, it was still pretty early and only Dumbledore, the rest of the staff and the Rangers were awake and sipping their coffee. He made a beeline for the Rangers who were standing beside the fireplace.

“Strange to see you be the first one in here.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

“I just…are you done with my notebook yet?” asked Harry, he looked over to Chief Hawkeye.

“I am now.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk and handed the notebook over to the boy.

“What did you need it for?” asked Harry.

“Well, there was a blueprint in here that I wanted, the person that did the renovation never wrote anything down in paper, and that recipe for rock candy that you use to impersonate real jewels. It’s ingenious.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“That’s all you wanted?” asked Harry in shock. “That’s what I was worried about? A candy recipe and a blueprint?

“That and I saw a recipe for Maple Pork Roast, my daughter can’t make it quite right.” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.

“That’s all you wanted? Was a recipe?” said Harry.

“Well, I needed the blueprints too, and it’s easier to get it straight from you, the building was destroyed in a fire and….it’s not easy to read what was where from a pile of ash and rubble.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Harry stared.

“I’d say you should be honored that we needed your assistance, but judging from the look on your face, we should have just come out with what we wanted.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“And I’m getting sort of sick and tired of people saying I owe them or they owe me.” said Harry.

“You’ve talked to Viper haven’t you?” said Chief Hawkeye shaking his head. “He can be a bit…honorable duty happy.”

“You can say that again, wait till I get my hands on that rascal.” said Dr. Nicodemus shortly. “He’s lucky I don’t rip those fangs right out of his mouth.”

“He’s being dealt with.” said Lionus. “Don’t worry about what he said, just do what you want.”

The rest of the students and guests piled down from their dorms and settled in for another day of
reading. When the clock finally struck nine, the veil lifted and the fourth book waited to be taken.

“I think I’ll start the reading off today.” said Charlie.

He walked over and picked the book up, starting where he left off. “Couldn’t be more perfect. Chapter Nineteen.”

“This should be interesting.” said Tempest.

“Says you, you weren’t there.” said Harry.

First paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

Sirius paled slightly and pulled Harry closer to himself. “I love you too, Cub.”

First paragraph, end of first sentence.

Harry closed his eyes and smiled as Sirius tightened his hold on him.

First paragraph, third sentence.

Dumbledore smiled over to him. “It seems that you had some sort of an idea before the task even came around.”

Harry and Hagrid blushed slightly.

First paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

The school went quiet.

“You’re not even thinking about all the dangerous things you’ve done, just the Quidditch?” said Remus in shock.

Harry shrugged.

“You’re insane, so insane that your father could only dream about being so mad.” said Remus with a laugh.

End of first paragraph.

Remus stopped laughing and looked over to Harry fearfully.
“And people wonder I’m not a happy child.” said Harry with a smirk.

Second paragraph, first sentence.
Sirius smiled and wiped his eyes quickly, he didn’t know just how much he meant to his grandson.

End of second paragraph.
“Eh, just blame it on Peeves.” said Fred.
“We always do.” said George.
“We never blamed it on him.” said Sirius.
“We told him to do it.” said Remus with a smirk. “And he’s always happy to do so.”
“Would you please stop giving them ideas!” said Mrs. Weasley.
“Oh come on, no one gets hurt, and it’s all in good fun.” said Sirius.

Third paragraph, first sentence.
“Severely watered down.” said McGonagall.
“It wasn’t even a drop of what had happened in his life.” said Professor Flitwick.

Third paragraph, second sentence, end of first parenthesis.
“And you didn’t say hardly anything at all.” said Colin.

Third paragraph, second sentence, end of second parenthesis.
“I bet people loved that.” said Lionus with a chuckle.
“Pissed a lot of people off.” said Charlie.

End of third paragraph.
“And here you thought that Harry wanted to keep him out of it.” said Ron darkly.
Mr. Diggory flushed.

“What about Rita Skeeter don’t you understand? She’ll only write what she wants to write.” said Professor Sprout.

**Fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Journalists with poison pens should never be allowed in a school.” said Nightstrike. “They can do an awful lot of damage.”

“It was the only reporter that the Daily Prophet could get ahold of that day.” said Madam Bones.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

“It was a little more sappy than what I could ever expect coming out of your mouth.” said Sirius tapping Harry’s nose.

**Article, second sentence.**

“I could buy you saying that, when you were six.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head. “You were really affectionate back in those days.”

**Article, third sentence.**

“Of for the love of…” said Harry.

“You know, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you cry over your parents.” said Mrs. McFinn thoughtfully.

“I talked about them, with…Officer McFinn, but no one else.” said Harry.

“Oh, honey.” said Mrs. McFinn patting Harry’s shoulder.

**End of article**

“Pardon me while I gag.” said Harry.

“I thought it was touching.” said Mrs. Weasley softly.

“I’m getting touched alright, with the stomach flu.” said Harry.

“They are looking over you dear boy.” said Dumbledore softly.
“I realize that, but it’s no one else’s business if I believe that or not.” said Harry with a shrug.

“Someone’s cranky.” said Sirius ruffling Harry’s hair.

“I’ll show you cranky.” said Harry.

Fifth paragraph.

“That must have been the best part of that article for you.” said Lionus.

“‘Oh, it was the best thing I had ever read.”’ said Harry sarcastically.

Article, second sentence, second comma.

“Wait, what?” said Rudolph with a laugh.

“You stopped me before I could continue!” said Charlie also laughing.

Article, second sentence, third comma.

“She’s/He’s like my sister/brother.” said Hermione and Harry together.

Article, second sentence, third comma, fifth word.

“Well, she got one thing right at least.” said Leroy. “You are very pretty for a fifteen year old girl.”

Hermione blushed.

End of article.

“She’s only trying to make me look like a superhero.” said Harry with a groan.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You might, when I kick you right where it counts.” said Harry.
“He can wipe the floor with you.” said a third year Gryffindor indignantly.

“Someone’s getting pissed.” said Fred and George in a singsong voice.

A few students groaned as Harry turned red.

“That sucks.” said a seventh year boy.

“Doing that right in front of your crush.” said his friend.

“These books suck again.” said Harry.

Remus reached over and squeezed his arm supportively.

“Why did you feel stupid?” asked Charlie.

“Cause he snapped at her.” said Hermione.

“I wasn’t the one that had to worry about the task later on. And Harry’s was being ridiculed for things he never even said.” said Hermione.

Just that moment, Pansy herself came into the Great Hall and plopped herself down in her chair, all
the while glaring at Harry. Her face had a green looking blotch starting from the right side of her chin and going up the right side of her face and looping down to her left cheek.

“What the hell happened to you?” asked another Slytherin girl.

“It was his fault.” said Pansy through gnashed teeth.

“Well, whatever, you missed some awesome parties!” said the girl with a smile.

“Shut up.” growled Pansy.

“And she was saying Hermione wasn’t pretty?” snorted Fred.

End of dialogue set.

“I think in your case, we’d need to judge against a kappa.” said George.

“And besides, chipmunks are cute!” said Parvati.

“Hey, she stole my line!” said Fred angrily.

Dialogue line.

“I can ignore a lot of stuff, but it wasn’t working, not without Ron.” said Harry.

Ron looked down.

Tenth paragraph, third sentence, first sentence.

Mrs. McFinn set her plate of toast away from herself.

End of tenth paragraph.

“Seriously? You know all about Rita Skeeter and how she likes to inflate her stories, and you know how Harry is and you believe HER?” said Bill.

Ron mumbled quietly.

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“I didn’t do a damn thing wrong.” said Harry.
“That’s a reasonable request.” said Remus. “I’d want an apology before I go and strike up a conversation.”

“Yeah, that and it’s obvious that Ron is the one that has to start the conversation, cause Harry’s tried. So why are you trying to force Harry into it?” said Sirius.

“Because they miss each other!” said Hermione.

“Sure they miss each other, but you can only pull a mule so far, at some point, he’s got to want to go the that way.” said Dr. Clark.

“Huh?” asked a first year. “What does a mule have to do with it?”

“Harry’s the one that’s pulling the mule, and the mule is Ron. Ron’s the one that has to agree to Harry’s demands. Until then, they both aren’t going anywhere.”

“So the side you have to work on is the side with the stubborn mule, Ron.” said Bill sending his little brother a scowl.

“Miss Granger, did you give this same speech to Mr. Weasley?” said Dumbledore.

“No…I said something different…” said Hermione.

“And that was?” asked Dumbledore.

“I…I don’t remember.” said Hermione.

“I think everyone and their Great-Great Grandmothers know that.” said Hannah.

“God, it’s just like when it was your turn to lead the pack.” said Sirius shaking his head.
“There was nothing wrong with studying for that test.” said Remus. “I was one of the only ones to pass it with a O, you lot fell asleep and failed it.”

“Still, it was dead boring, all that studying and for a stupid history test.” said Sirius.

Twelfth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Theories don’t do squat.” said Fred shaking his head.

“Except put you to sleep.” said George.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Just as meddlesome as your father was.” said Snape.

“Proud of it.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

A few girls blushed and giggled quietly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Bet he would have loved hearing that.” said Ron with a snicker.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Oh, don’t say that around Harry! That’ll open up a lot of questions you don’t want even think about answering.” said Tonks.

“Too late, I thought about it.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Hermione blushed as several people chuckled.
“Kind of like what your face looks like now.” said Harry with a laugh. Ron’s face was full of disbelief and horror that Hermione didn’t understand just how awesome the move was.

“I get the same feeling when exams come.” said Neville.

“Why did you ask that?” asked Ginny from where she sat.

“I thought she’d have more fun with Ron, and then…I could just stalk them for the day.” said Harry.

“That sounds a bit creepy.” said Fred.

“I was just trying to get them to be friends again.” said Hermione.

“Did you tell Ron he was going to meet Harry?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Well, no…I knew that wasn’t going to work, and Harry’s a bit more sensible.” said Hermione.

“Except when Ron’s being a prat.” said Harry.

“I could hardly believe boys are so stupid that they’re not going to speak to each other cause they don’t agree.” said Hermione.

“My mum and Aunt Petunia didn’t speak to each other for years because they didn’t agree.” said Harry with a stern look over to Hermione, who chewed her lip.
“She’s got a point.” said Sirius.

“Maybe I should have just stayed in the dorm…” said Harry moving off Sirius’ shoulder and leaning back into the chair. He didn’t notice the look of hurt on his godfather’s face when he did that. “I would have avoided a headache.”

“Nah, you weren’t able to go to Hogsmeade all the easily the year before. You could have gone without the cloak, but when Hermione pointed out Ron, you could have just turned around and headed back to the castle.” said Sirius.

“I was trying to get them to be friends again!” said Hermione.

“When Ron is ready, he’ll fix the problem himself, he dug the hole, now he needs to fill it back up.” said Sirius.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Which shows just how horrid human children can act.” snarled Tempest.

“We’re not always horrid, just…sometimes.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Ron was always really good at that.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Keep the damn cloak on.” said Charlie quickly. “When are we getting to the dragons for crying out loud?”

“In a bit I think.” said Harry.
“Wonder if she tried writing my obituary?” said Harry thoughtfully.

“I don’t want to ever read that.” said Sirius.

“Well, I don’t want to ever read yours.” said Harry.

“I didn’t, I really didn’t and I still don’t want to think about it.” said Hermione.

Ron looked down shamefully. His father had told him off for abandoning his best friend and not sticking by him when he really needed it, and his father wasn’t the only one, he had been told off by almost every one of his family members. Percy didn’t bother, he thought Ron had a point, but when Ron voiced what Percy had said, they took off after Percy and gave him what for.

“Very good Harry…wait one minute…at the age you learn about hags, it’s not mentioned in any school book that disguises do not work well against them.” said Remus.

“You’re showing your intellect again.” said Sirius ruffling Harry’s hair.

“You should have walked over.” said George.

“Yeah, we were telling Ron how much of an idiot he was.” said Fred.

“And how he should go up to you and apologize, or we’d beat him up.” said Lee.

“Do it, it’ll make you feel better.” said Lee.
“Hey, didn’t Harry’s predictions say that he’d be stabbed in the back by a person he thought was a friend?” asked Katie.

Ron cringed.

“That’s creepy, especially since you were faking it.” said Sirius with wide eyes.

“I wouldn’t risk it, some of them have petitioned that kids be kept out of the pubs.” said Professor Sprout.

“Why is that?” asked Hermione.

Harry and Ginny looked at each other, remembering their first date and the mad man blocking their way to the Three Broomsticks.

“Well, alcoholic drinks are limited to only three servings a day when students are allowed inside.” said Kingsley. “That doesn’t go well with the alcoholics in the area.”

“Poor them.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Another subtle hint that it’s a lost cause.” said Harry.

“What were you planning Miss Granger?” asked McGonagall.

“To rally the house-elves and get them to go on strike.” said Hermione.

“Which would have made the students go without lunch and dinner while we find replacements for the kitchen.” said Dumbledore with a small smile, “Though, the house-elves wouldn’t have gone along with it.”

“I would have volunteered to cook.” said Harry with a smile.
He answered that a little too quickly.” said Hermione.

“Big shock.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw student.

“I decided to support the both of you.” said Cho quietly.

“Oh sweetie…” said Mrs. McFinn grasping the young man’s hand. “So if anyone wants to switch foreheads with me, be my guest.” said Harry through gritted teeth.

“And there I was, almost having a panic attack.” said Harry. “Why? You knew more magic than they did.” said Hermione. “That was the point, what was I going to show, what could I show without someone accusing me of cheating or having a teacher leading me by the hand throughout the whole thing. Though…the faker did lead me through the whole thing by the hand.” said Harry thoughtfully.

Sirius smiled proudly as he draped his arm around Harry’s shoulder.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.
“I have to keep apologizing to her, I just don’t trust anyone with my food and drink.” said Moody.

“Neither do we, that’s why we cast purifying charms all over our food. It removes the chances of being poisoned.” said Chief Hawkeye.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

“Haven’t you been eating Harry’s food though?” asked Fred.

“Albus assured me that I could trust the lad with my food.” said Moody with a sideways look to Harry.

“That’s a massive honor.” said Remus.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

The school erupted in laughter.

“I’m sorry Cub, but that is too funny.” said Sirius clutching his side.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

“Why the hell were you standing?” asked Fred.

“I think I was going to go to the bathroom.” said Harry.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“How long has that man been studying me?” asked Moody staring hard at the book.

“Apparently a long time, but thanks to the Minister, we will never know.” said McGonagall.

“Why? What did he do now?” asked Chief Hawkeye.

“You’ll find out.” said Harry.
"There’s the dead giveaway that that bloke isn’t you.” said Tonks with a giggle.

"Though, yours is a bit harder to actually figure out who is under the cloak.” said Moody carefully.

“Wonder why that is.” said Sirius.

Dumbledore looked up to enchanted ceiling.

“Well, he knows.” said Harry in a whisper. Sirius looked over to Dumbledore with curious eyes.

“Not even you could hear it?” asked Ron.

“Well, I couldn’t catch all of it.” said Hermione.

“Why shouldn’t he?” asked Hagrid a little hurtfully.

“Make everyone happy.” said Harry.
“I think it’s about time you start making yourself happy dear boy. You’ve done enough for everyone else.” said Dumbledore.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Yeah, the year prior he pretty much carried me to the castle when I visited him before nightfall, ah mixed messages…how you plague my life.” said Harry with a smile.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“Maybe you should have let us handle that kind of stuff.” said Fred.

“Yeah, that kind of stuff isn’t for amateurs.” said George.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“What are you going to do, Hagrid?” asked Professor Flitwick.

Hagrid looked down shamefully. “Well, I…I couldn’ just let him walk into somethin’ dangerous.”

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Strange…I was usin’ a brown comb. How did yeh see the pieces?” asked Hagrid.

Harry blushed a bright red.

“James would be so proud.” cooed Mrs. McFinn wiping her eyes.

Dialogue line.

Hagrid smiled down at Harry while Harry himself scratched the back of his head.
“Not after Norbert he won’t.” muttered Ron. Hermione giggled.

“Points for trying.” said Rudolph with a smile.

Snickers and chuckles trickled around the Great Hall.

“Don’t you believe it.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Why do you say that?” asked Tonks.

“I’ve learned that when you’re trying to impress a woman with some secret info, they’ll spread it to others.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Not every girl is like that.” said Hermione.

“The ones that I tried to impress when I was younger sure took the information I had and ran with it.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Was it top secret information that could have caused the entire collapse of a country?” said Colin excitedly.
“No. I had some inside information on a horse at the racetrack. The odds against it were massive, I would have won a huge pot, would have been a rich man at the age of twenty-two. But she told her friends, who told their friends and so on and so on, the odds went down and I didn’t make nearly as much as I had hoped.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“You bet on horses?” asked Fred.

“Used to, had to give it up.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Why is that?” asked George.

“I kept stealing other people’s things and selling them to support that habit.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Sounds like someone else who was addicted to gambling.” said Mrs. Weasley looking at a blushing Mr. Weasley.

“I didn’t steal…” said Mr. Weasley with a hurt tone in his voice.

Forty-second paragraph.

“Yeah, I wasn’t in the best moods that night.” said Harry.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Well, thank god Hagrid’s with you.” said Dr. Clark.

“Oh, but Hagrid can’t see where Harry is.” said Mrs. McFinn worriedly. “He won’t know if Harry’s in trouble or not!”

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“That was cheating, Hagrid.” scolded McGonagall lightly.

“I ain’t ashamed of it, I…didn’t want to lose Harry.” said Hagrid. “I knew he could take on anythin’ that comes his way, but a full grown female dragon is a bit much.”

“I agree with Hagrid, they should have saved the surprise task for the second one and gave them a clue to what was going to happen for the first one.” said Charlie. “Being unprepared around a dragon can only lead to St. Mungo’s intensive care department, or an early grave.”

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“I just about fainted.” said Harry.
“Yeah, that happened to me when I first saw them.” said Charlie with a smile. “They’re just so beautiful, it’s staggering.”

“Not the reason I was going to faint.” said Harry in a whisper to Sirius.

Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, sixth comma.

“Both.” said Charlie.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You’re mental.” said Lioius.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“One wizard doing it does no good, it must be done by at least seven wizards or witches.” said Charlie.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I wasn’t thinking about who was talking at the time.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“The worst of the lot in the way of aggression.” said Charlie matter of factly. “Hungarian Horntails are born with the instinct to kill first and investigate later. Only the best dragon keepers take care of those ones.” said Charlie.

“What happens if a rookie tries to interact with it.” asked a first year Slytherin.

“You’ll turn into dragon chow.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first dash.

“That one you have to be wary of, it’s pretty clever, as long as it’s not in the air you shouldn’t have a problem, it’s one of the fastest fliers in the dragon kingdom.” said Charlie.

“Is there anything really strange about them?” asked a third year.

“Strange compared to you, or strange compared to me?” asked Charlie. “I’ve seen a lot of dragon characteristics and oddities.”

“Strange to you.” said Ron.

“Well, Welshes can breathe fire when they snore.” said Charlie thoughtfully. “And when they need to sharpen their teeth they tend to drag their teeth along huge boulders or tree trunks.”

“Cool.” said a few first years.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second dash.

“That one isn’t too bad, despite it’s mouth is a little smaller than other dragons, it has sharper teeth, though it has shortest attention span.” said Charlie.

The same third year opened his mouth. Charlie intercepted him.

“Despite the shortest snouts, they have the longest tongues, they do a third of their hunting on creatures that live underground. Moles to them are like Harry’s Knickerbocker Glories to us.” said Charlie.

“How do they catch moles with their tongues?” asked George.

“Their tongues are about as maneuverable as a whip and they have a small fang on the end of it. They can move their tongue into a hole and send it in after the little vermin and stabbing it with the fang paralyzes it.” said Charlie.

“Can it paralyze people with it?” asked Fred.

“It’ll make the point where they hit you with their tongue numb, but no, it won’t affect us much.” said Charlie.
“What’s that one like?” asked a first year Gryffindor student.

“That one is my favorite kind. Their internal fires are a lot hotter than normal dragons. You can barely touch them without sustaining second degree burn.” said Charlie. “The reason their bodies are so much hotter is because their scales are thinner, they’re known to fly straight up into the sky and absorb all the heat that the sunlight has to offer and even dive into molten lava.”

“Don’t they burn up in the lava?” asked a second year Hufflepuff girl.

“The old scales do get burned up in the heat, but the lava hardens where the scales burned away and forms temporary scales.” said Charlie. “The scales then grow underneath the lava and when they’re done growing the lava gets scratched off when they rub against each other during their grooming periods.”

“Grooming periods?” asked Fred.

“They huddle together once a week and get rid of all the old lava scales that are on each other’s bodies.” said Charlie. “The young Chinese Fireballs run around and play with the other infant dragons. Their scales aren’t able to withstand the lava and they’re not strong enough to fly into the air.”

The students stared at Charlie in awe.

“Another fantastic Dragon lesson Mr. Weasley.” said Dumbledore clapping his hands.
“Oooh, when we found out that the champions were supposed to *take* an egg with them, we were livid.” said Charlie. “We threatened to toss Bagman, Crouch and the Minister in with the Hungarian Horntail and Swedish Short Snout.”

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“I could hardly look at Abigail when we took her back home.” said Charlie looking at Harry.

“Abigail?” said Bill leaning away from his brother.

“We only call them by their names at the reserve.” said Charlie with a blush.

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“Better keep an eye on Hagrid.” said Sirius with a laugh.

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“Aw, Charlie cares.” said Ginny with a smile.

“He’s going head to head with my dragons, I want to make sure my dragons don’t eat him.” said Charlie. “Or roast him, or rip him apart…”

“Thank you Charlie dear…that’s enough.” said Mrs. Weasley covering her ears.

“I also didn’t want mom to kill me for what the dragons could have done.” said Charlie in a whisper.

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“I’ve seen brand new rookies get beaten up pretty bad in their first few months.” said Charlie.
“So was I.” said Sirius.

“Me too, I was going absolutely mad at my place.” said Remus.

“Why didn’t you come, Harry could have used the support.” said Hermione.

“When the Triwizard Tournament first started, I was advised that I was no longer welcomed there unless I got it cleared with the school governors.” said Remus.

“Didn’t stop you from coming here now.” said Percy stiffly.

“Course not, we don’t have students from other schools here this year, and I no longer care.” said Remus.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“There was, but the one person I thought was my friend undermined my endeavors.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Harry groaned.

“Ah, bless you, you such a little cutie!” said Sirius pinching Harry’s cheek.

“Get off.” said Harry swatting Sirius’ hand away.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“Now, I wan’ an apology, I thought you got snapped up by one of them dragons.” said Hagrid shaking his large finger over to the bowl. “Nearly lost me mind.”

Harry was taken aback, he hadn’t thought of that. “Sorry Hagrid, I didn’t mean to make you worry like that.” said Harry sheepishly.

“Didn’t sleep at all that night, thought I lost yeh.” said Hagrid.

Harry shuffled his feet.

“That’s the downside of that cloak.” muttered Sirius.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, fourth sentence, first pause.

“That would have been bad.” said Ron.
“I don’t think we would have been able to get there in time.” said Charlie in a whisper to his brother.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, fifth sentence, second dash.

“And against a fire breathing dragon, wood is not a good idea.” said Harry. “I was sort of hoping to have a sword or something. Maybe Hagrid to protect me and toss me out of the arena.”

End of fifty-fifth paragraph.

“And how to make it look like I didn’t cheat and get a teacher’s help.” said Harry.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“You can’t get from the forest to the tower in under fifteen minutes, you’d have to either fly up there or use a time turner.” said Bill.

“Never again.” said Harry. “That was enough of a headache.”

“I agree.” said Hermione.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“Shit, don’t answer back.” said Sirius covering his eyes.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

“What the heck…what was he doing there?” asked Remus.

“Trying to scope out the task, and tell Victor what it is.” said Nightstrike with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“Sort of hard to think an animal hit him when I struck his arm.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.
Sixtieth paragraph.

“I’d rather you not be out there in the dark.” said Sirius.

“You’ve done it a time or two I’ll bet.” said Harry.

“I’m a hypocrite.” said Sirius with a shrug.

“Do as we say, not as we do.” said Remus with a smile.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph.

“BLATANT CHEATING! My son was the only one honorable enough to go by the rules!” shouted Mr. Diggory.

“Amos, that’s enough.” said Mrs. Diggory gripping her husbands arm. “They didn’t do anything really wrong, Hagrid was looking out for Harry and the other two were looking out for their own champions.”

“But Cedric wasn’t warned!” said Mr. Diggory angrily.

“Knowing Harry, he warned Cedric.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Doubtful.” said Mr. Diggory snidely.

“Sorry you feel that way.” said Dr. Clark shortly.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“I’d still be down by the forest.” said Neville.

Dialogue line.

“Holy crap you freaking fast.” said Katie.

Dialogue set.

“It was a near thing, Colin and Dennis weren’t going to bed.” said Hermione.
“And besides, your aim sort of sucks with that thing.” said Ron.

“I’d get the best aim in our group to do it, but he was busy being a prat.” said Harry.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“I should have been told about those badges, they would have been pitched right in the bin.” said McGonagall sternly.

“I would have thrown them in there as well, ostracizing one student like that is despicable.” said Flitwick.

“Nothing I’m not used to.” said Harry leaning against Sirius heavily.

The Great Hall was almost suffocated in the thick silence.

End of sixty-fourth paragraph.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“I was debating whether to let you just rest. You looked like someone came after you with a Beater’s bat.” said Sirius.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“That smile made my whole month.” said Sirius kissing the top of Harry’s head. “I wish I could put a smile on your face a lot more often.”

End of sixty-fifth paragraph.

“You look like you’ve gone two rounds with a Dementor and you ask me how I’m doing?” said Sirius shaking his head and holding Harry closer.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, first dash.

Sirius made a sound like a whipped dog.

“Poor pretty boy.” said Remus patting Sirius on his back.
“Thank goodness for that.” said Sirius with a bright smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second dash.

“I wouldn’t have believed you, not even one little bit.” said Sirius smiling down at Harry. “I had half a mind to climb through the fire and just rock you to sleep you looked so rough.”

“I wish you had, I could have used a hug.” muttered Harry nuzzling his head onto Sirius’ chest slightly.

Sirius smiled down at his godson and pulled Harry a little forward and then turned him around, his legs and feet were once more draped across Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark’s laps. This time however, Sirius held onto Harry, cradling the fifteen year old in his arms.

“I wish there was more room in that thing, we’re aren’t getting any Monster time over here.” said Rudolph.

“You can have him tomorrow.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second dash.

“I figured you could do with getting that off your chest.” said Sirius with a kind smile.

End of dialogue set.

“That knocked me for a loop, sort of made me think of Peter’s betrayal.” said Sirius.

Ron flinched visibly.

Dialogue line.

“That would have broke my heart, him talking so desperately.” said Remus.

“Would’ve nothing, it did.” said Sirius.

Sixty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.

“Managed to grab myself something to eat while I was at it.” said Sirius with a smirk.
“What did you nick?” asked Fred.

“Sour Cream and Onion crisps.” said Sirius.

“That’s all you took?” asked George.

“I didn’t want to freak them out and have them think they were robbed of much more,” said Sirius. “I figured they wouldn’t miss a bag of snacks.”

End of sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“All depends on your point of view, I’ll worry about the Death Eaters and dragon, you just worry about the scaly fire breathing giant.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“My brain was about to short circuit.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“You’d lose that bet my boy.” said Dumbledore. “I asked Moody to teach to help prevent any trouble that we may have, especially with someone attempting to…” he looked at the back of Harry’s head. “Well, to help protect the students.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“He didn’t buy his way out, that’s a first.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“The things they want to do to him, it’s not pretty.” said Sirius. “Tonks isn’t even old enough to hear some of the stuff.”

“What do you mean?” asked Tonks.

“They get graphic, and not just killing graphic.” said Sirius.
“He doesn’t promote them, he’s found that he can teach them through a loophole. If the Ministry catch wind that he has been telling students doing them isn’t wrong, they’ll swoop down and he’ll be back in Azkaban.” said Dumbledore. “He’s been lucky so far.”

End of dialogue set.

“He’s good, but not that good.” said Moody.

End of dialogue set.

“Doesn’t take much with Fudge in charge.” said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

“I know what you talk like and what nonsense she spews.” said Sirius.

“Why didn’t you like her?” asked a third year Slytherin girl interestedly. Leroy was perhaps one of the more popular adults with the children. He was nice, gentle, a great dancer and extremely talented….and handsome to boot.

“She loved gossiping and spreading lies about people, she wanted to be in a relationship with me. But thankfully at that point, I was already betrothed to Bella and had fallen madly in love with this nut.” said Leroy nodding towards Rudolph. “But despite being betrothed and having a crush on Rudy, I was seeing a pretty fifth year Hufflepuff girl.

“Well, when Rita found out that I was seeing someone, she started spreading rumors and lies all
about the girl, and when Bella caught wind of it, she was a first year at the time and I was a sixth year, she tormented Mary something awful. Both Rita and Bella were given six month long detentions, and that would happen right after they got back from being suspended for six additional months.” said Leroy.

“Why such a steep punishment?” asked Draco.

“Mary tried committing suicide. I got there in time to send for help and she recovered alright. They both would have been expelled, but Bella’s father and Rita’s uncle were both school governors at the time and didn’t feel their little princesses weren’t all that in the wrong and lightened the penalty as much as they could.”

“Parents of students shouldn’t be allowed to be governors.” said Emmeline Vance.

“James was asked be a school governor, and he agreed, he was going to resign when you’d get into school, so you’d be free to get into all sorts of mischief.” said Sirius soothingly.

But Harry was slowly drifting off the sleep.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, semi-colon.

“They should, *constant vigilance* is what is needed!” said Mad-Eye angrily.

End of dialogue set.

“Ever will have.” said Madam Bones proudly.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Most kids your age don’t give two knuts for news, you follow it closely.” said Sirius shaking his head as he held Harry closer to himself.

Dialogue line.

“Poor Bertha, no one deserves to accidentally run into *him.*” said Remus.
“She’d accidentally go into the boys’ loo, sit at the wrong table, and get lost on the way to class, and that was just when she was in seventh year!” said Sirius.

“She did a lot more forgetting in her early years.” said Remus.

“I was always impressed when she remembered to breathe.” said Sirius.

“She remembered gossip easily enough, it was the important things she couldn’t.” said Remus.

“And generous enough to forgive him.” said Remus.

“He’s dead.” said Bill.

“Didn’t need to hear that, for a second time.” said Sirius.

“Didn’t need to hear it the first time.” said Remus.

“Yeah, he just saw that.” said Charlie.

“Right when Harry’s shown an easy way to survive, someone comes.” said George.
“Typical.” said Fred shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Seventieth paragraph.

“I’ll never tell.” said Harry mumbling in his sleep.

“Shh…” shushed Sirius and Remus soothingly, Remus brushed the white hair out of Harry’s eyes. The black hair was coming back in extremely slowly, but Sirius and Remus didn’t mind, the white hair was really starting to grow on them.

Seventy-first paragraph.

“I’d been pissed.” said Neville.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Harry’s lost his patience.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Holy…you were flipping out and keeping your cool?” said a seventh year Ravenclaw looking at Harry in awe, “My mind would have short circuited.”

Dialogue line.

A few people gave a low whistle.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Man, you two can have some really ugly fights.” said Charlie.
End of chapter

“I had a long overdue talk with myself.” said Ron shuffling his feet.

“Who wants the book now?” asked Charlie. “I can’t wait for the two of you to get back to being friends.”

“The task should be next.” said Hermione turning white.

“Let Tempest take the book, she hasn’t read yet.” said Nightstrike with a smile as he ran and fetched the book.

“If I must.” said Tempest tossing back her long hair and took ahold of the book. Firenze looked slightly excited as he stood beside her.

“Chapter Twenty” said Tempest clearly.

“I’m going to squeeze Harry to death if I’m not careful.” said Sirius.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please reivew
“Why do you even pack that hat?” asked Ernie. “I left it at home the second year.”

“I was asking how she got her brothers speaking to each other when they had a fight like Ron and Harry was having.” said Hermione. “I told her that none of my brothers had a fight like the one they were having. But if they did have a fight that takes longer than a day for them to apologize, Mom gives them a list of chores to do and they have to do it all together, and eat lunch next to each other. Then when Dad gets home, he has a talk with them.” said Ginny.

“Does that happen often?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Between me and Ron, maybe once a year or so, between everyone else and Percy, once a month.” said Ginny.

“I didn’t even notice.” said Hermione looking over to Harry who was sleeping in Sirius’ arms.

“He’s still way too damn light.” said Sirius. He brought his knee up to help support Harry’s thin frame.

“Walking around the lake is a wonderful place to have a private chat.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“Children shouldn’t have that sort of goal.” said Tempest stiffly.

“Man, you’re a bad influence on them, Hermione, making them go to the library every year.” said Fred.

“Yeah, cause you really don’t want to talon clip an adult dragon by hand.” said Charlie. “You can only clip the talons of babies without magic.”

“The cure for scale-rot differs for each species.” said Charlie. “Some need acid, lava, dirt, water, the Swedish Short-Snout all you need is muggle floor cleaner called Pine-Sol, used to have to get rid of that with several cleaning spells, but a bath of that takes care of it right away.”

“How do they get scale-rot?” asked a first year Slytherin.

“When they don’t do their regular grooming for six weeks they can get it. If they’re sick they don’t want to even think about cleaning their scales, and even dragons forget to clean themselves when they’re younger.” said Charlie.

“Hey…” said Hagrid.

“He doesn’t want to give the dragon a pedicure Hagrid, he’s trying to survive.” said Remus gently.

“Don’t stop reading that one, the spell is in there.” said Sirius, remembering the book.

“Oops.” said Hermione.
“Why are you blushing?” asked Percy looking at his older brother.

“Um…you may want to keep that book in the Restricted Section.” said Charlie stammering.

“Do I want to know?” asked Lionus with a snicker.

“It’s not like that, but…there is a bit….nevermind.” said Charlie shaking his head quickly.

“Did you even notice how fast he was going through the books?” asked Parvati.

“You take the fangs away, they’ll get really pissed off and stomp you to death. And nothing is stopping them from eating you whole.” said Bill.

“Exactly.” said Charlie.

“I can transfigure a dragon, but I’d magically drained for two days.” said McGonagall.

“I should hope not, any school age you’re only supposed to be able to know about it, not know the incantation.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Ouch.” said a few students.

“I don’t blame him, she wasn’t the one that had to go up against one of those giant lizards.” said a Ravenclaw student.
“Poor Harry.” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

“Those stalker girls were getting annoying, I’m amazed that Madam Pince never kicked them out.” said Hermione.

“They were, several times.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Don’t they know a scarf goes around your neck?” asked Terry.

“They were hoping he’d sign it while it was around her waist.” said Hermione.

The teachers stared.

Everyone in the school turned and stared at the boy sleeping in his godfather’s arms. Harry loved Hogwarts, how could he even think of leaving?

“Finally common sense comes to the boy.” said Snape with a sneer.

“You’re asking for a fat lip.” said Sirius growling over to the Potions professor.

Harry groaned and despite being dead asleep, he raised his hand and lightly slapped Sirius’ face.

“Down boy.”

Sirius looked at his young godson.

“We know who’s going to be the head of house when we get home.” said Remus.

“I’m thinking Holly, then maybe Harry.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.
A few people looked at each other with a horrified expression on their faces. Were these books and scrolls hiding the really bad experiences?

“Oh sweetie, I’m so proud of you.” said Mrs. McFinn looking over to Harry, giving his ankle a squeeze.

“There’s nothing wrong with my son’s friends!” said Mr. Diggory shortly.

Mr. Diggory squirmed slightly.

“You vandal!” shouted Mr. Diggory standing up and scowling at Harry.

Leroy and Rudolph stood up before Remus could and pointed their wands at the man.
“You even think about waking him, deceased son or not, we’ll hex you into next Tuesday.” said Rudolph sternly.

Dialogue line.

This was exactly what Harry had been hoping for.

“Wow, he had Cedric pegged.” said Ernie.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“How hope he compensated my son for destroying his property.” said Mr. Diggory with a snarl.

“He did Amos, now please calm down.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“How do you know?” asked Mr. Diggory.

“Cedric wrote to me and told me all about it.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“He never told me!” said Mrs. Diggory.

“How could he, all you wrote to him about was how he should throttle Harry the first chance he got and humiliate him in school.” said Mrs. Diggory.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“There you go, he told Cedric about the dragons.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“That’s right Harry, share the panic.” said Remus with a smirk.

Dialogue line.
“Bad time to say that.” said Nightstrike.

One of the few honest people in this school, and no one believes him.” said Madam Bones shaking her head.

“Yet he doesn’t mention Voldemort.” said Remus.

“Dragon might not stand a chance.” said Seamus.

“Don’t bet on that.” said Charlie proudly.

“I don’t blame Diggory, can’t trust everyone that comes up your way with information.” said Moody.
Dumbledore leaned forward in his chair. Harry was going into a room with a Death Eater, alone.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“You’re strange, Cub.” said Sirius shaking his head as he gave Harry’s torso a squeeze.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“At least he’s inspecting his surroundings.” said Moody.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence.

Remus gave a full body shiver.

Twenty-first paragraph, third sentence.

“Excellent.” said Rivers with a smile.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“Mine’s the real deal.” said Moody.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“And telling their significant others where they were the night before.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“And hold me as hostage.” said Moody with a growl.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He told me to tell yeh.” said Hagrid looking confused.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He’s got the faker there, Harry didn’t know what Hagrid wanted…” said Remus but then looked at Hagrid slowly. “You…planned that Hagrid…you made sure Harry couldn’t be blamed for it and you’d take the fall.”

“Didn’t want nothin’ to go back on him, he didn’t ask for all this teh happen.” said Hagrid.

“I think we’ve been underestimating him.” whispered Snape to McGonagall.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Is there some misconception that I’m not.” said Dumbledore.

“Yes.” said a lot of people loudly.

“With you being the strongest wizard the world really knows, yes, I can see how they’d think you aren’t human.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“Nothing that was going to avoid him getting snapped up in the dragon’s jaws.” muttered Mr. Weasley.

“That’s true.” said Tonks.

“You’ve got more strengths in your little finger than most people have in their whole bodies.” said Sirius smiling down at Harry.

“He’s got a point, the dragons are a bit bigger than a snitch.” said Bathilda.

“It is when he’s trying to water down his thinking and then on top of that freak out about facing a dragon.” said Hannah.
“Tall order.” said Ron. “He and I were about on the same level with that spell.”

“He worked overtime to master it.” said Hermione.

“He apologized big time after he got the spell down. He bought me ten galleons worth of candy.” said Hermione with a smile.

“Where was I for that?” asked Ron.

“I gave you the chocolate frogs.” said Hermione.

“I was all for skiving off Divination, but Arithmacy? Absolutely not.” said Hermione.

“Where did she learn about Astrology?” asked Firenze.

“Obviously she’s making it up as she goes.” said Tempest with a whinnying laugh.

Sirius whimpered and held Harry closer.

Dumbledore looked over to the pair of them and nearly had another heart attack. The way Harry was laying, his eyes softly closed and laying limply in Sirius’ arms…it appeared as if the boy were dead.
Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“I wanted to try and make up with him, before he went to go against the dragons.” said Ron.

“Did you know that it was a dragon?” asked Charlie.

“Hermione told me.” said Ron.

“I figured that Ron worrying about Harry, he'd forget about being so stubborn.” said Hermione.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Several people laughed.

Thirty-third paragraph, third sentence.

“Such a common mistake.” said Fred.

“Happens all the time.” said George.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Harry had better get some sleep, or he won’t be any good the next day.” said Dean.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Not the best way to learn.” said Professor Sprout.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Despite being very bright, he doesn’t quite have a lot of confidence at times.” said Emmeline.

“I’m glad they were excited, that entire day I just stayed in the woods and whimpered and howled. Had a few forest rangers come and investigate. They tried taking me to the animal shelter.” said Sirius.

“For him or you when he gets mauled to death?” said Remus darkly looking around the Great Hall to a few of the students that were looking ashamed of themselves.

“That’s what a normal fourteen year old would do.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

“Never saw her look so worried.” muttered a third year Hufflepuff.

“I had a mad plan about spiriting him away and keeping him at my summer home for the rest of the year.” said McGonagall to Professor Sprout.

“If you would have asked, we would have helped.” said Flitwick.

“Last meal.” said Colin sadly.
“I was still planning and hoping to stun the boy and hide him somewhere in one of the castle towers till this all was over.” said McGonagall.

“So brave.” whimpered a few girls as they looked over to Harry with watery adoration in their eyes.

“I wanted to just hold him.” said McGonagall, “One last time.”

“One last time?” asked a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“I held him when he was a baby.” said McGonagall.

“She still hates any sort of lizard.” said Bill.

“Well, dragons aren’t for everyone.” said Charlie stiffly.

“Great, do you mind if I throw up on your rug?” said George.
Dialogue set.

“Taking an egg from nesting mothers, I could have killed them for coming up with that idea. Not even we're crazy enough to do that!” said Charlie.

Forty-second paragraph.

“I’m glad we didn’t get chosen.” said Fred.

“Mum would have killed us.” said George.

“If the dragon didn’t do so first.” said Fred.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“His manners are just about as good as mine.” said Ron with a small chuckle.

Hermione giggled.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Don’t blame her really, I’d do all I could to protect my students.” said Professor Vector.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“Do dragons have venom in their fangs like snakes?” asked Mrs. McFinn nervously.

“…Horntails do…” said Charlie.

Mrs. McFinn tried to cover her mouth to stifle her scream, but it failed. Harry sat straight up and from out of nowhere he had a long pearl handled kitchen knife in his hand.

“Wassamatter?” he said looking around quickly.

“We’re fine Cub, just freaking out about the task.” said Sirius, “Can you put the knife down?”

“How far did you get?” asked Harry putting the knife away.

“You just pulled out the Horntail statue.” said Sirius.

Harry blinked. “You’re freaking out at that part?”
“Don’t tell us it gets worse.” said Mrs. McFinn clutching her face in horror.

“Uh….,” said Harry.

“Let’s get this over with.” said Bill looking at Tempest pleadingly.

Dialogue set.

“Why do people always want to have private chats with you?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Beats me, do you want me to sit elsewhere?” asked Harry to Sirius.

“Not on your life, you’re staying right here.” said Sirius as he pushed back down and back into his arms.

Dialogue set.

“He doesn’t creep me out nearly as much as Lockhart did.” said Remus. “But maybe we should keep an eye out on him.”

“Nah, he had another reason why he wanted to talk to me.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Anti-nausea potion?” said Fred.

“Healer?” said George.

“Life Insurance?” said Fred.

“Stunt double?” said Remus.

“Inflatable stunt double dragon to replace the one you’re about to face?” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“He has a bet in favor of you doesn’t he?” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Right on the money.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“In the Hospital.” said Dr. Clark quickly.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“Time management was never his strongest trait.” said Remus. “He'd scramble to the next game he was scheduled to play. He'd come zooming onto the pitch five minutes into the game.”

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“I was terrified just watching it.” said a second year Hufflepuff.

Fiftieth paragraph.

“Why aren’t we hearing what exactly went on?” asked a first year Hufflepuff boy.

“This is in Harry’s view, he wasn’t allowed to see what the other champions were doing, so they couldn’t steal other champion’s ideas.” said Emmeline Vance.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“She still wakes up in the middle of the night, having nightmares about her dragon.” said Bill.

“Bet it makes sleepovers awkward.” said Charlie smiling with glee.

“Stuff it.” said Bill.
“Wish someone could sit with me.” said Harry softly. “I was freaking out more than any other time that I could remember.”

Sirius and Remus heard what he said, and whispered their apologies that they weren’t there sitting with him.

“I’m sorry Harry, but thank goodness I wasn’t there, I’d lose all my hair from tearing it out over worrying about you.” said Leroy who was white.

“Poor Harry.” said a few fourth year girls holding each other in fear.

“I…was…pissed when I saw what he did.” said Charlie.

Mrs. McFinn began to whimper. Dr. Clark wrapped his arms around her and held her close to him.
“We didn’t know why he was trying to summon that.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

“But the results were absolutely perfect.” said Flitwick with a proud smile.

“That would be you about to faint.” said Madam Pomfrey worriedly.

“Damn boy.” said Chief Hawkeye, “You’re one in a million.”

“That’s one large dragon.” said Dr. Clark worriedly.

Several people turned and smiled at Harry, especially the Gryffindor Quidditch team.

“I feel at home in the sky too…” muttered Cormac McClaggan. He wanted to be the school Quidditch star, if only he were given a shot.
“He was impressed, if I remember correctly.” said Dumbledore. “He asked what summer flight school you attend. I was quite proud to say that it was all natural.”

Remus gasped and grabbed Harry’s shoulders.

“It’s not bad Moony.” said Sirius easily.

Remus clutched his chest, “You had me going there.”

“You still should have gotten to the ground!” said Madam Pomfrey, Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn.

“And yet, you were the fastest one to get the task over with.” said Ron with a smile.

“She’s getting ready to go after you.” said Charlie leaning forward in his chair.

“Not again, the last time you mentioned a creature’s jaws you got bit by a giant freaking snake!” said Tonks holding her hands over her ears.
“She’s going to fly after you.” said Nightstrike.

Everyone began to cheer loudly, and a few of the Rangers applauded, even they were impressed.

“Nice, boy…I wonder what you would have done if you weren’t force fed the idea?” said Chief Hawkeye as he was applauding.

“I don’t have the faintest idea.” said Harry.

“Forget the Cup, we were three times as loud.” said Dean excitedly.

“Too right, I almost went deaf there, I was deaf after that.” said Seamus.

“That didn’t seem like the fastest.” said Harry thoughtfully.

“I know the feeling, it felt like forever, but it was only six minutes.” said McGonagall.

“Thank bloody god!”

“Molly!” said Mr. Weasley in shock.

“I had hoped you had come out of that unscathed, and I was unsure if that was the particular dragon had venom in it’s fangs or talons.”
“My boy had to wait to see a healer before his scores showed up.” said Mr. Diggory angrily.

“You should remember quite well that Madam Pomfrey was running out to him the moment the Dragon Keepers subdued the Short-Snout.” said McGonagall sternly. “If she wasn’t tending to Cedric, she would have been right there for Harry as well.”

“Ah, bless you Hagrid.” said Professor Sprout with a fond smile.

“I would have developed amnesia soon after that.” said Professor McGonagall with a smirk.

“Was the wound really that bad?” asked Ginny.

“Nah, just coming off the adrenaline.” said Harry.

“I was impressed, I had intensive care potions all set up for him.” said Madam Pomfrey. “Even a phial or two of phoenix tears handy, I figured he’d be the worse of the lot”

“I shared that feeling and gave her the phoenix tears.” said Dumbledore with a guilty smile. “I would rather be proven wrong about your abilities than…relive four years ago,” he shuddered slightly.
“A sadistic bitch that makes you carve words into your skin.” said Remus sharply.

“Say WHAT??” said Leroy, Rudolph, and Mrs. McFinn. They took ahold of both of Harry’s arms and inspected both his hands.

“I don’t see anything.”

“Here it is!”

“Damn that bitch!”

“Holly?” said Dr. Clark staring at Mrs. McFinn.

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End of dialogue set

Eightieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Shouldn’t have known that wasn’t going to work.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Eighty-first paragraph.

Eighty-second paragraph.

“Like old times.” said Angelina.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-third paragraph.

“Just about was made into one.” muttered Speckerton.

Dialogue line.

“ Took you how long to come to that conclusion?” said Tempest with a disdainful look.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oooh, Harry isn’t going to let it go.” said Fred.
“That’s harsh.” said George.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Or…he could just let Ron have it one last time.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Yes there is!” said Hermione as she wiped her eyes, so did several other girls.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Hermione put her hands on her hips and glared at Ron.

“Well? What would you expect if someone called us stupid and then hugged you?” said Ron defensively. “You’d think they were barking as well!”

End of dialogue set.

Eighty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Aside from the dragon, I wonder what could be the cause of that.” said Charlie with a smirk.

End of eighty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
"Great idea, Helga hadn’t eaten yet.” said Charlie.

“You’re a freak.” said Bill.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first semi-colon.

“I would have picked a cow as opposed to the dog, they have more meat on them.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Should have read up on all four dragons before she tried that.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“As in action packed! And low damage done to themselves!” said Ron quickly.

End of dialogue set.

“And he had us to deal with afterwards.” said Charlie angrily. “The Ministry of Magic still hasn’t made monetary retribution for the loss of those Chinese Fireball’s eggs. Hell we’d even just take an apology from Viktor and the Ministry for putting those poor unborn dragon chicks at risk and killing them.”

Several Ministry workers looked shamefully down at the floor.

Eighty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“She always was a fair woman.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Ninetieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“A point deducted for the cut…not really showing favoritism.” said Percy stubbornly.
“No one said he did.” said Mrs. Weasley.

**Ninety-first paragraph.**

“Without that cut, a ten from me you would have had easily.” said Dumbledore.

**Ninety-second paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“Who cares, don’t argue with it.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

**Ninety-third paragraph.**

“What?” shouted a few adults loudly.

“Your champion destroyed some eggs, all he got was a cut!” shouted Rudolph loudly.

Dialogue line.

“Right on Ron!” shouted Sirius.

**Ninety-fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

Ron blushed and a few people smiled over to the two boys.

**End of ninety-fourth paragraph.**

“A few of us cheered for you.” said Astoria Greengrass.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Best let him see me happy as opposed to pissed, he’s had enough to go on.” said Charlie.
“That’s because death wasn’t right outside the tent door.” said Snape.

“That stuff only takes a half hour to work.” said Charlie. “We live by that stuff.”

“Counting down another set of days until you torment and try to kill us?” said Harry folding his arms across his chest.

“No.” said the twins.

“Glad you were listening.” said Fred and George together.

Mrs. Weasley blew her nose. “It’s so good to have the two of you being friends again.”
Ninety-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Holy Bowtruckles, what kind of stalker is she?” asked Sirius.

End of ninety-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“I’ll give you two words.” said Remus. “Piss off.”

“Who the hell are you?” asked Sirius.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Well, what you’re standing in was what I had for breakfast, draw your own conclusion.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

“Felt fine, except for that one scumbag.” said Ron.

End of chapter.

“I like that one better.” said Ron.

“That’s all for this chapter.” said Tempest looking up from the book.

“I’ll take it!” said Dennis eagerly. “I haven’t read yet!”

He cleared his throat. “Chapter Twenty-one”

Harry sighed, “Another round, eh?”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.
S.P.E.W's Front Lines

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

First paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“Stupid feathery git.” muttered Ron good-naturedly.

First paragraph, end of first sentence.

“I was at Remus’ house.” said Sirius.

“We were worrying together.” said Remus. “Half my possessions got smashed.”

“I paid you back.” said Sirius.

“I would have preferred the help in cleaning up that mess.” said Remus with a smirk.

End of first paragraph.

“Good lord, that was a quick about face!” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

Dialogue set, eighth sentence.

Ron blushed as people began to snicker “Nice how you believe your best friend now.”

End of dialogue set.

Second paragraph.

“Only way to get the little feathered bugger to sit still.” said Ron with a small smile.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“Ah, sweet innocence.” said Harry with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Third paragraph.

“It’s nice having the trio back to normal.” said Neville, “It wasn’t the same.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“You never know how much you miss the banter till it’s gone for a few chapters.” said Fred wiping his eyes.

“It’s so beautiful.” said George blowing his nose.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence, first dash.

“Poor thing.” said Charlie.

“That’s one of the reasons we don’t use him often.” said Ron.

“The other reason is that we can’t always catch him.” said Harry.

Fourth paragraph, end of second sentence.

“See that strand of gray hair here?” said Sirius tugging a light gray lock of hair from the top of his head. “That’s your fault, I couldn’t sit and read that letter in one shot.”

End of fourth paragraph.

“So you ruined it?” said Fred and George together.

“At least Harry pretended to be surprised.” said Lee.
“Strange, we couldn’t find those later.” said Seamus. “One minute it was up there, the next it was gone.

“Harry took them down, while you all were distracted with the fireworks.” said Ron.

“Happy times should not be that few and far between for a child.” said Tempest sourly.

“Yeah, but no rules against everyone knowing the clue, they’re just not supposed to help the champion.” said Lee.

Hermione blushed as a few people laughed.

“When the hell did you have the time to look inside that thing?” asked a sixth year Gryffindor.

“Well, we know he doesn’t speak mermish.” said Bill with a smile.

“I’d rather not sound like that if I can get away with it.” said Harry.

“It’s not a difficult language to learn, and vastly beneficial.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
Dialogue line.

“If you did, I was going to just stay in bed for that task.” said Seamus.

“Oh yeah, that’s his boggart.” said Sirius looking at Remus intently.

Dialogue line.

“The Tournament is barbaric, but not that much.” said Tempest.

“I’m quite glad that we do not have to take part in that…” said Firenze.

“A game that shows how strong we centaurs are is not a bad idea.” said Tempest quickly.

“N-No of course not.” said Firenze.

“Too many wizards think we’re nothing but pretty talking horses.” said Tempest looking around at the girls that seemed to have taken to Firenze.

Firenze looked at Tempest confusedly. But then he smiled. “The right ones don’t think we are, some humans aren’t able to think with open minds, we need to teach them gently, or they will not learn at all.”

Tempest looked at Firenze quickly, her hard gaze softened.

“You can tell who’ll wear the…shoes in the family.” said Nightstrike to Lionus.

“You’d better hope she doesn’t hear that, remember the last time someone made a centaur joke?” said Lionus talking out of the side of his mouth.

“Stupid serial killer never stood a chance.” said Nightstrike with a shudder.

Dialogue set.

Percy blushed and glared at his brothers angrily as the school laughed loudly.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Don’t eat anything they give you.” said Neville wisely.

“We could have told you that.” said Ginny.

“It’s their favorite prank.” said Ron.
End of tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Little joke that will turn you into a giant chicken.” said Neville.

“Canary, not chicken.” corrected George.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“They’ll even run to the local wizarding shop to find the ingredients I need for any dish I’m making.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“It’s not easy getting that birthday cake up here, we knocked off a tower or two at least twice.” said Leroy.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“They’ll kick you out of the kitchen before you can even begin.” said Fred.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“Quite the distraction indeed.” said Dumbledore trying to hide a smile. “I hope you didn’t suffer any damage, either to your person or your public face.”
“I was fine sir, even I had a good laugh.” said Neville.

**Dialogue line.**

“I’m sure you just happened to forget.” said Mrs. Weasley crossly.

“Come on Mom!” said Fred.

“If we didn’t prank anyone…” said George.

“They’d never know how much we really care.” said the twins together.

“You prank Filch all the time.” said Hermione.

“It’s shows how much we care.” said Fred.

“Not one jot.” said George. “But he’s a special case.”

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I’m still taking wizarding money lessons…but isn’t that kind of steep?” asked Dr. Clark. “I love a good prank as the…” he looked at Sirius. “Well, maybe not the next guy, but that seems like a high cost for something so short lived.”

Fred and George opened their mouths, but closed them.

“Maybe we should drop the prices.” said Fred.

“Or make them into a pack.” said George.

“Yeah. we can wrangle that.” said Fred.

**Fifteenth paragraph, third sentence.**

“Do you still have it?” asked Sirius.

“No, Hedwig didn’t quite warm up to him. So I gave him to Hagrid.” said Harry. “Had to enlarge it a bit, or it would have been smushed.”

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

“Huh?” said Sirius.

“That’s you thinking all out aren’t you?” said Colin with a smile.
Sixteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“According to Viktor, they had fires going all over the place, it was actually pretty cozy in there. I assume the coach was the same way.” said Hermione.

Sixteenth paragraph, fifth sentence.

“Made classes pretty interesting.” said Fred.

“Shay that agayne meester?” said George slurring his words.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Hopefully they’re made of six inch titanium.” said Dr. Clark.

“Nope, wood.” said Ron.

“But…they have fire at one end…” said Dr. Clark confusedly.

Seventeenth paragraph, third sentence.

“Sorry Hagrid…” said Harry.

“Perhaps a new species should have been saved for the N.E.W.Ts students.” said Dumbledore kindly.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

Sirius slapped his forehead. “Oh my bloody god.” he muttered. “They’re not toddlers.”

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Maybe it was the nailed in part.” said Hagrid thoughtfully.

“Well, they weren’t staying in on their own.” said Ron.
“Cowards.” said Moody.

“Had too, couldn’t get in the house.” said Seamus in a whisper.

“Before you ask, I got burned and cut, but I was fine.” said Harry wearily as the people in the bowl turned quickly.

“Who’s scaring who?” said a seventh year Ravenclaw student.

“Get the heck out of there!” shouted a little girl.

“I was pinned, I couldn’t go anywhere.” said Ron. “I had a tall box on one side of me, and Harry wasn’t going to leave me behind.”

“To think, a fourteen year old child can have that sort of loyalty to his friends.” said Tempest.

“He’s is special.” said Firenze with a smile.

“Oh hell, I thought we were safe.” said Tonks.
“I’d rather tackle the skrewt than talk with her.” said Harry.

“Well, at least he came to save you.” said Sirius.

“He’d never let me get hurt.” said Harry.

“Rita Skeeter, Gossipmonger.” said Remus.

“What’s the reason you banned her?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“She was disrupting the school and the things she was placing in her interviews were far from truthful. The last thing young adolescent teens needs is a harsh blow to their self-esteem.” said Dumbledore.

“Don’t listen to her.” warned Remus.

“Harry knows not to trust her.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“Ah, don’t tell her he’s there.” said Sirius groaning loudly.
“This won’t end well.” said Lionus.

“Why hasn’t she woken up yet?” asked Chief Hawkeye as he looked over to the still figure slumped in the chair.

“She’s not the strongest person. She’ll wake up when she finally gains enough strength.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “And if the students can ever let her wake up.”

“You’ll be sorry.” said Lee covering his eyes.

“You’ll be sorry.” said Lee covering his eyes.

“You’ll be sorry.” said Lee covering his eyes.

“Harry could write a list for you.” said Terry.

“Should have warned him before then.” said Charlie.

“Oh, trust me I tried.” said Harry.

“I didn’t even look back at her.” said Harry.
“Everyone’s got least favorite animals, Hagrid.” said Harry quickly.

“Wait, what?” said Hermione.

“Tempest and Firenze shook their heads.

“It’s Neptune that can disrupt everyday life.” said Firenze.

McGonagall groaned and rolled her eyes.

Professor Trelawney glared fiercely at Ron.
“Everyone else was pretty much thinking ‘Not this again.’” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“You’re lucky she doesn’t smack you.” said Remus with a laugh.

“You would have been asking for it.” said Sirius teasingly.

Dialogue set.

“I’d of gone after her for doing it so many times.” said Sirius, the laughter gone from his eyes.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I don’t think he liked the ghost joke.” said Bill trying to hide a snigger.

End of dialogue set.

“It doesn’t happen often.” said Ron.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Ron blushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set

“Sure don’t include me.” said Ron with a pretended sound of hurt in his voice.

“I just thought it would mean more to Harry.” said Hermione.
“Ron…” said Mr. Weasley with a chuckle.

“Did you have to say regurgitated?” said Dr. Clark.

“So how did you come down to the kitchens?” asked Hermione.

“I took a different way.” said Harry with a shrug.

“My favorite room.” said Harry fondly.
“I’m tied between the kitchens and the dorms.” said Ron.

“Library for me.” said Hermione proudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“A bit catchier.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“I love the interesting ways you have to open doors in this place.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Dobby!” squealed a few girls happily.

“I was hoping we’d see him again!” said one of them happily. “He’s so cute!”

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“And his ribs weren’t all that strong to start with.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wait, you’ve never met Dobby, how did you…? said Remus.

“Harry described him and I heard Dobby bragging about Harry to the other House-elves that would listen.” said Hermione.
Mrs. McFinn began her giggling once more.

“She’ll be going for a while now.” said Remus with a smile.

“I’m glad she’s having fun.” said Harry.

Dr. Clark began choking on his own laughter. “Poor little thing.”

“Wow, he kept that dirty old sock?” said Bill.

“It looked in better condition than when I gave it to him.” said Harry.

Several girls snickered.

“Never thought they’d laugh at the color pink.” said Terry.

“Those two colors don’t match.” said Cho giggling like mad.

“Oh…right…” said Terry blushing slightly.

Dumbledore smiled fondly, they had been at these readings for well over three weeks now, and… despite the intrusion into Harry’s privacy, they were finding out more and more about Harry. And for some, learning a bit more about themselves and how they appear to others.

He snuck a glance at the bowl as the men talked while several students had left to go to the restroom, they were chatting candidly about little to nothing of value. Harry had acquired his deepest desire of having a family once again. And if the books of the future still had the power they were fabled to have, Harry’s future would be much easier once they utilized the information
they would give them.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“What, you never noticed that?” asked Fred.

“Never had to go further than the first stove, that’s right by the door.” said Harry with a shrug.

“Every time I’d say an ingredient, they’d have it right at my elbow.”

End of dialogue set.

Forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph, third sentence.

“Well, at least he was…stylish with the clothes he bought that poor little dear.” said Mrs. Weasley.

End of forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Poor dear.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Forty-sixth paragraph.

“They do know how to take care of the students,” said Dumbledore. “House-elves are more fond of children then the adults. Children have more inventive wishes and demands, keeps them on their toes.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I know all the House-elves by sight, and I didn’t remember ever seeing him.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“No if you go straight to a school it isn’t.” said Dumbledore smiling bright. “We Headmasters and Headmistresses will take all the house-elves we can get. It takes a lot of help to raise children.”

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I beg your pardon?” said Chief Hawkeye. “He wants paying? Been a while since I’ve seen one of those kind of elves.”

“What’s wrong with them?” asked Hermione worriedly. “You don’t…”

“No, we hire them, so they don’t completely destroy themselves like that. Most of the house-elves we have are paid employees.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“To them, it really is.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile. “They feel doing hard work and feeding off the energy they get from making other’s happy should be payment enough.”

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Poor thing.” cooed a fourth year Ravenclaw student.
“Poor dear, she’s not happy one bit.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Some House-elves are very attached to their families.” said McGonagall.

“Quite the shock to wake up and find them standing at attention at my desk.” said Dumbledore.

“What time did you get up?” asked Hannah.

“I believe it was five o’clock.” said Dumbledore.

“Not all that much.” said Ernie.

“It’s what he wanted.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, he’s not completely turned over.” said Chief Hawkeye with an amused smile. “We have one that wants to enforce unions. He keeps getting smacked about by the other elves when he starts preaching.”
The Hall fell into silence.

“Why would you even ask her that?” asked Fred and George in shock.

“Well, I thought…since Dobby was…” said Hermione.

“Winky never said a word to me. Dobby did all the talking, all she did was sit and weep over her loss of a situation. The only order I gave her was to try and calm down.” said Dumbledore. “It does not matter how long it takes, she can take as long as she wants.”

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence.

Hermione blushed.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“There you go Hermione, that should have been your clue on how bad they view paying for their services.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“No he wasn’t!” shouted Percy. “He was a good man!”

“May I disagree?” said Sirius quickly.

“He did nothing to you!” said Percy indignantly.

“He only locked me up in Azkaban for twelve years without a trial or proving I was guilty….yeah, he did nothing to me.” said Sirius shortly.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“Whether they’ve been let go due to owner stupidity or they did something wrong, they will not speak evilly of their past employers.” said Dumbledore. “Not unless they really disliked their employer.”

Dialogue set.
“It’s not often that I’m called that by the House-elf staff, human staff…is another matter.” said Dumbledore with a smile, as he flitted a glance over to Snape.

“Argh! Someone stop him!’ screamed Mrs. McFinn. She was worried about the poor little thing’s well being.

“I wonder…” said Harry thoughtfully.

“I wonder what?” asked Sirius.

Harry turned and whispered in his godfather’s ear. “Was Crouch trying to save Winky?”

“We may never know, but it’s an interesting idea.” said Sirius with a warm smile.
“Didn’t she know about the Tournament?” asked Fred.

“House-elves aren’t supposed to listen!” said Percy.

“I wouldn’t mind, it’s a different point of view.” said Harry with a shrug.

Tempest, Firenze, most of the staff, and the Rangers smiled brightly at the boy.

“That’s a wake-up call.” said Harry.

“Yeah, we sort of liked him…though he did act a little mad.” said Ron.

“Count your blessings.” said Ron.

“Oh Ron! That’s so sweet of you!” said Mrs. Weasley wiping her eyes.
“I’m amazed you’re so light.” said Sirius.

“I drive them nuts, I give them snacks.” said Harry. “To make sure the recipe goes right.”

End of sixty-second paragraph.

“I take food when I can get it.” said Harry with a smile.

“Well, you won’t have to worry about that anymore.” said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I go to see him, more than he comes to see me.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“And then they try to sneak it onto your snack plate as you’re cooking.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“It is, a school is the best place for them.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile. “They can give all the tender care they can stand to a whole building full of children.”

End of dialogue set.

“They’re not ready to jump the gun with him. They like him and all, but when he starts talking about freedom, they sort of back away. He doesn’t mention it much.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“I was being supportive.” said Harry to Sirius’ raised eyebrows.

"Oh she'll cheer up," said Hermione, though she sounded a bit doubtful.
“I don’t think she’s stopped being upset yet.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, aren’t you nosey!” said Rudolph reaching over and tweaking Harry’s nose slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He is a fun person to be around.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

End of chapter

Percy blushed heavily.

“I’m hungry.” said Ron.

“We’re just reading about food, I suppose it would stand to reason that some would be hungry.” said Dumbledore smiling as he summoned the food table.

“I’ll go get you a plate kiddo.” said Dr. Clark.

Harry leaned back in the bowl and closed his eyes.

“You alright?” asked Remus.

“Yeah, just…not looking forward to the end…” said Harry softly.

Mrs. Diggory heard this and looked at Harry questioningly, but then her eyes became moist.

“You did all you could, and he wouldn’t have wanted to be a toy of Voldemort’s.” said Sirius.

“Still, I’m not looking forward to it.” said Harry.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading, please review!
Harry nibbled his sandwich slowly, but he couldn’t quite finish it.

“You alright, Cub?” asked Sirius as he chomped on his turkey leg.

“I can’t finish this.” said Harry quietly.

“Your stomach upset, sweetie?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Sort of…I guess…” said Harry as he put his plate down.

“Let’s try and get this over with then.” said Charlie who had been chatting with Remus at the time.

“Who wants to read next?”

“I will.” said Ginny quickly. She took the book and put her bowl of fruit aside and read the next chapter title. “Chapter Twenty-Two.”

“What the hell task is that?” asked Charlie.

“Finding dates to the Yule Ball I’m assuming.” said Harry. “That was hard work.”

“You just tackled a dragon and you’re the boy who lived, how hard can that be?” said Bill.

“I would have rather gone up against a dragon again then ask someone to a dance, especially when I have no intention of dancing.” said Harry.

“You’re going to a dance, but you aren’t going to dance?” said Sirius. “Your dad would be laughing his head off.”

“It was either not dancing, or fracturing my date’s ankles.” said Harry. “Sitting out the dances is less work on Madam Pomfrey.”

Dialogue line.

“Never.” said Harry and Ron together.

Several people laughed, even McGonagall smiled a bit.
“Someone was doing what they weren’t supposed to!” said Dr. Clark teasingly.

Second paragraph, first sentence, second semi-colon.

“So does that mean that you got it to change?” said Sirius proudly. “You actually went all out?”

“My guinea pig laid an egg before we were dismissed.” said Harry. “Too bad McGonagall didn’t catch it, would have been really funny.”

Second paragraph, end of first sentence.

Several people turned to Harry.

“What?” asked Harry.

“What’s the answer?” asked a fourth year eagerly.

“Now that would be cheating.” said Harry with a smile over to McGonagall.

Second paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

“We’ve failed them.” said Sirius looking tragic.

“Harry…take it from Sirius, never ever mess about in McGonagall’s class, not even when class is technically over.” said Remus dragging his hand down his face tiredly.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second dash.

“Come on McGonagall, James and I had done that in our seventh year, well, maybe not playing with a tin parrot and a rubber fish, but we had sword fights in the back of the class.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Not the best defense for Harry.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Did you ask Ginny?” asked Sirius, nudging Harry in the side.
“No, she was taken when it finally struck me to ask her.” said Harry.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“Girls and dances, they love them way too much.” said Colin shaking his head.

Third paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“Why were you looking at me anyway?” asked Harry.

“We were hoping you’d ask one of us.” giggled Parvati.

End of third paragraph.

“I knew better than to try and command authority with those two, at least you two boys listen.” said McGonagall.

“We don’t listen, we just figure we won’t be able to hear anything for a while from all the yelling.” said Ron in a whisper.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Now why couldn’t our parties be allowed to happen?” said Sirius in a whiny voice.

“Your parties didn’t end until three in the morning.” snapped McGonagall.

“Lightweights, ours didn’t end at all, we just went to class like normal.” said Bill with a smirk.

“Those were great parties.” said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sirius and Remus looked at each other, as did several other adults in the room. Then they looked over to McGonagall, who had a slight tint of pink in her face.

“Never happen.” said Leroy.
“Of course I did, in my younger days…” said Professor McGonagall, with a slight smile over to the blushing Boy-Who-Lived.

“Define ‘embarrass’.” said Sirius.

“Anything you do.” sneered Snape.

“Did you already embarrass the school?” asked Tonks with a giggle.

“Within two seconds of being told about the Ball? I’m good but not that good.” said Harry.

“Can’t be the haddock, Ron didn’t get called up to the front.” said Mr. Weasley

Harry squirmed slightly and sent an apologetic look over to McGonagall.

“What’s wrong Potter?” asked Professor Sprout.

“I..I’m used to taking all the blame…and whatever punishment comes my way.” said Harry softly.

McGonagall’s lip began to quiver slightly.

“Partners?” asked Rudolph.

“Does she mean dance partners or someone who’s allowed to help you in the next task?” asked Leroy.

“Why doesn’t anyone tell him anything?” said Neville.

“That’s what I’d love to figure out.” said Harry.
“No, he just doesn’t know what you’re talking about.” said a sixth year Gryffindor.

The people in the bowl chuckled warmly. “You really hate dancing.” said Dr. Clark.

“Hate it, hate it, hate it.” said Harry.

“I apologize, Potter, your father danced, I assumed that you could dance as well.” said McGonagall shamefully.

“That’s alright, we thought he could trip the light fantastic as well.” said Sirius patting Harry’s shoulder. “Never occurred to us that he couldn’t even dance like a drunken gnome.”

“You’d look good in that kind of suit.” said Angelina.

“A top hat, with this hair?...Well, the hair I had?” said Harry.

“I thought you just got done telling us not to embarrass the school, if I start dancing, that’s what’s going to happen.” said Harry with a laugh.
“Never test her patience.” said Sirius.

“That warning comes about five years too late.” said Harry.

Harry stared up at the ceiling as several girls turned and glared at him.

“He’s a guy, what do you expect?” said Sirius laughing hard and patting Harry on the back.

“I don’t want to hear about a Christmas time with them.” said Sirius plugging his ears.

“Guys were pretty much, ‘whatever’.” said Katie with a smirk over to the other boys in Gryffindor.

“Sirius knew exactly how many girls there were that were of reasonable dating age.” said Remus.

“He had a little black book and everything.”

“You said you’d never tell anyone.” said Sirius quickly.

“I said I’d never tell James about it.” said Remus with a smile. “Never said other people.”
The girls began to giggle fiercely again.

“That won’t fly with many girls.” said Sirius.

Cho blushed heavily.

“Wasn’t she Cedric’s girlfriend?” said Mr. Diggory quickly.

“No till after Christmas dear.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“Good for you Ron.” said Bill.

“I was hoping I didn’t have any in my voice though.” said Ron quietly.

Harry looked up and scanned the room until he saw her. “Sorry.”

“That was Mary! She couldn’t stop blushing!” said her friend happily.

“This is too precious.” said Sirius laughing hard.
“I would not have!” said the girl indignantly.

“Height isn’t always everything.” said Dr. Clark.

The girls stopped giggling and smiling and looked over to him in shock.

“We’d still ask you!” said a third year Gryffindor girl.

“Ack…pity…it’s not something you want from a girl you’re going to ask out.” said Sirius. “Sympathy is one thing, but pity is not what you want.”

“Nah, she was a lady, you had to go and ask her.” said Harry with a smile.

“It was getting old and really, the first task was just too awesome.” said a Ravenclaw student.

“I appreciate you worryin’ ‘bout me.” said Hagrid gratefully.
“They were….gettin’ to be a bit much.” said Hagrid sheepishly.

“You’ve been his favorite since he was born, Hagrid.” said Dumbledore. “Not just since the Dursleys.”

“My favorite?” said Harry confusedly.

“Oh the stories I could tell, Hagrid would come over to your parent’s house and you’d crawl all over him. One time we thought we misplaced you, but you were hiding in his beard.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Your mischievous side would come out when he would come over.”

“You talk like you lived there.” said Fred.

“I was a frequent overnight guest.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Nope, he’s been a good kid.” said Hagrid proudly. “Cept for making me think he got gobbled up by a dragon that year.”

“Nah, he never did that.” said Hagrid.

“For any class.” said Dumbledore happily, “That I seem to recall.”

“But you aren’t…why would she want to do that?” asked Dennis.

“She’s tired of the Prince Charming shtick I’ve got going on. She wants me to be a ‘Bad Boy’ now.” said Harry.

“Can you imagine what would happen if she wrote what had happened in these books?” asked Ron.
“I’d get a lot of Howlers from a lot of parents.” said Harry. “Don’t do anymore dangerous things! What would your parents think?” he said in a high voice.

“You wouldn’t be the only one getting them.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Delinquent perhaps, but not quite mad.” drawled Snape.

“Oh he is not a delinquent!” scolded Mrs. McFinn.

“Sure he is, not the normal kind, but he does get into a bit of trouble.” said Sirius proudly.

Dialogue set.

“She won’t interview me, not since I wrote to the editor and told her that her piece on a potion master was severely lacking and had little to no value in the ways of information. All the information it did have was a potion recipe, but it was wrong. The brewer would suffer from grievous injuries if they had followed those instructions to the letter. It caused her to have a dock in pay.” said Snape. “Then they ran an apology and a warning not to brew the potion.”

“Why?” asked Blaise.

“If anyone had brewed the potion and taken it, it would have caused drastic and dangerous results, the newspaper would have been sued to bankruptcy.” said Snape.

“What potion was that?” asked Draco.

“A common child’s health potion that had been redone and invigorated to give it more potency and is cheaper to make, similar to a child’s multivitamin tablet in the muggle world.” said Snape plainly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He follows the rules a lot better than James ever did. But that’s not saying much.” said Remus.

“Hardly followed the rules, any of us.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Me, Myself and I.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“I knew better.” said Hagrid kindly.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence.

“Not at all, it was only maybe two dozen.” said Dumbledore. “That was only for the teachers the adult guests.”

Twentieth paragraph, third sentence.

“They were most eager to come and perform, they had been graduates of Hogwarts long ago.” said Dumbledore.

“I wish I had taken the night off, it would have been awesome to be here.” said Tonks longingly.

End of twentieth paragraph.

“All these years and you hadn’t gotten a hold of a radio?” said Tonks shaking her head.

“I’m not into recent music anyway.” said Harry shrugging.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“That is so not fair.” said Charlie folding his arms.

Twenty-first paragraph, end of first sentence.

“It was quite the improvement from when we worked on it during class.” said Professor Flitwick.

Twenty-first paragraph, third sentence.

“I swear, he goes through his monologue when students aren’t even there.” said Bill.
Several people sniggered.

“Can you imagine Snape adopting him?” said Sirius looking at Remus horrified. “I’ll say this much, he’d get more attention and care the Dursleys.” said Remus with an icy tone. Snape looked down…how would Potter have turned out if he himself had raised him?

“You didn’t test it out on them did you?’ said McGonagall angrily. “They were in no danger.” said Snape calmly. “Pardon me if I don’t quite believe you.” said McGonagall sternly.

“At least no one else had a test that day.” said Hermione logically.

“Yeah, you don’t seem to be all that traumatized by the workload.” said Nightstrike with a laugh.

“Harry can get all the way to top and then the cards blow up.” said Colin.

“Ron taught me how to do it really fast.” said Harry with a smile over to his best friend.

“Percy can get two houses going at the same time.” said George honestly. “He’s the second best on in the family at that.”

Percy blushed happily.

“Who’s the best?” asked Kingsley.
“Mum, she can make an entire castle.” said Ginny with a bright smile.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, it’s not often they can just sit back and relax.” said Sirius.

“We had a no homework night once a week. We’d just take the night off and have fun.” said Remus.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“Harry probably knew all he was supposed to do for any poison!” said Dennis.

Harry

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Exactly, take a break, there’s no point worrying about the second task. Enjoy the Christmas holidays at least.” said Sirius supportively.

“But he needed to find out what it meant!” said Hermione.

“And he will, but he’s got to rest at some point.” said Lionus.

“Exactly, even we take rest periods.” said Chief Hawkeye. “You can’t go full tilt the whole time. You get a haunted look that way.”

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If he had no idea what to do, he would have been told anyway…the only thing he would have had to do was think very quickly how to breathe underwater.” said McGonagall.

“Then he would have just had to wait until the rest of them do what they were going to do and then copy them.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.
“You keep forgetting to lean back.” said Bill shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Wasn’t much damage, and Madam Pomfrey could easily fix it.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That’ll convince him to let you borrow him.” said Charlie shaking his head.

“It’s your own fault if he doesn’t want you to have him now.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not without the lack of trying.” said a few girls who were giggling.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And just who are the good ones?” said Angelina.

“You’re one of the better ones.” said Fred happily.

“How come you switched over to George?” asked Katie.

“Alicia and I figured that we liked the other one better and they felt the same way, so we switched twins and they switched girls.” said Angelina.

“Worked out in the long way.” said Fred with a bright smile.

“Too right.” said George.

“Lucky bastards.” muttered Sirius good naturedly.
“Oh, yeah that’s romantic.” said Mrs. McFinn with a laugh.

“Worked for me.” said Angelina.

“Not a good sign.” said Sirius.

“It was so stupid I had to say yes.” said Angelina.

“Not that any of you are trolls.” said Ron quickly.
“What’s wrong with me?” asked Eloise angrily.

Ron blushed.

Eloise flushed and touched her nose absently.

“Your nose is fine, he’s just being a prat under pressure.” said Hermione.

“Where did I go wrong with you?” said Mr. Weasley shaking his head.

“It always is shown at it’s best.” said Harry proudly.

“Thank you Mr. Potter.” said McGonagall proudly.

“Little did I know, wizards have different versions of the Christmas Carols.” said Harry.

“I can’t wait to hear those.” said Dr. Clark.

“Very rude, but hilarious.” said a seventh year boy.
Thirty-first paragraph.

“I would rather just stand in the back and watch everyone else enjoy themselves.” said Harry with a shrug.

Dialogue line.

“Can you imagine her coming to a dance?” said Parvati.

“She might have had fun.” said Harry softly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Might has well have been.” said Ron.

“You kids are way too young to be able to sway a girl to your arm.” said Sirius. “Fifth years and up are a little better at it.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“That was an unrealistic goal.” said Remus.

“Tell me about it.” said Harry.

Thirty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“Popular girls never do.” said Luna kindly.

Thirty-second paragraph, third sentence.

“You’d get a very hurried answer.” said Mr. Weasley with a laugh.

Thirty-second paragraph, fourth sentence.

Cho and a few other girls blushed heavily.
“I don’t understand, if a guy asks another guy to go to the loo with him, he gets really weird looks.” said Ron.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

“She was already asked, ten guys came by and asked her.” said one of her friends.

Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“No surprise.” said Harry.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

“Normally he’s gathering his courage to fight a monster or something, but asking a girl to a dance?” said Dean with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“Yeah, you can’t look cool when girls start laughing at you.” said Sirius.

“Word of experience.” said Remus nudging Sirius.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Did you say that right?” asked Sirius.

“Yup…that’s what he said apparently.” said Ginny with a smile over to Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Cause you’ve never asked a girl out before.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

I know that feeling. thought Snape quietly.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Don’t ask, it’ll only make the rejection harder.” said Sirius.

“He should know, he’s been the focus of a lot of revenge plots.” said Remus nodding over to Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“You really need to see a Healer Harry, your stomach does some weird things.” said Luna.

Remus looked over to him and gave him a slight smile, but the smile faded when he saw Harry bring his knees up and bury his head between them.

The men in the bowl and some of the people outside it noticed Harry’s fingers become quite tense and grip his pant leg tightly.

“It’s okay, it’s perfectly normal to feel that way…” said Sirius soothingly.

“Something really bad must have happened.” said Charlie.

“Yeah, if Ginny has to console him.” said Bill.

“I looked around for a giant spider.” said Harry looking up slowly.

“I was hoping no one would see that.” said Ginny sheepishly.

“This is Harry we’re talking about.” said Fred.
“He sees all.” said George.

**Dialogue line.**

“I couldn’t believe it, she’s way out of anybody here’s league…” said Harry.

**Dialogue set.**

“She must have putting all of her charm while talking to Diggory…it’s sort of awkward when random people just walk past and then they turn around and profess their undying love.” said Bill.

**Forty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Don’t feel bad, she can be sort of nasty when she wants to.” said Bill, “But she’s getting better.”

**Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.**

“Glad she’s not here to hear this.” said Bill.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Forty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Well, you both just lost out on your dream girls.” said Sirius sympathetically.

“Has that ever happened?” asked Ron.

“Never.” said Sirius with a shrug.

“It’s happened to him all the time.” said Remus.

“S-Shut up.” said Sirius.

**Forty-eighth paragraph.**

Harry cast his eyes downward. *Damn I’m such an idiot.*
Neville blushed.

“Good for you.” said Remus with a smile. “Though judging by the words Ron said, she declined.”

“She was already asked.” said Neville.

“By who?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“You’ll be surprised.” said Harry.

“I was startled by the fact you screw up the courage to ask.” said Harry with a smile.

“Yeah, it took all Harry had to ask Cho.” said Fred.

Ron cringed in his seat. “Sorry Nev.” said Ron.

“Don’t worry about it.” said Neville with a small smile.

“These books suck.” said Ron.

“That’s what I’ve been saying.” said Harry.

“Let us laugh, we didn’t have a very good day today.” said Ron.

“Ron not eating was a big shock.” said Hermione. “But Harry had gone without supper before.”

“Don’t not eat.” said Sirius.

“Nice double negative.” said Harry with a smirk.
“Always does.” said Remus nudging Sirius.

“Hey, you were laughing at Neville, so I’m going to stop being supportive.” said Ginny.

“She’s as supportive as anyone, but when you start taking the mickey out of people, then comfort gets chucked out the window.” said Fred.

“Man, kids can be cruel to each other.” said Nightstrike.

“Despicable.” said Tempest. “Can you imagine what the other children are like?”

“I’d rather avoid that.” said Nightstrike.

“Bad move…really bad move.” said Michael covering his ears.

“Somehow…I do not believe that will convince her to spend the evening with you.” said Dumbledore with a smile on his face.

“I do not blame you, Granger.” said McGonagall sending Ron a glare.

“Judging from where you’re sitting, he’s gotten better.” said Emmeline.
“A little better yeah.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Where’s your proof that she’s not going with someone?” snapped Angelina.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

“This won’t end well.” said Charlie shaking his head.

“It didn’t.” said Ron covering his eyes.

Dialogue line.

“Idiot boy.” said Snape shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Keep it up and you're going to get smacked.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’ve noticed something again, Harry’s not saying anything.” said Alicia.

“Nice to know he’s not freaking out like Ron.” said Katie.
Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“I’m sorry too Neville. You were nice enough to take me and I didn’t really appreciate it.” said Ginny humbly.

“I was just glad someone said yes.” said Neville. “And frankly…I got a date before Harry did!”

Harry laughed. “I’m not a social butterfly.”

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

“They’re dealing with boys who have no freaking clue.” said Hannah with a giggle.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“We’re drastic action?” said Parvati.

“You were laughing at me earlier.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Why her and not me?” said Lavender.

“I don’t know.” said Harry quickly.

“Coin toss wasn’t it?” said Sirius in a whisper.

“Shut up.” said Harry.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“God giggling girls are annoying.” said Harry shaking his head.

“What if you have a daughter?” asked Lavender.

“Then it’ll be the best thing I’ve ever heard.” said Harry.

“Hypocrite.” said Pavarti with a smile.

“Proud of it.” said Harry with a shrug.
“Why are you asking for Ron?” asked Blaise.

“Cause I would have ran out of bruise cream.” said Harry. “If he had opened his mouth at that point.”

Ron blushed heavily.

“Don’t tell her, she’ll spread it all around school.” mumbled Hermione.

“We were playing matchmakers!” said Parvati.

“Too bad that neither of them or us had much fun with each other.” said Harry. “But at least you went and found someone else to show you a really good time.”

Parvati blushed.
“It is.” said Harry quickly.

“Did you guys have a Ball when you were in school?” asked Dennis looking over to Sirius and Remus.

“We had one yeah. We had to convince the teachers to let us have it.” said Remus.

“Did you have a hard time trying to get dates?” asked Colin.

“Sirius had about twenty girls ask him out. He didn’t take anyone in particular but asked all the girls to dance with him. He didn’t get back to the dorms till about four in the morning.” said Remus.

“I don’t think I want to know any more.” said Professor McGonagall.


“Might I?” said Dumbledore with an extended hand. “It has been quite a while since I’ve read.”

Dumbledore levitated the book over to himself and read the title of the next chapter. “Chapter Twenty-third”

“I can’t wait to hear this!” said Tonks and Mrs. McFinn.

“Not me.” muttered Harry.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Dumbledore smiled at the students as they excitedly chattered about the Yule Ball. He hoped that this chapter was easy going and calm like the last one relatively was. Harry deserved a pleasant memory, and hopefully this Yule Ball supplied some.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

“Honestly, it wasn’t that much.” said McGonagall.

“A four foot essay for Potions, an essay that has to explain the origin of the Rangordian Theory for Transfiguration, reading four chapters in the Charms textbook, a detailed drawing of the inside of a Venomous Tentacula for Herbology, and a summary of the skrewts…that’s not a lot?” said Harry with a raised brow.

**First paragraph, second sentence.**

“And yet you still had an egg to solve.” said Hermione.

“I’d say something, but I’m trying to censor myself now.” said Harry.

“Say it anyway.” said Sirius.

“No.” said Harry.

“I believe what Harry is trying not to say is that he wanted some happiness in his life, in case it all went awry.” said Dumbledore softly.

**First paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“It was quite shocking to be speaking to Percy one minute, and then a giant fluffy bird the next.” said Professor Flitwick with a great beaming smile.

“Don’t know who slipped me that cream.” muttered Percy.

Flitwick only smiled.
“When people begin to expect, change your tactics.” said Fred and George together. 

Chief Hawkeye smiled over to the twins. “Fun loving lads…it’s very refreshing.”

“Good thing you didn’t give me candy for my ‘Unbirthday’” said Harry with a smirk.

“What’s an Unbirthday?” said Fred.

“It’s from Alice in Wonderland.” said Dr. Clark with a smile. “I don’t know how to explain. How did the Mad Hatter put it? You get one birthday every year, but there are three hundred and sixty-four unbirthdays for you to have.”

“So…an unbirthday is a day that your birthday doesn’t fall on.” said George.

“Sounds like fun.” said Fred.

“I love making gingerbread houses.” said Mrs. McFinn happily. “It’s my favorite thing.”

“Explains the castle cake.” said Lavender with a smile.

“Well, that says that Harry’s eating at least.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Actually it was the second helpings of everything she picks that does it.” said Harry with a smile.
“Don’t let her hear that.” said Bill with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“There are tailor charms you can perform, and besides, a little extra running and less swaying will fix that.” said Hermione grumpily.

“Hermione is not all that in good moods is she?” said Charlie with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“No more than any other girl.” muttered Justin.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph, first sentence.

“Good luck, girls aren’t that taken off guard with question like that often.” said Sirius. “I’ve tried.”

End of third paragraph.

“When have I made….never mind.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Draco cringed.

Chief Hawkeye shook his head and groaned. “I still can’t believe wizards are teaching their kids this sort of garbage.”

Fourth paragraph.

Fifth paragraph.

“Good girl!” said Tempest with a laugh.

Dialogue line.
“Damn, you guys really did ruin her.” said Sirius clutching his side as he laughed loudly.

Dialogue line.

“No one hexed you again, did they?” asked Hannah.

“No, not at all.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Smart girl.” said Leroy with a bright smile. “I had to do that once, though I had to wait till I could do it on my own. Didn’t think to ask her.”

Dialogue set, sixth sentence, first dash.

“I can understand that feeling.” said Dr. Clark quietly.
“Cute but no brains.” said Ron shaking his head.

“He’d get lost in empty room.” said Ron.

“He tries.” said Ginny with a smile.

“That bird has to be brain-dead.” said Nightstrike chuckling.

Several people began to laugh at the image of the exceedingly happy owl.

“Never say anything a boy owns ‘cute’.” said Sirius. “You can call him that, but never something he owns.”

“Good, you don’t need to have someone read that letter over your shoulder, not if it’s from Black.” said Moody.

“Dancing about, running amok, and singing carols off key…it was a nightmare.” said Fred.
“Wait that was us.” said George.

“Oh, then it was wonderful.” said Fred.

End of ninth paragraph.

Letter from Sirius, greeting.

Letter from Sirius, first paragraph, third sentence, first dash.

“Not cool, Sirius. Really not cool.” said Charlie with a snarl.

“Sorry…” said Sirius leaning back slightly taken aback at the hostility shown towards him.

Letter from Sirius, end of first paragraph.
Letter from Sirius, second paragraph, second sentence.

“I didn’t want to think about them.” said Sirius. “I still have nightmares.”

Letter from Sirius, end of second paragraph.

“You’re no fun.” said Harry.

“Fun can come when the danger is passed.” said Sirius.

“At this rate, I’ll only have fun when I’ve died.” muttered Harry.

Remus flushed.

“What’s wrong?” asked Sirius, who hadn’t heard what his godson had said.

End of Letter from Sirius.

“How come you didn’t ask him to just write to you to make him feel better?” asked a first year Gryffindor curiously.

Sirius looked down shamefully.

Dialogue set.

“I know you don’t…” said Sirius looking remorseful.
“Wasn’t that idea just discussed?” asked Seamus.

“You know, I don’t even see how that egg is a clue…hopefully it’s not the sound you might make.” said Dr. Clark.

“How do we know the other champions have the same hint, maybe the person that tried getting Harry into this also planted a fake clue!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Precautions were taken.” said Fudge quietly.

“Just like the World Cup? Like the Goblet of Fire?” said Dr. Clark angrily. “The Security work wasn’t the best if you ask me, and despite not knowing a lot about magic! Harry could get killed, and anybody could have been killed or hurt at the Cup!”

“Violent Bishop belonged to Ron.” said Harry.

“So the brave pawns belonged to you?” asked Rudolph.

“No, mine would have been labeled ‘stupidly led’.” said Harry.

“I was dead asleep, I didn’t need to be woken up.” said Harry.

“Has that happened lately…?” said Remus. “Someone laying on you and waking you up?”

“Only Hedwig.” said Harry.

“I don’t think he meant for you to come and meet him so early in the morning.” said Kingsley with
a smile.

Dialogue line.

“What a wake-up call.” said Fred with a smile.

“You know…” said George slowly.

“Good idea.” said Fred writing the idea down quickly.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

The adults looked at Seamus and then Harry.

“Do you often have nightmares?” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Seamus looked sheepish. “I’ve only caught two nightmares he’s had. Neville had one bad experience that year.”

Remus and Sirius looked at Harry worriedly.

I’m fine.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Sleep can wait, presents now!” said Lee.

“Let’s hope this year Harry get’s some decent presents.” said a third year Hufflepuff.

“I do every year.” said Harry.

“From the Dursleys I mean.” said the boy.

End of dialogue set.

“That sounds so cute!” said a fourth year Ravenclaw student.

Dialogue line.
“That was so nice of you Harry!” squealed a few girls.

“Hold that thought.” said Harry.

“Told you.” said Harry.

“It’s still sweet that you were going to give him something.” said the girls with a smile.

“That’s mean. Giving Dobby something that reminds you of someone you hate.” said Sirius.

“I figured that giving to someone who would treat them nicely would take away the bad memories.” said Harry.

“Oh….that’s the story you’re going with today?” said Remus.

“Close enough.” said Harry.

“Forgot….never thought about it….same diff…” said Harry with a shrug.

“Only because he was set free with a sock.” said Tonks with a smile.

“They’re supposed to…” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Not according to Dobby it seems.” said Terry with a smile.
“Oh Ron that’s so sweet of you!” said Lavender.

Ron only shrugged, but his face had a twinge of pink to it.

End of dialogue set.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“I made that sweater especially for you! But…I’m proud you’re so generous.” said Mrs. Weasley sending a beaming smile to her son, her eyes brimming with tears of happiness.

Dialogue set.

“Keep doing that and his head will be as big as Percy’s.” said George.

“Well, at least Ron earned it…kind of…” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

“Didn’t care, it was a Chudley Cannon hat.” said Ron.

“Hang on, didn’t Harry say he wasn’t going to buy you a Christmas present?” said Hannah.

“But Ron paid me back.” said Harry. “And besides, I’d still get him a present.”

Ron looked slightly downcast. I didn’t pay you back…not one knut….

Fifteenth paragraph.

“I love that, you give socks, you get socks.” said Ernie.

“Hey now, I like those socks, when I want to feel different I wear those.” said Harry with a shrug. “I’ve only worn them about seventeen times so far.”

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“He’s a nifty little knitter.” said Harry with a smile.
“Not that I didn’t like them!” said Harry.

“Boys just don’t want to get only clothes for Christmas.” said Ron.

Growls crept around the Great Hall.

“Those vile sons-a…” muttered a sixth year Hufflepuff.

“I want to get my hands on them!” said another sixth year, Gryffindor this time.

“I hope they rot.” muttered Bill.

“Oh…so it’s our fault.” said Fred and George.

“Don’t freak, I wouldn’t get anything better than, I think.” said Harry.

“Tell me you didn’t have that book.” said Hermione.

“I didn’t.” said Harry.

“You just lying?” asked Hermione.

“Nope.” said Harry simply.

“Did you use those?” asked Fred eagerly.

“I’ve got some leftover ones in my bag.” said Harry.
Seventeenth paragraph, second sentence, third semi-colon.
Harry took it out and flipped it open.
“I hoped you liked it.” said Sirius.
“After the second task, I don’t go anywhere without it.” said Harry.

Seventeenth paragraph, end of second sentence.
“Aww…that’s nice of you!” said a third year girl.
“Knew he wasn’t gonna get nuthin from them Dursleyes.” said Hagrid turning slightly red.

Seventeenth paragraph, third sentence, end of parenthesis.
“I had nightmares for weeks on end.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“That reminds me, Molly, that Howler you’ve sent me has gone down as one of the most memorable that I’ve ever received. It frightened Fawkes so much that he fled the tower for almost an entire week.” said Dumbledore, his eyes sparkling.

End of seventeenth paragraph.
“Those didn’t last long.” said Harry with a smile.

Eighteenth paragraph.
“I can’t wait for those.” said Mrs. McFinn eagerly.
“Me either.” said Dr. Clark.
“We’ll have to go all out for Christmas aren’t we?” said Professor McGonagall with a small smile.
“It’s a very worthy cause.” said Professor Flitwick with a chuckle.

They went out onto the grounds in the afternoon; the snow was untouched except for the deep channels made by the Durmstrang and Beauxbatons students on their way up to the castle. Hermione chose to watch Harry and the Weasleys’ snowball fight rather than join in,
“Come on! You’re no fun.” said Fred.
“Yeah!” said George.

“I’m always the one that gets out first!” said Hermione.

“That’s only because you don’t duck.” said Ron.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Knocked me right over.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

“Wanted to save it for the ball.” said Hermione with a smile.

“Good for you, Hermione.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence.

“Not the impeding Ball, but only you can’t see any more ends the snowball fight!” laughed Remus running his fingers through his hair.

“Why is that funny?” asked Harry.

“It’s the only way that James would halt the fight too.” said Sirius.

End of twentieth paragraph.

“At least she’s a nice drunk.” said Sirius in a whisper.

“But she gets nasty when the hangover hits.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore chuckled warmly as McGonagall tisked disapprovingly.

“Honestly.” said McGonagall shaking her head.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence.
“Yeah, those robes were awful.” said Dean.

“I offered to get you different ones.” said Harry looking at Ron.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

“I told you to do this the day before.” said Hermione.

“Yeah, yeah…” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“We asked.” said Harry with a smile.

A fourth year girl looked insulted at Dean.

“You’re pretty!” said Dean holding up his hands quickly.

Twenty-second paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“Parvati blushed heavily.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Poor thing, I should have taught you how to handle girls.” said Mrs. McFinn with a sad smile.

“I doubt I would have listened. I wasn’t interested in girls at that age.” said Harry with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“IT was so sweet!” said George.
Twenty-fourth paragraph.

**Dialogue set, first sentence**

Padma blushed as furiously as her sister.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.**

Ron and Padma blushed.

“This book sucks.” said Ron.

“You’re telling me?” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

**Dialogue line.**

Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Even think about it, and I’m going to come over and beat you.” said Harry looking at Ron and the twins.

“Come on!” said George.

“Short jokes are classic!” said Fred.

**Twenty-fifth paragraph, end of first sentence.**

“He wouldn’t shut up after he took her to the Ball.” said a third year Ravenclaw boy. “Kept bragging about it.”

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

**Dialogue line.**

Twenty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Sort of strange to call the devil incarnate that.” muttered Ron.
“Pink is *not* her color.” said Lavender.

“They weren’t the only ones.” said a fourth year Hufflepuff, “But it made me feel a lot better that I got have a dance or two, while those two didn’t.”

“They were too busy pigging out at the snack table.” said a fifth year Slytherin girl. “Besides, they’re not the best lookers.”

Hermione giggled. *He didn’t even recognize her!* 

Mrs. McFinn squealed with excitement, as well as some of the fourth year and under girls.

“Looks like we’ll have to have something like that this year.” said Dumbledore, keeping mental notes.

“She led the entire way there.” said Harry.

“Girls will do that.” said Sirius with a cheeky grin.

Harry flinched. “Sorry Professor, you looked wonderful, but the thistles just didn’t look right.”

McGonagall’s sharp looked softened.

“His dad would be jealous of him.” said Sirius with a smile.
“That’s what’s supposed to happen.” said a seventh year girl.

“In romance books yes.” said Remus with a kind smile.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Wait…hold on…you were going to the Ball…with Krum?” said Nightstirke.

“Well, sort of.” said Hermione blushing.

“That wasn’t a compliment silly girl.” said Tempest shortly.

Hermione stopped blushing.

“Ron just got done backstabbing Harry by joining the school and thinking he had put his own name in.” said Firenze. “It sort of seems…cold that you’d do that. Seeing a rival school mate is one thing, but…the champion of the other school?”

“It…it doesn’t matter if he’s the champion or not.” said Hermione sputtering.

“But the fact remains, that he IS.” said Lionus.

“What was your opinion of it lad?” asked Chief Hawkeye over to Harry.

“It really didn’t bother me. She could see and date whoever she wanted.” said Harry with a shrug.

“Well, you’re noble, I’ll give you that. But I personally wouldn’t like it one bit.” said Chief Hawkeye with a slight frown.

“Glad someone else thinks so.” said Ron quietly.

Thirty-first paragraph, second sentence.

Hermione looked sad, but she still blushed.

“You looked nice, either way.” said Harry soothingly. He stood up and sat on her other side, throwing an arm around her. “And I didn’t mind, really I didn’t.”

“Everyone else does.” said Hermione.

“Yeah, well…no one else is as laid back as I am.” said Harry with a teasing smile.

Hermione hiccuped a laugh.
Hermione laughed again.

Sirius took this opportunity to walk over and drag Harry back to the bowl. “She’s feeling fine now, get back here.” he said plopping Harry down in the bowl.

“I felt so ashamed.” said Harry with a smile.

“Explains the looks Ginny gets.” said Dr. Clark.

“Course not, not without bringing every Durmstang student against you.” said George.

“All that asking and you aren’t even going to talk to her?” asked Sirius.

“He does plenty of talking later.” said Hermione with a frown.

“That sounds so pretty.” said a second year Gryffindor girl, sorry she couldn’t see it in person.
“Bet that wasn’t fun.” said Hannah sympathetically.

“Not one bit.” said Harry. “I can walk just fine on my own.”

“You didn’t always.” said Dr. Clark with a pale look on his face and his eyes tense.

Harry heard what Dr. Clark said and gripped his legs absently.

“Couldn’t understand how you got such an awesome date.” muttered Padma.

“He asked me, I didn’t do anything.” said Hermione.

“What was he hoping for?” said Ron.

“A ditzy girl as opposed to the brightest girl we have here.” said Harry with a smile.

“He’s a killjoy at any party.” muttered Charlie.

“Poor kids.” said Bill with a snigger.

“And here you were bad mouthing him!” said Ron angrily.

The back of Percy’s neck turned red.

“I know that look.” said Madam Bones with a smirk.
Percy blushed.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Look his face is getting redder.” said a second year Gryffindor student.

“But you know what, at least Harry doesn’t say anything.” said his friend.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“This please sir, can we skip his parts.” said a first year pleading with Dumbledore.

Dumbledore smiled.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“And serve him right.” muttered Hermione.

“Uh…that’s not why he was looking and acting so awful…remember?” said Ron.

“Oh…right.” said Hermione softly.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence, first dash.

“So why did you believe her about Harry?” asked Ron accusingly.

“I…I don’t know…” said Percy quietly.

End of dialogue set.

“I wouldn’t rely on you.” said Ginny.

“Kids.” said Mr. Weasley soothingly. “Percy’s sorry…”

“He should have been sorry before these books came about!” said Ron.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.
“ASK HIM!” shouted the twins.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph, first sentence.

“That’s fast service!” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“The House-elves were excited to have a challenge.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “They thoroughly enjoyed it.”

End of fortieth paragraph.

“Aww! That’s sweet!” said Tonks.

“Her first date!” said Emmeline smiling fondly at the girl.

“I thought they were miffed at me for going with Krum…” said Hermione.

“Still, it’s your first date.” said Sirius, “And it was mostly the Rangers getting pissed.”

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Wow, that place actually sounds nice too!” said a first year Gryffindor.

“So the castle is smaller, but the grounds are bigger?” asked a first year Hufflepuff.

“They must have a lot of outside classes.” said her friend.

Dialogue line.

“I wasn’t trying to find out where they were!” said Hermione.

“Did you find out where they were?” asked a third year girl to Harry.

“I figured that it wasn’t any of my business, and who would I tell?” said Harry.

“He knows.” said Ron in a whisper to Hermione.

Forty-second paragraph.
Dialogue set.

“We don’t know all the secrets of our school.” said Bill.

“Speak for yourself.” said George.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Several girls laughed and giggled loudly.

End of dialogue set.

The girls began laughing even louder.

“Honestly Albus.” said McGonagall shaking her head at her old mentor.

Forty-third paragraph.

“So…you want him to find that room?” asked Sirius.

“If Harry can’t find it for me, no one can.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Damn, I’d rather talk to Krum then her.” said a Gryffindor student.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first pause.

“I remember we tried that once.” said Dumbledore fondly. “Peeves took it upon himself to smash them to bits, alas, he felt they needed to go *before* Christmas Day.”

Dialogue set, end of third sentence.

“No matter what, ours is better.” said a third year proudly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.
“Yeah, well, we have suits of armor that sing carols, and if Peeves gets ahold of them, we get versions we’ve never heard of before.” said George.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first comma.**

“The armor is not just for décor, they also serve as the defense of the school.” said Hermione.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Wow, her school sounds dead boring to me.” said Lee.

“Too right, I wouldn’t want to go there.” said Fred.

“Not unless we could spice things up.” said George.

**Forty-fifth paragraph.**

“Yeah, I was like that on my first date, for the first fifteen minutes, after a while, I settled down.” said Bill.

**Dialogue line.**

“You know, if she wanted to actually have a conversation, she should have gone to the ball with another girl.” said a first year Hufflepuff boy innocently.

The boys fifth year and up felt a shiver go up their spines.

“You alright?” said Sirius trying not to laugh.

“F-Fine.” said Harry coughing nervously.

“Trust me, I know what just went through that mind of yours.” said Sirius with a smirk.

**Forty-sixth paragraph.**

Several girls cooed while Hagrid blushed.

**Forty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
“She looked so happy.” said Harry with a smile.
Ron folded his arms.

“What the heck? Bagpipes?” said Dr. Clark.
“You’d be amazed!” said Tonks eagerly.

“Wasn’t looking forward to that.” said Harry.

“Give him a break!” said Fred.
“Yeah, he didn’t really want to be there.” said George.
“Would you have gone to the dance if you didn’t have to lead the dance?” asked Remus.
“Probably not.” said Harry. “I don’t dance, so what would be the point? I’d go for the food and then I’d go to bed.”

“You poor thing, I’m sure given to your own devices you would have done splendidly.” said Mrs. McFinn looking at Harry.
“Well, we’re not going to know are we?” said Harry.

“I didn’t mean too!” said Neville.
“I know.” said Ginny easily.
“She’s an excellent dancer.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Alright Albus, where were you?” asked Moody with a grim smile.

“Ah…I had forgotten.” said Dumbledore looking remorseful.

“What’s wrong?” asked Tonks.

“I don’t dance.” said Moody, “Too much moving around, can’t keep my enemies within sight.”

“If memory serves me, he was fan of dancing, but his skills were lacking.” said McGonagall thoughtfully.

“That he was Minerva.” said Dumbledore.

“Wasn’t me.” said Moody as the twin girls looked at him accusingly.

“Not unless you want a fractured shin.” said Harry with a smile.

“Quite the spirited dancers.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.
“I felt really bad,” said Harry. “we took you away from boys that would spend the entire night dancing with you and I only dance with you once and Ron not at all.”

Parvati and Padma looked at Harry.

“So…sorry…” said Harry sincerely.

“Didn’t blame you.” said Harry. “Though, I was amazed no one came for Padma before.”

“The way Ron was glaring, they really didn’t want to risk it.” said Padma.

“Why would they care?” asked Charlie.

The teachers stared at her in shock.

“You must be joking, Miss Granger.” said McGonagall.

“I was just having too much of a good time.” said Hermione sheepishly.
“I figured that if you couldn’t figure it out, then I wasn’t about to tell you.” said Harry.

“Not where I was going with…but apparently Ron didn’t want to go down that sunny lane just yet.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“That was before he went out with his secret crush.” said Fred.

“That will kill idolizing in a heartbeat.” said Harry wisely.

George began to cry noisily. “I’m supposed to talk before or after you!” he said as he hugged Fred.

“Wow, this is their worst fight yet.” said Colin.

“It was not the best year for us.” said Harry.
“You know, I wouldn’t put it past Karkaroff to do something like that.” said Moody.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Whoa horsie.” said Remus looking at Ron and Hermione.

“You guys are vicious to each other. It’s like you’re soul mates.” said Sirius with a snigger.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“He slapped a hand over my mouth to stop me from talking.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It’s about both...I think...though...making friends with them in a game like this is sort of hit and miss.” said Terry.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

“I love talking to myself.” said Harry.

“Was Hermione listening?” asked Blaise.

“Not really, Ron was upsetting her too much.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
“It was like he flew over to them.” said Harry.

“I miss them.” said Parvati.

“So do I.” said Padma, “They were such gentlemen.”

“Well, at least you two had fun.” said Harry.

“This chapter went from fun to awkward.” said Ernie.

“It’s failing.” said Ron.

To Harry's displeasure, Percy now took Padma's vacated seat.

“You switched my spot with a talkative annoyance.” said Parvati.

“Not worth the trade.” said Harry.
“He was always a gentleman.” said McGonagall.

“To ladies perhaps.” said George.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Shouldn’t youngsters and adults feel that they can speak freely to members of authority?” said Mrs. McFinn.

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Liar.” said Fred and George quietly.

Seventy-first paragraph, first sentence.

“You’d win that bet.” said Mrs. Weasley with a half-hearted smile.

Seventy-first paragraph, second sentence.

“Nah, we already had that ambition.” said Fred.

“It was always our goal to sell to the general public, not just schoolmates.” said George.

End of seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“You didn’t think he put his name in, did you?” accused Ginny.

“Well, I…” said Percy.

Dialogue line.
“I wonder if Bagman wanted to smack him?” asked Draco with a snicker.

“Dad had to go and save his ass.” said Charlie.

“He accidentally insulted them and they were getting ready to declare war.” said Bill. “One of the Cooperation officials came, kidnapped dad from lunch at home and took him to the office.

“I still don’t know how dad did that.” said Percy.

“Dad and the Transylvanian official turned out were old pen pals.” said Charlie.

“That official is now their Minister of Magic!” said Percy looking shocked. “How come you didn’t tell us you knew all these important people?”

“I didn’t know that my old friends were important to you kids.” said Mr. Weasley scratching the back of his head absently.

“So…are you and Ron having a private moment?’ said Rudolph teasingly.

Harry and Ron looked at each other.

“If so, it was the worst date ever.” said Harry and Ron speaking together in unison.

“That’s freaky…” said Fred.

“They’re like us.” said George.

Snape sent a glare over to Ron and Harry.
“Should have talked in your office, as opposed to somewhere where kids are running about randomly.” said Harry innocently.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

The two children blushed heavily.

“We didn’t do anything wrong…” said the boy blushing.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

Ron and Harry exchanged a large grin. Harry stood up, walked over and wrapped his arms around Ron’s neck from behind.

“We just wanted some privacy.” said Harry with a playful pout.

Snape stared at Harry in shock, while the students and a few adults laughed loudly.

“He acts like you.” said Leroy with a fond smile.

“Poor kid.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Meddlesome brats.” snarled Snape rubbing his wrist absently.

“Brilliant lads.” said Moody appreciatively.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph, second sentence.
“Nope, about face, get going…” said a seventh year boy.

Seventy-fifth paragraph, fourth sentence, end of parenthesis.

“I could have gone without hearing that.” said Bill with an embarrassed smile.

End of seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-sixth paragraph, first sentence, first dash.

“So would a lot of people.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of seventy-sixth paragraph.

Hermione sent a smirk over to Harry who returned to the bowl.

“You should have squashed that bug.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Hagrid blushed.

“Sorry Hagrid.” said Harry.

“It’s alrigh’.” said Hagrid.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Wish I could do that.” said a second year Slytheirn student.

End of dialogue set.
Dumbledore smiled fondly at his large gamekeeper.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“She doesn’t want anyone to know.” said Hermione quietly.

“She must have had a rough time of it years ago.” said Ginny with a sympathetic look.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eightieth paragraph.

“Wow, Harry’s got more tact than Ron and Hermione put together.” muttered Bill.

“Hermione got’s tact when it comes to girls, and Ron’s got tact when it comes to loss of someone’s pet.” said Charlie.

“Harry’s so far has it all the way.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Several people snorted.

End of dialogue set.

“That’s the story she used?” said Fred.

“Not even Lockhart would believe it.” said George.

Eighty-first paragraph.
“Poor Hagrid.” said a few first years.

“Yeah, he was just in love, people do stuff like that.” said his friend.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Didn’t know, didn’t really care, Hagrid is Hagrid.” said Harry with a shrug.

Eighty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Ah, I can be book smart, but not street smart, when it comes to the wizarding world.” said Harry with a fond smile.

End of eighty-fourth paragraph.

“Yeah, that’s kind of a big thing.” said Dean.

“Bad pun.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

Parvati and Padma both giggled.

End of eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“He’s not saying there is.” said Remus soothingly.

“Probably what Maxime told people.” said Hannah quietly.

“Too right, they’re not pleasant, but if you can get them ter trust yeh.” said Hagrid thoughtfully.

“Yeah, it took us years to recruit Atlas.” said Chief Hawkeye. “I nearly got killed trying to recruit him.”

“There’s a giant Ranger?” said Draco in shock.

“Sure is.” said Nightstrike. “We have at least one of every intelligent species in the Rangers.”

“Who were the first ones?” asked Percy.

“Centaurs and Humans were the first ones, they joined forces to start the Rangers.” said Tempest smugly.

“They’re too big to hide in the forests.” said Rudolph.

Harry blushed.

Cho blushed heavily.
“I’m not one for teen parties I guess.” said Harry.

“Not when you had Royal Garden Parties to enjoy in your youth.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Not the best timing.” said Mrs. Diggory with a slight smile.

End of eighty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Several people stared.

“I think I had something in my ears, why would he ask that?” asked a first year.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’d be staring at him too.” said Sirius with a raised brow.
“I’d be a bit hesitant, if you’re caught in there, you could be in for a load of trouble.” said Moody.

“You can trust Ced!” shouted Mr. Diggory.

“He’s another competitor, Potter would be foolish to trust him right away.” said Snape.

Ninety-third paragraph.

“Good lad.” said Moody.

Ninety-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

“They cursed at me.” said Harry in a scandalized tone of voice.

Ninety-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Merry Christmas to me.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

End of ninety-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-fifth paragraph.

“She’s got a point.” said Sirius. “But try not to get Harry involved.”

Dialogue line.

“No, you missed the point.” said Bill.

End of chapter.

Ron blushed.

“Dear me, this one took a long time to read.” said Dumbledore putting the book down. “I think we
could all use a bit of a break. Once we’ve all got the feeling back in our limbs and used the facilities we shall read one more chapter and then call it a day.”

Many people stood up and began to walk about and leave to use the restrooms.

“Man, doesn’t feel like we’ve made much progress.” said Ron.

“Well, the book is almost half over.” said Hermione quietly.

“Sorry I was prat.” said Ron.

“Sorry I didn’t quite understand.” said Hermione.

The Weasley family smiled at the two fondly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Everyone came back from their short strolls or from their trips to the restrooms and settled back in their chairs. Several of the girls chatted excitedly about the Yule Ball, exchanging fond memories.

Harry meanwhile was stretching in the bowl slowly. It had been a long day, they had to deal with the first task and then the Yule Ball. This was a bit much to swallow all in one day and it was no wonder Dumbledore said they should stop early that day.

But he couldn’t help feeling antsy, tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow is the day that this book comes to an end, and the unknown starts coming to light. He looked down at his hands, they were beginning to shake…

“Who’d like to read the last chapter of the day?” said Dumbledore cheerfully.

“I’ll take it.” said Remus with a smile. He had noticed Harry’s hands as well as everyone else in the bowl. Best get the chapter over with.

“Sir…” said Harry softly.

“Yes dear boy?” asked Dumbledore as he handed the book over to his old student.

“Could you…I mean…can I cook while you lot read?” asked Harry looking over to the Headmaster.

Dumbledore looked at Harry questioningly, but then he smiled. “I’ll get the ovens and such up here if that’s what you want.”

“Sure, that’ll be fine.” said Harry with a faint smile. He reached into his knapsack and pulled out a large black pouch. The kitchen that Hagrid had been learning how to cook reappeared and Harry walked towards it.

“What are you going to make?” asked George.

“I haven’t decided yet.” said Harry.

“Well, at least we get to taste whatever you cook!” said Fred excitedly.

Harry smirked.

“What’s in the bag?” asked Lavender.

Harry reached in and pulled out a large knife and twirled it around on his fingers. “Just my knives.”

Lavender and Parvati looked at Harry in shock.
Remus smiled, “Well, let’s get this chapter started, while Harry enjoys himself. Rita Skeeter’s 
Scoop.”

“Do we have to read about her?” said Hannah.

“‘Fraid so,” said Sirius.

First paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“That’s stuff’s a godsend.” said Rudolph, Sirius and Nightstrike.

“Especially when a bad hair day comes.” said Sirius.

End of first paragraph.

“I’d rather save that stuff for special occasions.” said Hermione with a smile.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“It’s like I’m living in a talk show story.” said Harry shaking his head as he poured a glass jar’s 
content into a saucepan.

“You’re making your spaghetti again?” asked Ginny excitedly.

“Uh huh!” said Harry with a smile. “I need to replenish my stock anyway, so I’ll make a few 
batches while using the last of the jars for dinner tonight.”

“You know the House-elves are cooking dinner right?” said Zacharias with a raised brow.

“If you don’t want any you don’t have to take any.” said Harry.

“Didn’t say I didn’t want any.” muttered Zacharias.

End of second paragraph.

“Well, there was nothing else he could be.” said Hermione.

“At least you didn’t’ pester him about it.” said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue set.

“Except that giants actually kill more people than werewolves do…well…they’re more brutal
about it anyway.” said Sirius.

Third paragraph.

Hermione and Ron blushed.

Fourth paragraph.

“This is getting scary, Harry’s never nervous.” said Colin.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Told you, you should have worked on it.” said Hermione.

“Would you want to hear that egg every night?” asked Harry as he kneaded a large mound of dough.

Hermione gulped. “Perhaps not.”

Fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“I didn’t hear that.” said a few Gryffindors.

“He put a silencing charm around his bed.” said Ron.

End of fifth paragraph.

“Throwing things often do not help solve problems.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“He’s got a point…” said Sirius.

“He wanted to be cryptic, just in case the wrong person was listening.” said Remus.

Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“You poor kid…jealousy is taking over your trusting nature.” said Tonks.
End of sixth paragraph.

Firenze looked somber. “He has so much riding on his shoulders.”

Seventh paragraph.

Ron whistled innocently.

Eighth paragraph.

“Ah, Wilhelmina’s grand entrance.” said Dumbledore with a chuckle.

Dialogue line.

“Would have been here sooner, but a blizzard hit just before we walked out the door.” said Harry placing the elongated bread dough in the oven as the sauce pan was bubbling, a rich aroma wafted over the students in all directions.

“Wow…” said a few students who smelled the sauce from where they sat. “That smells awesome!”

Dialogue line.

“She’s the substitute teacher, Mr. Weasley.” said Flitwick with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“She was the best one we’ve had so far.” muttered Lavender.

Hermione scowled over to the girl.

Dialogue line.

“If something had happened to Hagrid, I wouldn’t exactly have kind words for whoever was responsible.” said Harry through gritted teeth.

“Run, run away…” said George leaning away from the youth in the makeshift kitchen.
“Damn little bastards.” muttered Charlie.

“Don’t worry, he’s fine, he’s an adult, he can take care of himself.” said Sirius soothingly.
“Don’t worry, he’s fine, he’s an adult, he can take care of himself.” said Sirius soothingly.
“I still barely trust you to find your way down here.” said Remus.
“I still barely trust you to find your way down here.” said Remus.
“S- Shut up..” said Sirius turning red.
“S- Shut up..” said Sirius turning red.
“Did you get lost when you were here?” asked a first year.
“Did you get lost when you were here?” asked a first year.
“He gets sidetracked easily.” said Remus with a smirk.
“He gets sidetracked easily.” said Remus with a smirk.

“I’m concerned.” said Harry. “Not nosy.”

“I’m concerned.” said Harry. “Not nosy.”

The girls in the Great Hall, both young and old cooed loudly.

“The girls in the Great Hall, both young and old cooed loudly.

“Not when yeh know what yer doin.” said Hagrid. “Besides, I had them all set before she got there.”

“Not when yeh know what yer doin.” said Hagrid. “Besides, I had them all set before she got there.”

Lavender and Pavarti looked skeptical.

Lavender and Pavarti looked skeptical.

Mrs. McFinn looked excited.

Mrs. McFinn looked excited.
“Knowing that he’s Rudolph’s Great-Nephew, he’d be pretty popular with the unicorns.” said Leroy with a smile.

“James wasn’t all that popular with them.” said Sirius.

“Well, James was a bit forceful. Harry seems calmer, and he’s certainly a lot more pure of heart than most of these girls.” said Leroy quietly.

Draco rubbed the back of his head as Snape brought his hand back down to his lap.

“Sorry.” said Draco with a moan.

“She kept telling me to look around.” said Hagrid scratching the back of his head. “I knew that picture wouldn’t look right.”

“I remember this article, biggest load of garbage I had read from her since Harry’s articles.” said Remus.

“Okay, she’s got the truth there.” said Tonks.
“The other candidate was terrified of creatures, he would only teach using the textbook.” said Dumbledore. “There were no other candidates. Hagrid was the best one, he is a fountain of knowledge when it comes to creatures.”

Lavender and Parvati rolled their eyes.

“Just needs a little tutoring in teaching techniques, but even that only takes a month.” said Remus.

“Looking, but isn’t.” said Harry.

“He does not terrify anyone!” said Harry slamming down a frying pan angrily.

“We know he doesn’t.” said Leroy standing up and throwing his arms around Harry. “It’s only the best people that know they can trust him with everything.”

“Maimed? No one has been maimed!” said Sirius.

“And who says that the classes are frightening?” said Fred.

“Sure the skrewts are a bit much, but still, come on! The class is top notch!” said George.

“You can’t sleep through that class!” said Fred.

“Yeah, you’d get eaten if you did.” said George.

“But still a top notch class.” said Fred.

“Only cause of your own stupid fault!” said a first year Hufflepuff student angrily.
“THEY DON’T HAVE TEETH YOU MORON!” shouted the N.E.W.T Care of Magical Creatures class.

“Is Skeeter completely addled or something?” said another N.E.W.T student.

“Speak for yourself, ferret.” snarled Ron.

“He doesn’t intimidate anyone!” said Charlie hotly.

Chief Hawkeye raised his eyebrows and looked over to Hagrid. “As much as I disapprove people playing God, that’s an impressive mating, you really do have a way with creatures.”

“I-I don’t.” said Hagrid sheepishly.

“We know you don’t.” said Professor Sprout soothingly.

Lionus groaned. “Creating new life isn’t supposed to be fun…well…not when dealing with creatures….”

“Nice save, boy.” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.

“Never said I was.” said Hagrid.

“She’s just spouting off nonsense as usual.” said Bill.
“Strange, I met your father, and that was not the name he gave me as to being your mother.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“Well, me dad never knew me mum’s real name, she always used a fake one.” said Hagrid.

“Why was that?” asked a first year Gryffindor girl.

“Me mum was wanted for accidentally killin’ someone.” said Hagrid.

**Article's fifth paragraph.**

“Just because some are on the wrong side of the track does not mean they all are.” said Bathilda wisely.

**Article's sixth paragraph.**

The sound of breaking glass came from where Harry was, it turned out that the glass measuring cup he was holding broke and cut his hand. Small rivers of blood cascaded down his palm and the back of his hand.

Madam Pomfrey tisked and hurried over to heal his hand. “You need to be a bit more careful.”

“Thought I was, I didn’t throw the glass at her face.” snarled Harry looking over to the unconscious reporter.

“That’s being saintly, not careful.” said Madam Pomfrey as she tapped his hand with her wand the stray bits of glass were taken out and healed.

**Article's seventh paragraph, second sentence, first dash.**

“Don’t care, and it’s not even the real truth.” said Harry hotly.

“Please refrain from breaking anything else, Potter.” drawled Snape, “I’d hate to have to pour a Blood-Replenishing potion down your throat.”

**End of article's seventh paragraph.**

“This was the most damaging report she could have done.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“You haven’t heard anything yet.” said Ron darkly.

“That’s not good.” said Dr. Clark.

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“A pest told her.” said Hermione.
“Two pests.” said Ron.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“Sad thing is, Rita printed it.” said Kingsley.

“She’s dumber than that brat.” said Moody with a sneer.

Dialogue set.

“If the mummies and daddies aren’t idiots, they know they can trust Hagrid.” said Harry shortly as he stirred the bubbling pot.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“She should have brought the young ones, they are more open to whom they get in contact with.” said Firenze.

Dialogue set.

“Hippogriffs are proper creatures, the Skrewts are quite a bit much, but other than that, Hagrid was doing things right.” said Remus looking coldly at Parvati.

Parvati blushed heavily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Miss Patil!” scolded McGonagall.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence.
“So I really couldn’t understand why she was miffed.” said Harry.

“You ditched me!” said Parvati.

“You left, I stayed.” said Harry.

Parvati blushed once again.

End of twentieth paragraph.

“She ticked a few girls off, for leaving you.” said Hermione with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Whoa, Harry’s pissed.” said Fred.

“Rita better leave the country.” said George.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Sounds about right.” said Mr. Weasley. “She finds anything she can about people who don’t help her make ‘news’.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And for a very good reason.” said Dumbledore with a frown on his face.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Wow…” said Lee.

“Glad it wasn’t us.” said George.
“Sounds like a stalker.” said Charlie.

“Low blow.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Uh…I didn’t mean that.” said Ron.

“Harry’s in offensive mode…” said Ron.

“Duck and cover.” said Fred.

“And obey him to whatever he says.” said George.

“He’s scary when he’s mad.” said Hermione.

“Worse than Mom.” said Ron.

Harry smiled, in spite of himself.

“Yeah, that would make me open up to you, such a nice kind boy.” said Dr. Clark with a warm laugh.
“I-I thought you did.” said Hagrid.

“We don’t care, and we never will.” said Harry looking up from his stove. “You’re our friend, and we’ll never abandon you…though our track record has much left to be desired.”

Hermione and Ron both flushed.

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

Leroy crossed his arms. “I always liked Hagrid, one of the best guys I know.”

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“He’s not all that stupid…but how did he know Harry would smack him about if given the chance?” asked Rudolph.

“I kicked a chair from one end of the corridor to the other.” said Harry.

“It almost hit me.” said Draco.

“It missed by four inches.” said Harry.

“Exactly!” said Draco.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“All the quiet in the world won’t help.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

Hermione gave Harry a stern look.

Harry looked slightly sheepish.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**
“This is January right?” said Sirius looking at the book as if he had misheard.

“Apparently, he’s not bothered by the cold.” said Remus.

“You could hurt something by going out in nothing but swimming trunks during winter.” said Sirius.

Both Remus and Dr. Clark smacked the back of his head.

“Paid good money for that thing too.” said Ron mumbling.

“Icy water is still icy water, no matter how cold it is back home.” said Ernie.

“I received several offers of transfer from those students, alas, they were already about to graduate, there was little point in making the trip.” said Dumbledore.

“Poor Harry, he was going to give up a trip to Hogsmeade if he had known that you weren’t there.” said Luna.

Hagrid looked guilty.
“Ron and I weren’t watching him much after I said that..” said Hermione.

“Alright…he is starting to creep me out.” said Remus.

“Settle down, nothing happened.” said Harry.

“Really concerned…” said Remus.

Harry sighed.

“His father would be so proud.” said Professor Flitwick wiping tears from his eyes.

“Man doesn’t quite know who he’s dealing with.” said Madam Bones with a proud smile.
“Good plan.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

“That wasn’t all he was doing.” said Ron.

Dumbledore only smiled.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He’s not going to let you lie that easily.” said Charlie.

**Dialogue set.**

Harry almost dropped his spoon that he was using the taste test the sauce.

“You okay?” asked Leroy.

“F-Fine.” said Harry nodding quickly. He ducked down and grabbed another pot and filled this one with water.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first sentence.**

“She would have been back by now if it was just an elopement.” said Mrs. McFinn. “James and I weren’t gone all that long.”

“You and Officer McFinn eloped?” asked Harry.

“Well, we eloped away from mother, so getting married in the church down the street from her would have been the same.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle. “She wanted me to marry into royalty or some nonsense like that, she kept trying to change my mind about James. She didn’t come pick out the dress with me or anything.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**
“He was a Beater.” said Fred.

“Yeah, we need to be able to determine where people are going and send the Bludger down their path.” said George.

Dumbledore fidgeted his fingers guiltily.

“Well, at least he’s not just chucking you to the unknown.” said Nightstrike.

“You are way too noble.” said Angelina.

“Aw, cute little Harry made a joke!” said Fred.

“And we weren’t there to hear it!” wailed George.

McGonagall looked proudly over to her Seeker.

“No law against us paying for an adult, as long as we didn’t ask for a sip.” said Fred.

“If not, there should be.” said Dr. Clark with a snicker.
Fortieth paragraph.

“You didn’t do anything.” said Sirius.

“You’ll find out why he wanted to help.” said Ron.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Like that stopped Karkaroff and Maxime.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“But you and Ron aren’t supposed to be helping him either.” said Dean.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“But you still asked, good for you.” said Remus with a warm smile.
“RON!” shouted Percy and Mrs. Weasley.

“A joke! It was a joke!” said Ron.

“They don’t need the help.” said Lionus.

“Are their goblins in the Rangers?” asked Hermione.

“No, they won’t join unless one of their own is made Chief.” said Nightstrike.

“But in order to be Chief, you need to have started from the ground up, so…goblins will never be in the Rangers.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“And the same can be said with almost everyone else that takes the class.” said Sirius with a bright smile. “They’re all sleeping little bunnies.”

“Hopefully they don’t snore nearly as loud as you did.” said Remus.

“Hey, James sleepwalked.” said Sirius. “I only snored.”

“Didn’t know if I should tell Harry or try and drag him out the back way to avoid being a witness to a murder.” said Ron.
Leroy and Mrs. McFinn looked at her. “What was she thinking?” they both said together.

End of forty-third paragraph.

“The table was shaking… “said Hermione.

“That would be Harry.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

“Tell me she gets fired soon!” said Dean.

“If she isn’t, I know of some people who can arrange it.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“Who?” asked Dr. Clark eagerly.

“Leroy, and Rudolph.” said Dumbeldore with a smile.

“Oh that’s right…” said Leroy.

“I forgot about that.” said Rudolph.

“Say what?” asked Terry Boot.

“Leroy’s mother and her family owned about thirty percent of the Prophet and the Witch Weekly. Rudolph, being the temporary patriarch of the Potter family would be in control of forty percent.” said Dumbledore.

“I’m the Patriarch?” asked Rudolph.

“Well, until Harry comes of age, is that alright?” asked Dumbledore.

“No it’s not…that means my mom is going to bombard me with paperwork…turn seventeen quick!” he said looking at Harry, adding a sly wink.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That’s a dangerous place for her to call her out when it comes to Hagrid.” said Professor Flitwick.

“He’s quite popular in the village.”

“I remember getting several letters asking me to help them get her back.” said Professor Sprout.
“How come they asked you?” said a third year.

“I was the best in my year at dealing out curses.” said Professor Sprout with a fond smile.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“How come they asked you?” said a third year.

“I was the best in my year at dealing out curses.” said Professor Sprout with a fond smile.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“Then start giving them to truth!” said Bill.

Rita began to stir.

“Can we keep her out?” asked Ron.

“I want a word with her.” said Chief Hawkeye with a sinister smile.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Hopefully you smashed it over her head.” said Fred.

Several people agreed. Hagrid was wiping his eyes quietly, moved by how much the students and staff liked him.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“They decided to try and match wits with Hermione.” said Ron quietly.

“Good thing she didn’t do you, can you imagine the Howlers your mom would have sent.” said Hermione.

“That would have been really bad.” said Ron.
“Harry’s vengeful nature is rubbing off.” said Ron with a smirk.

“I’m still feeling it.” said Draco rubbing his chin.

Dumbledore smiled fondly, meanwhile Hermione blushed heavily.

“You’re so cute.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

Hermione turned even redder.
“I swear, he loves Harry.” said Ron. “He doesn’t do that with anyone else.”

“I think he just loves sitting on me.” said Harry.

Several people laughed. “Wish I knew you longer than I have.” said Tempest with a slight smile.

“You are quite amusing.”

“Thank you.” said Dumbledore happily.

“Wow, did you really say that in front of him?” said Ernie in shock.

“Only you, Headmaster.” said Snape massaging the bridge of his nose.
“And that was not all of them, that was all I could fit in a magically enlarged box.” said Dumbledore.

“Only because they don’t know you and some that are complete prats.” said Charlie.

“I’ll bet they come from one house.” said Sirius sending a glare to the Snake decorated banner.

“Shoulda asked about that…if he thought I had it good.” said Hagrid.

“You aren’t the only one.” said Dumbledore.

Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn looked at him sideways.

“Wow…” muttered Sirius shaking his head. “I knew he was odd…”

“He can read it just takes him a while.” said Dumbledore softly.
"Yeah, he is," said Ron. Dialogue set, first sentence.

Dumbledore looked down humbly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-first paragraph.

“You’re going to drive me nuts with all the deductive reasoning you do.” said Sirius shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

“Poor man…he became very ill, but he did love you Hagrid.’ said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

Sirius raised his hand high.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence.

“Gee, wonder who he’s talking about.” said Fred quietly.

“Must be Dobby.” said George.

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-second paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

Harry sent a nervous look up to Hagrid.

End of sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Except you’re a miniscule little thing.” said Fred.
“And an underfed little baby chick.” said George.

They hadn’t noticed Harry rushing around the stove and tackling the both of them to the ground.

“Take it back!” said Harry, holding Fred in a headlock and wrapping his legs around George’s chest.

“Ugh…No!” said Fred with a grunt.

“Can’t deny the facts Little Harry.” said George with a strangled laugh.

“I can sit here all night.” said Harry holding the twins tighter.

George reached behind Harry’s kneecap and tickled his Achilles Heel.

Harry gritted his teeth and held back his laughter. “Not going to work.” he grunted.

“Good lad.” said Moody and Lionus together.

“Impressive.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Fred…” said George.

“Yeah..” grunted Fred.

“Time to pull out the last resort…” said George.

“We can’t it’s…it’s too terrible.” said Fred grunting dramatically.

“We have no choice.” said George.

“I hope he can someday forgive us.” said Fred.

“What are you talking about?” said Harry with an evil smile. “You two aren’t going anywhere.”

“You’re food’s burning.” said the twins together.

“WHAT?” said Harry, he released the both of them quickly and went over to look at the bread in the stove and stirred the sauce quickly. “Whew, almost did…thanks guys…”

“Huh, maybe he won’t need to forgive us after all.” said Fred with a sigh of relief as he massaged his neck.

“Points deducted for giving up that easily.” said Lionus with a laugh.

“But you have to admit, he did take on the both of them together and held them down.” said Hawkeye with a laugh. “And he has bigger priorities.”

End of dialogue set.

“Only because someone else thought it would be fun to put me on the chopping block.” said Harry.
Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry bowed his head as he stirred the noodles that were softening up.

End of chapter.

“And he didn’t fall asleep that night.” said Ron.

“Spaghetti should be ready in a few moments, and if someone could enchant the pot, there should be enough here for people who want to give it a shot.” said Harry loudly, trying to drown out Ron’s words.

“Best not let Sirius near it, he’ll blow up the pot.” said Remus with a laugh.

“Not my fault clam chowder ended up decorating everything.” said Sirius.

“Yes it was…Mrs. Potter told you not to touch it.” said Remus.

“I was just trying to help.” said Sirius with a pout.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Rubber Duckie, You're the One.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry dished out the spaghetti to all who wanted to try a bit of it, which turned out to be a majority of the school and all the adults. Despite having Mrs. Weasley extended the contents of the pot, it was scraped clean.

The students enjoyed the treat that spaghetti was to their palates, and enjoyed the meal that the House-elves had made for them, but only after the spaghetti was gone.

“That was delicious Harry, quite the treat.” said Dumbledore wiping his mouth on the linen napkin.

“God that was good, but why are there extra jars?” asked Remus as he watched Harry tenderly place jars in his knapsack.

“I’ve got to add more herbs and spices to it.” said Harry.

“Does that really take seven days to make?” asked Cho.

“Well, you can use it at any time, but it gets’ better the longer you cook it.” said Harry. Harry stretched languidly. “I think I’m going to go to bed.”

“I’ll come with.” said Leroy.

“So will I.” said Rudolph. “It’s about time you get some ‘Uncle Time’.”

They wrapped their arms around their precious nephew and escorted him up to the rooms. It didn't take them long to get there, and when they did, Harry went to go grab the balm and put it on his front, with Rudolph in tow to put it on his back.

“He’s the best, when I’m tense, he can give the greatest back massage.” said Leroy.

“Well, okay.” said Harry.

The three men went into the bedroom, the two older Potters winced at the cuts into the boys body, but they noticed that they were healing.

“I’ll take that.” said Rudolph as Harry went to lay on the bed, with the ointment on hand. “Let me know if I’m too hard.”

He massaged the ointment into the skin on his nephew’s back.

“You doin’ alright Monster?” asked Leroy brushing Harry’s hair back.

“I’m doin’ great.” mumbled Harry sleepily.

“Did they put a sleeping potion in this stuff?” asked Rudolph holding it to his nose and sniffing it.
“If they did, I’m grateful.” said Harry thickly.

“Well, you aren’t going to get much Uncle Time, but maybe this weekend we can have time to ourselves.” said Leroy with a smile.

“Sounds like fun.” said Harry softly.

When the rest of them had come to the room, they saw no one in the sitting room waiting for them. They peeked into the bedroom and saw Leroy and Rudolph sitting on either side of the head of Harry’s bed, with their hands rubbing his back. Which was amazing because they were both fast asleep.

“Looks like you’re sleeping on the couch.” said Remus.

“Nothing new there.” said Sirius with a fond smile. “I’m glad they’re with him, they must have missed him something awful.”

The next morning, they all gathered in the Great Hall again. Harry, not amazingly, had beat them all down stairs, A tall plate of biscuits sitting beside him and he’d take one slowly as he read the thick book in his hand.

Ron reached around him snagged a few biscuits for himself.

“What kind are these?” asked Ron taking a large bite out of them.

“Ham and Cheese biscuits.” said Harry without looking at Ron. “I’d say help yourself, but you mostly likely already took four of them.”

Ron looked at his hand, there were three and a half now. “You can be really creepy.”

Harry sat up to allow his “Group Therapy Patients” to sit with him. “You never take any less than four of what I make.”

As everyone gathered back into the Great Hall, they noticed that two people were missing. Rita Skeeter’s body and Chief Hawkeye.

“Where did they get to?” asked Fred.

“Skeeter woke up.” said Nightstrike. “The Chief wanted to speak with her in private.”

“Don’t envy her.” said Bill.

It was decided that Tonks was going to take a turn reading.

“Yay! I hope it’s a good one!” said Tonks excitedly. “Chapter Twenty-five”

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Couldn’t you just use the bath in the Dorm’s restroom?” said Sirius.
Harry looked over to Fred and George.
“What did we do?” asked Fred.
“I think that was the time we filled the bathtubs with frog spawn.” said George.
“Oh yeah, good times…good times…” said Fred fondly.

End of first paragraph.

“Yeah, the only people allowed in there would be the ones that could take points away.” said Remus.
“Yeah, but no Prefect has taken points away from me, ‘cept Percy.” said Harry.
“How would you wriggle away from them catching you?” asked Sirius.
Harry placed his hand over his eyes and then looked up to Sirius, his eyes shining brightly.
“I’m sorry.” he said with a slight whimper.
Sirius looked at Harry in shock. “What the…”
Mrs. McFinn giggled, “He was an absolute terror with those eyes. He’d only use them if I told him he couldn’t have a fourth helping of treacle.”
“Ye…Yeah…I could see you dodging point deductions with those, from Prefects anyway.” sad Sirius.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“Most students learn not to leave the dorms at night when that happens.” said McGonagall.

Second paragraph, third sentence.

“It’s what your father made it for.” said Remus, with a hint of pride in his voice.

End of second paragraph.

“Only if you had it right in front of you.” said Sirius.
“I put a water repelling charm on it, it wouldn’t get wet.” said Harry.
Third paragraph.

“She won’t tell anyone if you’ve been out late, she’s supposed to but she won’t squeal.” said Fred.

“So long as you tell her about some of the exciting stuff.” said George.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“Can you imagine how proud James would be?” asked Rudolph.

“Can you imagine how pissed Lily would be?” said Leroy with a smile.

End of third paragraph.

Fifth paragraph.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“Most just want the status, you want it so you can use the special bathroom.” said Tonks with a laugh.

Sixth paragraph, sixth sentence.

“Now how can the students use the bath if they’re not allowed out at night?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“The students have to be in their Common Rooms by nine or so.” said Sirius.

End of sixth paragraph.

“Don’t let her hear that, she can get downright disagreeable.” said Ron warningly.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Out of respect, we aren’t going to touch that.” said George.

End of seventh paragraph.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.
“The Dursley’s let you take a bubble bath?” asked one of the first years.

“Nah, McFinn’s.” said Harry nodding over to the lady in the bowl.

Eighth paragraph, third sentence.

“You’re having way too much fun.” said Ernie.

End of eighth paragraph.

“You didn’t bring swimming trunks?” asked Sirius.

“It’s a bath…why would I?” asked Harry.

“Well, when we crashed the Prefect bathroom in our younger years, we wore trunks.” said Sirius.

“Yeah, but we were all in there.” said Remus. “Harry’s alone.”

Ninth paragraph.

“So for never learning how to swim, you do pretty well.” said Dr. Clark.

“He was never taught as a child?” asked Dumbledore quickly.

“He…wasn’t fond of deep water when he was younger. James would stand in the pool and try and coax Harry to jump in towards him. He never did, he’d run over to the shallow end and climb slowly around the edge to where James was standing.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“You still afraid of deep water?” asked Remus worriedly.

“Sort of.” said Harry. “Hadn’t gone swimming till that part, but I was learning quickly.”

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Hang on…there was someone in there with you?” said Leroy.

“He doesn’t have clothes on…” said Rudolph.

“Beat the snot out of who’s ever in there.” said Leroy.

Eleventh paragraph.
“Bet she loved that.” said Seamus.

“You’re so modest.” teased Sirius.

“To catch a maniac yeah, but I really should have visited her…” said Harry.

“You have had a lot of other things on your mind.” said Sirius.

“Wow…” said Ron blushing fiercely.

“She’d better say no…I’d hate to have to ask her to keep to her own bathroom.” said Dumbledore.

“Dear me…” moaned Dumbledore.
Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why don’t you shunt off.” said Charlie.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Second Task Riddle

“Can you understand how I freaked now?” asked Harry.

Ron blushed slightly. “Still, Dumbledore wouldn’t have let it happen.”

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“She’s creeping me out.” said Hannah.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’m concerned about not flashing you.” said Harry muttering.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“She will be confined to her restroom.” said Dumbledore sternly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Too bad I ate.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Hopefully she didn’t flash anything else.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“She’s not like that.” said Mr. Diggory with a blush.

“How do you know? You weren’t a Prefect.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“I…I snuck in.” said Mr. Diggory.

“Shallow end, that’s it.” said Harry.

People began to growl fiercely.

“It was an honest question!” said Harry.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“I would think after fifty years you’d calm down a bit.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“It’s understandable how she could be vicious...being teased a majority of her life.” said Dumbledore.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“They got in contact with me and I had to convince her to come back home.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I’ll go visit her today.” said Harry softly.

“You don’t have to…” said Remus.

“I’d rather not have any more people pissed at me.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.
“What’s he doing there? Isn’t he supposed to be ill?” asked a first year questioningly.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.**

“You were in the bathroom that long?” said Sirius in wonder.

“It felt good…” said Harry.

**End of twenty-ninth paragraph.**

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

“No one near you, you’ve got a clear shot to the dorms and you take side-road.” said Remus shaking his head.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

“I wonder what he was doing in my office…” said Snape quietly to himself.

“Getting potion ingredients.” said Harry.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

“Damn…” said George.

“You’re not having the best luck..” said Fred.

**Thirty-third paragraph.**

“You should have just went straight to bed, dear boy.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

**Thirty-fourth paragraph. -**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
People gripped the sides of their chairs and cushions tightly. This was getting tense, and the book wasn’t three-quarters of the way done yet!

“Wow, even he can have a brilliant thought.” said Fred.

“Bad timing on Harry’s part.” said George.

“He’s stolen before, look at Dr. Clark, he nicked his eye patches.” said Justin.

“Peeves only borrowed that, he gave the patch back.” said Dr. Clark.

“He has all of your patches now, doesn’t he?” asked Harry.

“You would have thought Christmas came early for him.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

Filch started to climb the stairs, his scrawny, dust-colored cat at his heels. Mrs. Morris's lamp-like eyes, so very like her masters, were fixed directly upon Harry. He had had occasion before now to wonder whether the Invisibility Cloak worked on cats....Sick with apprehension,

“Now is not the time to get sick.” said Remus worriedly, he reached over and rubbed the back of Harry’s neck.

Harry wanted to say he was fine, but the rubbing done to his neck felt too good to ask for it to stop.
Snape tried to hide a gleeful smirk behind his hands.

End of fortieth paragraph.

“I’d look nauseated if I saw him in his nightshirt.” muttered Sirius.

Remus reached over and smacked the back of his friend’s head.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Please go with Filch’s story…” pleaded a third year Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph, second sentence,

“Wow, Harry doesn’t plead with anyone…” said Dennis.

“I couldn’t believe I was slaking that bad.” said Harry covering his face in shame. “This place is running my abilities straight into the ground.”
“Cause you need to treat yourself once in a while…” said Leroy sending a quick look over to Sirius.

Without Harry seeing, Sirius mouthed. “I’ll fix the bathroom right up.”

“Another clue that that’s not him. He’s never surprised by a scene.” said Tonks proudly.
“He’s not wrong on that part, but no student stole from you that year.” said Ron.

“I had to deal with him personally on that matter.” said Dumbledore. “But now I think that he was just trying to make sure you had everything he would need.”

“Not on my staff, but anyone else that would attempt mischief or malicious acts against my students.” said Dumbledore.

Sirius looked at Snape’s arm, but said nothing.

“He’s got a point, he’s a Head of House, he has more authority than he did.” said McGonagall.

“SHIT!” shouted the Marauders and Twins together.
“Phew!” whistled a few people.

“Almost had him.” muttered Snape.

“Oh no!” shouted a few people, as if the villain of a Fairy tale had just gotten the upperhand of the hero.

“That sounds creepy…Harry…you sure no one has tried anything with you? You seem to be coming to some strange conclusions.” said Charlie worriedly.

“No.” said Dr. Nicodemus quickly. Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn looked confusedly over to him and Harry.

“I was holding my breath.” said Harry. “I didn’t want to get caught.”
“Bet you are.” growled Sirius and Moody together.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“No now why don’t we believe you?” said Fred innocently.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

“I never really believed that story. For I knew what Peeves was up to at that time.” said Dumbledore.

“Then what did you think happened?” asked Seamus.

“I did not know, Filch could tell me nothing, either with his words or his mind.” said Dumbledore.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

I had a nice size cut right down my leg.” said Harry.
“And to think, my trouble-making dad made it.” said Harry with a proud smile.

“And this is Harry…” said Fred.

“We’d have been screaming at that point.” said George.

“I should have figured that part…” said Harry.

“You were being a kid, it’s no fault of yours.” said Sirius soothingly.

“He won’t give you back the map then.” said Sirius quietly.

“Or what lie to come up with.” McGonagall wondered quietly.
“Good lad, don’t trust anyone unless they prove to you they are trustworthy.” said Moody.

“And that’ you holding back.” said Colin.

The people who knew what had happened exchanged significant looks.

“Wow…” said Fred.

“Not where we were thinking he was heading.” said George.

“But should you really give the map away…” said Fred.

“Even on a loan?” said George.
“Don’t give up the map!” said Fred.
“I trusted him.” said Harry sheepishly.

“He’d be your worst nightmare.” said Kingsley with a smirk.

“Well, than what were you thinking of?” said the Aurors and Rangers together.

“Keeping up with my Security testing, and running my own restaurant.” said Harry with a fond smile. “The design of my dream restaurant keeps changing.”

“Of course I did, it hadn’t been taken for it’s Walkies today.” said Ron with a laugh.

“Too right, you’re not as big of a baby as the lot I deal with.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Hey, you aren’t gentle.” said Nightstrike.

“You’re supposed to be tough Rangers, not squealing two year olds.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Who’d like to read next?” asked Tonks still trying not to laugh at her mentor.
“I’ll read.” said Dumbledore, “that way you may resume your giggling.”

“Thanks sir!” said Tonks laughing out loud at last.

“Ah…now where are we…the next chapter will be Chapter Twenty-six.” said Dumbledore.

“Yay, we’ll get more of this horrid Tournament over with.” said Mrs. McFinn earnestly.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
“The second task huh? I hope it’s not as scary as the first.” said Dr. Clark.

“It all depends on how you look at things I suppose.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

“I worked on it, just never solved it.” said Harry.

“That’s not what I meant!” said Hermione.

“He knows, but he can’t wriggle out of it.” said Sirius with a smirk.

**Dialogue line.**

**First paragraph, third sentence.**

Mr. Weasley blushed faintly.

“Dad?” asked Ginny.

“I sort of…banished all the desks out the window on my first try.” said Mr. Weasley sheepishly.

**First paragraph, fifth sentence.**

“It never quite does.” said Flitwick good-naturedly.

**End of first paragraph.**

Several people tried not to snort with laughter.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

Sirius and Remus had to elbow each other to stop themselves from laughing.
“And we still get work done.” said a N.E.W.T’s student.

“Still don’t know why she wears it.” sad Ron. “But at least my pillow landed on the pile it was supposed to.”

“You do a great job of pretending to not doing magic quite right the first time.” said Dennis.

“You soak up information like a sponge don’t you?” said Bathilda with a wide smile.

Sirius looked down at the floor, not making eye contact with the dark clothed man.
“Which he shouldn’t hate you just because of your father.” said Professor Sprout.

“You can almost set your watch by that guy.” said Ron quietly. “Says it almost daily.”

“Never said he was.” said Moody, “And neither did the imposter, just…Dumbledore’s too trusting.” he added looking sideways at the old man.

“I try and think the best of people, but I have made grievous mistakes of late.” said Dumbledore sadly, looking at Harry out of the corner of his eye.

“That says it all, if you ask me.” said Fred.

“No one’s asking you.” said Snape darkly.

“All? There was only one.” said a Ravenclaw student.

“He’s got you there.” said Fred.

“You didn’t mind him before he fired Winky.” said George.

“You even asked Percy about him a few times before the Cup.” said Fred.

“Winky waltzed in, and pfft, instant dislike.” said George.
“Well, yeah, I love going through life being absolutely paranoid.” said Ron.

“Gotta love that premature aging.” said Harry tweaking a strand of snow white hair. “I wonder…”

Dr. Nicodemus smiled widely. Harry looked over to him.

“That’s why your hair is turning back to black. You’re resting.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“That’s wild.” said Harry with a warm smile.

“Shocked me.” said Hermione.

“Me too, I wasn’t even trying. That moment went in my notebook.” said Harry.

“Yeah, that’s a big problem.” said Sirius. “Especially if you don’t like deep water.”

“Because you can’t explain a flying Aqua-Lung flying about in the air.” said Snape with a scowl.

“Well, at least someone squashed that plan.” said Mrs. Weasley with a faint smile.

“Transfiguring yourself into something that needs men to run is not the best idea.” said Rudolph.

“Human transfiguration is one thing, but turning yourself into an inanimate object… very bad idea.” said Leroy.
“Now if you turned yourself into a fish or something along those lines…but that’s still a bad idea.” said Remus.

“You’ll need someone else to turn you back and that can dock points.” said Sirius.

“Not only that, you’ll have no clothes on, so…when you turn back, you’ll have to be wrapped up in a cloak right quick.” said Rudolph.

“Why not use a bubble-head charm, that’s a fourth year spell.” said Dr. Clark.

The school turned and stared.

“You have been studying.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

“I’m impressed.” said Professor Flitwick with a beaming smile.

Dialogue line.

“Not funny.” said Sirius holding Harry close to him. “I don’t want you hurt.”

Harry looked down, “You’re squishing my breakfast.”

“Don’t care.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“Or you could think of how to take oxygen with you.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence, first dash, first comma.

“And you gave it to him? We had to sneak in there when we were in our fourth year.” said Sirius sourly.

“You weren’t in the Tournament.” said McGonagall simply.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence, second dash.

“She didn’t help much.” said Ron.

End of sixth paragraph.
“These books are starting to hurt.” said Sirius whimpering.

“You’re telling me?” said Harry.

Seventh paragraph.

“Your poet-like words are starting to get creepy.” said Alicia.

Eighth paragraph.

A few first years were starting to shiver slightly, out of fear for their hero that overcame everything he had come up against in his years at Hogwarts.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

A plate of soft fruit and honeyed bread appeared out of nowhere.

“I’ve got biscuits…” said Harry confusedly.

“Eat the fruit and bread as well.” said Dumbledore, silent tears trickling down his face.

End of ninth paragraph.

Note from Sirius.

“How come you didn’t write him a longer letter?” asked Remus.

“I…my hands were already shaking…why didn’t you write to him?” asked Sirius.

“I was too busy being sick with fear for him.” said Remus. “I ate less than even he did.”

“Yeah, I remember that…you did look awful.” said Sirius.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

“I thought you had it all under control.” said Sirius.
Sirius quit cringing, I can’t breathe.” said Harry.

“They aint as exciting, but they can be equally interestin’.” said Hagrid.

“With her face now, it would be impossible to tell.” said Lavender with a gleeful smile.

“And you’d have to go all the N.E.W.T class for Care of Magical Creatures class in order to know that, he knows all this stuff due to experience.” said Charlie proudly.

“Now he does, but he doesn’t quite know what to do with it.” said Bill.

“Then ask him about it!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I wouldn’t quite know what teh tell him.” said Hagrid scratching the back of his head.
“Ever think that the world expects too much of these children?” asked Tempest.

“The world always expects too much of children…that’s the curse of growing up in this world.” said Firenze.

“It was so cute when the both of them turned and tackled him to the ground and nuzzled him.” said Hermione.

“We couldn’t pry them off him, they just kept playing with him.” said Ron with a laugh.

“Never heard laughter like that before.” said Seamus.

“Like he was a little kid.” said Dean quietly.

“Yeah, it was like he was a whole new person…” said Neville.

“Too bad no one took a picture, that would have been adorable.” said Mrs. McFinn gushingly.

“Good times over.” said Fred.

“Your good times should last longer than one class period.” said George.

Dumbledore looked guilt-ridden. *I should have inquired, I should have helped, Maxime and Igor were helping their champions and so was Pomona, I should have helped Harry…*

Snape looked thoughtful, “There is a potion in there that will enable the drinker to breathe underwater, but it will take two days to make.”

“So close, but no cigar.” said Harry.
“It would take the Deathstick to do that.” said Ron.
Dumbledore absently fingered his wand slowly.
Lionus looked pointedly over to Dumbledore.

“That was getting to be the game plan.” said Harry.
“Not even you had a game plan?” asked a first year Hufflepuff.
“The Bubble Head charm was so simple, I hadn’t thought of it. The thought of going in deep water sent me into a panic, worse than the dragons.” said Harry.

“Nicolas Flamel.” said Fred.
“Chamber of Secrets.” said George.
“Shut up.” said Hermione. “And they had the information.”
“Not so readily available.” said Fred. “You had to go hunting in there for a long time.”

“You make it sound like you could have done it within a week.” said Sirius with a laugh. “Good luck with that.”

“You saying Harry’s a goldfish?” asked Remus with a laugh.
“'You mean you can’t choose?’ asked Ron.
“No you can’t, your body and core choose for you.” said McGonagall.

“Man, your core does everything.” said Fred.

“Didn’t Harry say at the very beginning that people had two of them?” said George.

“Oh yeah…” said Fred. “What did each core do?”

“Let me think, he said the spiritual core was the one that made the magic happen…and the normal core is the one that absorbed magic from the things around us.” said George.

“Complicated stuff.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“I can’t see you turning into a frog.” said Sirius. “A lion or a unicorn yeah…but not a frog.”

“I could see him turning into an eagle!” said a Ravenclaw first year.

“A stag!” said a third year Gryffindor student.

“A wolf!” said a second year Hufflepuff.

“A dragon!” said a first year Slytherin.

“We’re going to run out of animals soon.” said Remus with a chuckle.

Dialogue set.

“It’s not worth it if you have to spill your secrets to the Ministry.” said Ron.

“How can you misuse it?” asked Fred.

“Is Sirius going to get fleas on us or something.” said George.

“I’m going to get you the same way I’m going to get him.” said Sirius teasingly as he nodded to Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That would be impossible to manage.” said Rudolph with a faint smile.
“Laughing point more like it.” said George.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And that’s never a good sign.” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“There were rules against teachers helping, not other students.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph, third sentence.

“Harry, you have to get some rest.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Yeah, so I can drown tomorrow.” said Harry shaking his head.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

“Those are some odd titles.” said Dr. Clark.

Twenty-third paragraph, third sentence.

“Wish I shared their confidence.” said Harry.
“If you weren’t all that nervous, I’d say it was strep throat.” said Dr. Clark.

“Nothing wrong with knowing your limits.” said Dumbledore. “And if you hadn’t come down, we would have thought no less of you.”

“He’d take a massive hit in points.” said Fred.

“But I’d be alive.” said Harry.

“…There is that.” said George.

“Wow…that sounds like what would have happened.” said Dean.

“You are in a panic.” said Remus.

Just how much does he hate deep water? thought Dumbledore to himself. A thought struck him, when the Dementors were near him…he did describe it as drowning. “Dear lord…”

“You’re going to run yourself ragged child.” said Dumbledore.

“It was getting pretty close.” said Harry.

“What the hell?” asked Charlie.
“Has to be a dream.” said Blaise.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Most guys when they dream about mermaids…it’s not like that.” said Sirius.

Smack!

“Ow…whassamatter?” asked Sirius angrily.

“Harry doesn’t need to hear about any of your dreams.” said Remus shortly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“What the heck is he doing there?” asked Ernie.

Thirty-first paragraph, second sentence.

Several people laughed.

“Poor lad…that was the book that held the Bubble Head charm.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.
“But you don’t know what you’re going to do!” screeched a first year girl.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You’d still have to come down.” said McGonagall.

“I didn’t want to face Hagrid.” said Harry softly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“His what?” asked Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Only thing I can think of an your old inhaler, but that was at my house the last time I know.” said Dr. Clark.

“You had an inhaler?” asked Hermione.

“It was only for the time I was in the hospital with Officer McFinn.” said Harry with a shrug. “I didn’t need it after a while.”

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Ron blushed. “Man…no wonder you freaked out the way you did.” said Ron.
“It’s in the morning…” said Harry. “I was tired.”

So, it was the elf that stole my gillyweed. thought Snape fiercely.

“I’d be second guessing him.” said Lionus with a faint smile. No wonder the boy is so fond of that elf.

“That explains why the House-Elf began to cry…” said McGonagall thoughtfully. “It must have been Dobby.”

“I’ll bet he doesn’t keep up for long.” said Justin.

“You’re going to fall and break your neck!” said Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“And besides, it’ll take you a good fifteen minutes to get there at a dead run.” said Sirius.

“Never saw anyone run that fast!” said Dennis excitedly.
“It was quite thrilling watching you run across the edge of the lake.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“Oooh!” groaned a few people.

“Not the prize for getting there on time I was looking for.” said Harry with a smirk.

“HA! Proved you wrong!” said Sirius.

“Though they would have been right, if I had my original way.” said Harry.

“Oh they could have waited five minutes to start.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“It would have been unfair to the ones that were there…on…time…” drawled Snape.

“Screw ‘em, I was in pain.” said Harry.

Dumbledore looked up into the air, once again feigning deafness, but had a smile on his face.
“They really didn’t give you a moment did they?” asked Remus with concern.

“Nope.” said Harry.

Forty-second paragraph.

“You were still in your school clothes…weren’t you?” asked Sirius.

“Jeans and water don’t mix, especially if you’re wearing them.” said Harry wisely.

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Only the Slytherins were laughing.” said Fred.

“Everyone else were figuring you were going to go down and save Ron without the use of magic.” said George.

“Which we wouldn’t put it past you to do that.” said the twins.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“You’re suffocating! But…you’re on dry land…” said Dr. Clark.

Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Sam!” said Mrs. McFinn. She held him upright as his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

Madam Pomfrey hurried over and forced a potion down his throat. “There, there Sam…it’s just magic, nothing more.” she said soothingly.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“That had to be amazing!” said Neville in awe.
Several people rubbed their eyes subconsciously.

“Why were you thankful? Octi’s not bad.” said Colin.

“He’d want to play, and I didn’t have time.” said Harry.

“Was it another champion trying to slow you down?” asked Sirius.

“I wish it was.” said Harry.

“I’d get away from that thing, and quick.” said Remus. “They have a poisonous bite.”

“Forget biting him, they’re going to try and keep him down there till he drowns!” said Sirius.

“It’s as if Harry picked the fight first.” said Charlie darkly.
“What is she? A stalker?” asked Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“What can they do to her? They can’t hurt her.” said a second year Ravenclaw student.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“They didn’t hurt him did they?” asked Fred angrily.

“Yeah, Octi’s awesome!” said George.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“If I wasn’t in a blind panic before…” said Harry.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

“Merpeople, are not the best looking creatures…” said Dumbledore with a faint smile. “They are nothing like what Muggles have painted them out to be.”

Sixtieth paragraph.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“You are something else lad.” said Kingsley with a smile.
“There's no one else it could have been.” smirked Harry.

**End of sixty-second paragraph.**

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

“I thought you said you kept it on you at all times!” said Sirius.

“I said AFTER the second task.” said Harry.

**Sixty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“It’s not about help, he just wants to borrow it!” said Seamus.

**Dialogue set.**

**Sixty-fifth paragraph.**

**Sixty-sixth paragraph.**

**Sixty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“You had flippers, they didn’t.” said Mr. Weasley.

**End of sixty-seventh paragraph.**

**Sixty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I wasn’t going to leave her.” muttered Harry darkly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**
“We weren’t going to die.” said Hermione with a slight roll of her eyes. “They wouldn’t let that happen.”

“Sorry, but adult wizards don’t exactly have the best track record when it comes to me.” said Harry sourly.

The adults in the room cringed slightly.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

“Like I said, water and watches don’t mix.” said Harry.

“You were really getting worried about them…” said Remus.

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Bout freaking time! Harry was going to get speared by those merpeople if he kept trying to get back to the statue.” said Dennis.

“They wouldn’t have hurt him.” said Dumbledore.

“Yeah, you can tell by the way they were pointing their spears at him.” said Sirius with a roll of his eyes.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Seventy-third paragraph, second sentence.

“Now that’s not fair, they were holding him back.” said Charlie.

“But Harry wanted to free the others, maybe they were penalizing him.” said Bill half-heartedly.

End of seventy-third paragraph.

“He meant to do that.” said Hermione indignantly.

“If he did, he wouldn’t have had to have an adult change him back.” said McGonagall.
“Bet that made you feel better about the situation.” said Draco.

“You're kidding, I was going out of my mind.” said Harry.

“Not even a thank you.” said Ron.

“I didn’t want it, I was just glad he wasn’t going to bite Hermione and tear her in half.” said Harry.

“Good, get them out of the way.” said Sirius. “And get back on the surface.”

“Should have threatened them in the first place.” said Moody with a nod.

“No dear boy, the task was over, they were escorting the last person up.” said Dumbledore.
“That poem shouldn’t have been phrased the way it was if you wanted to keep me calm.” said Harry.

End of eightieth paragraph.

Eighty-first paragraph, second sentence, second pause.

“The gillyweed was wearing off.” said Snape with his brows raised.

End of eighty-first paragraph.

Eighty-second paragraph.

“Sirius…you’re hurting me.” said Harry thickly as Sirius held onto him tightly.

“No I’m not…” said Sirius.

“Yes you are…let go just a little bit.” said Harry.

Sirius released his hold slightly.

“That’s better.” said Harry.

Eighty-third paragraph.

“Please don’t stop…please don’t stop.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

“What are they? Bipoloar?” Dr. Clark.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

“Such a gentleman, our little Ronniekins is.” said Fred.

“The mannerisms of an innocent babe.” said George.

“Troll babe that is.” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.
“Yeah well, I almost got barbecued in the first one.” said Harry.

“Save your stupid chit chat for dry land.” snarled Snape.

Ron blushed.

“I was hoping they’d just go back underwater.” said Harry.

“That’s right Perce, get them out of the water.” said Bill.

“You did mouth it though.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Sure, leave the half-drowned lion cub in the lake.” said Sirius sourly.
Remus and Sirius looked intently at Harry.

“He had fallen to his knees in the water.” said Dumbledore. “He looked absolutely exhausted.”

“You should be put right to bed, let your legs rest a bit.” said Dr. Clark.

“Hagrid carried me up to the castle, I kept falling down my legs hurt so much.” said Harry.

“Course not, he’s watched people die in front of him before, even caused it a few times.”

“Alastor!” snapped McGonagall.

“Ron and you keep switching out personalities.” said Charlie with a howl of laughter.

“Because you couldn’t leave Hermione or anyone else behind without knowing they were getting out alright.” said Sirius.
“They didn’t lead the life you live.” said Remus.

“Foolish girl.” said Snape and Madam Pomfrey together.

“People kept telling me off for staying behind.” said Harry looking at Hermione, Ron and Percy.

“What did I do?” asked Percy.

“You sent me a Howler for not bringing Ron to the surface right away.” said Harry.

“Oh..right…” said Percy sheepishly.

“Yeah, told him he should have left her behind.” said Bill shaking his head.

“What’s up with that?” asked Katie.

Hermione blushed.

“Oh…I see…” said Katie with a kind giggle. The rest of the Chasers also giggled.
“Well, that’s fair, the magical part was fine, but the getting to the goal went awry.” said Remus wisely.

“You starting to like her like Ron likes her?” asked Dean.

“No, she was being humble, and she wasn’t all that bad anymore.” said Harry.

“So Harry would have been the only one to get full points.” said Sirius proudly. “Way to go!”

“Three points docked for being outside the time limit?” said Emmeline Vance.

“Well, without Myrtle, I wouldn’t have been within the time limit.” said Harry honestly.

“Well, we’ll never know will we, but I’m happy it turned out that way.” said Rudolph.

“The only one getting the short end of the stick is Fleur so far.” said Leroy.

“In my present mood, I would have slapped the both of you.” said Harry.

“You looked ready to do that.” said Ron with a laugh.
“Hang on…so…you were in the lead to start with? That’s my boy!” said Leroy jumping up and hugging Harry from behind.

“Nice Ron, real nice.” said Mr. Weasley with a warm smile.

“Hermione, you’d better talk to him before he starts to beat the snot out of Harry.” said Sirius knowledgeably.

Harry cringed.

“I told Hagrid I could walk on my own. I just needed a few moments to rest.” said Harry.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
“You going to help me cub?” asked Sirius throwing an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

“Alright.” said Harry.

“You going to help me cub?” asked Sirius throwing an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

“Alright.” said Harry.

“Which is what had happened.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Like Mr. Potter says, quite the thrilling tale.” said a smiling Professor Flitwick.

Ron blushed.

“Quite the big man on campus he was.” said Seamus smiling and shaking his head.

“Ouch Hermione.” said Fred.

“We expect that from no one else but us…but you doing it?” said George.

“That’s below the belt that is.” said the twins together.
“No need to take it out on Ron and Harry.” said Sirius. “You should be flattered that you’re so dear to someone.”

“Ignore her, have your fun.” said Tonks.

“Poor things.” said Luna. “That’s why I attach a weight to my owl when it’s windy, that way he doesn’t get hurt.”

The people in the Great Hall looked at her.

“Not a bad idea.” said a Hufflepuff student.

“I’m going to have to use that.” said a Gryffindor seventh year.

“That owl still won’t come around me.” said Harry. “I didn’t make the wind do what it did.”

Several people laughed.

“Hey! I was hungry!” said Sirius.

“I’m not sloppy.” said Sirius.
“Doesn’t stop me from losing my mind over you.” said Harry.

“Only if you don’t mind me losing my mind over you.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence.

Sirius took the moment to kiss the top of Harry’s head.

End of fifth paragraph.

“Which is a miracle.” said Neville.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“You’d think that if they wanted to impress people, they’d get better looking girls.” muttered Ron.

End of sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Mrs. Weasley flushed worriedly.

“What’s wrong sweetheart?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“I…I’m not shown in the best light after this.” said Mrs. Weasley quietly.

Her husband looked at her with a look of confusion.

Dialogue set.

“How much do you want to bet he doesn’t do a damn thing.” said Sirius darkly.

Seventh paragraph.

Title of article.

“Oh this should be fun.” said Bill with a roll of his eyes.
“She’s right there.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“What is she talking about?” asked a third year Ravenclaw girl.

“Is she saying he’s in love?” asked her friend.

“Well, he was in love with Cho, but only a few people knew that.” said Hannah.

“Lies Rita Skeeter.” corrected Tempest with a sneer.

“Deprived of love since the tragic demise of his parents,”

“How the hell did she guess?” asked Charlie.

“She’s pulling at straws, I never told anyone…best not let them get smacked around.” said Harry.

“fourteen-year-old Harry Potter thought he had found solace in his steady girlfriend at Hogwarts, Muggle-born Hermione Granger.

“We’re not Boyfriend and Girlfriend.” said Harry and Hermione together.

“You really must have pissed her off.” said Moody shaking his head.

“I’m going to sue her for you.” said Leroy angrily looking at Hermione.
“Oh I have not!” said Hermione.

“Well, not intentionally, but between Ron and Krum, than yeah.” said Fred.

People turned and slowly stared at Hermione.

Hermione blushed.

A few girls looked at her jealously.

“Say what?” asked Remus.

“Pansy’s pretty? Is Rita blind?” asked Dean in a whisper.

“She’s only praising her because Parkinson talked to her.” said Alicia.

“Whereas Potter and Weasley are more readily able and willing to break rules and laws, Granger doesn’t have the frame of mind to instigate it on her own for her own means.” drawled Snape.

“I dismissed them immediately.” said Dumbledore.

“My business, no one else’s.” said Harry with a growl.
“Wha…?” said Rudolph.

“It’s what mum calls them.” said Ron.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You laugh now, but she can turn an entire community against each other.” said Kingsley.

Ninth paragraph.

“I know a few Slytherins that could do with chugging a few of those.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Didn’t want you getting into trouble.” said Ron.

“Is that the story you’re selling today?” asked Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Then how did Rita figure it out?” asked Bill. “Viktor doesn’t seem to be the guy to kiss and tell, and Hermione was quiet about it.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Hermione, you know Ron doesn’t like you going with Viktor, from now on just keep it to yourself.” said Remus.
“I wanted to tell someone!” said Hermione.

“They tell Harry, he obviously doesn’t really care about your love life.” said Sirius.

“I care, but we all have to make mistakes in relationships…” said Harry. “Mistakes, successes, it’s all on us.”

Sirius stared at Harry. “What the hell? When did you get to be an expert on relationships?”

“Never said I was.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Take the hint Hermione, stop talking about it.” said Ernie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Okay, we’ll give you that, but try and teach some of your snakes how to be kinder.” said Sirius with a snarl.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

The other teachers glared over to Snape, who sat nonchalantly in his seat.

Twelfth paragraph.

“SEVERUS!” scolded McGonagall. “That was not a note being passed around in class!”

“And besides, it was your little brats that gave it to them in the first place.” said Moody.

“I was not aware of that fact.” said Snape smugly.

“Funny how you don’t seem to ask any questions about your house, yet you seem to just slam Potter with everything you’ve got on hand.” spat Moody.

Dialogue line.
“Severus…” said Dumbledore in a warning tone.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence.

Dumbledore and the rest of the staff looked at Snape with fury. His smug look fell and he now had a look of slight nervousness.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Snape was now beginning to cower beneath the gaze of his old Transfiguration teacher.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“You are the stupidest man I’ve ever met.” said Lionus. “I’ve only known these kids personally for a few weeks, but come on! Granger with Parkinson? Are you out of your mind?”

End of dialogue set.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“The best therapy money can buy.” said Sirius with a sneer.

Dialogue line.

“The only with a swelled head is you.” said Sirius darkly.

“Give me that.” said Harry taking the book.

“I’m not done yet!” said Sirius trying to hold on to it.

“If you’re going to do that then I’ll read, you can read later.” said Harry.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dumbledore peered sternly over to Snape.
“Just how blind can you get?” asked Emmeline Vance.

“And you’re nothing than a great greasy bat that can’t see anything beyond his own nose!” said Sirius angrily.

“That’s right, don’t let him get to you.” said Dean.

“He didn’t sneak into your office!” said Remus.

“Not even for potion ingredients for the stuff I make in private, do I nick stuff from your stores.” said Harry.

So I was completely innocent.” said Harry with his most charming smile. “In a half guilty way.”

Sirius and Remus snorted.
“So because I didn’t sneak in at any time, does this mean I get a free shot?” asked Harry with a smirk.

“At your own risk.” drawled Snape, though the sides of his mouth twitched.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph, fourth sentence, first dash.

“It had crossed my mind.” said Snape quietly.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not the first time I spoke honestly to you either.” said Harry.

“Hey! You told me off for commenting every other minute!” said Sirius pouting.

“Well, the books are about me, aren’t they? So I’m exempt from the rule, so nyah.” said Harry sticking out his tongue.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Too bad he didn’t make you drink it.” said Zacharias viciously.

“We wouldn’t need you to drink it, we already know you wet the bed.” said George.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“And you’d find my hand slipping right as I curse you out the door!” said McGonagall severely.

End of dialogue set.

Nineteenth paragraph, third sentence.

“That’s sort of sad, that you expect your teacher to attack you.” said Nightstrike.
Nineteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“And that wasn’t even the half of it.” said Rudolph.

“Can you imagine what Snape would do with the knowledge that Harry was security testing?” said Leroy.

“That wouldn’t go over well.” said Bill.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

“You’d have to keep proving to the teachers that you weren’t sneaking liquor in that thing.” said Ernie.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“You nosy parker.” said Terry with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"After the lesson," Snape snapped.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“You were the only one giving a damn, I was too pissed at Snape to care.” said Ron.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“If Snape catches you right there, you are going to get it.” said Fred.
“He must have lost his mind.” said Moody with a smirk. “To show that in a classroom, where anything or anyone could be hiding.”

“Put it down and run.” said Charlie.

“He’s running away from Snape!” said a first year Gryffindor.

“Finally, self-preservation at last! Though he wouldn’t have done anything to you.” said Tonks.

“Don’t bet on that.” muttered Snape.

“I wanted to make you something, but there were a bunch of Beauxbaton students hanging about making some light snacks.” said Harry.

“Those are the expensive ones.” said Remus. “Lily used to give James a pair of those every year, just for fun.”

“And just for fun, he’d never wash them.” said Sirius.
“How far are you allowed to go?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“The mountains are as far as they can go.” said Dumbledore.

“Come on, tackle him!” said Fred.

“You’re a giant dog! You should be able to knock him down and slobber all over him!” said George.

“That was a ‘pity pant’ wasn’t it?” said Ron.

“Perhaps.” said Harry with a sly smile.

“Did you have to climb so high up on that bloody mountain?” said Harry.

“Harry!” said Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn.

“His fault!” said Harry. “He made us climb that effing thing!”

“’Ermione! Don’t rush ‘im!” said Hagrid worriedly. He still couldn’t stop thanking Harry and Dumbledore and Hermione for saving his Beaky, but Buckbeak was still a hippogriff, and they don’t like sudden movements.
Thirty-first paragraph.

“No thinner than what you were.” said Sirius.

“Keep telling yourself that.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence, twelfth word.

Snape could barely suppress a chortle. He would have to burn that image into his mind, how he wished he could have seen that.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Sure, don’t hug him or anything…” said Tonks. “He only just about died before you could hold him again, and the first thing you say to him is ‘Chicken’.”

Sirius looked at Harry with a horrified expression.

“I’m fine.” said Harry. “OI! Get off!”

Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry and held him close. “I’m so sorry!”

“Leggo! C’mon! No means no, dang it!” said Harry trying to make his godfather smile.

“Gimmie the book.” said Sirius trying to wrench the book out of his godson’s arms.

“No, leggo.” said Harry fighting back. But the book escaped his fingers and Sirius took over.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’m worried…so sue me.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Stray…good word.” said Snape with a sneer.
“Who’s the adult here again?” asked Bill.

“Well, of course! They’re under law to not say anything about anyone in the hospital.” said Madam Bones.

“Cause that’s what they were! Just rumors!” said Tonks.

“Of course he was!...Wasn’t he?” said Percy.

“You’ll find out soon enough.” said Harry.

“I don’t think that’s quite it.” said Dumbledore.
“Not another one.” said Tonks clapping a hand to her head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Making me dizzy he was.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I’m impressed.” said Tonks.

“Stuff it.” said Sirius.

“So much for giving you a compliment…” said Tonks with a smirk.

“From you…yeah right…from Kinglsey or Moody then I would have taken it.” said Sirius teasingly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Alright, who do I hand my money to?” muttered Ron.

Dialogue line.
“Didn’t like the sound of him all of a sudden.” said Sirius.

“I didn’t want to freak you out.” said Sirius.

“Only by a small margin, Ludo hasn’t got the guts to do anything more than bean someone over the head with a bludger.” said Moody.

Moody smiled proudly. “Amazing...”
Hermione sent a stern look over to Sirius.

“What are you looking at me like that for?” asked Sirius. “I was agreeing with you.”

“Kreacher.” said Hermione.

“He’s different.” said Sirius, shocking everyone with the snarl his voice had.

“Wasn’t used to you knowing other people like that.” said Harry.

“Hey, I had a life before jail thanks.” said Sirius.

“Some of our darkest days.” said Madam Bones shaking her head slowly. “We’re still trying to sort out the people.”

“Hang on…if Sirius got pardoned because he didn’t have a trial…then…the Lestranges…” said Neville with a whimper.

“Don’t need to worry about that…since the readings…we’ve taken the liberty of…relieving you lot of a few people.” said Lionus with a smile.

“They’re not in Azkaban anymore than?” asked Neville with a hopeful voice.

“Right.” said Lionus with a smile.
“No one really wants to give us a chance to hear the truth, yet they expect us to tell them the complete truth without hesitation…bit one-sided don’t you think?” said Harry with a sneer.

“Because we’ve earned it.” spat Snape.

“Because why? Cause you were born first? Because you’ve ‘seen more’?” said Harry quickly. “Nah…that doesn’t fly with me for the most part. When Uncle Vernon first smacked me about, I told the truth. I kept telling everyone that would listen and even a few that didn’t. I told the truth, and then they told me…”We’ll take care of it, he won’t do it again.” I was lied to, by adults…so…no…adults haven’t earned it.”

Several adults looked uncomfortable.

“I hope that doesn’t happen again.” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

“I hope I never have to live through those times either.” said Sirius.

“Never did that, I brought them in alive, didn’t want to lay awake at night thinking I killed someone who had no power over what he was doing.” said Moody with a growl.

“They didn’t even bother with that against me, they just handed me off to the dementors.” said Sirius.

“Thank goodness that never happened.” said Dumbledore quietly. “I’d see myself in power, only in his image.”
“That very well may be true.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.

“That very well may be true.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.

“Another father of the year.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Sirius looked at Harry, and threw an arm around him. “You made it all bearable.”

“I thought that was your Peter obsession.” said Harry with a faint smile.

“Well, that too, but you were a big part.” said Sirius with a smile.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“Not many are given the opportunity. You have to have excellent connections to even get the
“paperwork for it.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

“That would have been what would have happened to me.” said Sirius shivering.

“Not really, I would have gotten you home.” said Harry quietly.

“Even if you thought I was a murderer?” said Sirius.

“You weren’t always, you were still dad’s friend from school, I would have brought you out of there.” said Harry.

“Thanks, just the thought means a lot.” said Sirius.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Lesser of two evils I suppose.” said Kingsley.

Forty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“How can you think that far back?” said Hannah. “To think back to someone’s facial expression?”

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“How doesn’t it?” asked Colin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“Sometimes you trust someone, and they can stab you right in the back.” said Sirius coldly.

“I would have done more than just kick him out.” said Dumbledore muttering to himself.

“Doesn’t exactly look good for you when you hang with that sort of lot.” said Tonks. “You can’t exactly look neutral.”

“They deserve to stay there.” said Neville.

“Don’t blame him, Karkaroff is a pretty well known Death Eater in my circles.” said Moody, “I wouldn’t want to know him either.”

“Really?” said Remus. “You couldn’t think of the Dark Mark.”

“Slipped my mind.” said Sirius.
Dialogue set.

Dumbledore and Snape shared a look.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Sometimes we had to stop at St. Mungos a first a few times.” said Moody with a grimace.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Are you eating right?” said Fred.

“Getting plenty of sleep?” asked George.

“Grades good?” said Fred.

“Any girlfriends?” George said.

“Any problems with any other students.” said Fred.

“So far, not one of those questions were asked by you.” said the twins looking at Sirius.

Sirius looked guilty.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“Gossip’s one thing, but day to day stuff is an entirely different matter.” said Remus.

“I thought you said she couldn’t remember anything?” said Ernie.
“Like Remus said, gossip she could remember as if it were just told to her, day to day stuff was a bit more taxing on her brain.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Don’t even ask…” said Mrs. Weasley. “About how he’s holding up…”

End of dialogue set.

“Finally, some concern.” said Blaise quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“I should have…I don’t…” mumbled Sirius.

“You were busy trying to help us figure out who to keep an eye on.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I could see him do it.” muttered Ron.
“I was hoping to get lucky!” said Sirius brightening up quickly.

“Alright, time for lunch I believe.” said Dumbledore clapping his hands and the table appeared.

“I’ll just get a salad and fruit, I’m not in the mood for a large lunch.” said Harry standing up.

“I’ll go get it.” said Sirius putting the book down. “You just relax.”

“I don’t want to think about what the end is going to do to Harry.” said Hermione.

“Yeah, that’s going to be awful for him.” said Ron.

“Him and the Diggorys.” said Hermione.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Lunch was consumed in record time, everyone wanted to get to the end of the book and hear what had happened.

Blaise decided to break the ice and be the first Slytherin student to take the book into hand and read a bit of it. He stunned a few Slytherins in the process.

“Alright here, Chapter Twenty-eight.”

“This won’t be any easier.” said Harry.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“And here I thought you were generally concerned about him.” said Percy stiffly.

“Well, sort of.” said Ron.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“And she was getting a mite ticked.” said Harry.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Ah, bless him.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Mrs. Weasley smiled fondly at her son.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Could have used some of those eclairs.” said Sirius.

“They would have been squished. I’ll make you some tonight, how about that?” said Harry.

Remus smiled over to Harry, silently begging for some as well.

“Alright, alright, I’ll make enough for every one just settle down.” said Harry with a laugh.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“Wow, I’ve heard of elves becoming depressed, but that’s extreme.” said Charlie.

“She’s dying.” said Harry.

The school went quiet.

Harry continued “She hadn’t waited on someone in a long time. The only thing keeping her going is that she’s keeping that one fire going, and that’s not much.”

Third paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

“That and drinking that stuff, like brandy for little old ladies.” said Harry.

End of third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“I used to put that stuff in your bottle.” said Sirius.

“You didn’t…” said Remus. “That stuff has liquor in it!”

“Just a gram of it!” said Sirius, “Besides, he loved it!”

“There’s a shock! You put celery juice in a bottle and he’d still love it!” said Remus.

Fourth paragraph.

Fifth paragraph.

“They figured she should just slap herself together and get on with getting better and getting to work.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

“It does take a few weeks for a released House-elf to settle back to normalcy in a new house.” said Dumbledore. “But Winky is taking quite a long time.”

Dialogue set.

“Choose your words carefully, if you interrogate her about her old master, she may break down and start wailing.” said Fred.

“Then you won’t get anywhere.” said George.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“She won’t like hearing that.” said Charlie.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“She won’t be listening to that, she’ll only hear the Master…ill part.” said Bill.
“Only because they’re used to it, other than that, they set their house on fire.” said Dennis.

“Yeah, like Uncle Jack...” said Colin.

“After Aunt Jennifer passed away, he couldn't make himself a cup of tea without burning the top of the stove.” said Dennis.

“I know, I know, none of my beeswax.” said Harry with a smirk.

“She’s not saying anything that’s not true.” said Draco with a snigger.

“But it’s so boring minding my own business.” said Harry with a whine.

“Being nosy is the only thing that makes me appear at the scene to be brave and noble.” said Harry with a laugh.

“You didn’t even catch her?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“We were too busy staring.” said Ron.
“Hey, even we let ourselves go sometimes.” said Sirius.

“You especially.” sneered Snape.

“Oh really?” said Sirius shortly.

“My memory fails me sometimes, but I remember something about a trip to Hogsmede, a certain black haired boy and a case of Odgen’s Old Firewhiskey.”

“Shut up.” said Sirius.

“What happened.” said Dennis.

“Never you mind.” said Sirius.

“I thought that was Peter.” said Sirius.

“No, you kicked him in the groin, you punched me in the nose.” said Remus. “James was too busy laughing and trying to get rid of the bottle before a teacher came along.”

“Because they have work to do, and a drunk House-elf doesn’t look all that great to guests.” said Emmeline with a slight smile.

“Not a good argument.” said Dumbledore with a dry chuckle. “They tend to ignore him when he mentions things like that.”

“Hopefully they don’t hurt him.” said Remus.

“Hope so too.” said Dr. Clark.
“Dear me…they’ve never done that.” said Dumbledore.

“ Took a while for them to let me in, without them sending me wary looks.” said Harry.

“Let’s be honest, he liked both, getting info and then getting some snacks.” said Lee.

“Glad I’m a distraction.” said Sirius.

“You apparently don’t get many times to just sit and look at the scenery.” said Dr. Nicodemus. 

“Not with everyone crowding around wanting something.” said Harry. “I like quiet times with myself.”

“So…” said Sirius with a bright smile.

“The balcony was an awesome idea.” said Harry.

“Winky’s right, you’re nosy as hell.” said Draco with a laugh.

“Hang on, you weren’t back in the dorms at curfew.” said Ron. “How did you…oh…the same way
you got out of falling out of the tower…”

Fifteenth paragraph.

“They’re experts about letting things go after a short while, where wizards are concerned.” said Lionus.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Too bad you didn’t cancel it.” muttered Ron. “The only thing they’re printing now is that Sirius has been proven innocent, they aren’t laying blame on anyone. Saying it was a perfectly honest mistake.”

“And if you start dissing the Ministry…” said Fred.

“They’ll help chuck you back in.” said George.

“Let’s see them try.” said Leroy. “I can always destroy this paper and make a better one.”

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“How come you’re so popular?” asked Rudolph.

“Not for a good reason.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Beg your pardon?” said Lionus spitting out the tea he had been drinking.

“I thought they only did that on the old mystery shows on the television.” said Tempest looking confused.

“You actually go down to the Recreational Media Room?” said Nighstrike with a snigger.

“I find you humans confusing at the best of time, I tried watching those to see if I could understand better.” said Tempest haughtily.

“Did it help?” asked Firenze calmly as her comrade sniggered.

“Not at all, it only made me think they were all silly creatures that only pursued the action of intercourse and narcotic or alcohol consumption.” said Tempest.

Letter to Hermione.

“Did you tell and show them to a teacher?” said Bill.

“Well…” said Hermione.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“I hope you kept them.” said Dumbledore darkly.

“I pitched them ages ago.” said Hermione with a slight shrug.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Hm…don’t think frog spawn can actually boil.” said Fred thoughtfully.

“It doesn’t, it just thickens.” said Snape absently.

End of dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph.

“Oh you poor thing!” said Mrs. McFinn.

Mr. Weasley looked at his wife confusedly. Why wasn’t she concerned? Why was she looking so guilty all of a sudden?
“Holy crap! How’d you figure that?” asked Ernie in awe.

“I’m just good.” said Ron smugly.

“Why not escort her?” asked Rivers.

“She would have told us off for being late to class, then we would have caught it from Professor Sprout.”

Mrs. Weasley cringed.

“How honey what is wrong?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“I-I need to be excused for a while.” said Mrs. Weasley wiping her eyes, sending Hermione a poignant glance and ran from the room.

“I’m going to see to her, something’s not right.” said Mr. Weasley hurrying after his wife.

“I said she was as pretty as you.” said Harry with a sneer.

Dean whistled low. “That statement will get you smacked.”

“That’s showing dignity.” said Dr. Clark.

“Oh, I liked this class.” said Parvati.

“See, Hagrid, you just needed a sample class and a boost in confidence.” said Remus kindly.
“She didn’t like that one bit.” said Millicent.

“Her fault, she signed up for a class that included animals with teeth.” said Mrs. McFinn with a slightly mischievous smile.

Harry reached around and gave Mrs. McFinn a peck on the cheek.

“Why couldn’t Kettleburn do this?” whined Sirius.

“My locket was hiding in my shirt, it wouldn’t be able to see it.” said Harry.

“You want one?” asked Sirius.

“What are you going to do? Buy me a menagerie?” said Harry.

“Wonder how she’s doing?” said Harry thoughtfully.

“Probably still getting that stuff off her face.” said one of the Greengrass sisters.

“Make yourself rich in a few hours if you pick the right place.” said Ron.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“As long as you niffler proof your house then you should be fine, but you have to redo the spell every other week.” said Charlie. “A mate of mine has a niffler, for a pet. Like clockwork he has to do the spells all over again.”

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Least Harry is covert about it.” said Dennis.

Dialogue set.

“Great, not just a brute, but a thief.” muttered Professor Sprout.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Good for you Ron!” said Bill with a clap to the back of his youngest brother. He was a little worried that their parents weren't there, he wondered what had his mother so upset.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Hagrid actually kept some of those letters.” said Harry.

“Why did you ask to see them?” asked Sirius.

“I didn’t…I sort of…snuck into Hagrid’s that night and wrote down the names of the people stupid enough to put their names down.” said Harry.

“Then what did you do?” asked Remus.

“Posed as a magical solicitor, how did that letter go again:

*Mr or Mrs. So and so. As representative for Professor Ruebeus Hagrid, I’m am to inform you that he had received your correspondence. In accordance to sanction of something paragraph whatever*
your letter was a direct threat to his personal being. Please be warned that if another correspondence of this sort is sent by you than we will have to pursue charges against you.

Have a pleasant day,

Lord H.”

“Lord H?” asked Fred.

“Can’t exactly say Harry Potter, or HJP. They’ll know right away I’m not old enough.” said Harry.

“You're wonderful.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“That’s not all I did, when I got ahold of some of the letters and envelopes that were sent to Hermione, I sent quite a few Howlers and strongly worded letters.”

“What did those look like?” asked Sirius.

“Just something along the lines of 'Hermione's not my girlfriend, Skeeter was just stirring up trouble 'cause I won't talk to her and if you threaten Hermione again I'm going to get a hold of the authorities and have you arrested.' I wasn't using very flowery words.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“If the author of that note had any decency, he’d jump in a lake.” said Ernie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Any flavor is right when it’s chocolate.” said Lupin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.
“Well that’s half true, I wasn’t worried that night, and I wasn’t worried in general.” said Harry.

“Not this again.” said Fred.

“You two just got back to being friends!” said George.

“I get tired of that sort of argument.” said Harry.

“And I hate being famous, see, we don’t get what we want sometimes.” said Harry shortly.

“But at least you don’t let him suffer for his.” said Sirius proudly.

“I have to, why should he?” asked Harry.

“That sort of thinking can take over your entire life.” said Professor Dumbledore calmly.

“After that little episode, all Howlers not sent by parents of the child were banned from Hogwarts, anyone sending one would be fined ten galleons.” said Dumbledore sternly. “Sadly, the school made about five hundred galleons, though we should be thankful they never made it to Hermione.”
“You destroyed them?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Oh yes, not only were a few fined, but some were even arrested for harassing children.” said McGonagall. “Not many of them liked that on their record. They’ve had to move, they weren’t allowed to be within three quarters of a mile of a child.”

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, how is she doing that?” asked Remus.

“Did you get a hold of the papers?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“I did, and I threatened them with a harassment suit, but unfortunately, they began preaching that the people had a right to know.” said Dumbledore coldly.

“Fired, every last one of them.” muttered Leroy coldly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“Harry didn’t want to let the cat out of the bag and do the counter curse in front of everyone.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

“So your eye doesn’t work on Animagi?” asked Blaise.

“Not unless you know how to force it to look for them.” said Moody.

“Force?” asked Draco.

“I can make my eye excel in it’s perception.” said Moody. “Took a long time of training, but I got it.”

Dr. Nicodemus smirked. “I knew you wouldn’t just take the eye for what it could do normally.”

Moody looked at him, with both eyes.

“And you’ve only scratched the surface.” he added cryptically.

Dialogue line.
“Nah, wouldn’t work in here.” said Dean. “Tried bringing a radio here, wouldn’t turn on.”

“No…not that.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

“They’ve got a point.” said Fred.

“Oh, no. I had something better in mind.” said Hermione with a wicked smile.

“I’m just that good!” said Hermione proudly.

“I had nothing on you.” said Sirius darkly.

“Bullshit, I wasn’t forced to eat diseased rats.” said Harry.

“Watch your mouth, young man.” said Mrs. McFinn firmly.
“Yes ma’am.” said Harry quietly.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph, third sentence.

“I’ll have to try that!” said Mrs. McFinn excitedly, “I’ve only filled Harry’s with chocolate cream.”

End of fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

“I didn’t quite notice, I thought you…never mind.” said Ron.

“Man, hope mum wasn’t one of the ones that sent the nasty letters.” said Charlie. quietly to his older brother.

“Though, that would explain why she took off.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Letter from Percy.

“Well sod off to you too.” said Fred.

“Forget you and the hippogriff you rode in on.” said George.

Forty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“Ha! Don’t ruin perfection.” said Sirius.

End of forty-third paragraph.
Mrs. Diggory leaned forward in her chair, this was her sons final days...she wanted to hear her sons words. The words that came out of her precious boy’s mouth.

“Bet you confused the hell out of him with that.” said Ron.

“Not really, I voiced that when he asked.” said Harry. “Besides, he also took Care of Magical Creatures.”

“We’ll still never forgive them for doing that.” said Fred.

“The ground still isn’t the same.” said George.

“Horrifying it is.” said the twins.

“Oh for Merlin’s sake.” said Professor McGonagall rubbing her eyes, though a smirk played on her lips.

“She still wants to thank you for doing that.” said Bill. “Though she doesn’t know what to do.”

“She doesn’t need to.” said Harry.
“Hoped so.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Oh, a barrel of laughs.” said Charlie.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“What’s a vord?” asked George.

“And how do you haff?” said Fred mockingly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, you’re trusting Krum?” asked a first year.

“He hadn’t done anything to me before.” said Harry.
“Is he worried that Rita will overhear?” said Emmeline.

“That’s it.” said Harry.

Silence covered the student body.

“Are you kidding me?” said Ernie.

“He viewed you as a threat?” said a snarky Slytherin girl. “You’re not the best looking guy here, he had nothing to worry about.”

Harry looked at her plainly, he had nothing to say. “Never claimed to be....” he thought to himself.

A few girls muttered how she wouldn’t be able to land a halfway decent looking bloke, even if she had the personality of a saint or nymph.

“Not that he has strong feelings for Hermione.” said George with a snigger.

“But ‘Blimey how bloody tall are you?’” said Fred.

“Cause she's/he’s my friend.” said Hermione.
“I almost began to laugh.” said Harry. “I have Quidditch rivals, general school rivals, track rivals and even job rivals, never had a love rival….well, not before that year.”

“Wow, you guys are now swapping Seeker stories!” said Charlie with an impressed smile.

“Whoa, isn’t Krum older, shouldn’t be the one with the instincts?” said Seamus.

“Harry’s going to protect him, that’s priceless.” said Dean.

“What the hell?” asked Rudolph.

“He probably had.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“Bet she left you to come across on your own.” said Hermione darkly.
“Right on the money.” said Harry.

End of sixtieth paragraph.

“Sort of what we’d like to do to you right now.” said Professor Flitwick.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I’ve never had to deal with nutty people, so I took it slow.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“’Parently he hadn’t had to deal with nutters either.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Sirius and Remus leaned forward in shock.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“Hopefully Dumbledore decides to stroll by.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wasn’t sure where the conversation was going.” said Harry somberly.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Sirius and Remus’ hands tightened their grip on their hands.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wonder how Fudge’s wife took to having him not come home for a long time.” said Hannah. “When the Rangers took him.”

“I wonder what made Crouch think of his son like that all of a sudden.” said Justin.

“He never mentioned his son to me.” said Percy with a thoughtful look.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Must be delusional.” said McGonagall. “His son didn’t get that many, six at the most.”
“You didn’t mention that you run faster than anyone else in the school.” said Dr. Clark proudly.

“Get away from him.” said Sirius. “He’ll do you a massive injury.”

“Don’t think I wanted to stay.” said Harry.

“Tell…Dumbledore…now…” said the adults slowly.

“Will you let me get there?” said Harry.

“Holy freaking Christ!” said Terry.
“Just start spouting off sweets, the door will open eventually.” said Fred and George together.

End of seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-second paragraph.

“I’ll admit, looking back, it was funny.” said Harry.

“Why is that?” asked Sirius.

Harry put on his best ‘Snape-like face’ and beckoned to an invisible person with his forefinger.

“That’s not funny.” said Neville with a squeak.

“I thought it was.” said Harry with a smile.

Snape tried hiding a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Can’t you see this is an emergency?” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Severus! This was an emergency! Surely you looked into the boy’s mind and saw that!” squeaked Professor Flitwick angrily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Didn’t you hear him?” said Professor Sprout.
“Severus, someone could have been in serious trouble, and there was. If this happens again, escort them quickly to me.” said Dumbledore. “Every second is crucial in emergencies such as this, it could have made a significant change in events.”

Dialogue line.

“Good, finally someone who will listen.” said Sirius agitatedly.

Dialogue line.

Several students snorted, trying to stifle their laughter the best they could, to avoid the wrath of the Potions Master. The smile he did have a while ago, was now replaced with snarl.

Dialogue line.

“Thank you for going at his pace and not your own.” said Madam Pomfrey. “Goodness knows he doesn’t need another heart attack.”

End of dialogue set.

“What didn’t you trust him?” asked Hermione.

“He was not personally known to me, I was skeptical at his ability to protect Crouch in his vulnerable state.” said Dumbledore. “His skills that he had shown during the tasks were…less than stellar.”
"Viktor?" Harry shouted.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

“That’s not good.” said Draco. “Not good at all.”

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sirius threw his arms around his godson’s lean chest.

“What’s up?” asked Harry.

“Thank god you weren’t there with him.” said Sirius. “I can only imagine what would have happened.”

Dialogue line.

“I didn’t want to let you out of my sight, not with an unknown assailant out and about.” said Dumbledore calmly.
“Really thankful you weren’t there.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-second paragraph.

“How fortunate he was there.” said Moody sarcastically.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Should have left Fang with Harry, could have used some extra protection.” said Hagrid.

“Isn’t he a coward?” said Ron.

“Not against wizards he aint.” said Hagrid. “He’s gettin’ braver.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Say hello to international conflict.” said Percy slapping a hand to his head.
“You prat! Do you think we would have knocked off your champion without a task going on?” said George.

“If we wanted to knock him off, we’d of switched out your champion’s wand after the weighings and had him turned into a Durmstang Drumstick for the dragons!” said Fred.

“He didn’t’ want him in the bloody thing to start with!” said Sirius.

The hall went silent, all except for the cracking of Hagrid’s wooden chair as he tightened his grip on the arm rests.

“This…is not good…” said Ginny.

“Not with Hagrid there it isn’t.” said Luna simply.

“Not only did I need Harry in a safe place, but the walk with someone he’s gentle with will calm him down.” said Dumbledore fingering an empty phial.
“You alright sir?” asked Harry.

“Fine, dear boy…just fine…” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Bet that confused the hell out of Karkaroff.” said Remus with a small smile.

Dialogue set.

“Because, dear child, you just had contact with Sirius and you’d tell him everything.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

“I had never heard that dog growl or look that menacingly before.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, eighth sentence.

“Whaddye do?” said Harry innocently.

Dialogue set.

“Thanks for taking confidence in me to hold my own in a fight.” said Harry with smirk up to Hagrid who looked sheepish.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I think Hagrid’s just been having row with Madam Maxime.” said Fred.
“Sorry…” said Hagrid guiltily.

“Wow…” said a few students looking at Hagrid.

“I was fine Hagrid, I had just had a bad run with bad moods.” said Harry with a smile.

“Well, there’s a shock that he tells them what’s going on.” said Seamus.

“Well, that’s the end of that.” said Blaise holding out the book. He didn’t mind reading, it was sort of fun. “Here Draco.”

“I don’t want to…” said Draco.

“Trust me, it’s not bad.” said Blaise extending the book further towards his friend.


“Aw…hell.” said Harry burying his face in his hands.

Thanks for reading, please review
To Dream A Dream

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Or someone took him away.” said Kingsley thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

“Good thinking, lad.” said Moody with a gruff smile.

Dialogue line.

“You can if the Headmaster allows, and the Headmaster was allowing members of the Ministry to come and go at their reasonable leisure.” said Flitwick.

Hermione looked down.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He could have transfigured the body into something, like a rock or whatnot.” said Dr. Clark reaching into his pocket and drawing out a book of magical terms he had been writing down.

“Very good reasoning!” said Professor Flitwick applauding the muggle doctor.

Dialogue line.

“No, don’t fret, you could have had it right.” said Remus.

First paragraph.
“I should have sent you to Madam Pomfrey, she would have put you right to sleep.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Dialogue line.

“What are you? An Auror?” said Tonks.

Hermione smiled.

“Wasn’t meaning that as a compliment, friends don’t interrogate each other, should have memorized what he said the first time.” said Tonks.

“First four times.” muttered Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Not the time, Miss Granger, the man is missing.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not Ron, too!” said Tonks.

“You’re getting a voice recorder for Christmas, that way they can leave you alone.” said Dr. Clark.

“I could kiss you.” said Harry with a smile. Ron and Hermione looked down guiltily.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Poor man…” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue set.
Several people turned and stared at Snape, who looked down.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

As Snape looked down, he almost laughed out loud.

Dialogue line.

“Me either.” said Sirius trying hard not to snicker.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I knew we should have included Hogsmede.” said Sirius.

“We would have had to go into people’s houses, we weren’t able to do that. Remember that seventh year the first time we went to Hogsmede?” said Remus.

“He was just a perv, we just wanted a map.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

The hall was silent.

“Uh…we can explain…” said Fred.

“Well, mum ain’t here, so she won’t badger you about the blackmail.” said Charlie.
“I’m more shocked that the two of you are fighting,” said Bill.

“Who on earth were you talking about?” said McGonagall.

“Uh…maybe you’ll find out later…” said Fred softly.

“You sure you don’t want to talk about it now, as opposed to when Mum shows up?” asked Ron.

“Oh…uh…It’s Bagman…he wasn’t paying the money he owed us from the Cup, he just took our money and ran with it.” said Fred.

“Haven’t gambled with adults since.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Gotta admit, that was pretty funny.” said the four of them together.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

“Well, you guys were there sending a letter at that time.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

“Tut tut tut, don’t be so nosy now.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Liar.” said the mass of students in unison.

“Great, now the whole school is in on our racket.” said Fred.
“Hear hear, he’s only looking out for you guys.” said Bill.

“Yeah you will.” said the twins with a smirk.

“This was a new mystery.” said Ron.

“Nice that Harry trusts us.” said George.

“That was a bad few chapters.” said Remus.

“You’re telling us.” said Ron and Harry together.
“That’s a bit much.” said Harry. “Especially for them.”

Dialogue set.

“It was always our dream.” said Fred and George.

“Sorry we’re late.” said Mr. Weasley as he led his wife into the Great Hall. She was dabbing her eyes with her husband’s handkerchief.

“You alright mum?” said Bill earnestly.

“I’m…I’m fine.” said Mrs. Weasley thickly. She walked over to Hermione and wrapped her arms around her. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.”

Hermione blushed, but she smiled and patted her back. “It’s okay, I forgive you.”

Draco and Snape looked at each other and rolled their eyes, such sentiment….nearly made them gag.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Say what?” asked Mr. Weasley as he sat his wife down beside him.

“Nothing…” said Fred and George together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Silly school rule?” said the teachers with amusement.

End of dialogue set.

“What?” said Mrs. and Mr. Weasley.

Fred and George looked uncomfortable. “Maybe they should have held off coming back in.”

Dialogue set.

“I wouldn’t…” said Percy.

“We aren’t about to test those waters.” said Charlie.
He would too.” said Kingsley quietly.

Holy cow, even she wasn’t paying attention.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

Tonks giggled.

Sirius leaned forward in the seat.

“I was fine.” said Harry quietly.

“You’re in a room alone with a Death Eater, you’re not fine.” said Sirius.

“We were there.” said Hermione. “He wasn’t alone.”

“I can’t see a Death Eater being put off by two extra teens.” said Remus.

“If Moody had said that, that’s the biggest compliment anyone could have received.” said Sprout.
End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“His doesn’t, we’ve been saying all along that they were given special permission, if Crouch was with them.” said Bill.

“He missed that briefing.” said McGonagall. “He was not aware of it. The teachers were also given special permission to apparate in and out of the school grounds.”

“Thank god he didn’t know about that.” said Sirius rubbing the back of Harry’s neck, “He could have taken Harry at any time.”

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“You don’t’ need to thrust yourself forward like that lad, you’ve got the makings as well.” said Moody. “You both need some polishing up, bit more imagination.” he looked at Hermione. “And a bit more training.” he looked at Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Harry snorted in disgust, “Looking after his own ass there.”

Twentieth paragraph.

“Not with everything going on, that’s not surprising.” said Madam Bones.

“Which he shouldn’t have been forced to do.” said Dumbledore quietly to himself.

Harry scowled

“And go figure, he nicks you when you are supposed to be on your own.” said Remus.

“Small miracle.” said Harry.

“Not even a date?” said Harry with a raised brow.

“You knew what I meant!” said Sirius.

“But how did you know Viktor and I weren’t having a secret rendezvous?” said Harry with a smirk. “Rita did say that we were in a love triangle, who’s to say that there had to be one person being betrayed?”

Sirius looked at Harry in shock.
“You’re hilarious.” said Harry with a laugh at his godfather’s face.

_End of letter from Sirius first paragraph._

“See! See! Right there!” said Sirius.

“I’m not going my whole life looking over my shoulder, I’d like some peaceful times here.” said Harry.

_End of letter from Sirius._

“I was expecting a Howler.” said Harry.

“Sure try and get in me trouble with the Headmaster.” said Sirius.

_Dialogue line._

“I didn’t have someone out to kill me.” said Sirius.

_Dialogue line._

_Dialogue line._

“Except a dragon and a lake full of merpeople.” said Remus.

_Dialogue set._

_Dialogue set._

“Not yet anyway.” said Sirius.

“I just wanted to think I could be no more special than anyone else.” said Harry.

_Dialogue line._

_Dialogue line._

“That would have been a plausible explanation of death if it had happened that way.” said Lionus.

_Dialogue set._
“Still have that note, oh what I wouldn’t have given to take you over my knee right then and there.” said Sirius reaching into his pocket and reading the bit of parchment.

“Fine, I’ll be a good little boy and stay in the castle and I won’t talk to Death Eaters, suspect or otherwise.”

“Love Harry

P.S. Guess that means I can’t talk to you either.

“So sue me, I was pissed.” said Harry.

“That hurt.” said Sirius.

“So did restricting me to the castle.” said Harry.

“I only said you couldn’t go out at night!” said Sirius.

“Yeah? Well, all the bloody practice I had to do, that was the only time I would have been able to get a bit of fresh air.” said Harry hotly.

“Harry, we were trying to help you.” said Hermione rolling her eyes.

“Yeah, great way to spend what might have been the last few weeks of my life, not able to enjoy myself.” said Harry shortly.

That silenced everyone around him.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

“You…?” said Terry.

“Never really had need of it, I had a better spell to knock people out.” said Harry.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Felt good to me, after all the bickering you two put me through.” said Harry quietly. with a sneer.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“You kidding? I’m enjoying this!” said Harry with a laugh.

“I know just how you feel, we used Peter for target practice a time or two as well.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“He saved my ass, I’m not knocking him out.” said Harry.
“It’s difficult to aim once you’ve been stunned, Miss Granger.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“Chicken.” said Fred.

“She should put it out during the hotter days, I’ve had several students nearly succumb to heat exhaustion.” said Madam Pomfrey stiffly.

Several people snorted.

“Nap time!” said Fred, George, Lee, Sirius and Ron together.

“Wow, he’s never fallen asleep in a class other than history before.” said Dean.
“This must be the dream that the title was referring to.” said Firenze.

“It must be another Morpheusus pathway.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Oh….crap…this isn’t good.” said Justin.

“No…it’s like that other…Morphy whatsit…” said Ernie.

“Huh? Who’s dead?” asked a first year.

Harry soon found himself swarmed with hands and arms grasping him and holding him tightly.

“Somehow, I feel small pity for him.” said Sirius. “Not much…”
The grip on his clothes and arms tightened quickly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-fifth paragraph.**

“Didn’t know what the hell was going on, scared the crap out of me.” said Ron.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.” said Charlie.

“Wasn’t even a premonition, it happened right then and there.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“You don’t know how right you are.” said Hannah.

**Thirty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He’s actually surrendering to Madam Pomfrey?” said Fred.

“That’s a new one.” said George.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Testy testy.” said George.

No one was really speaking, the Dark Lord muttering about feeding Harry to a large snake unnerved everyone.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph.**
“Don’t rightly care.” said Harry sourly.

“Thought not.” said Madam Pomfrey smugly.

“Freaked the hell out of me.” said Harry softly.

People giggled softly.

“That wasn’t the password last time.” said Zacharias. “Why would it…”

“That’s enough.” said Professor Sprout.

“That was three years ago he told you! How the heck did you remember that?” asked Mr. Weasley in amazement.

Dumbledore chuckled to himself warmly.
“Oh it won’t be that.” said Professor Vector.

“Oh it won’t be that.” said Professor Vector.

“You just have to not think about it.” said Dumbledore looking up innocently.

“One of these days, you’re going to lose that nose of yours.” said Sirius tweaking his godson’s nose.

“Well, then the connection is staring at him right in the face.” said Madam Bones.

“How about not being back yet?” said Dr. Clark loudly.

“The man was perfectly sane before this Tournament happened, it was to no…well, there was fault but none he could have foreseen.” said Dumbledore.
“You got him there.” said Nightstrike with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Several more people laughed.

Dialogue set.

Lionus fixed the Minister with a firm gaze.

Dialogue line.

“Too right!” said a few students loudly.

“I think you’ve lost any hope of being reelected far into the future.” said Emmeline Vance looking up at the ashen faced man.

End of chapter.

“Ruin Harry’s grand entrance.” said Dean.

“That’s all there is for this.” said Draco holding out the book. “Who wants it?”

“I’ll take it.” said Neville with a smile. “The next chapter is called Chapter Thirty.”

Harry sent a sympathetic look to Neville as he sat oblivious to what lay ahead.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
Collecting One's Thoughts

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

First paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

“Well that’s nice! You can ask them for advice!” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He obviously didn’t care about anyone else, what would he care if I told him that I was in crippling pain?” said Harry with a shrug.

“I don’t think he’d bat an eye.” snarled Sirius up to the man.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Several people snorted.

“That’s sticking it to him.” said Fred laughing loudly.

Fourth paragraph.

“If I could have applauded you, dear boy, I would have done so most eagerly.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“Should be embarrassed, coming up with that idea.” said Tempest shortly.

“Did you just think he stopped by to have a chat with the Headmaster? During class time?” said McGonagall with a raised eyebrow.

“I couldn’t even begin to wonder why he needed to speak with me. I felt he had told me all he knew about the night prior’s events.” said Dumbledore.

“Come on, just say feathered baby-sitter.” said Sirius. “He’d always leave him in there with us when we got in trouble, if we did something to his office, he’d fly off and get the Headmaster.”

“Did you ever try anything?” asked Fred eagerly.

“We switched out his Lemon Drops with other ones that were made with no sugar, those things were sour as hell.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“First time Dumbledore ever gave us detention, never mess with his candy.” said Remus with a smile.

“I wouldn’t just leave him with you boys, I also left him with Harry when in his infancy. Fawkes would always wrap his wings around him and keep him warm when we’d come to babysit.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile. “Fawkes loves to snuggle down with small children.”

“They’re pretending.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“Small mercy,” said Harry.

“We don’t want to know, do we?” asked Mrs. Diggory.

“Not really.” said Remus.

“Really don’t want to know.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“Why look at Fawkes?” asked Remus.

“I don’t know, to make sure that he wasn’t what might have passed for glaring.” said Harry with a shrug.

“Wow, that sounds really cool.” said Colin with wide eyes.

Dumbledore and Snape smiled. (Snape covered his face to hide his weakness in controlling his emotions.)

“Finally, he thinks before he acts.” said Snape removing his hand.

“That little unconscious action tells you you’re doing something naughty and you should stop.”
said George with an airy voice.

“Never stopped us, we’re just saying.” said Fred.

End of tenth paragraph.

Harry blushed while Dumbledore chuckled.

“What’s the joke?” asked Dr. Clark.

“You’ll find out.” said Remus with a smile.

Eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.

“And to think, I thought you had boundaries with your meddling.” said Snape dragging his hand down his face.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark and a few students looked around at each other in confusion.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dumbledore pressed the tips of his fingers together, a slight smile played on his lips, he marveled at the intuition the boy had.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“He’s looking at the courtrooms.” said Madam Bones softly. “But which case is this?”

Fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Wha…What the hell?” said Neville holding the book away from himself.
“Please continue, Mr. Longbottom.” said Dumbledore quietly. “It will be explained later I suspect.”

Eighteenth paragraph.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“I’m confused.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“You aren’t the only one.” said Dr. Clark.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“What did he say?” asked a first year to Dumbledore.

“I do not know, I wasn’t there.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Huh? Was it an imposter?” asked Neville.

“No, that is I sitting there.” said Dumbledore still smiling.

“But you said that you weren’t there to hear him.” said Bill.

“That I wasn’t.” said Dumbledore.

Silence ensued.

“My brain hurts, just read on.” said Charlie waving to Neville.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“That hurt my feelings.” said Harry with a pout.

Dumbledore sent him a regretful smile.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“PLEASE EXPLAIN!” said Charlie loudly.

“Thinking ain’t your strong suit is it?” said the twins teasingly.
“No, but I’m pretty good about pounding on the two of you.” said Charlie darkly.

Fred and George stood up and ran to their mother and father’s sofa.

“Mummy!” said Fred.

“Daddy!” said George.

“Charlie’s threatening us!” they said together and pointing towards Charlie.

“You’re on your own.” said Mr. Weasley with a sly smile.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Very good.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile. “Though, it *is* a bit unfair that you’ve had this experience before.”

“Gotta cheat when I can.” said Harry with a mirrored smile back to the Headmaster.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“That and I’ve always wanted to do that.” said Harry with a smile.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Oh shit!” said Dr. Clark holding Harry tightly.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“How could you? You're in a memory?” said Snape with a raised brow.

“Didn’t mean that I don’t remember what it feels like to be around them.” said Harry.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

“I hope I never have to hear of those things again.” said Mrs. McFinn wiping her face with a white handkerchief.
Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Bet that came as a bit of a shock.” said Bill.

“So, you were watching his sentencing?” said Ginny looking over to Harry.

“’Parently.” said Harry with a shrug.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“That’s creepy.” said Dr. Clark.

“They’re charmed to be unbreakable.” said Kingsley.

“Yeah, but chains? That went out long ago in our world. Nowadays you just have cuffs for the most part.” said Dr. Clark. “Chains…just sound barbaric…can’t you enclose him in a bubble or something?”

“That’s what we do.” said Lionus. “When we are not sure of their guilt and we’re questioning them. Chains for when they’re guilty beyond a shadow of a doubt, but not before.”

Madam Bones looked pensive.

Dialogue set.

“They always try and bargain their ways out.” said Sirius.

“Didn’t you try?” asked Hermione.

“I didn't have anything to bargain with…and even if I could they'd just locked me up and forgot me. No trial, no nothing. Just the occasional food and water.” said Sirius. “Peter's betrayal hurt a lot of people.”

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“I’ll just bet you would.” said Moody with a snarl.

End of dialogue set.

“So he can cut his sentence in half.” said Nightstrike with a snarl. “Thank god we have a system, ‘You in, You stay.’”
“Those were the smart ones.” said Fred crossing his arms.

“Was still debating if having the eye was worth it.” said Moody. “It is.”

“That’s bad trading, that is.” said Tonks with a frown. She was fond of her mentor, and he put his heart and soul into the work, for politicians to do that, was unfair.

“No one really likes them.” said Sirius darkly, “It just depends on how strong your hate for them is.”

“Does not matter, I am not fond of those creatures.” said Dumbledore coldly.

“Quit dancing around and get on with it.” said Tempest stamping her hoof She hated justice being
traded for convenience like this. Send them in, and if they have information, they’d spill it, if only to mediate their judgment in the afterlife.

Firenze placed a hand on her shoulder, she looked to him and stopped pawing at the ground.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So he doesn’t have anything? What was he going to gain from coming there, a day off?” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

A few people scoffed. “Yeah right.”

Dumbledore merely twiddled his thumbs. *I suppose, I am alone in this.*

“He must be desperate.” said Luna. “To risk having his fellow followers come after him. He must really have repented, at least a little.”

Dumbledore smiled over to the girl.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, that’s one name in the toilet.” said George.

“Got any more Karkky?” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.
“We should have Potter sit in these sort of things, just in the shadows, observing some of these people, the way he can read people.” muttered Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Ooh, two down.” said Fred.

“Keep on trying!” said George.

Dialogue line.

The students absent mindedly began to touch their noses.

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Horrible…horrible tragedy.” said Dumbledore wiping his eyes on a purple handkerchief.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“That was a big name to call out, especially at that time.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He gave one name, that was it.” said Fred.

“Eh, knock a minute off his sentence of life.” said George.
The hall went dead silent. The students turned and looked at Snape slowly. Snape only focused his gaze on his hands.

They turned to look at Dumbledore, who looked at Neville.

“Read on, please, Mr. Longbottom.” said Dumbledore.

“But…but sir…” said Neville, his face pale and held a look of betrayal.

“Here, Nev. I’ll read.” said Harry standing up and walking over to where the reader sat. “Come on, give it up.”

“No. He!....” said Neville pointing to Snape.

“Neville, if he was still a Death Eater, I’d be dead long before this right?” said Harry with a smile.

“Sure but…” said Neville.

“He’s fine for now, now…come on…” he said taking the book. He sat back down and read from where they left off.

“Wow…” said the students looking at Snape again, this time he looked up, daring them to throw accusations at him.

“A Spy?” said a first year girl from Hufflepuff.

“That’s so cool!” said a first year Gryffindor student.

Snape blinked.

“That must have been dangerous!” said another first year student.

“He’s a hero like Harry and Ron and Hermione and Dumbledore and…” said a second year Ravenclaw student.

“To be able to spy on You-Know-Who?” said a third year Hufflepuff. “That’s super brave!”

“He must be super powerful!” said his friend.
Snape looked at the students in confusion, almost all of the students were looking at him in admiration...and it wasn’t the students of his house that were looking at him with it. They too were looking at him with reverence, but all the houses were sharing the same look.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph, third sentence.

“That was freaky.” said Harry. “I didn’t expect this place to find smiles, least not ones that were real.”

Forty-second paragraph, seventh paragraph.

“Wish I could have hit her.” said Harry muttering.

“Did you try?” asked Remus.

“Better believe it.” muttered Harry.

End of forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph.

“And you mentioned something like the place being like a sporting event.” said Fred.

“You’re creepy.” said George.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, what the hell did he do?” asked Seamus.

“You’ll find out.” said Harry. “Just be patient.”

Forty-fifth paragraph.
“And a cheat.” muttered George.

“Hey, he always could have, we’ll never know.” said Sirius.

“This was the beginning of his downfall.” said Dumbledore. “He had been taking the law to the extremes as of late.”

“It was true, he was only being used by Rookwood, he even admitted to that. He held no ill will towards Ludo, but his master ordered information and he had to get it from someone.” said Madam Bones.

“What do you expect with a sports hero? And to being a decent guy?” said Sirius. “Though…it wouldn’t have worked with me…”

“How come? You were a great guy…weren’t you?” asked Fred.

“Not according to a few women on what would have been the jury.” said Remus with a snicker.
“…That’s how he gets off? Being famous?” said Zacharias.

“Well, he was innocent of wrongdoing, being famous merely helped them choose quickly.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“He didn’t seem to mind him at the World Cup.” said Dr. Clark.

“Barty toned down his personality a bit after this.” said Bathilda Bagshot as she sipped her cup of tea.

“Have you had a talk with her yet about your parents?” asked Sirius.

“No...not yet, maybe this next weekend.” said Harry.

Fifty-first paragraph, fifth sentence.

“This one…doesn’t sound all that friendly like the last trial.” said Dean.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“What the heck is going on?” asked Terry.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The students stared at Harry. “Damn…” said a seventh year.

“Thank god I’m not his kid.” said his friend.
Harry read ahead quickly. Then he looked up, his eyes alight with green fire. “Anyone crack a joke or says anything cruel, I’m going to beat the shit out of them. Understand?” said Harry darkly.

Mrs. McFinn wanted to scold him on his language, but Sirius stopped her. “Let it go.”

Neville turned white. People looked around at each other, not saying a word, but looking at Neville with sympathetic looks.

“T-The hell it wasn’t.” muttered Neville angrily. Tonks stood up quickly and went to sit beside him and Luna, both gave him support by throwing their arms around him.

“People really like Frank and Alice.” said Remus softly. “They'd get visitors almost around the clock if they were able to receive them.”

“Yeah, but your husband is still a bloody coward.” said Sirius darkly. “He cried himself to sleep half the time.” he added still darkly.
“Whoa, how can anyone say that?” said Mr. Weasley in shock.

“Criminey… I could never do that… never…” said Dr. Clark clutching his throat. “My son could be the devil incarnate, and I wouldn’t do that… I wouldn’t give up my child.”

“I thought I was going insane.” said Harry.

“I did not blame your temptation, I... suppose that I allowed you to look into it.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

“Nothing to fear, unless you have need to.” said Dumbledore cryptically.
“I sort of try and get all I can in there.” said Harry with a sheepish smile.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“That stuff…is thought?” said Dr. Clark.

“Harry was in Dumbledore’s thoughts?” said Alicia.

“That’s nosy to a whole new level!” said Katie with a small laugh.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-second paragraph, third sentence.**

“That’s creepy…” said Justin.

**End of sixty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“You could have locked it up, he still would have looked inside.” said Snape.

“Somehow, I don’t quite doubt that.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

**Sixty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Follow who?” asked Colin.

Dumbledore gave no answer.

**Dialogue line.**
“You’re very kind.” said Dumbledore warmly.

“You don’t hear that often.” said Sirius with a snicker.

“He’s not the first one to be sent to me for falling asleep in her class.” said Dumbledore.

“It hasn’t been that long and he doesn’t forget people like that.” said Sirius.

“Hey, I’ve known someone who couldn’t remember the name of the blinking Prime Minister.” said Harry. “I wasn’t thinking straight either.”

“That made me sit up and take extreme notice.” said Dumbledore shaking slightly.

End of dialogue set.
“And I am not his only other correspondent.” said Dumbledore.

“Did he tell you about the pain I had?” asked Harry to Remus.

“He did.” said Remus. “And we both worried for you.” said Remus.

“I was lost in my thoughts.” said Dumbledore.

“Yeah, that’s a good question.” said a first year Slytherin.

“That’s creepy…I hope it was just a dream.” said a first year girl.
“Couldn’t that have waited?” asked Leroy. “I mean, Harry’s got worries and you’re multi-tasking.”

“So why peer into his mind?” asked Madam Bones quietly.

“So…you’ve been reading his past newspapers?” asked Mrs. McFinn to Dr. Clark.

“He’s got a large collection of them.” said Dr. Clark.

“I thoroughly enjoy the crosswords and comics.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “I wipe the paper clean after I complete the puzzles.”

“Now you’re just teasing him.” said Rudolph with a smirk.

“So many wrongful imprisonments…how many have I had a hand in it? And how many was I correct in?” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.
“It wasn’t your place to ask, so you naturally did not.” said Bathilda with a warm smile.

“No…Bella wasn’t so kind as to just kill them.” muttered Moody.

Several people looked down, sadness filling their eyes. They wouldn’t be able to stand it, if their parent’s had forgotten who they were.

“HE WAS!” shouted Neville angrily. And with that he stormed out.

Harry, Ron and Hermione made to follow him.

“No…you’ve done enough comforting, you can’t be everyone’s pain killer.” said Leroy sitting Harry down.

“You and the loss of family…don’t have the best track record.” said Rudolph pointing to Hermione and motioning her down, tears in her eyes. “And Ron…best keep Hermione here.”

“I will see to Neville.” said Dumbledore standing walking out of the room. “Best finish so we may take a break. I will return as soon as Neville is ready.”

Harry didn’t want to read on…but Dr. Clark urged him on. “Come on, just like a band-aid.”
“He doesn’t have the brains to use ‘em.” said Moody darkly.

“Don’t blame you, I don’t trust him.” snarled Moody.

“He didn’t even tell us this!” said Ron.

“So he kept his word at least.” said Sirius proudly.

“He still could have told us.” said Hermione.

“Wasn’t my place to tell you. And I found on accident.” said Harry.

“Well, that’s foreboding.” said Lionus.

“Alright, break time.” said Harry closing the book and laying it on his lap. He stood up and made for the door.
“Harry…” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I’m going for a breather.” said Harry. “Alone.”

The people in the bowl and the surrounding area looked at him sympathetically, they wanted to follow, but something told them not to push it. However, two people weren’t about to leave it alone…Harry brooding now, would not be the best idea.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
Harry went outside and walked to the tree that he, Ron and Hermione had graced with their presence time and time again. He reached up, grabbed a lower limb and pulled himself up into the tree. He sat carefully on the upper, stronger branches and looked out onto the grounds.

“These books are getting to be a bit much…wish we never started these damn things…” said Harry.

“If they hadn’t brought the books here, then you wouldn’t have the people you do have surrounding you.” said a calm voice beneath him.

Harry looked down and saw Tempest and Firenze, looking up at him from the ground.

“You don’t need to hold back with your words or thoughts either child.” said Tempest, with a slight smile.

“It’s pretty much my default setting, but…getting Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn back and Sirius’ freedom, doesn’t quite make up for all the grief thrown at me.” said Harry looking out onto the grounds with a slight frown. “And reliving some of this is sort of hard to do.”

“It is only by hearing of the past do we learn to not make the same mistakes in the future.” said Firenze.

“Yeah, but why does it have to be mine?” said Harry.

“To be honest boy, no one else’s is worth reading.” said Tempest with a whinnying laugh.

Harry looked out onto the grounds as the sun began to set.

“You will survive this Harry Potter, the stars have not fortold any mortal peril for you as of late.” said Firenze with a smile.

Harry sighed. “Then why do I keep getting this feeling that something bad is about to happen?’

“Perhaps it is because the book is coming to where your greatest enemy and greatest sorrow is coming to light.” said Firenze. “That is the origin of your dread.”

“Yeah, that could be it.” said Harry leaping out of the tree. “I’m going back inside, thanks…for…”

“Think nothing of it, I felt that you and brooding would not be the best thing.” said Tempest with a gentle smile. “And that is coming from someone who has not known you all that long.”

They watched the white haired young man go back inside, lost once again in his own thoughts.

“To think, before this happened, I thought nothing of others.” said Tempest.
“Do you regret coming here? Regret seeing life through another’s eyes?” said Firenze softly.

“There are times that I do wish that I was not changed, but...I would have missed out on so much, so I will endure the changes, and see where fate has decided to take me.” said Tempest slowly taking Firenze’s hand.

It was a little while till Dumbledore and Neville came back into the Great Hall, Neville’s eyes were red rimmed and still leaking tears, Dumbledore’s eyes were also moist and there seemed to have been a wet stain on the man’s cloak. It was obvious that Neville had been crying on the man’s shoulder.

“Let’s take care of another chapter, then perhaps some dinner.” said Dumbledore his voice a little hoarse.

“I hope I haven’t missed anything.” said Chief Hawkeye coming back, with Rita Skeeter in tow.

“Did you have to bring her?” groaned Harry.

“It was either she sits here, or she starts spewing everything to the world through the paper.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“All the luck to her in that aspect.” said Leroy viciously.

“Fine, she can stay.” said Harry. “As long as she keeps quiet.” muttered Harry.

“Oh, she’s already been silenced.” said Chief Hawkeye, pointing to an empty seat to where Rita hurriedly ran to. “She won’t be able to speak, even if she wants to.”

He took his seat, and looked over to the book. “Where are we at?”

Harry read the title. “Chapter Thirty-One I don’t want to read this one.”

“I’ll take it.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“I didn’t share the thing I wasn’t supposed to.” said Harry.

End of first paragraph.

“I’ve got enough in there, let other people carry some of it.” said Harry.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“That sounds kind of final.” said George.
“Like he’s trusting Dumbledore to trust Snape.” said Fred.
“Nah!” said Fred and George together.

“What’s she got to do with anything?” asked Sirius.
“Aside from she deserves to be in that prison of yours.” said Dr. Clark darkly.

“That news didn’t exactly curl my hair, must be the nonsense she normally spits out.” said Hermione smugly.
Rita glared over to the bushy haired girl.

“Still can’t believe that Crouch complained that much about him, and yet seemed fine with him in public.” said Dean.
“Bagman is a popular guy in and outside the Ministry, he’d have to watch what he said about him.” said Mr. Weasley with a slight smile.

“He probably still would have said it if they were standing on the other side of Europe.” said Terry with a roll of his eyes.
Fudge glared hard at the floor.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Hmph, I would stand proud and tall.” said Tempest with a frown. “There is no pride in denying your heritage.”

“Emphasis on the tall part.” muttered Nightstrike, Fred and George together.

Tempest fingered her circle blade menacingly.

Fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“We were talking!” said Ron.

End of fifth paragraph.

“Wait, do you want me to sleep or practice the charm, cause I can’t do both.” said Harry with a smile.

Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.

Neville eyes looked down, but he smiled when Luna hugged him warmly.

Sixth paragraph, fifth sentence.

Neville looked over to Harry in shock.

“For crying out loud, will you hold onto something!” said Sirius covering his eyes with his hand. “Quit giving it to other people!”

Sixth paragraph, sixth sentence.

Remus smiled over to Harry, reached behind him and rubbed the back of his neck.
“He deserved it.” said Neville hotly, “He hurt my mom and dad.”

People across the hall all nodded.

“I pretty much didn’t care about my grades.” said Ron with a shrug. “I wanted to make sure my best mate survived this damned thing.”

“Yeah, but not practicing Transfiguration, Charms, Potions and Herbology is going to hurt you later.” said Charlie.

“Very impressive.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Only because you knew what exactly was going to happen.” said Mrs. McFinn. Looking at Harry’s face she added. “Well, apparently almost everything.”

“I’d want to see Harry go all out!” said a first year excitedly, completely forgetting what laid ahead.

“Do you go all out?” asked her friend.

“No.” said Harry simply. “But maybe I should have.” he added with a somber look.
Sirius began to laugh out loud.

“For Christ’s sake, get your mind out of the gutter!” said Remus.

**Tenth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.**

“Mastered?” asked Hermione.

“He don’t need a wand in order to use it.” said Ron with a shrug.

**Tenth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

Hermione blushed.

“Very impressive, Miss Granger.” said Professor Flitwick brightly.

**End of tenth paragraph.**

“Why not know the counter-jinx before you cast it on a friend?” asked Tonks.

Hermione blushed heavier and gave a guilty smile.

“You still having problems with that spell?” asked Remus.

“Not anymore.” said Harry.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Eleventh paragraph.**

“What the frick?” asked a seventh year Ravenclaw.

Chief Hawkeye sent Rita a dirty look.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Didn’t say he was, just said that what it looks like.” said Harry.
“And did that stop me from worrying about you? Not even one little bit.” said Harry looking over to Sirius. “You can keep telling me till you’re blue in the face.”

“See! I was trying to reassure him!” said Sirius.

“Save it for someone who’ll buy it.” said Harry. “I don’t lead a reassuring life.”

“For you and everyone on the staff.” said McGonagall.

“Still have it somewhere, I need to frame that thing of these days.” said Harry.

“Hope that isn’t the usual part.” said Leroy.

Rita glared fiercely at the girl.

“Hey you earned it.” said Lionus.
“What on earth is he talking about?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

The Rangers and Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn turned and stared at Rita.

“WHAT?” shouted Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn angrily.

“There is nothing wrong with my Harry!” screamed Mrs. McFinn.

“ONE TIME! IT WAS JUST THE ONE TIME!” shouted Ron angrily to the silenced witch.

“It’s not often at all!” said a first year.

“Yeah!” said another first year.

“He said HEADACHE!” said Dean shortly.

Everyone was getting angrier and angrier with each passing sentence.
“I asked at St. Mungos, they only asked Healer Gibbons, he’s always known to be a quack.” said Madam Pomfrey with a disdainful look over to Rita Skeeter. “You can never believe anything he says.”

Rita only rolled her eyes.

*Article dialogue line.*

“HE DOESN’T WANT IT!” shouted Fred.

“GET IT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULLS!” said George.

*Article fourth paragraph.*

*Article dialogue set, first sentence.*

“For the love of….what sort of honest answer can you get from a rival?’” said Rudolph.

Rita made a muffled sound, but nothing discernible was coming out.

“I believe she’s trying to say, ‘the most honest one.’” said Dumbledore darkly.

“Are you some kind of idiot?” said Rudolph angrily.

*Article dialogue set, second sentence.*

“Forget to mention it was you that conjured up that snake and brought the threat to the club, didn’t you?” snarled Charlie. “And that the snake stopped immediately and calmed down.”

“And that doing what you said he did would be completely out of character for him?” said Bill.

Draco cringed.

“You son of a...” muttered the two eldest Weasleys.

*End of article, dialogue set.*

“I’m going to whack out.” said Bill. “I’m going to…”

*Article, fifth paragraph, second sentence.*

“So what if Harry’s the first wizard on the good side that had the ability?” said Colin shortly.

“He wasn’t.” said Dumbledore. “There have been several good wizards with that ability, they didn't proclaim it to the rest of the world.”
“Dawlish.” said Kingsley, Moody, Tonks and Madam Bones together.

The Rangers raised their brows at this.

“I’ll show them violence.” said Lionus.

He didn’t want to take part in it in the first place!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

“Well, you're taking this well.” said Dr. Clark.

“Leroy! I’m begging you!” said Rudolph clasping his hands together. “I’ll do or get whatever you want, just fire her!”

Leroy sent a look over to Rita, but she only made the visible sign she was laughing.

“She’s saying…or thinking…that she was already fired from the Daily Prophet, this was her last ditch effort to get back on top.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, that’ll never happen, not only do I own Daily Prophet, Witch Weekly, and most of the stock in the Quibbler, I control the publishing works too, she’ll never print anything.” said Leroy. “My mother’s family was and still is big in the news and literature fields.”

That wiped the laughter right off of Rita's face.

“You all are idiots.” said Tonks with a growl.
“I was not in the mood for bouncing around theories.” said Harry.

“We thought she finally snapped.” said Ron.

“Mind sharing with the class?” asked George.

“Or at least with Ron and Harry?” said Fred.

“You’re right, she has snapped.” said Remus looking at Hermione in awe.

“Good plan.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“Scared the magic out of me.” said Harry. “I was prepared, but I needed a little more time than that!”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I would have been shocked, and then I would have shocked them.” said McGonagall flicking her wand causing a small lighting crackle to appear at the end of it.

“Would you have let me watch?” asked Harry eagerly.

“I would have sold tickets.” said McGonagall with a rare smile.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph, fifth sentence.

“Why not?” asked Blaise.

Twenty-third paragraph, sixth sentence, first dash.

Several people cringed.

“I could have had my mom and dad meet you.” said Lee.

“Yeah, my folks would have cheered you on!” said Alicia.

“Our too!” said Angelina and Katie together.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Who is waiting for you?” asked Dr. Clark.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“And if they were, I don’t want them here.” said Harry.
“Why were you grinning?” asked Dennis.
“I really have no idea.” said Harry.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Hear that? Bent down.” said Ron with a smirk.
“Wipe that smile off your face, before I rip it off you and beat you with it.” said Harry.
“And someone said you didn’t have violent tendencies.” said Percy with a laugh.
“This is different, this is Ron and his short jokes.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
“And you were.” said Charlie with a smile.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.
“And so it begins.” said Ginny with a giggle.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Well of course! Do any of you blame me?” asked Mrs. Weasley.
“Not one bit, Molly.” said Mr. Weasley quickly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“She always loved me.” said Bill with a smile.
“Wishin’ I had missed out on that.” said Harry.

“Then how the heck do you have any room for telling us off for staying up all night?” asked Fred.

“Because I’m your mother.” said Mrs. Weasly sternly.

“Yeah, that’ll do it.” said George.

“He was retired in our first year, we were the first trouble makers Filch had to deal with.” said Sirius proudly.

“Filch was Pringle’s deputy, so he’s been around here a long time.” said Remus. “Strange though, Filch never took on a deputy.”

“Well, he’s not the easiest person to work with…so no shock there.” said Sirius.

“You went to school here!” said Tonks.

“Still want to hear it from his point of view!” said Bill.

“Uh…hi?” said George.

End of dialogue set.
“Didn’t you ever wonder why he had no clue what you were talking about?” asked Charlie to Amos Diggory.

Mr. Diggory looked uncomfortable.

Mr. Diggory cringed even further into his chair.

“She wouldn’t have listened to me if I had managed to corner her and tell her off.” said Harry softly.

“Don’t let him get to you.” said Sirius soothingly, sending Mr. Diggory a furious look.

“Funny that’s what I told you when you were ranting about something that year.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile. “Though I didn’t know you acted on it.”

“The grounds never looked so lovely.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile. “As they do now.”

“And yet…” said Harry looking pointedly over to Fudge.
Fudge shifted uneasily.

End of dialogue set.

“Can’t see him being objective.” said Sirius smugly.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It was a History of Magic exam, it didn’t go well.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

“Can’t say I never did that.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

Thirty-first paragraph, first sentence, fifth comma.

“Killjoy.” said Fred with a teasing smile.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’m sorry Hermione.” said Mrs. Weasley once again.

“It’s alright.” said Hermione with a warm smile.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.
“Yeah she did.” said muttered Seamus.

“Of course not, the prejudice twit.” said Hermione darkly.

“Ooh, they had another fight.” said Lavender sadly.

“I was hoping you’d take the extended opportunity to eat a bit more.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Harry wasn’t listening, “Last meal, this was Cedric’s last meal...at least he was with his family.”

“Can’t Harry just hide under his bed until this all blows over?” said Tonks.

Sirius pulled Harry over to him, holding him tightly to his side.

“Must have looked terrifying to the other three, if Harry only thought it was creepy.” said Seamus.
Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Give up the moment you set foot inside.” said Dr. Clark eagerly.

“I don’t know if that would have been a good idea.” said Harry softly.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Forty-first paragraph.

“All the while praying,” said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Should have knocked him out and sent him back.” said Harry.

“Harry…” said Remus with a sympathetic look.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“The fake Moody was watching him.” said Professor Sprout in a whisper.
“Sound reasoning.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw student.

“That’s right be on your guard.” said Moody. “CONSTANT VIGILANCE!”

“What on earth?” shrieked Mrs. McFinn putting a hand to her breast.

“He does that a lot.” said Sirius with a smile.

“There’s nothing else you can do against those.” said Ron.

“What the hell is a Dementor doing there?” asked Remus.

“Cedric didn’t know how to make a Patronus!” said Mrs. Diggory.

“Don’t worry, it wouldn’t have bothered him.” said Harry.

“That’s cheating, it hasn’t happened yet.” said Fred.

“Whatever works.” said Harry with a shrug.

“Boggart.” said Sirius and Remus together.
“Took me a little while in order to keep it around, if only for a short time.” said Harry.

“Take care…” said Charlie looking slightly worried.

“Wasn’t the whole point of this trying to beat the others, not help the others?’ asked Zacharias.

“I can see you living your life as a cantankerous old coot who’s never had a steady girlfriend, but Harry’s a gentleman.” said Katie sticking her nose up in the air. “If a lady calls out for help, he goes and helps.”

“What the….?” said Ron.

“Don’t ask, I still have no idea.” said Harry.

Harry’s Thought.*

Sixtieth paragraph.
“I will admit, it was one of my spells.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “It was supposed to deter those who give up too easily. And fly into a panic.”

“Did the other champions go through it?” asked Dennis.

“Weaving the spell takes two hours of intense concentration, I only set up one golden mist.” said Dumbledore kindly.

**Sixty-first paragraph.**

**Sixty-second paragraph, third sentence.**

“Thank goodness I didn’t see that, I would thought you died.” said Sirius worriedly.

**End of sixty-second paragraph.**

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

“The odds still aren’t in your favor.” said Sirius. “You’ve still got two older wizards against you.”

**Sixty-fourth paragraph.**

“Pipe dream.” said Harry softly.

**Sixty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Way to go.” said George.

**End of sixty-fifth paragraph.**

“Ooh…wrong turn.” said Bill cringing.

**Sixty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-seventh paragraph.**

“Run for it!” shouted Dennis.
“I can just feel the gray hairs creeping up out of my scalp.” said Sirius.

“Wish I could feel the black coming back.” said Harry tugging his locks.

Mrs. Diggory leaned forward, did someone attack her son before You-Know-Who did?

“What the hell is he playing at?” asked Ron hotly.

Hermione looked horrified.

“He was Imperiused. He didn't realize what he was doing.” said Harry.
“Didn’t realize what had happened till later.” said Harry.

Mr. and Mrs. Diggory stared.

“If this tournament meant that people became that desperate to win it, better finish the damn thing off now.” said Harry.

“Lucky.” said Charlie.

“Do you guys have sphinxes?” asked an eager Hufflepuff first year to Chief Hawkeye.

“She protect the vaults of gold and jewels we have.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Why do you have so much?” asked the first year.
“Payroll.” said Lionus.

“How much is your payroll?” asked the first year.

“You really don't want to know.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“What’s her name?” asked Charlie.

“Gypsy.” said Tempest. “And don't expect her to show up here, she never leaves her post.”

End of eightieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Doesn’t hurt to ask, maybe she’ll take pity on you and let you in.” said Hannah.

Dialogue set.

“So…either know the answer completely, or just keep quiet.” said Leroy.

Eighty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“It takes me a while, Hermione can get it in less than a half hour.” said Harry.

End of eighty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-second paragraph.

Sphinx riddle.

Eighty-third paragraph.

“Let’s see, there’s….Fluffy.” said Fred.

“The Basilisk.” said George.

“Peeves.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“Dementor.” said Sirius giving Harry a squeeze.
“You-Know-Who.” said Ginny sticking her tongue out.

“Percy.” said Ron with a snigger.

“And Umbridge.” finished Remus.

“No fair…that’s the obvious answer!” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fifth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

“Didn’t think of that one.” said Fred.

End of eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“She raised her paw.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It’s the letter ‘D’.” said Dr. Nicodemus, he had worked out the riddle after hearing it the first time.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

“She’s nicer than what Gypsy is.” muttered Nightstrike.

“That is Gypsy.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Say what?” asked Nightstrike, Tempest looked over in shock.
“The Ministry needed a sphinx, and as opposed to losing a bunch of lives for a stupid game, best let one that isn’t bloodthirsty take care of the job.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Well, then she must have really like the kid.” said Nightstrike.

Dialogue line.

“Don’t blame you.” said Ron sticking his tongue out.

Eighty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninetieth paragraph.

Ninety-first paragraph.

Ninety-second paragraph, first sentence.

“Finally, this is all over.” said Mrs. McFinn with a huge sigh of relief.

End of ninety-second paragraph.

Ninety-third paragraph.

“Hang on! You’re faster than him!” said George.

“You were going…to lose on purpose…?” said Fred.

Harry shuffled his feet.

Ninety-fourth paragraph.

“That’s why that particular challenge is there, never let your guard down.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-fifth paragraph.

Hermione looked at Ron, who was drinking a large cup of pumpkin juice.

“What?” asked Ron.
“It’s a spider…” said Hermione.

“Huh…so it is.” said Ron.

“That tranquilizer seems to be working fine.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-sixth paragraph.

Sirius yelped and brought his knees up, hugging Harry tightly.

“You alright?” asked Sirius.

“No more than you.” said Harry.

Ninety-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

Soon everyone nearby was gripping Harry tightly.

End of ninety-seventh paragraph.

Ninety-eighth paragraph.

“You don’t even allow time to be in pain? You’re crazy.” said Ernie.

Ninety-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“That’s venom…” whimpered Sirius.

“Thank Merlin it was slow acting.” said Dumbledore placing a hand on his chest.

End of dialogue set.

One hundredth paragraph.
Mrs. Diggory’s hand flew to her mouth. So he wasn’t just speaking through remorse, he had offered Cedric the chance to win.

End of one hundred and first paragraph.

“I can’t exactly get over there.” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

One hundred and second paragraph.

“Yeah, come on!” said Dr. Clark, not knowing what was going to happen next.

One hundred and third paragraph.

“I forgot he said that.” said Harry.

“Will you two knock it off! One of you take it!” said Nightstrike.
The entire house of Hufflepuff, young and old stared at Harry in silence.

Mr. Diggory gasped and he bit his lip.

“Probably couldn’t believe that you would do that.” said Percy softly.

“A…what were they? A Portkey?” said Mrs. McFinn.
Mrs. Diggory and her husband looked sorrowfully down at the floor.

“Let’s end for the night, I don’t’ think anyone will be able to sleep tonight if we continue.” said Dumbledore.

*I wasn't sure if this would be labeled a dialogue line or a paragraph. We'll fake it this time.*

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading please review
Harry rubbed his hand down his face slowly. He wasn't looking forward to this, he just wanted it all to end so he wouldn't be dreading the Diggorys hearing about it first hand. He made to stand up and go downstairs and relieve some of his stress when Bill cried out.

"Here we go again!"

Harry looked over and saw a giant scroll unfurling itself and begin to glow brightly.

"Awesome it's a good one!" said Charlie.

The light covered the entire Great Hall and everyone disappeared from sight.

They found themselves in a richly colored bedroom, that Mrs. McFinn immediately recognized as her own and marveled at her past self brushing her hair in front of her vanity mirror.

"James, when are you going to go and get your suit?" said Mrs. McFinn of the past brushing her hair.

The Watchers turned to see who she was talking to, tears came to Dr. Clark, Mrs. McFinn's and Harry's eyes as they saw the man sitting in bed reading a book by the light of the bedside lamp.

*Officer McFinn.*

“J-James.” said Mrs. McFinn taking the handkerchief that Dumbledore gave her in her shaking hands.

"Well...uh..." said James. "Soon."

Mrs. McFinn hiccuped a laugh. “He always was a procrastinator.”

"How about tomorrow?" said Holly said with a smile. "That way we can get a little suit for Harry, and pick up Sam's from the cleaners, his had some cocktail stains on it."
“This is before the first Garden Party we took Harry to!” said Mrs. McFinn excitedly.

“Good! They were asking about this moment.” said Dr. Clark.

"Sure. That sounds like fun." said James with a smirk, "Taking a poor little innocent little kid out to look for an outfit that's going to choke his throat. That won't scar him for life."

“It was traumatizing alright.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Oh stop it, you were adorable.” said Mrs. McFinn.

"Suits aren't like that." said Holly putting her hands on her hips. "They look handsome and dashing."

"Says the woman who's never worn one." said James laughing.

“God, he sounds just like our James.” said Sirius with a smile.

"Well, if he doesn't like a suit, we can get a different outfit." said Holly as she climbed into their king size bed, her husband put the book down on his nightstand and turned the lamp off.

“I think we’d better leave.” said Bill quickly.

"Think we'd better plan on him wearing something else. It's a garden party, little boys and dirt get along WAY too well." said James. "And I don't think we can ask them to use their washing machine."

The scene zoomed ahead. They were now standing outside the Dursley’s house and watched as Officer McFinn and Mrs. McFinn come walking up the way.
“Good, I don’t’ think these kids know about the birds and the bees yet.” said Tonks with a giggle.

Officer McFinn rapped on the door smartly, and waited. Within a moment, Vernon answered the door.

"Well, what do you want?" said Vernon sourly.

“Nothing more than to beat the bloody hell out of you.” snarled Sirius.

"I'm here to take Harry out. We need to get him a formal outfit." said Officer McFinn.

"What on earth for?" said Petunia, who came out when she heard the word 'formal'.

“Quit being nosy.” said Angelina.

"We're going to the Queen's Garden Party in a month," said Mrs. McFinn, who was standing beside her husband, took Harry's hand as he hurried out. "and Harry'll need a nice outfit."

"The Queen's?" said Petunia, she looked ready to faint.

"That's right." said Officer McFinn.

"How did you get invited?" said Vernon angrily.

"Being on the police force helped." said Officer McFinn with a smile. "As well as serving our country."

Vernon flushed. "How do you know I didn't serve the Queen?"
Officer McFinn looked him up and down. "I severely doubt it. Guys go to seed, but not this bad."

"Burn!" shouted the twins together loudly.

"Come on Harry, lets go get your outfit all picked up." said Mrs. McFinn.

The scene shifted once more and they found themselves in a tailor's shop, suits and jackets all over the place.

Mrs. McFinn of the past walked straight over to an elderly man with a long cloth tape measure, who was straightening out a pair of slacks on a counter.

“Oh, I miss Mr. Griffon, he still sends me Christmas cards every year.” said Mrs. McFinn happily.

"Ah! Miss Holly!" said the old man coming out from behind the counter and giving her a kiss on each cheek. "You get prettier everyday."

"Oh, stop." said Mrs. McFinn with a blush. "We came to get James' suit altered, Mr. Griffon."

"Alright, James, you know the drill." said the man with a smile to James.

“James was his favorite customer, they loved picking on each other.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

"Yeah, yeah. put the monkey suit on." said James grumbling slightly. He took the suit into a changing room and closed the door behind him.

"Also, I need a nice little formal outfit for Harry." said Mrs. McFinn pushing Harry forward slightly.
"Hello there little chap!" said Mr. Griffon kindly as Harry looked up shyly.

"Hello." said Harry quietly.

“Harry, you are just too adorable!” cooed a few seventh year girls.

"He needs an outfit for the Queen's Garden Party. Something wash-and-wear though please." said Mrs. McFinn with a smile. "Just in case he gets into mischief."

"Of course, let's see, I think something green...to go with your eyes." said Mr. Griffon walking towards a small rack of children's clothes.

He took several different outfits off the racks and placed them gently on the counter, soon Officer McFinn came out. As he straightened his tie, the girls began to squeal loudly.

“He’s so handsome!” said a few girls.

“Yes he was.” said Mrs. McFinn with a watery smile.

Dr. Clark hugged Mrs. McFinn supportively.

"James, you really need to wear that suit more often." said Mrs. McFinn walking over and kissing her husband. "You look absolutely dashing."

"Well, it doesn't look like you gained weight." said Mr. Griffon walking around James quickly.

"No, I had an easy time getting into this thing, this year." said Officer McFinn. "Not like two years ago."
"Hmm...that means you lost weight then. That's good, stand on here, and I get the alterations done." said the man taking a large pincushion out of a drawer.

The scene shifted once more and this time they found themselves back in the McFinn household.

The Dr. Clark of the past was helping Harry with his little green bow tie.

"I don't like bow ties." said Harry with a frown.

“Oh! But you look so cute!” said Alica and Katie together.

"I don't either, but it's a formal affair." said Dr. Clark as he finished with the bow. "And it's for the Queen, you want to look nice for her, don't you?"

"Yes sir." said Harry.

Officer McFinn came out adjusting his own tie. "How's it going?"

"Harry's all set. How about Holly?" asked Dr. Clark.

"I'm all done." said Mrs. McFinn coming out in a simple blue dress, with a white flower in her hair. She was busy trying to put on a locket around her neck.

“'You look absolutely lovely.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

"James, could you help me?" she said.

"Sure thing," he reached over and quickly clasped the necklace around her neck. "You look stunning by the way."
"You're sweet." she said with a smile and reached up to kiss her husband. "Are we all set?"

"I think so." said Dr. Clark standing up.

"Yes, ma'am." said Harry with a smile.

“Oh, sweetie, you look so handsome!” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

"Okay, Harry, you mind your manners alright?” said Officer McFinn.

"Yes sir." said Harry with a bright smile.

The scene shifted again, this time they were in a large garden.

“All this zooming around is making me ill again.” said Neville.

The Watchers looked over and saw the McFinn’s Dr. Clark and Harry coming up with a small group of police officers walking with them.

"We were afraid you weren't going to make it this year." said one of them clapping Officer McFinn on the back.

"You know I make it every year." said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

"Yeah, but you always say you don't want to come." said the other with a smirk.

"You never try and get out of it..." said Mrs. McFinn.
"Well...it's a just..." said Officer McFinn.

"I know..." said Mrs. McFinn giving her husband a kiss.

“He always went to the parties for me.” said Mrs. McFinn wiping her eyes.

"Harry! Where are you going?" asked Dr. Clark. But Harry was heading at a dead run towards the flower gardens.

“Harry! You shouldn’t run away like that! Anything could have happened to you!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“In the Queen’s presence? No one would have dared.” said Harry with a smile.

"Don't worry about him." said one of the men with a laugh. "There's more security here then at the Louve."

"He must have seen some tiger lilies." said Mrs. McFinn.

“They were always your favorite.” said the older Mrs. McFinn, then she looked over and she and her past self looked over and said the same thing.

"Oh, sweet lord." said the Mrs. McFinn of the past clutching her husband's arm and the present Mrs. McFinn clutching Dr. Clark’s.

"What's wrong?" said Dr. Clark.

"It's my mother." said Holly. "Quick, lets go..."
“Yes, can’t we skip this part?” asked the older Mrs. McFinn.

"Holly! Dear Heart!" said Mrs. McFinn's mother sweeping over to her daughter once she caught sight of her and engulfed her into a large hug and kissed her on both of her cheeks.

She looked just like Mrs. McFinn, only her brownish hair was turning a sort of gray and her demeanor had a sort of snobbery about it. Her clothes were adorned with obviously the finest material and she had no problem showing them off to people who might not be able to afford them.

"Sweetie! I was starting to worry you'd never show up!" said her mother pompously.

"I didn't tell you I was..." said Holly quickly.

"Well, honestly, dear, where else would a Lindor be except the Queen's garden party?" she said with a fake laugh.

“God, she reminds me of Umbridge.” said Ron.

“I was thinking of Aunt Muriel.” said Charlie.

"Now I know why Holly doesn't talk to her mother all that often." said Sam to James in a whisper.

"Just wait, it gets worse." said James whispering back.

"Come over here dear. I want to introduce you to someone, he's third cousin to the Prince of Wales." said her mother simperingly. "You two would make a charming couple."

“Doesn’t she realize you're happily married?” asked Sirius.
"No, she never has." said Mrs. McFinn shaking her head.

"Mother, I've told you, I'm married." said Holly with a slight growl.

"Don't growl like that dear, it's unbecoming." said her mother absently. "Hello, Charles, this is my daughter, Holly."

"Hello, Miss Lindor. You're more beautiful than your mother described." said the man bowing low.

He was a tall man, with salt and pepper hair, a straight nose, and wore a tailored made suit.

“Well, he’s not a bad looker.” said Angelina.

“But you’re married.” said Parvati.

"Uh...Good day." said Holly uncertainly. "I apologize for whatever my mother said, but I'm happily married, and he's right over there" she pointed over to where James and Sam were.

"But your mother..." said the man with confused look.

"Yes, but the marriage just isn't right, she's not happy." said her mother trying to save face.

"I am very happy mother." said Holly shortly. "I just said I was."

"How can you dear? That man cannot give you all the things you need!" laughed her mother.
"He gives me love. That is more than enough for me." said Holly getting more and more irritated.

"I really hate to tell her, but I love it when she defends me." said James quietly to Sam.

Mrs. McFinn blushed.

"I don't blame you." said Sam.

They felt themselves being forced a little ways away, until they were hovering around Harry who was smelling the different tiger lilies and stroking the petals softly. "These are so pretty." he said quietly.

“Harry, you are way too precious.” cooed Hermione.

“Argh, not you too!” said Harry.

"Hello there, dear." said a kind voice from behind him.

They turned and saw the Queen herself standing behind them.

“Holy crap!” said Ron in shock.

“I’ve never been this close to royalty before.” said Colin with an excited whisper.

"H-hello, y-your M-M-Majesty." said Harry stammering.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" said the Queen kindly.
"Yes ma'am. You're flowers are so pretty." said Harry humbly.

"Yes, they are." said the Queen with a smile. "I am quite fond of them."

"Miss Holly would love one." said Harry. "She has a bunch in her front garden."

"Would you like to give her one?" she said with a smile.

“Harry! You drive me nuts!” said Lee.

"Oh, yes!" gushed Harry. "Are you sure I can?"

“Ah, but you're so cute, I can forgive you!” said Lee pretending to pat younger Harry's head.

“Shoot me.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Brentson? Please give this boy the best pair of tiger lilies we have." said the Queen to one of the passing gardeners.

"Please, your Majesty." said Harry shyly. "I can just have one. I don't want to take two, they belong here."

"As you wish, dear boy." said the Queen with a smile. "Just one then Brentson."

The gardener handed him a single lily and they smiled as they watched Harry run swiftly away.

"Such a dear little thing." said Queen with a smile.
Suddenly they heard a horrifying scream.

“What the hell is that?” said Tonks quickly.

"My lady!” said the gardener.

"Come along, I have a feeling, I know what it is about. If Astoria is here, then we might have a bit more excitement, than normal. " said the Queen with a rueful smile.

She walked regally over to where she could hear a woman's voice shrieking out for the security.

"How dare you! You defiled the royal gardens!" said the woman shrieking loudly.

“Who does she think she is?” asked George.

“She thinks she’s royalty.” said Mrs. McFinn rolling her eyes.

"I gave him that flower." said the Queen, walking behind Harry. The woman stopped screaming instantly. "He asked if he could have one for his Miss Holly."

“I pressed that lily into a book, I'll keep it forever.” said Mrs. McFinn with a watery smile.

Mrs. McFinn blushed heavily and nervously took the lily. Her mother was utterly speechless.

"You have a very well behaved child here." said the Queen graciously. "He was raised well."

"That’s up for debate." said Officer McFinn grumbling quietly.
"Why do you say that, Mr. McFinn?" asked the Queen. James looked shocked that she knew his name.

"W-well, your Majesty, he grew up in less than loving circumstances." said Officer McFinn stuttering slightly.

"Should I get involved?" said the Queen with a commanding look.

"Please no ma'am." said Harry quickly.

The adults beside him looked down at him in surprise, except for Astoria Lindor, who was still gaping at the Queen.

"Why do you say that dear?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"Uncle Vernon, he...." said Harry quietly. "Don't want anyone else to get in trouble."

"Dear, what if I say that I cannot get into trouble?" said the Queen kindly.

Harry looked down uncertainly.

"Well, if...." said Harry quietly.

"I'll look into it." said the Queen majestically. "And we will see what transpires."

"Yes ma'am." said Harry quietly.

The rest of the garden party went as smoothly as ever after that. Mrs. McFinn wore the lily in her hair for the rest of the day, and did her best to avoid her mother. Strangely, the Queen took a shine to Harry and didn't allow him too far away from her.
“She must have been really fond of you.” said Hermione in awe.

“Look at all the people your meeting.” said Percy excitedly.

"Harry, this is the Prime Minister." said the Queen gently.

"Hello sir." said Harry meekly.

"Hello, young man." said the man gently "I've never seen you take to a child like this." he added to the Queen.

"This one is special...I have a feeling..." said the Queen to herself.

Officer McFinn, Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark, were looking at shock over to Harry and the Queen.

"All of a sudden, I remembering the Track races and when I said the thing about the royal ball." said Holly quietly.

"Yeah, that's been beating through my brain too." said Sam.

"Maybe, with her help, we'll get Harry!" said Holly excitedly.

"I hope so too." said James. "But I can't help but be skeptical."

The light came back and deposited them back in the Great Hall.

“Man, that was sort of a zippy Scroll.” said Charlie.
“Yeah, but at least it was a good one.” said Bill. “I’ll handle whatever they send me, as long as it’s a good one.”

“So, not even the Queen could get you out?” said Sirius.

“No, not too sure why, I think Uncle Vernon might have bribed him somehow.” said Harry softly.

“Well, dinner is here, should we tuck in and then go to bed?” asked Dumbledore with a kind smile.

“I’d rather just go to bed, the sooner I go to bed, the sooner I get up and the sooner this book gets over with.” said Harry.

Snape rolled his eyes, walked over and handed him a phial. “Drink this.” said Snape.

“Thanks sir.” said Harry politely and downed the contents in one gulp.

“Severus, could you escort Harry up to the suite he’s staying in. I’d be most grateful.” said Dumbledore innocently.

“Make the mutt take him.” said Snape.

“I can make it on my own.” said Harry.

“Nonsense Harry.” said Dumbledore putting a silencing and freezing charm on Sirius. “Severus, please go up with Harry.”

“I refuse.” said Snape boredly.

“I’ll knock two weeks off that seminar.” said Dumbledore.

“Come along Potter.” said Snape quickly, leading Harry by the hand, out of the room.
When they got to the room, Harry began to take his shirt off. “I’m going to put the balm on and then go to bed sir, you can go back down.”

“I appreciate it, babysitting a fifth…” said Snape with a snap in his voice, but then his voice tapered off when he saw the state of the Gryffindor student’s back.

The cuts were healing, but very very slowly, they were still so deep, and small blood steams were trickling down his back. The Potion’s Master stared in shock at the boy.

“Sirius can put the salve on my back when he gets here.” said Harry

“I can put the salve on, Potter, I’m not that busy.” said Snape, trying to maintain his public appearance but failing horribly.

Harry looked at his Potions teacher with a searching expression. “Well, alright.”

A half hour later, Sirius and the rest of them came up and walked in the door. They saw Snape sitting beside the fireplace reading one of Dr. Clark’s book on the magical world.

“Severus, I didn’t expect to see you still here.” said Remus.

“I didn’t have anything else to do. Dr. Clark, I wrote down a list of books found in the school library, hopefully you’ll find those…interesting.” said Snape standing up and striding towards the door.

“Would you like to stay awhile?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Thank you, no. Potter’s asleep, the balm’s been administered to his front and back, I’m going to bed.” said Snape, and he left, saying nothing further.
“He’d better not have done anything to my cub.” said Sirius with a growl.

“He wouldn’t dare, and he’s not like that.” said Remus. But Sirius went in to check his godson out anyway.

“I’m so glad he listens.” said Remus rolling his eyes.
The next morning, a thought struck Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark and they went to Dumbledore to ask him on his feelings.

“Albus, I know we’ve had several parties lately, but, Friday evening, it’s the fifth.” said Dr. Clark.

“Yes…” said Dumbledore looking up at the two of them over his cup of morning tea.

“Well, back home, the fifth is Bonfire Night. Friday evening, the kids could enjoy themselves with a large bonfire or something, fireworks, games, they could even make something if they wish.” said Mrs. McFinn excitedly.

Dumbledore put his teacup down, and looked up at them with a bright twinkle in his eye. “Why not, I think they would enjoy it immensely. I’ll get the staff together to organize it, with your help of course.”

“I’d love too!” said Mrs. McFinn excitedly.

Once they left Dr. Clark turned to Mrs. McFinn. “You didn't mention that it would help Harry get through this.”

“He knew, and he agrees.” said Mrs. McFinn somberly. “That's why he agreed so quickly.”

When the students heard about the new party coming in two days, they were excited.

“I wonder what we’re going to have?” asked a seventh year girl.

Dumbledore walked up and bent down to speak in Mrs. McFinn's ear. “I’ll speak to the staff and we’ll see what we can organize, I think the distraction might do some of us good with this book and those to come.” said Dumbledore quietly to Mrs. McFinn, sending a pointed look over to Harry who was sitting between Leroy and Rudolph today. Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark switched spots with them so they could offer all the comfort in the world to them. It also saved from Harry being torn apart.

“I’ll take up the reading.” said Dr. Nicodemus. He cleared his throat and read aloud. “Chapter Thirty-two.”

Harry flinched.
“Shouldn’t you be back where the thing started?” asked Dr. Clark.

Mrs. Diggory and Mr. Diggory began to hold each other tightly.

“Hang on, you’re in Little Hangleton aren’t you?” said Leroy in shock. “You mentioned that town earlier, this has to be it's reentry.”

Harry brought his knees up to chest and held them there.

“We got you.” said Rudolph wrapping his arms around his nephew.

“You really had to think of that?” asked Moody quietly. He didn’t want to speak too loudly, even he had tact.

Dumbledore looked up suddenly.
“Get out of there!” said Tonks fearfully.

“I wish.” said Harry thickly.

The ones closest to him wrapped their arms tighter around him.

End of sixth paragraph.

Seventh paragraph.

Eighth paragraph.

“Probably didn’t expect two people there.” said Sirius darkly.

Ninth paragraph.

Mr. and Mrs. Diggory turned and looked at Harry with bloodshot eyes.

Tenth paragraph.

Eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

Mrs. Diggory and Mr. Diggory cringed and sobbed in each other’s arms.

“I should have been stronger, I should have gotten him out of there.” said Harry.

“Harry…there was nothing you could do, you did everything possible.” said Sirius rubbing the back of Harry’s neck as he stood behind him.

“Tom knew you would try and protect Cedric, he had to incapacitate you before he could make a move.” said Dumbledore softly.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Dumbledore went over and stood behind Harry, placing a hand on the boy’s shoulder.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Professor Sprout wrapped her arms around the two parents of her old student.
Fourteenth paragraph.

“Best step up the therapist.” muttered Lionus to Dr. Nicodemus.

Dr. Nicodemus set the book down for a brief moment, took out a piece of paper, scribbled a quick note and set it on fire. The ashes, instead of falling to the ground, flew up and out of sight.

“Here’s hoping Glacier sends one that’s suitable.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Yeah, the last thing the boy needs is Driller to use physical exertion to make him ‘feel better.’” said Lionus.

Fifteenth paragraph.

_Name one on the tombstone._

Several people began to hold each other out of fear…so…this meant…the Dark Lord _was_ back…

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

Fudge was looking as if he were slapped.

BUMF!

Umbridge was returned to her normal form, but immediately was silenced by Nightstirke.

Sixteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Hit you? What do you mean, hit you?” asked Remus hotly.

“Harry was starting to fight back, so he punched Harry.” said Sirius with a hand on Harry’s shoulder. Despite his extended family surrounding him, Harry still had his head between his knees.

“How do you know that?” asked Remus.

“Dumbledore told me what he saw in Harry's eyes.” whispered Sirius. “And we saw the bruise.”

End of sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

Mrs. McFinn was sobbing uncontrollably. This man was going to hurt her baby!
Seventeenth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon

Mrs. Diggory and Mr. Diggory pulled apart slightly to look at Dr. Nicodemus and then back to Harry.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

Amongst the students, with the exception of a few Slytherins, there wasn’t a dry eye among them.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Cho was being comforted by several of her friends.

Ginny was shivering so badly that Fred George had picked her up and cuddled with her. Ron and Hermione was crying quietly over on their sofa, the same thing went with Ron’s parents.

The teaching staff were white as sheets, and Hagrid’s hands were gripping the armrests of his chair tightly, threatening to smash them into toothpicks.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Harry flinched again in the arms of his family.

“Shh…it’s okay, it’ll be okay.” said Leroy soothingly.

“Harry…do you want to sleep during this?” asked Dumbledore softly. He at first thought hearing it again would benefit Harry, help him put it behind him. But it was only causing the both of them heartache, he hated seeing him like this, but it was nothing compared to what Harry was feeling.

Harry shook his head. “No…I…wanna hear.”

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dr. Nicodemus had to take a breath, this was getting a bit intense.

Chief Hawkeye looked sideways at the boy being cocooned by the arms of his family. This was too much for a boy to handle, he wouldn’t force his Rangers on the boy any longer. If the boy wanted to join he’d come to him, if not, no hard feelings, but he still wanted to stick around and
hear what had and would transpire in his life.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“That doesn’t sound good.” said Lee holding onto Katie’s hand.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

McGonagall put a hand over her mouth in horror.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“I don’t blame him one bit.” said Sirius.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Please drown, please drown.” said Ernie muttering to himself.

Dialogue line.

“You’re endurance shouldn’t be that high.” said Lionus softly.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Chief Hawkeye turned and stared at the book in Dr. Nicodemus’ hands.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.
“Blue blood.” muttered Dr. Nicodemus darkly. “His whole family was venomous too.”

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Thirtieth paragraph, first sentence.

Remus and Sirius both flinched.

“How could he toss in his cards with him, we never asked him to do that for us.” said Remus with a pained look.

“He’s a treacherous idiot.” whispered Sirius.

End of thirtieth paragraph.

Dr. Clark held his stomach.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“NO!” shouted several people aloud.

Thirty-second paragraph.

“He saved your life, you bastard!” said Charlie angrily to the book.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“S-See…he’s not back.” said Fudge hopefully.

“I’m not done yet.” said Dr. Nicodemus darkly.
Fudge’s eyes opened wide in terror.

Silence ensued them all, Umbridge was the only one moving. She was trying hard to remove her gag, finally she removed it, though she yelped in pain.

“He’s NOT back!” screeched Umbridge.

“Delores…these books are incapable of lying.” said Fudge slowly. “He…he is back.”

“Of course he isn’t!” said Umbridge but her gag and binds returned.

“That’s enough of that.” said Lionus shortly. He then took the book from the Ranger Doctor. “Let’s get this book over with. **Thirty-third chapter**”

Draco looked down.

Thanks for reading, please review.
The Followers of the Mark

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

First paragraph, second sentence.

“That guy is starting to sound like a perv.” said Katie with a quivering voice.

“Starting?” said Ron with a mutter.

First paragraph, fourth sentence.

Dr. Clark began to shake. “I still like snakes, just not that one.”

First paragraph, sixth sentence, first semi-colon.

“Nice guy.” said Fred quietly.

“Yeah a great person to work for.” said George.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And Harry saved your ass you son of a…” said Sirius.

Rudolph clapped hands over Harry’s ears.

“I've heard the word.” said Harry.

“Doesn't mean you have to hear it from him.” said Rudolph.
“They get that mark burned on them by the Dark Lord himself.” said Moody darkly. “It was a spell he created. He seems to love to put them through a lot of pain.”

“I hope he forgets about you.” said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

Harry only kept his head between his knees.

“Seriously cub, you can sit this chapter out.” said Sirius kindly.

Harry didn’t move for a while, but he looked up, tears were falling from his eyes and face looked distraught.

“Okay.” said Harry with a raspy voice.

Dumbledore waved his wand over Harry’s head. Harry’s eyes began droopy and he placed his head back on his knees.

“Let’s make him a bit more comfortable.” said Leroy pulling Harry across their laps and covering him with a blanket.

“He lasted longer than I thought he would.” said Chief Hawkeye with a small smile.
“Damn.” said Mrs. McFinn quietly.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

The teacup in Snape’s hand shattered.

“Are you alright?” asked Draco looking at his godfather in confusion.

“I’m fine.” said Snape as blood tricked down his fingers.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“I can see how it would become a bit of a shock.” said Dr. Clark.

**Dialogue set.**

**Tenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

Bill scoffed, “Family? Yeah right.”

**Eleventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Strange, never had anyone in my family do that.” said Seamus.

Everyone was starting to get their voices back, the horrible truth was now out, and each student in the school were planning on writing to their folks and telling them all about the lies the Ministry and the paper was spewing.

Since the very beginning, they had been writing back to the families and telling them all about the exciting parts of Harry’s life, this one was going to be the bombshell.

**Twelfth paragraph.**
“This won’t end well.” said Remus.

“Cause they thought you were dead.” said Charlie.

“Well, you weren’t the bully on the playground anymore…they had nothing to gain by swearing allegiance to an apparent corpse.” said Sirius.

No one noticed Dumbledore close his eyes and slowly nod his head.

“Snape looked at Dumbledore.

“I would not have taken any Death Eater lightly.” said Dumbledore firmly.
“Somehow, I don’t think he will.” said Ernie.

“They’d be killed the moment they get too close.” said Moody.

“I’d say he’s paying for it on our side.” said Remus darkly.

“When and if we run into him again,” said Sirius looking at Remus. “You don’t go near him.”

“You seriously don’t go near him.” said Sirius.
Draco flushed.

People sent sideways glances over to Draco, even shifted a little ways away from him.

“Wow, so far he’s the only one not to get hurt.” said a third year Ravenclaw.

“Lucius must really be his favorite.” said his friend.

“Where they belong.” said Neville sharply.

“And you still want them around.” said Tempest hotly, glaring at Fudge.

“Would have thought that he’d be torturing him.” said Leroy.
“Macnair was never completely proven to be a Death Eater.” said Dumbledore. “Fudge dismissed the charges almost immediately.”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sound about as thick as their kids.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That would be Karkaroff.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second pause.

Dumbledore looked over to Snape and he looked back.

End of dialogue set.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Rudolph, Sirius and Remus began to snarl.

Dialogue set.
Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Is he trying to keep Harry alive as long as possible?” asked Angelina.

“No, he’s just trying to get in the Dark Lord’s good books.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Leroy ran his fingers through Harry’s hair.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-third paragraph.

People raised their eyebrows.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“It’s official, he’s a pervert.” said Katie seriously.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“He never will” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Cause they were happy you were gone.” said Ron.
Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Poor things, they probably didn’t know what they were getting themselves into” said Luna.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second pause.

“Quirrell!” said a first year loudly.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I don’t rightly blame them for not caring what happened to you, you vile…” said Tonks.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, third comma.

“He wasn’t driven out of hiding by his friends, it was the guilt and the threat of dying that did it.” said Sirius with a cruel laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“So those poor snakes didn’t have much of a choice.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

“Well, she didn’t get lost, but she got kidnapped.” said Mr. Diggory his voice was thick, he and his wife had were holding each other tightly. Deep down they didn’t want to believe that their son was killed by the Dark Lord, they wanted to think it was just an accident, but this brought things to light.
“She must have low standards.” said Fred.

“I don’t want to know.” said Sirius quickly.

“Not everyone can resist his kind of persuasion.” said Moody.

“How the hell could she know that?” asked Bill.

“She must have seen Crouch’s son on accident.” said Flitwick.

“Her body?” said Remus.

“I don’t want to think about that either.” said Sirius.

“He was still a very brilliant wizard, if only he had used his mind and magic for good purposes.” said Dumbledore.

Many people flinched and looked mournful.
“Which is close enough to immortality if you ask me.” said Ron quietly.

“Wish that he turned into people jerky like Quirrell did.” spat George.

“And a few that even he wasn’t aware of.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“And he won’t be able to hurt you with us near you.” said Leroy brushing the hair out of Harry’s eyes.

The people standing around the bowl and in the bowl reached in and placed a hand protectively on Harry.

Rudolph and Leroy bared their teeth angrily.

Dumbledore scowled.
“No!” screamed the people in the Great Hall.

Sirius clutched at Harry tightly, as did everyone near them.

“It wasn’t luck.” snarled Remus.

We already know Harry is!” shouted a first year loudly.

Mrs. McFinn whimpered.

“Don’t bother switching hands, just get it over with.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Lionus read out loud. “Chapter Thirty-four.”
Reversal Spell

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

First paragraph.

“If I ever get my hands on him again...” muttered Sirius holding onto Harry.

Second paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“Forget considering it! Do it!” screamed Alicia.

Second paragraph, end of first sentence.

“They’re used to torturing people while they all stand in a circle.” growled Moody.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“Bet he couldn’t bear to look at the person who saved his ass while he sets them up for the kill.” said Charlie darkly.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph, first sentence.

“Don’t say ‘former life.’” said Dr. Clark faintly.

Third paragraph, third sentence.

“I’d hope not.” said Dr. Nicodemus and Kingsley.
“Children shouldn’t learn how to disarm a swarm of people.” said Tempest.

“So…would you have saved him in the nick of time?” asked Hermione quietly.

“We were at Hogwarts, we were unaware of where he was.” said Nightstrike. “He was on his own.”

End of third paragraph.

Leroy bent over and hugged his Great-Nephew.

Malfoy looked over to him and frowned, if that guy was a Malfoy, shouldn’t he be getting some of the attention too?

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Not to you, he can be as rude as he wishes.” muttered Sprout.

End of dialogue set.

“Damn him!” said Remus hotly.

“Calm down Moony, it doesn’t get any better.” said Sirius.

Fourth paragraph.

“Good boy.” said Moody.

“Show him he can’t have his way!” said a first year as others shouted similar supporting words.

Dialogue set.

“That’s cheating!” said a first year Ravenclaw.

“Yeah he’d never bow to you!” said the student sitting next to her.

“Harry would have liked to hear all this.” said Dumbledore brushing the hair out of his young’s charge. Then a sight caught his eye, Harry was facing away from the students and towards the insides of the bowl, and his thumb laying slightly in his mouth.

Dr. Clark saw the look on Dumbledore’s face and went behind the bowl to see what he was looking at.
“Holly…” said Dr. Clark.

Mrs. McFinn stood up and went behind the bowl as well. “Oh the poor thing…I haven’t seen him like this since we told him James was killed.”

She pulled his thumb gently out of his mouth, leaned over and kissed his forehead. “This must have been really painful for him to endure.”

Dumbledore nodded, tears coming down his face.

Dialogue set.

“That bastard, mentioning his dad.” snarled Fred.

“Hope Harry kicks his ass in the future.” said George.

"And now - we duel."

Fifth paragraph.

Several people shrieked loudly and had to be held by their neighbors.

Sixth paragraph.

“Sick, twisted pricks.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore’s hands tensed on the back of the bowl chair.

Seventh paragraph.

“A few adults could learn a thing or two from him.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Sirius wiped his eyes, he was so proud of his little cub.

“That’s a harsh feeling.” said Moody, “Blissfully oblivious to all around you, and then the pain hits you again.”

“Oh no.” said Mrs. Weasley weakly.

Several students cheered loudly.

The cheering ended and was replaced with indignant shouts.

“That’s what he wants! Don’t come out!” said Mr. Weasley fearfully.

“I don’t think a disarming spell is going to do much.” said Rivers softly.
“What’s going on?” asked one of the Unspeakables.

“Like the chapter says, Priori Incantatem.” said Speckerton.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Fifteenth paragraph, third sentence.

“What the?” asked Bill.

“I think the magic can be a bit dramatic as well as the casters.” said Charlie.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“The wands are keeping them out.” said Dumbledore with a soft smile.

“Oh…my…” said Rudolph.

Dialogue set.

“Good, keep the connection, if he wants to break it, you want to keep it.” said Tonks.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Please tell me that means Fawkes is nearby.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“So was that Fawkes?” asked Colin.

“In a way…yes.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Not that again.” said Charlie.

Nineteenth paragraph.
“What would happen if those beads touched his wand?” asked Fred.

“I don’t think we want that to happen.” said George.

Twenty-first paragraph.

The Professors began to gasp and look around at each other.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“He’s beating Voldemort!” shouted Ron, he gasped and threw a hand over his mouth.

“If only Harry were awake to hear that!” said Hermione with a small laugh.

Twenty-third paragraph, third pause.

“What the hell?” said Remus.

“You’ll see, it gets’ worse.” said Sirius with a pale face.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Mr. and Mrs. Diggory looked in shock.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Cho’s lip began to quiver, as did Mrs. Diggory’s.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.
“They were probably thinking Harry was doing advanced magic or something,” said Ernie.

“He was.” said Dumbledore. “Though not consciously.”

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“So…what’s happening is…Harry’s getting a cheering section?” asked Lee.

“Something more than just that.” said Dumbledore.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That’s kind of creepy, how are they there?” asked Dennis.

But Dumbledore said nothing.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Suddenly a sort of microphone appeared out of the end of the book and the side of the book became crosshatched like a speaker. Then words came out of it. A male and female’s voice came out and then the voice of Cedric.

You ambushed us, but he’s prepared for you...he will defeat you.

He’s twice the wizard you’ll never be.

He beat you before, he’ll beat you again. And this time...

He’ll beat you for good!

Then the microphone disappeared.

“Damn…” said Lionus holding the book away from him. “That’s new.”

“You’re telling me.” said Speckerton.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Sirius chewed his lip nervously and Remus placed a hand on his shoulder.
Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry began to whimper.

“Shh…” said Dumbledore waving his wand over Harry, soon he stopped whimpering. “It’s almost over.” he added softly as he patted Harry's head.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence, fifth comma. (In the copy I have at home, it actually says that Lily came out first. Most likely a typo, but you know, I think I like that version better, doesn't fit with the order in which they died, but it worked so much better for my story.)

Snape leaned slightly forward.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Leroy blew his nose loudly. “I miss them.”

“I do too.” said Rudolph.

“We all do.” said Dumbledore quietly as he magicked a fresh handkerchief over to Bathilda.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Diggory began to cry once again.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Hermione held onto Ron tightly, as he was holding tightly to her.
Thirty-fourth paragraph.
Mr. Diggory looked over to sleeping form, a mixture of sympathy and appreciation on his face.

Dialogue line.
“He wants to play with him a bit longer.” said Bill coldly.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.
Angelina and Katie were holding each other, their eyes tightly shut.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.
“Get out of there!” said Blaise loudly.

End of chapter.
“I think I just aged forty years.” said Rudolph.
“I’ve got you beat, I aged fifty.” said Remus.
“Moving on, let’s get this over with.” said Lionus firmly. “Chapter Thirty-five”
“It’s almost done Harry, it’s almost done.” said Dumbledore covering his eyes, his hands trembling on the youth's shoulder.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading, please review.
Harry gave a groan and sat up slowly.

“You sure you want to wake up Cub?” asked Sirius.

“What’s happening?” asked Harry.

“Well, we started a new chapter, you just escaped from Voldemort.” said Remus.

“Yeah, I can stay up now.” said Harry.

He sat up and settled himself between Sirius and Rudolph.

First paragraph, fifth sentence.

“He looked like he died.” said Neville softly.

First paragraph, sixth sentence.

Rudolph threw an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph.

“My heart nearly stopped when he wouldn’t respond.” said Dumbledore softly.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.
“Why were you so rough?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Like I said, I thought he was gone.” said Dumbledore.

“Why were you noticing everything around you before talking?” asked Ernie.

Harry shrugged.

“My world just about stopped right there.” said Dumbledore rubbing his tired eyes.

“Thank you Mr. Obvious.” said Fred quietly.

Every time the word ‘dead’ came, Mrs. Diggory would flinch.

Sirius threw his arm around Harry’s shoulder as well.
“Thank you…” said Mrs. Diggory softly. “Thank you so much.”

“He should have been left on the ground, he was in no shape to be standing.” said Dr. Clark.

“I’m glad you spoke to us, before the Minister…” said Mr. Diggory looking at Dumbledore.

“I shouldn’t have left you alone, I should have given you to Hagrid.” said Dumbledore guiltily. “He would never have let you out of his sight.”
“Even almost out of it, he still follows Dumbledore’s orders.” sad Tonks.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“You do need to lie down.” said Dr. Clark.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.

“At least he won’t be trampled.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I still should have left him with Hagrid.” said Dumbledore.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Wait a minute, isn’t he the imposter?” asked a first year.

“Yeah, he’s that Death Eater right?” asked another first year.

“Somebody save Harry!” shouted another first year.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Somehow, you can just hear the foreboding.” said Rivers.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“And you did admirably dear.” said Bathilda.

Sirius began to growl fiercely.

Some of the students began to whimper and plead for someone else to show up in the room soon.

“He’s not giving a damn about his disguise anymore.” said Ron.

“Yeah, Moody wouldn’t give a damn.” said Tonks.
“He saved that little bit of info for the wrong person.” said Bill.

“Poor Harry, he’s still in shock.” said Parvati.

“That he does.” said Dumbledore darkly.

The Hall was silent.

“How can you lot be in shock, you knew it was coming.” said Sirius.

“It’s still a little shocking to hear.” said Colin.

“Believe it.” said Moody.

“You’re stunned beyond measure and yet you can still think about what is going on?” said Tempest in awe.

Harry shrugged.

Firenze looked at the boy with sympathy in his eyes.
Dr. Nicodemus stood up and walked over to the boy and lifted his head up by his chin. “Need something to make you feel better?”

“What have you got?” asked Harry, his eyes dull.

“I’ve got a mood enhancer, it’ll make you feel better, not so depressed.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Is it temporary?” asked Harry.

“It lasts as long as I want it, does that answer your question?” asked Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

“As long as you want it?” said Harry in confusion.

“I don’t rightly trust depressed people when they get as bad as you right now.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

He summoned a teapot and a cup and saucer and poured the cup full of tea and sprinkled a sparkling powder into the cup. “There you go lad.”

Harry took it and brought it to his lips, but then pulled away.

“What’s wrong?” asked Remus quickly.

“It’s Earl Grey.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk. “He hates that kind.”

Dr. Nicodemus smiled and rolled his eyes. He tapped the cup and the Earl Grey tea became Oolong tea. “Picky Picky.”

Harry blushed and drained the cup. He took a deep breath and smiled softly.

“There you go.” said Sirius with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Nope, even our first jokes weren’t this bad.” said Fred.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“He talks pretty big, but even he didn’t want to go.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.
“Hearing those words coming out of Alastor’s mouth is a bit surreal.” said Kingsley.

“Saving him like a pig for the slaughter.” said Snape looking at Dumbledore fiercely.

Dumbledore blinked and buried his face in his hands.

“He would have found a way on his own!” said Dennis loudly.

“I would have thought a teacher was looking out for one of their students.” said Dumbledore quietly.

“OI!” shouted quite a few people.

“He smarter than you are by far!” said George.

“Yeah, he didn’t get a stupid skull tattoo!” said Fred.

“Cedric gave him that hint!” said Mr. Diggory angrily.
The teachers growled the loudest at this statement.

“Yeah it did, and I didn’t even think to tell you about it.” said Neville.

“You don’t know him very well do you?” snarled Sirius.

“Independence my ass, I asked Ron and Hermione for help.” said Harry with a smirk.

“See, it wasn’t me that took it.” said Harry with a smile.

Snape stared at the youth, just what he could see in his mind, was neutral happiness….that powder must be something very powerful to instigate that feeling in Potter’s mind at this point. Then he noticed something creeping over his mind…causing it to accelerate, what was that?

“Help’s on the way.” said Moody with a smile.

“It wasn’t idiocy!” said Ginny hotly.

“Knew it was going too easily.” sad a seventh year.
“So he really didn’t know what he was doing!” said a first year Hufflepuff.

“Poor guy.” said another third year.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“If you had known it was an imposter you wouldn’t have been confused.” said Remus.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“So…Harry…you knew that help was coming?” asked Blaise.

Harry nodded. “But aside from that…” he shook his head.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“He’ll rip you apart.” said Harry crossing his legs and leaning back into the bowl. “He wants to play with me before I die, he won’t like playing with damaged goods.” he added with a sneer.

Rudolph leaned a little ways away. “Whoa there cowboy, you’re not playing with him.”

End of dialogue set.

“Somehow, I don’t think of You-Know-Who to be a father figure.” said Remus.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Can’t quite argue with him there.” said Flitwick. “Barty should have gone home once in a while.”

End of dialogue set.
“He killed him for pleasure, yours was just on order.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Oh no you don’t!” said Sirius.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Wow, Harry isn’t going to go down without a fight!” said a few first and second years.

“Yeah, he’s going to fight!” said Dennis.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“I was never so relived before.” said Harry with a smile towards the three of them.

“I was never so relieved to see you alright.” said McGonagall with a faint smile.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Relief was gone.” said Harry with a laugh.

“You’re laughing?” asked Sirius raising his brows.

“I think I’m buzzed.” said Harry with a smile.

Remus blinked “Why do you say that?”

“Cause it’s getting a bit stronger.” said Harry looking up at the ceiling.

“Oops.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “I think I used too much…”

“You seem to make a lot of mistakes with him.” said Sirius firmly.

“Well, no matter, he’s in no danger…he might even enjoy it a bit.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Do we want to know what it is?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Just a strong relaxant.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“I can’t feel my feet.” said Harry leaning over and touching his toes.
“A very strong relaxant.” said Lionus trying not to laugh.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

“My word, you can sense that?” said Dumbledore looking over to the bowl and stared as Harry was examining his hand intently.

“Why do we have these lines on our hands.” said Harry to Rudolph.

“Dear God…he’s gone.” said Sirius trying not to snicker.

Remus shook his head. “It’s going to hurt when he comes down.”

“I can stop it, but he’ll still have to sleep it off.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Though I think we should just ignore what he says for the most part.”

“But remember it.” said Lionus with a snicker. “For teasing reasons.”

“Of course, why else do I enjoy giving it to you people?” said Dr. Nicodemus with a kind smile over to the boy who was still enjoying the miracles his hand was showing him.

“Thank goodness he doesn’t have his wand on him. But I think that kitchen knife he carries should be removed, for his own safety.” said Dumbledore gently.

Sirius reached into Harry’s jacket pocket and made to take the knife in it’s leather sheath.

“You getting fresh?” asked Harry leaning away from him with a smile on his face.

“Oh Merlin, I wish I could record all this.” said Sirius with a smile as he took the knife away.

Thirtieth paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, that wasn’t very nice.” said George.

End of thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh okay.” said Harry standing.

“No…this already happened.” said Leroy taking Harry’s sleeve.

“Sure, McGonagall just said to go…though you sound a little different.” said Harry smiling wildly over to McGonagall. She looked at her colleagues with a surprised smile.

“At least he’s not depressed.” said Rudolph with a laugh as he helped pull Harry down.
“Understand what again?” asked Harry smiling over to Dumbledore.

Dumbledore looked at Harry, a smile crossing his face. “Nothing dear boy. Would you like something to eat?”

Harry thought, and then he smiled. “Sure!”

Dumbledore chuckled warmly and conjured a plate of biscuits and a jug of pumpkin juice.

“This is hilarious.” said Ron smiling as he watched Harry grab at the snacks wildly.

“Dr. Nicodemus cause I wasn’t feeling happy?” said Harry.

“No Harry…” said Remus shaking his head and smiling.

“Thank goodness for that.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Bet that confused the hell out of him.” said George.

“That must have confused her too.” said Fred.
“Kind of like Harry’s trunk.” said Seamus.

“What?” asked Harry looking up from staring at his knees.

“Aren’t you paying attention?” asked Draco.

“To what?” asked Harry.

“The readings.” said Draco.

“What’s the book?” asked Harry cocking his head to the side.

“It’s….never mind.” said Draco rubbing his temple.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Bet he was freaking out.” said Dean quietly. He and Seamus were sniggering as Harry began to climb over the bowl.

“Harry what are you doing?” asked Sirius.

“I thought I saw a squirrel.” said Harry.

“I thought I saw a squirrel.” said Harry.

“What? No…there’s no squirrels in here.” said Sirius tugging Harry back down to the bowl. “Here…here’s a puzzle…” he waved his wand and pulled out a small cube with multi-colored squares randomly placed on it’s surface. “Never could solve those damn things.”

“Do I break it?” asked Harry.

“No…you make all the colors on each side the same. Don’t pull the stickers off! You need to turn it!” said Sirius giving the puzzle a turn.

“Oh…” said Harry.

“Oh my god, this is hilarious, but I want him in a padded room the next time.” said Sirius.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Polyjuice potion!” said a first year.

Dumbledore smiled, they all were learning so much from these, and not just about Harry’s life. Suddenly a bright red square appeared in front of him.

“Did I do it right?” asked Harry holding the cube millimeters away from Dumbledore’s face. The
cube was complete, how did he do it that quickly?

“I gave you that!” said Sirius tugging on Harry’s shirt to get him to come back to him. “Here’s another one, this time you have to get all the colors in a straight row.” he said putting a silver ball with multicolored beads circling around it.

**Dialogue set.**

“That’ll teach him.” said Seamus.

“Done.” said Harry tossing the ball up in the air.

“For Merlin’s sake!” said Sirius catching it and seeing that it was completed.

“Here, Harry.” said McGonagall smiling and conjuring a small box of white cylinder pieces of chalk. “Draw on the floor for a while.”

“His brain is in overdrive!” said Sirius watching his godson drawing an assortment of squares.

“Well, he’s relaxing…in a way.” said Nightstrike. “When I get that I powder, I tend to run around in a circle several hundred times chasing an imaginary tail.”

**Thirty-sixth paragraph.**

“Was Harry sitting down too?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Yes, I conjured him a more comfortable chair than the one he was given.” said Dumbledore.

“Lift your feet please.” said Harry trying to draw under the Headmaster’s feet.

“So sorry.” said Dumbledore lifting his foot and then when Harry was down drawing a squashed circle he put his foot back down.

**Thirty-seventh paragraph.**

“That’s sick.” said Lavender.

“Tell me about it, it doesn’t stay in as well as it used to.” said Moody rubbing his eyelid.

“That’s even worse.” said Parvati.

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

“What is that boy doing?” asked Tempest.

“I see it…but I don’t believe it.” said Chief Lionus staring at the floor. “His mind is going in overdrive. This is his way of relaxing?” he looked at Dr. Nicodemus.
“That’s right! He said he let’s his mind plan and such to relax…but to go to this extent.” said Lionus.

“What’s he doing?” asked Hermione looking down at the ground.

“You’ll see in a while I suppose.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I thought he had died.” said McGonagall.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He isn’t dead, Winky!” said a sixth year Gryffindor girl.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“And if I had known…” said Dumbledore sternly.

Forty-second paragraph, fourth sentence.

“You gave me the whole thing!” said Sirius.

“That way it couldn’t have been said that we didn’t give you enough.” said Madam Bones.

End of forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph.
“Ooh, good question.” said Tonks.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“He did adore his wife. I will give him that.” said Madam Bones.

“Excuse me.” said Harry as he continued crawling backwards and drawing his lines and squares.

She looked down and moved her leg out of the way, she looked down at the picture he was drawing. It didn’t seem to be anything but a bunch of squares….wait….no…it couldn’t be…

End of dialogue set.

“Quite an ingenious plan.” said Dumbledore looking down at the floor, he too figured out what Harry was doing each separate section he was drawing continued to cause his mind to stagger.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He can’t get into any more trouble now.” said Hermione.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“And his mother braved Azkaban for her son’s freedom…you can’t say that about some mothers.” said Bill. “Mom yeah, but I can’t see many others.”
“Wow, so if you die while taking that potion…” said a second year Hufflepuff.

“You retain that form forever if no one else sees what you’ve done.” said Dumbledore.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“After the speech you made in the courtroom?” said Justin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Like what…an extra scoop of ice cream.” said Ron.

“I like ice cream.” said Harry sitting up quickly as he continued drawing.

“We’ll get you some for lunch how about that?” said Remus gently down to the temporarily addle-minded boy.

“Yay!” said Harry with a smile and continued his drawing.

“He’s so adorable.” said Sirius laughing out loud as he watched Harry crawl underneath chairs to enlarge his drawings.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“And her memory was already shot.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Well, he wasn’t cruel to her in the end.” said Ginny. “She wanted him to get the treat, so he was her responsibility.”
“And when he got loose, he punished her for it…so in a way….she did do something in order to get fired.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set.

“Except for a few things.” said Ron. “He stole Harry’s wand, and Harry talked to Winky.”

Dialogue set, seventh sentence.

“That would be Harry’s.” said Hermione.

“Can you imagine what would have happened if he realized who it was that sat in front of him.” said Neville with a shiver.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I don’t think Bad Boy covers it.” said Katie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, thirteenth sentence.

“Good thing for Harry that he used it.” said Fred.

“Or Harry wouldn’t have been able to ever find it again.” said George.

Dialogue set, twentieth sentence.

“And that’s where Harry saw her trying to get away from the fires and the stampedes.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“So there was a reason.” said Remus.
Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Lucky him.” said Minerva darkly.

Dialogue set, thirteenth sentence.

“And thus starting Harry’s nightmare.” said Leroy looking down at his monster who was still drawing the squares on the floor. “He really likes drawing those doesn’t he?”

End of dialogue set.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Maybe once you found out that you weren’t going to avoid Azkaban.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I was furious.” said Dumbledore levitating the biscuit tray over to Harry, who snatched two of them quickly.

Dialogue set, twelfth sentence.

“Sorry Alastor.” said Mr. Weasley.

“I would have been shocked out of my mind if you had figured out what had happened.” said Moody.
Snape scowled.

“Of course, Peter was watching him.” said Remus.

“He was never a good look out.” said Sirius.

“That would have ruined all their plans.” said Flitwick.

“Did he ever get that back?” asked Sirius. “Harry?”

“Yeah?” said Harry looking up quickly and smacking the top of his head on the underside of Hagrid’s chair. “Ow…” he clutched the back of his head with both hands.

“You okay?” asked Sirius.

“Ouch…” said Harry rubbing his head.

“Did you ever get the map back?” asked Sirius.

“What map?” asked Harry.

“Oh Christ…never mind.” said Sirius quickly. “Did he ever get the map back?’ he asked Ron and Hermione.

“Yeah, he did.” said Ron.

“So your father’s name protected you.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.
“I’m amazed he didn’t kill Krum.” said Zacharias.

“If he had killed him, Harry would have been blamed.” said Hermione.

“And you never asked Snape?” asked Bathilda.

“I did not.” said Dumbledore.

Sirius began to gag.

“What’s wrong?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“I found a bone in front of Hagrid’s that night, I was gnawing on it.” said Sirius his face turning pale.

“Not if you don’t make it to where he’s at.” said Lee.

“Poor Winky.” said Hermione.

“Let’s have a bit of lunch, if anyone can stand it.” said Dumbledore.

“DONE!” said Harry standing up, smiling and spinning around.

“Absolutely lovely dear.” said Mrs. Weasley with a smile. “What is it?”

They all looked down at the floor there were separate sets of squares all set around the Great Hall, they went all the way into the far corners and under the chairs.
“They’re blueprints… the floor layouts of… of everywhere he’s ever been to.” said Dumbledore in awe. “There’s Gringotts, the Leaky Cauldron… even Hogwarts.” His foot was directly over the lake that stood outside their very walls.

“There’s the Burrow!” said Charlie.

“Headquarters.” said Moody taking care to cover this set with his feet.

“The Ministry of Magic.” said Madam Bones looking at the large one sitting in front of her.

“My house.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“My apartment, the Dursleys’.” said Dr. Clark.

“Everywhere!” said Ron.

“And he did this all from memory?” said Dean looking at Harry who was still spinning around and smiling.

They all turned and stared.
Harry smiled as he spooned his second bowl of ice cream into his mouth. Everyone stared at him as he smiled brightly and ate his food greedily.

“He’s cracked…” said Terry.

“Yeah, what the hell was that stuff the Ranger gave him?” asked Ernie.

“Whatever it was, I wonder if it would fry our brains?” said Terry.

“More?” asked Harry sitting up and holding out his bowl to Mrs. McFinn.

“Sweetie, you’ve had two bowls of ice cream already. Why not have something else?” said Mrs. McFinn ruffling Harry’s hair softly.

“Treacle?” asked Harry eagerly.

“Something a little healthier?” coaxed Mrs. McFinn.

Harry gave it some thought. “Sugar Free treacle?”

“He’s got you there.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh. “Here Harry, have a vegetable.”

Harry looked at the carrots closely and looked up at Dr. Clark. “That’s not treacle.”

Sirius stuffed his knuckles in his mouth to stop himself from laughing out loud.

“It’s vegetable shaped treacle.” said Neville helpfully, also trying hard not to laugh.

Harry stuck his tongue out. “I’m not stupid.”

“You’re nuts, but not stupid.” said George.

“Guess there is a difference.” said Fred.


“Should we give him something else to occupy his time?” asked McGonagall looking at Harry with a gentle smile. But Harry decided to crawl into the bowl and snuggle against the people inside.
“Oh yes, please, get him to bed or at least Madam Pomfrey.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I was ready to hex him into oblivion.” said Professor McGonagall curtly.

“Unfortunately, that never happened.” said Dumbledore firmly.

“I don’t want to know, do I?” asked Chief Hawkeye rubbing his eyes tiredly.

Mrs. McFinn covered her mouth and looked over at Harry, who was still curled up and sleeping.

“Is he still out?” asked Ron.

“Yeah, he’s still sleeping.” said Sirius. “I was hoping he’d stay awake a little longer. He was adorable.”

“He could have forced himself to sleep, perhaps he knew exactly how silly he sounded.” said Dr. Nicodemus thoughtfully.

“I would have carried him if he had asked me.” said Dumbledore. “He was easily light enough.”

“Bet he smiled from ear to ear.” said Sirius ruffling his godson’s hair lovingly.

Dumbledore looked to the side and didn’t answer.
Sirius looked down at Harry in shock.

Dumbledore looked down, a tear sliding down his crooked nose.

The Hufflepuff students looked at the sleeping figure with guilt on their faces. They didn’t realize how tore up Potter was over Cedric’s death.

“Better than most students are anyway.” said Professor Sprout.

“I was never so worried before in my life.” said Sirius.

“He looked ready to collapse or faint.” said Sirius.

Everyone shifted in their seat and looked at Harry uncomfortably. They figured he was a invincible hero, but to hear that he was human, that he suffered when others died around him, that he mourned so deeply… and thought nothing of his past troubles….they couldn’t help but feel petty.
“He used to lay his head against Harry’s chest when he was a baby, especially if he wouldn’t fall asleep or take his nap.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

“He’s been through enough.” said Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley together.

“Exactly! Hand him over!” said Madam Pomfrey.

“I wonder how long he would have let Harry sleep.” said Ron.

“Harry wanted to continue sleeping after the first day, but I had to have him take a few potions.” said Madam Pomfrey softly.

“Says who?” muttered Remus darkly. He should have just borrowed the memory from Harry and allowed him to rest.

“He still reels when he thinks about it.” said Hermione.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry in shock.
“What is it?” asked Leroy.

“N-Nothing.” said Dumbledore though he had a look of pride in his eyes.

Twelfth paragraph.

Mr. and Mrs. Diggory held onto each other tightly.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“It always is.” said Dumbledore softly.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Remus sent a fleeting look of apology to Dumbledore.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma, sixth word.

“I wanted to kill him.” snarled Sirius.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Rudolph reached down and laid a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Why did you look like that?” asked Hermione.

“That explanation, if it won’t be disclosed later, is for Harry’s ears only.” said Dumbledore simply. "We had already spoken about it, but not in such precise detail.”

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.
Seventeenth paragraph.

Emmeline Vance blew her nose loudly.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

“And the rest of the world is left in the dark.” said Colin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Oh my god.” said Hannah.

“That’s…so cool.” said Dennis.

“I wonder if I’ll ever meet the unicorn that my tail hair comes from?” asked a third year Ravenclaw.

“Or find the tree? That would be awesome!” said another Ravenclaw student earnestly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Something that happens perhaps once a century at the most.” said Flitwick.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Mrs. Diggory sniffed loudly.

“Poor Harry.” said Katie.

“Poor Cedric.” said Hannah.

Sirius flinched and rubbed Harry’s shoulder tenderly, trying to ease a pain long gone.

Harry groaned. “I’m still sleepy.” he mumbled. “Go away.”

“Sorry Cub, I didn’t mean to wake you.” said Sirius quickly.

“They scared the living shit out of Voldemort.” said Harry thickly as he sat up. Mrs. McFinn tapped the end of Harry’s mouth for the naughty word he uttered.

“You want go back to sleep?” asked Sirius.

“No. But I wouldn’t say no to my own personal space here.” said Harry as he shifted his shoulder from all the hands touching him.

Remus and Sirius blinked.

“Uh…sure, I can get you a chair.” said Sirius trying to hide the hurt on his face. He summoned a large armchair and placed it between the sofa and the bowl. Harry settled himself into it and pressed his fingertips together.

"I think the time of his mental high is gone, this is him crashing.” said Dr. Nicodemus shaking his
Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“I couldn’t believe you had to go through that.” said Sirius his hands shaking.

“I’ve gone through the beatings my uncle dealt me, basilisk venom and dementors…and this is the part I fall apart on…I’m pathetic.” said Harry with a groan.

The people in the Great Hall stared.

“So we had happy Potter…” said Blaise.

“Now we have the serious one.” said Draco.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Bless his beautiful feathers.” said Bathilda Bagshot with a sigh.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Dumbledore smiled over to Harry, whose face held no real emotion.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“I’m assuming you mean hope…you want me to be a symbol of hope?” said Harry with a smirk.

“Not at all, you gave us the truth…from you.” said Dumbledore.

The smirk faded.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Where he should have been brought in the first place, I don’t care what you say Albus.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“Sorry Poppy.” said Mrs. Weasley.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“He didn’t seem well enough to take a Molly hug at that point.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue set.

“Good, let him rest.” said Leroy.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley blushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.

“Yeah, he hasn’t wet on the floor in about thirteen years.” said Remus with a laugh.

Sirius growled at his old friend.

End of dialogue set.

“I didn’t want you out of my sight till you were safe in a Hospital Wing bed, where you would be the safest.” said Dumbledore.

“Third year.” said Harry plainly.

“I allowed you out.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Also, gave you the notion to go.”

Thirty-first paragraph.
“Oh, Harry.” said Mrs. Weasley dabbing her eyes.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Worry about yourself.” said Moody gruffly.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“If we were you, we’d have of been dead.” said Ron.

Harry only focused on the floor.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“God, I love that stuff.” said Harry looking up into the sky. “It’s nice not having to deal with all the nightmares.”

 Thirty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“Knowing you, I had a strong batch made.” said Madam Pomfrey.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Oh, you poor sweet baby.” said Mrs. McFinn.

They looked over at Harry, but they only saw Harry scribbling into his black notebook, a plain look on his face.

“He’s still in neutral mode…dang…he’s so tense.” said Ron looking at his best friend.
“Half hour at the most, by the point we had guests.” said Sirius.

“About how foolish and how idiotic the Minister was.” said McGonagall tartly.

“Not another Dementor.” said Rudolph shaking his head.

“You’re a foolish, stupid arse!” said Leroy.

“You shouldn’t have heard all this.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, I did, can’t go back on that now.” said Harry without looking up. “Unless I did another memory charm on myself, and I’d rather avoid that.”

“Look in his office, dumbass.” said Dr. Clark with a snarl.
Forty-second paragraph.

“I didn’t want a repeat of the previous year.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set.

“And I was, till the Minister made sure he would never move on his own powers again.” said McGonagall furiously.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“She has since then.” said Lee quietly.

Harry looked around to the sympathetic looks and groaned. “What is it now?”

“We were just remembering…” said Colin.

“No!” shouted the adults.

“…when you were found injured by McGonagall.” said Colin, then he covered his mouth in horror.

Harry looked at the adults curiously, but then Harry could feel a knife carving into the flesh into his back. He held back a yell, but the pain only continued to grow.

“AAARGH!” shouted Harry, he doubled over in pain and crashed onto the floor. “Idiot! I was so close!” snarled Harry as he writhed in pain. “So close…to forgetting!”

“STUPEFY” shouted Dumbledore and the spell struck Harry. Harry stopped cringing and laid limply on the floor.

“What the hell?” asked Sirius rushing over to the stunned figure of his godson. "How could you do that?"

“It’s better if he doesn’t remember, it would only cause him great pain. No one is to mention that incident again.” said Dumbledore darkly to the students around the Hall. Sirius picked Harry’s form up off the ground and carried him back to the bowl. Remus enchanted the large bowl grow even larger and fill itself with cushions and blankets. Then they laid it down on the floor, giving it a real appearance of a giant bowl.

End of forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“Fool, you were fine.” said Tempest angrily.

End of dialogue set.

“And you draw your own conclusions.” said Nightstrike with a sigh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“They bring a wizard, a witch...anyone else that wouldn’t cause harm to the students!” said Mrs. McFinn angrily.

Fudge flinched.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Please don’t.” said Rudolph darkly.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“But now you can’t prove it you imbecile!” said Madam Bones shortly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I’ve seen just what kind of man he really was.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“He was, you stupid fool! You can be under even the smallest amount of Veritserum and be the
most crazed man alive, but you will always tell the truth.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue set.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“He’d benefit from it.” said Tonks.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

“Idiot.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“How dare you! He’s done nothing to make you question him!” said Leroy angrily.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“I did not want him to disturb Harry.” said Dumbledore.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“How dare you! He’s done nothing to make you question him!” said Leroy angrily.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“I wanted to rip him apart.” said Sirius.
Because he used his brain.” said Bill.

“Yup.” said Fred.

“He’s mental.” said George.

“A boy who what?” said Rudolph crossing his legs and frowning up to the Minister. “The heir to the largest and most influential house in the world? Cross a Potter, and you’re just asking to be dismissed politically and socially.”

Fudge paled.

“No more than the delusions you’re suffering from.” said Lionus.
“So…that scar can come in handy.” said Charlie.

“Though it’s a double edged sword, Harry feels pains whenever the Dark Lord broadcasts his feelings.” said Dumbledore.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He knows the bastard’s a Death Eater, but he doesn’t want to lose his grip on all that money.” said Bill quietly.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“What the…?” asked Alicia.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah…great causes.” said Fred.


“Felon fund” said Fred.

“Incarcerated assistance” said George.

Murderer’s Ministries.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Cleared my foot.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“And how would he know the names?” asked Charlie indignantly.
“And where would you be able to read those? Those are only kept at the Ministry of Magic, and in my office!” said Madam Bones hotly.

“Hey! You only had Snape’s word that he was confounded! And then you saw how unbalanced he was!” said Bill.

“I find him more trustworthy than most people in here.” said Chief Hawkeye sternly.

“Didn’t the walrus turn purple?” asked Fred.

“Yeah…and yet.” said George.

“He had more brains than you.” said the twins together.

“We aren’t trying to cause a panic, we’re trying to protect all that hard work!” said Ron.

Fudge turned pink.

“Sound advice!” said Lionus nodding approvingly.
“You would have had the entire Rangers standing behind you in support.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“You’re insane.” said Remus.

“A snap of his fingers and they’ll be at his beck and call.” said Tempest.

“And you didn’t listen to this warning?” said Nightstrike shaking his head.

“Whoa…you’d better have some heavy artillery going with them.” said Nightestrike.

“This madness, is called sense.” said Dumbledore.

“You are a fool, learn from your past mistakes.” said Lionus.

“Damn.” said Charlie. “Not really a side you want to see in a Minister.”
Fudge paled. Whispers crept across the hall and before his eyes, he could see his newest citizens cast their support elsewhere.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“And all because both the father and son sought power and acceptance.” said Tempest.

**End of dialogue set.**

“And he will be.” said Lionus coldly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fifty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.**

“I could hardly believe what I was hearing, and I used to like this man.” said Madam Pomfrey.

**End of fifty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“And anyone with sense will follow Dumbledore’s lead.” said Mr. Weasley.

**Fifty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Because he knew better than you did.” said Remus.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence, second comma.**

“Hagrid did nothing wrong!” shouted Ron and Hermione.

**Dialogue set, end of fifth sentence.**
“Of course! Who better to know what the students should learn but the teachers?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Well, except for Gilderoy.” said Fred.

“And Quirrell.” said George.

“And Umbridge.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixtieth paragraph, first sentence.

“Of course not, he was hoping that you would come right out and say you were against the Ministry.” said Bathilda Bagshot disapprovingly.

End of sixtieth paragraph.

“He’s never lied to you, and he’s at least putting you on your guard.” said Charlie.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Nice boss.” said Dean with a sickened look.

Dialogue set, tenth sentence.

“Cause he’s a ruddy coward.” said Hagrid with a frown behind his bushy beard.

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-second paragraph, fourth sentence, fifth comma.

“They’re trying to warn you, you moronic fool!” said Firenze sharply. Tempest smiled fondly at her fellow centaur.
Such arrogance.” said Madam Bones.

“You couldn’t keep up with your Department of Magical Education’s head, and you want to discuss education with Dumbledore?” said Rivers shortly.

“You bastard.” muttered Dr. Clark staring furiously up to the Minister.

“It..it was his…” said Fudge.

“You could have set the money safely aside, or deposited it into his account!” said Dr. Clark hotly. “He would hardly notice the difference in his account, and you didn’t need to bring up the conclusion of the task so soon!”

“Bull, Dad has more pride and honor than most of them put together.” said Ginny proudly.

“And those who are loyal to the people as opposed to their own careers and bank accounts.” said Kingsley.

“And you did admirably.” said Dumbledore with a proud smile.
“You gotta do what you gotta do to protect your family.” said Bill with a smile.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“We know what he’s going to talk to him about that.” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I didn’t want to leave Harry, not after what he had been through.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Took several years off my life.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Protecting my godson.” said Sirius with a smirk as he laid a hand on sleeping Harry’s shoulder.

Dialogue set.

Tonks snorted in disbelief “Yeah, and You-Know-Who will start giving out flowers to complete strangers.”
Several people snickered.

“What you should have said was ‘Get along, or you’re both grounded.’” mumbled Harry’s voice as he sat up.

“No, Harry, stay down and get some rest, sleep off that powder.” said Sirius trying to push Harry back down into the cushions.

“Ugh…that stuff doesn’t agree with me.” said Harry as he laid down in in the expanded bowl.

“Sorry lad, I thought it would cheer you up a bit.” said Dr. Nicodemus walking over and feeling the boy’s forehead.

“It did make me feel better, for a while, but then I just kept thinking so hard…” said Harry thickly.

Sirius shushed Harry softly. “Don’t worry about anything, just rest.”

“Thereir hands only went up and down once.” said Ron.

“Wow, who are those two?” asked a first year.

“Members of the first Order of the Phoenix.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “You’ll know about them soon enough I suspect.”

Sirius turned and stared at Harry, guilt stretching across his face.
“Oh Harry.” said Sirius a tear running down his face. “I’m sorry.”
“As am I.” said Dumbledore softly.

“How come I get the feeling what he’s going to do is more dangerous than anything else we’ve heard?” said Seamus.
“He must have gone back to being a spy!” said an excited second year.

“Not the best thing to think about.” said Moody.
Mrs. Weasley looked sheepishly down.

“Is there something wrong with his eyes?” asked a Hufflepuff first year.
“He’s trying not to cry.” said Hannah in a hushed voice.
“It’s okay mate, do what you want.” said Ron quietly.

Mrs. McFinn looked at Harry in wonder.

“He had a rough day, he wasn’t thinking.” said Dr. Clark in a soothing tone.

A few girls were crying silently in the Great Hall and a few boys were pretending to wipe the sweat off their brows.

“Way to ruin the moment.” said Draco with a smirk.

“Oh, I got the last laugh.” said Hermione.

“Don’t ever fall asleep like that. I thought you died.” said Ron running his hand through his hair.

“He really did. Freaked everyone out.” said Fred.

“Yeah, we ran and dragged Dumbledore back, even he freaked out a little on how Harry was laying there.” said George.

“We’re in the final chapters…let’s finish this book and then call it a day.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“Yeah, Harry could use the cooking time.” said Sirius knowledgeably.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
“I’ll take it.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smile. He summoned the book and read the title of the last chapter: Chapter Thirty-seven.”

First paragraph, second sentence.

“You were put through too much.” said McGonagall sadly.

End of first paragraph.

Mr. Diggory and Mrs. Diggory bowed their heads.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“We never would have found him, if you didn’t bring him home.” said Mrs. Diggory sadly.

Mr. Diggory nodded solemnly.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I would have been happy if he didn’t sign up for the damn thing.” said Mr. Diggory breaking down and sobbing into his hands.

Third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph.
“He didn’t want it. He wanted no part of it.” said Hermione.

“We didn’t want it either.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“He’s suffered enough.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Oh…if your Great Grandmother hears about this…she’d pull you out of here and slam every family and Skeeter with so many slander and grievance charges and fines…” said Rudolph looking down at Harry with a frown. “Another massive multi-family loan would come around again.”

“Well, no…he knew what happened.” said Dean.

Ron and Hermione smiled to themselves.

The adults blinked and stared at the three of them.

“This wasn’t a strange occurrence in school…this was a mass murderer that killed a student.” said Ron.

End of sixth paragraph.
“To protect you, but for all my hopes, protection was something you did not have entirely.” said Dumbledore guiltily.

Dumbledore covered his eyes.

“I..I didn’t mean it like that, sir.” said Ron.

“That is not why I am emotional, my boy.” said Dumbledore softly.

“Except for last year, we always seem to have those classes free at the end.” said Seamus.

“I was afraid he’d be too depressed ter see me.” said Hagrid.

“Well, we aren’t on first name basis with her.” said Terry.
“Not for a long time.” said Remus softly patting Harry’s hand.

“Thank you Hagrid.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

“His father the way he turned out.” said Dumbledore, glaring quickly at Snape.

“Still has a memory like a steel trap, nothing gets out.” said Moody.

“We’ve had enough fright for a while.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“Which meant a lot of early mornings and late evenings.” said Ron.
Sixteenth paragraph.

Mrs. Diggory dabbed at her eyes.

Seventeenth paragraph, third sentence.

“Took a while for me to settle back into normalcy.” said Moody plainly.

“This is normal?” muttered Tonks with a teasing smile.

“I heard that.” snarled Moody.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

“It wouldn’t be long.” said Moody.

Eighteenth paragraph, sixth sentence.

People stared at Harry, he really did try and read people.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dumbledore’s and Snape’s mouth hung open slightly.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

The hall went silent, as students and adults alike had a moment of silence for the fallen Hufflepuff student.
“He could hardly believe he was going to have to relive that.” said Ron.

“And a whole lot of people here wanted to insult him without thought.” said George.

“And everyone else tosses him under the bus.” said Fred.

“I saw them, but I didn’t want to give them the satisfaction of allowing them to voice their opinions at that time.” said Dumbledore.

“It was their Headmaster that got outed as a Death Eater.” said a second year Ravenclaw.
“Excellent speech.” said Chief Hawkeye clapping his hands together.

“Especially with the Dursley’s there.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Ron quit trying.” said Terry with a smile.

“So I guess her charms were working.” said Seamus.

“Harry was just happy that someone didn’t talk smack about him.” said Ginny.

“Nice guy.” snickered Colin.
“She was fine, Ron.” said Mrs. Weasley shaking her head.

“Finally…we were thinking you never got it.” said Alicia.

“Though you don’t want to sit on that cushion.” said Neville rubbing his backside.

“Which was nice.” said Sirius.

“Though he lets them bad mouth Harry all they want, even pushing them to do it.” said Tonks.

“I want to know, how the hell the Editor thought he could get away with badmouthing my nephew when I got back?” said Leroy with a snarl.
“Blackmail?” said Fudge quickly.

“Pardoned.” said Chief Hawkeye swiftly. “I want to hear about this.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Harry didn’t know?” asked Colin.

“Harry was too busy with other things to really care.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Beautiful.” said Rudolph with a smile.

“Oh, she’s fired now…” said Leroy with a bright smile. “It’s all over for her.”

Rita scowled at the girl.

“Don’t be pissed, it was your beloved Ministry that wanted all this out in the open.” said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.
Rita blushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He remembers a freaking bug? On a statue? What the hell…?” said Angelina.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Heaven, you kids are too much.” said Nightstrike.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Explains her fall from grace.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“When has he not been his favorite?” asked Charlie.

“I don’t...” said Dumbledore quickly but the teachers all shook their heads.

“Don't even try Albus.” squeaked Flitwick with a smile. “It won't do you any good.”
Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He’s not that weak.” said McGonagall proudly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Draco cringed and covered his eyes.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“What the…?” asked a first year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue set.

“You kids are too precious.” Nightstrike with laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You seem to really like that one.” said Rudolph.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence, seventh comma.

“You kids are so nice to each other.” said Kingsley with a smile.

“Do unto others as they would do unto you if given half a chance.” said Ron.
End of fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Thanks for acting as if nothing really happened that year.” came a muffled sound from the cushions.

“It’s alright Harry.” said Fred with a shrug.

“Don’t bother getting up, just keep sleeping.” said George.

“That’s exactly what he’s doing.” said Dumbledore rubbing Harry’s back gently.

“This book took one hell of a toll on him.” said Tonks.

“Thank goodness for those parties, I don’t want to think about what he would have had to go through without those distractions.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Dude, forget something!” said Fred shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“They wouldn’t shut up about it!” said George.

“We were about to force feed them some Canary Creams after a while.” said Fred.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It was something a little less….diabolical.” said Fred.
Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I keep forgetting that.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“That day at the Three Broomsticks!” said Hannah with a gasp.

Dialogue line.

“You should have threatened to sick Mummy on him, he would have coughed up quickly.” said Bill.

“After killing us, then where would we be?” asked Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Weasley began to growl. “I told you not to gamble.”

“We don’t do that anymore.” said Fred quickly.

“Well, except for the little bets here, but that doesn't really count.” said George.

Dialogue line.
“My dad still wants to rearrange his face.” said Lee.

“That giant bag of gold?” said Charlie. “He’s screwed.”

“And how.” said Bill.

Remus stopped laughing.

“Bet he doesn’t like Harry anymore.” said Katie.

“Poor Harry.” said Justin.
“He never wanted to talk to us one on one when the year is over.” said Fred.
“During the year, oh yeah, but never the end.” said George.

“Never had someone just call us over and hand us a giant thing of gold.” said Fred.
“How come you didn’t give me some?” asked Ron with confusion.
“Wait’ll you hear his reason, we went all out just for him.” said George.

“Didn’t expect him to want to do something funny…besides the pranks he rarely does.” said George.

The Hall went silent.
“You’re right.” said Ron quietly.
“We were still thinking you were a nutter.” said George looking over at Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Easy there, shorty, we’ll take the money.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Ron turned a faint pink.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He didn’t even blush.” said Fred.

“Really did prove he thought of her as a sister.” said George.


“Way to sound foreboding.” said Tonks.

“I think we will call it a day today.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

“Should we wake Harry up?” asked Sirius. “Or just take him to bed?”

“Bed would be the best bet.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“We’ll take him to bed.” said Dr. Clark standing up with Mrs. McFinn.

“I’ll help you take him up to the room.” said Bathilda taking her wand in hand and levitated the boy’s body out of the bowl and out of the Great Hall.

Sirius watched Harry be carried out of the Great Hall and had a worried expression on his face.

“I hope he’ll be okay for the next book…I mean…” said Sirius.
“Yeah, we’ll see what could happen.” said Remus.

“Somehow, I don’t think the future is going to be able to take any easier than the past.” said Sirius.

Well, this is the end of the ten chapters in one shot thing we've had going on. Now it's all down where no one has read before.

I've had a few people try and theorize who Lionus was/is. A few people said that he had to HAD to be Officer McFinn.

He's not.

It may be a great long while till that little information is revealed.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
This chapter is inspired by the song Going Home, sung by Tommy Scott, I wish I could tell you to just go type it in and listen, but when I tried, it was the wrong song. This version is an old Irish song that I heard on a Celtic Music CD, and I fell in love with it.

I now the chapter is short, but...hey, someone is back in town baby!

The next morning, they all gathered back into the Great Hall. They looked excitedly at the fifth book to be read, this one and the ones after it held the future, what would happen, would it be good, or would it bring them nothing but nightmares?

Dumbledore walked over to the pile of books, took out the fifth one, this one had a bluish colored leather cover and silver letters along the spine and front, telling the title.

Title of the fifth book.

His eyes blinked several times and looked nervously at the book...he hoped that the book wouldn't divulge sensitive materials and if it did, he would simply have to work around it.

Though it was nine o’clock, the book held a lock on the side, hiding it’s pages from the world. The students were getting a bit antsy, they were wondering why they weren’t getting on with the readings.

“How Harry, I think we may have to ask you to release this book.” said Dumbledore taking the book over to the slightly sleep-ruffled teen.

“How am I supposed to do that?” asked Harry taking the book in hand.

“I’m not sure, but you should get an idea somehow.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Harry held the book in his hands, unsure of what to do with it. He looked over to the rest of the school, they were staring at him fixedly. What the hell was he supposed to do? Nothing was coming to mind, the book wasn't changing color, temperature or even yelling out instructions.

As he stood there, the book unchanging in his hand, something did happen.

Sing. said a voice in his head

Say what now? thought Harry quickly, he knew that voice, but it had been so long since he heard it, could it really be...but how could it? He looked around, but there was nothing there, however the book began to glow.

C’mon Harry, I know you can do it, sing our favorite song...

Harry stared at the book in wonder as music began to play in his head, tears welling up in his eyes.

Sing, Harry....sing with me...

Harry closed his eyes, and sang the song he and the voice’s owner used to sing when they would work in the workshop that was in the voice’s garage.

Officer McFinn’s favorite song, Going Home.
Mrs. McFinn looked at Harry, a hand covering her mouth.

“What is it?” asked Remus.

“That’s…” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Who the hell is singing with him?” asked Sirius looking around the room.

Another voice could be heard singing along with Harry, but who it was, they could not pinpoint, except for two people. One voice was Harry's soft tenor tone, and the other, was a slightly deeper, with an Irish accent.

“That’s…that’s James…” said Dr. Clark in a hushed voice. “That's James' voice.”

“It was his favorite song,” said Mrs. McFinn wiping her eyes. “He’d always sing that song., but where is it coming from?”

“But, how can it be James?” asked Dr. Clark repeatedly.

After the final note was over, the books opened wide and floated towards the middle of the room. A light shone around the book and when it transformed into a large shimmering cone of light, a white high backed chair was deposited as well a man, wearing a police officer’s uniform, and a smile towards the people in the bowl.

“JAMES/OFFICER MCFINN!” shouted Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark and Harry together. He smiled widely as Mrs. McFinn and Harry rushed towards him.

“Hey, sugarplum, hey. Spoooort!” said Officer McFinn as Harry tackled him to the floor in a large hug. “This was so much easier when you were younger.” he groaned as he hugged Harry. "If I wasn't dead, this would have really hurt."

“James! You’re alive!” said Mrs. McFinn swooping over him and kissing him.

Officer McFinn looked uncomfortable. “Not really, sweetheart.” He sat up with some effort, Harry's arms still wrapped around his neck. He gestured around the cone, “See that light? If I leave here, I disappear, I’m only solid in this little area. I'm amazed to be here at all, to be perfectly honest.”

“But…why…?” asked Harry clutching Officer McFinn closer to himself. “How are you back?”

“I’m not all that sure on that point. I was minding my own business, talking to…a few people...” he said looking down at Harry pointedly. “When, something began to pull on all three of us, little bolts of electricity came out of nowhere. Shot up from the ground and made me stagger in pain for a moment, the others too. The woman I was speaking to almost fell right through to where the bolts were coming from. We were all screaming in pain...worse thing I had ever felt. The man I was also talking to and I pulled the woman back up, but I lost my grip and fell through.

Speckerton looked at the figure, confusion and horror on his face.

“Then I had something telling me I couldn’t go back, couldn't rightly say what it was, just some large booming voice telling me I couldn't return, not without staying and powering these readings. Confused the hell out of me I’ll tell you that much. It hurt a lot at first, but after a while it got to be pretty bearable. I got to hear what happened to you, and I got to relive a few of the happiest moments of my life. I shielded you from remembering some of the bad ones, and taught someone here a lesson.” said Officer McFinn running his hand through Harry’s long hair.
Harry wasn’t moving, he just wanted to stay in Officer McFinn’s arms. He missed this man so much, he didn’t want to lose him again. Officer McFinn patted Harry’s head, “C’mon Sport, we’d better get started…”

“Don’t wanna…” said Harry stubbornly. “I want to stay here.”

“Harry…remember how I said it hurts…” said Officer McFinn slowly. He didn’t want to use this card, but Harry had to know what was going on, what was going to happen. He had seen it all, whipping quickly past his eyes when this first started, Harry had to be prepared, he saw what Harry’s children looked like. Harry had to have that joy in his life, no matter what happened.

Harry looked up at Officer McFinn, and slowly crawled back into his bowl seat.

“James…” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I didn’t expect to show myself to you…I just…it happened.” said Officer McFinn with a kind smile.

Mrs. McFinn looked over to Dr. Clark quickly.

“I know all about it, and I’m fine with it…you need someone to look after you, and someone needs to look after Sam. Lord knows, maybe someday, he’ll finally be able to swing a tennis racquet properly.” he added with a smirk.

“You sure you’re dead? Cause you sound just as normal as you used to be.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh. “Still delusional.”

Officer McFinn’s laughter rang through the Great Hall.

Soon, everyone was asking the dearly departed man all sorts of questions about Harry's life with them and even a little extra info about himself. All except Umbridge, who still glared fiercely at anyone and everyone who took her future away from her.

These books were supposed to prove Potter was a liar, but it didn’t work. The books were obviously defective, and every time she made to inspect them, she’d get smacked around by that filthy werewolf and disgusting centaur nag.

Her world and plan had collapsed on top of her, and she was struggling to get back on top, (or at least out of shackles) and these books were not helping. That damned boy… if it wasn’t for him… he should have been kissed by those Dementors back before she even had to teach at this wretched school. This was all his fault.

Now how to go about getting her revenge?

Every time she wanted to send an owl to someone like Macnair, who always agreed with her, she’d be restrained and handled roughly. Why couldn’t the Minister see how brave and selfless she was? Why wasn’t he trying to get her off?

This was all Potter’s fault.
I don't own Harry Potter. And I'm only updating this story now one chapter a week, cause...yeah...I've got a lot going on, and with me doing two stories...and I have a new game...and it's a miracle that I could tear my hands away from it.

Officer McFinn took the book in his hands and settled back in the chair.

"You going to read?" asked Dennis.

"I'm reading for the rest of the book." said Officer McFinn crossing his leg. "And for the remaining books."

"Aw, now that's not fair." said Fred.

"Beats fighting over it." said Officer McFinn.

"We never fought over the chapters." said Lee.

"Not yet anyway." said Officer McFinn. "**Fifth book, First chapter.**"

"Finally, someone is seeing Dudley as the nutter he really is." said Dean.

“He's not a nutter, he's just dumber than a box of flobberworms.” said Harry.

_**First paragraph, first sentence.**_

"Aw, I didn't want to hear about Privet Drive." said Tonks.

"Well, what do you expect, the book mentioned Dudley right in the beginning." said Sirius rubbing the back of Harry's neck.

Harry wasn't saying anything, he was only staring at Officer McFinn.

"Harry..." said Dumbledore.

"I'm fine." said Harry absently.

Officer McFinn looked up, he wanted Harry to sit with him...but he was gone, having Harry be with him the entire time won't help him move on with his life. He shouldn't dwell on the past. Hell, hell he shouldn't be showing himself to the boy at all.

Dumbledore was thinking along the same lines, but what could they do?

All Harry could do, was stare hungrily at Officer McFinn, his mind not even focusing on the words being said.
"Aw, poor sweet babies." said Bill with a roll of his eyes.

"They take personal appearances very seriously." said Harry softly.

“A part of it anyway.” said Sirius thinking of Uncle Vernon's girth.

“Don't knock it, on that street, most of the people are around that size.” said Harry with a snicker.

"Didn't they use air conditioning or fans?" asked Hermione.

"Brown outs and black outs." said Harry simply, trying to resist as Sirius and Dumbledore coaxed Harry to lean back in the bowl. He wanted to be as close as he could to Officer McFinn. Why couldn't they understand that?

"Hm....laying in the dirt at Privet Drive." said Fred thoughtfully.

"They must be talking about Neville." said George.

"You wouldn't catch me there." said Neville.

"Also doesn't help he doesn't get the food a growing boy needs." said Madam Pomfrey.

"He should have had brand new clothes!" said Mrs. McFinn angrily.

"Oh, they would have loved us." said Fred with a bright smile.
"The darlings of the drive," said George rapturously.

Second sentence, end of third sentence.

"You did worry Mrs. Figg when you disappeared from your home." said Dumbledore.

"Figg? Arabella Figg?" asked Mrs. McFinn.

"That's right." said Dumbledore with a smile.

"She's...?" said Mrs. McFinn.

"In a way..." said Professor McGonagall.

"Wow...she is?" said one of the students.

“How come she didn't help matters?” asked another student.

End of second paragraph.

"Him getting off his chair is a slim chance." said Dr. Clark.

Third paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma.

"I'd hope not." said Hannah.

Third paragraph, second sentence, seventh comma.

"He could ruin his teeth that way." said Hermione absently.

"They're fake." said Harry absently.

"They are?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Top and bottom." said Harry.

"Hope someone smashed him in the mouth." said Officer McFinn with a sneer.

End of third paragraph.

"What kind of questions?" asked Bathilda Bagshot.
"Why was I in the living room, was the garden cleared of weeds, is dinner made...stuff like that." said Harry with a shrug.

**Fourth paragraph.**

"He's under the window trying to listen to the TV, so shut up and let him listen." said Dean.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

People around the Great Hall began to snarl once more.

"She shouldn't be allowed to raise goldfish." said Terry angrily.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

"He's watching the news, you idiot." said Charlie.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

"Wow..." said Blaise. "Even I know who the Muggle Prime Minister is."

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

"Do they honestly think that people just creep under their window and listen to their conversations?" said Ernie.

"Harry's under the window." said Justin.

"Well, he's different." said Ernie.

"Everyone's getting in on the act." said Fred.

"No respect." said George.
Dumbledore stifled his laughter.

*Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.*

"What?" said Remus.

"Wait for it." said Harry.

*Sixth paragraph, end of fourth sentence.*

"I wasn't all that comfortable going with someone who is all of a sudden acting out of character." said Harry.

The Rangers and Moody nodded appreciatively.

*End of sixth paragraph.*

**Dialogue line.**

"Somehow, I doubt he's just gone around for a nice cup of tea." said Hermione.

Harry smiled.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.**

"They're not friends, they're thugs." said Parvati.

*End of dialogue set.*

"Not here he's not." said Emmeline.

*Seventh paragraph, second sentence.*

"And a bunch of other things." said Seamus.
Bathilda Bagshot gasped. "Those little brutes."

"Cigarettes or..." said Remus softly.

"Stronger than that." said Harry.

"You didn't..." said Sirius softly.

Harry said nothing.

Sirius turned in his seat and stared at Harry, as did everyone else in the bowl and Officer McFinn.

"Just once." said Harry. "Didn't really care for it."

"Explains why you were so testy over the summer." said Sirius with a frown.

Harry looked away. Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry. "I'm happy you don't do that anymore. " then looked at Harry quickly. "Are you happy you don't do that?"

“I like breathing...that stuff was nasty anyway. Gotta say though...it was nice to feel relaxed...”

“Like that stuff the Ranger doctor gave you?” asked a first year Slytherin.

“Wasn't the same...” said Harry.

"How come no one contacted Dursley and demand compensation?" asked Bill.

"Everyone knows who Dudley's dad is." said Harry. "They don't mess with Uncle Vernon."

"And they don't think you're decent?" said Tonks with wide eyes.

"They're not all that bright." said Harry.
"I'm confused now, why is his stomach churning?" asked Ernie.

"Night for what?" asked Colin.
"For some news, answers, anything." said Harry.

"What the heck were they throwing a fit about?" asked Bill.
"There was a big drug bust in the airport and a few of them were taken into custody, a some of them helped themselves to a few pounds of the stuff. They're protesting that now they need to be frisked every time they leave the baggage area and they don't get paid for the time they're searched. Some even get docked pay for showing up late for a few of the baggage sortings." said Harry.
"I'd protest too." said Ron.

"If people had been killed, it would beat out protesters." said Hannah

"Man, sounds like we've heard something like that before." said George with a wink over to Hannah.

"You seriously need a vacation." said Sirius. "No stress, no nothing, just nice relaxation at home."
"I don't think I know what that word means." said Harry with a smile.
"It means you relaxing beside the pool, sleeping in, or doing whatever you want to do." said Sirius.
"I was right, it's nothing I've ever done." said Harry.
"He's laying low." said Kingsley.

The Rangers and Aurors nodded with smiles on their faces.

"Uncle Vernon has his going on at one in the morning every three days." said Harry. "He didn't like the other neighbors doing it more than he did."

"Idiot was just trying to do a trick." said Harry.

"Well, someone is interested." said Ginny.

Charlie looked confusedly at the book. "W-What?"

Several people snickered.

"I would have wanted to watch that." said Parvati.
"This doesn't sound good." said Terry.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.
"Someone apparating?" asked Charlie.
"And I know who." snarled Mrs. Weasley.
"Good thing you guys let him go." said Tonks quietly. “She'd rip him apart.”

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, second semi-colon.
"Ah, poor kitty." said a first year Hufflepuff.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, second semi-colon, second comma.
"Uh oh." said Dr. Clark.

Fourteenth paragraph, end of first sentence.
"So cool." said Colin.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.
“Not so cool.” said Dennis.
"Bet that hurt." said Remus.

End of fourteenth paragraph.
"Get a grip, woman." said Snape with a roll of his eyes.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.
"He can handle anything that comes his way..." said Fred.
"Except a smack to the head?" said George.

They looked over to Harry with wide smiles.

"I...will...smack...you...back" said Harry slowly.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

"OI!" shouted Sirius.

Dialogue line.

"Let go of him and he just might!" said Remus hotly.

Dialogue set.

Dumbledore covered his mouth with his hand. "My god."

“Too bad that never happened before this, he could have used the protection.” said Remus with a growl.

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

"Don't bother with the surroundings, worry about your Uncle!" said Alicia.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

"Sort of hard to do that with someone's hands around your throat." said Harry.

Dialogue set.

"He is a good liar." said Bathilda Bagshot with a frown.

Seventeenth paragraph.

"Do go over there." said Dennis.
Eighteenth paragraph.

"Are you bloody insane?" shouted Ron.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

"Not funny." said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"That way I'd know what I was trying to hit." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

"He won't believe you." said Emmeline Vance.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

"It's his window too!" said Seamus.

"That's not my house, I just happen to sleep there during the summer." said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

"Most parents are excited that their kids are up to speed on what's going on." said Leroy shaking his head.
"Don't give an abusive man cheek!" said Professor Sprout in shock.

"Sorry, that's all I am, is clever." said Remus with a smirk.

"I think they would have preferred you stupid, Potter." said Draco.

"A lot of people would, I should think." said Harry sending a pointed look up to the Minister.

People growled once again.

"Harry, the next time he calls us "Your lot" smack him." said Charlie.

"Love to." said Harry.

"Smack that stupid walrus." said Charlie.

"They were dumbfounded on how you could fight back." said George.

"Is not." said Mr. Weasley.
"They're just giving me a headache." said Harry.

"I'm shocked he knows that big of a word." said Professor Flitwick.

"Not his problem." said Blaise.

"Ooh!" said the students leaning back and closing their eyes.

"This won't end well." said Dean.

"I don't want to think about how it will go once you get back home." said Mrs. McFinn.

"You're making my head hurt." said a first year Slytherin student.
"Boy..." said Moody with a proud smile. "If only other young men were like you."
"And girls." chipped in Tonks.

Ron shook his head as Hermione stared at Harry.

"To protect you." said Dumbledore softly.
"He nearly got choked to death, and they didn't even notice." said Sirius darkly.

"No! Listen to your instincts." said Tonks.

"No." said Ron.
"Yes." said Hermione.

"Well, it spared you from a lot of headaches." said Bill.
"We were worried how you were holding up." said Mr. Weasley.
"Didn't sound like it." said Harry stubbornly.
“Wasn't our fault.” said Hermione.

Harry said nothing.

**Letter from Ron and Hermione.**

“That's all they wrote?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Yup.” said Harry.

“I would have preferred no letters.” said Dr. Clark. “If you had to go through what you had to go through, and then they send you letters written like that.”

“We were told we couldn't tell him anything!” said Hermione.

“You could have found a way.” said Dr. Clark.

“It's not a good idea to leave the target in the dark about possible dangers or possible attacks. They'll only put themselves in danger even more if you don't warn them.” said Officer McFinn wisely.

Dumbledore looked down slightly. “I only wanted to protect him.”

**Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence.**

“Man, that would have drove me nuts.” said Ernie. “Having people hint that all the time.”

“Especially when you're at the Dursleys.” said Harry dully.

A few Order members looked uncomfortable.

**Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence.**

A few members of the Order, Hermione, and the Weasleys turned and stared at Harry.

**Thirty-first paragraph, fifth sentence.**

Ron and Hermione stared dumbfounded at their friend.
“I was pissed.” said Harry matter-of-factly.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

“It was her night to cook.” said Harry shaking her head.

Thirty-second paragraph, third sentence.

The hall went silent.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Harry crossed his legs nonchalantly. At this time, he didn't care what anyone said, he hated being left in the dark.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dumbledore rubbed his eyes, trying to rid himself of some residual tears.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“You really like that street.” said Sirius with a faint smile. Harry smiled at Dr. Clark, and Mrs. and Mr. McFinn.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

Sirius gave his godson a one armed hug.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

Sirius looked sideways at Harry with a guilty look.
“We weren't trying to hint towards anything!” said Hermione.

“It kinda sounded like you did.” said Dr. Clark.

“Good, he'll listen to you.” said Officer McFinn.

“There wasn't anyone home at that point.” said Mrs. Weasley with a faint smile.

“I didn't swear at the pair of them in my letters.” said Harry nodding over to Ron and Hermione.

Remus hid his cracking smile behind a hand.

“Shut up.” said Sirius.

“I'm not saying a word.” said Remus trying very hard not to laugh.

“Don't you ever open the damn gates?” asked Charlie with a laugh.

“Charles!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Nice.” said Ginny shaking her head.
“Yeah, climb into the fireplace.” said Neville.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry quickly.

“Not quite.” said Snape quietly.

“Harry?” said Sirius holding up a hand to silence both Ron and Hermione. Harry picked up the blanket that was laying in wait on the floor, and covered his head with it. “Do you blame me?”

“Well, not really, but we do care.” said Sirius.

“I couldn't really tell this summer.” said Harry.

“Do you now?” asked Remus.

“Maybe.” said Harry with a shrug. “I guess.”

“Once again: Not quite.” said Snape shaking his head.

Several adults squirmed in their seats.
“I didn't...” said Dumbledore weakly.

“We wanted you there.” said Hermione tears in her eyes.

“That's an impossibility.” said Snape.

“Tell me about it.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Oh, they would have eaten that up.” said Tonks with a roll of her eyes.

“Oh no, drunks.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Harry made a “So-so” gesture with his hands. “I don't rightly remember if he was drinking at that point.”

“You know the singer?” asked Bill.

“Singer' is a bit extreme.” said Harry.

“They're kids?” asked Remus.

“Yeah, and they already ruined those bikes a few times since they've gotten them.” said Harry.

“Are those parents blind?” asked Sirius.

“Yup, they're about as clueless as the Dursleys.” said Harry.
“What does that mean?” asked Terry.

“He’s still huge, but it's partly muscle.” said Harry.

“I would say “Congratulations” but not if you were the practice dummy.” said Dumbledore looking over to Harry.

“I may be able to take on Crabbe and Goyle, but Dudley is another story.” said Harry. “He takes awhile to knock down and keep him down.”

“Absolutely not.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Can you imagine what he would turn out to be if he went to that school?” asked Professor Sprout loudly.

“Say hello to the Ranger's Most Wanted.” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.

“I didn't care, I wanted to get my mind off of...everything.” said Harry.
“That's mean.” said Fred.

“But funny.” said George.

“But funny.” agreed Fred.

**Forty-second paragraph, second sentence, first dash.**

Officer McFinn stopped reading for a moment and looked up at the black haired youth. He extended his arm and motioned to Harry to come over. “Come here, Sport.”

Harry stood up slowly and walked over to where Officer McFinn sat. Officer McFinn smiled up to Harry. “You know, it'll look really creepy if I pull you into my lap.”

Harry, without missing a beat, sat down on Officer McFinn's lap and put his head on his shoulder.

“You're strange.” said Officer McFinn placing a kiss on his half-adopted son. “Listen, you know...though I only had about a year, I didn't raise you to pick fights.”

“I didn't pick it...well, I didn't walk up to all of them and start something.” said Harry mumbling and leaning heavily into Officer McFinn.

Mrs. McFinn wiped her eyes on a handkerchief, she missed them so much, just seeing James holding Harry close to him, protecting him.

“What are you trying to tap dance around?” asked Officer McFinn with a smile.

Harry remained silent.

“You picked a fight with Dudley, didn't you?” asked Officer McFinn with a smirk.

“Yeah.” said Harry quietly.

“And he's built the way you make it sound?” asked Officer McFinn in a whisper.

“Yes sir.” said Harry once again very quietly.

“Good boy.” whispered Officer McFinn. “I don't want to hear about you fighting with that boy again.” he said loudly.

“Yes sir.” said Harry equally as loud with a smile.

**End of forty-second paragraph.**

“I know, I know...No magic outside school.” said Harry from where he now sat.

**Forty-third paragraph.**
“And here you didn't trust me.” said Harry with a pout.

“Not when it's sounding like you're angst ridden.” said Officer McFinn with a light smack to the back of Harry's head. Sirius frowned and dragged Harry over to where he was sitting.

“What's wrong?” asked Harry, resisting slightly.

“Nothing, just...get back here...” said Sirius trying to sound nonchalantly as he pulled Harry towards him.

Remus looked at Sirius and then back to Officer McFinn.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sirius began to nudge Harry repeatedly. “You're not being nice.” he said in a singsong voice.

“You weren't being talkative.” said Harry in the same voice.

Officer McFinn smiled fondly at the two of them.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“So if he had gotten home at one o'clock...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“He was fine with it.” said Harry.

“He had been fine with it?” asked Mr. Weasley in shock. “He had been out that late before?”

“I had to keep his dinner warm...for seven bloody hours.” said Harry.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

The grip on Harry's shoulder from Sirius' hand tightened.

“How late were you?” asked Remus through gritted teeth.

“Ten minutes maybe?” said Harry trying to shrug and loosen Sirius' fingers.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma.

“Harry...without a smile..?” said George.
“Never will happen.” said Fred.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“I wouldn't exactly call Vernon square....oval is more like it.” said Officer McFinn.

Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence

“Yeah, it's not the scenery or anything like that, it's the absence of the disapproving looks.” said Charlie.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

“You really sound creepy.” said Katie with a small smile.

Dialogue line.

“Must be talkin' 'bout that Dursley boy.” said Hagrid with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I don't want to think about what they'll do without adult supervision.” said Remus.

“Makes me look like a sweet perfect angel.” said Harry with a bright smile.

Snape snorted.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Dud?” said Fred.
“I don't think a guy wants to be called that.” said George. “Especially if he wants to have a girlfriend at any point in his life.”

Charlie reached over and smacked the back of the twins' heads.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“And I'll bet that Vernon doesn't care that he hums a tune.” said Professor Flitwick darkly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, cause we could remember the time that you were called Ickle-Diddykins.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fred and George looked at each other. “That was weird.”

Dialogue line.

“Listen to the bully and shut up.” said a sixth year girl covering her eyes.

Dialogue line.

“Don't go there!” said Justin loudly.

Dialogue line.
“Not that she'd do anything about it, anyway.” muttered Professor Vector with a frown.

“You're asking to get smacked.” said Remus shaking his head. “And I'm not sure who to really root for.”

“That's nice.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Hey, he may have helped start the war, but he didn't start this battle.” said Remus with a laugh as well.

“What happened to him?” asked Dennis.

“He got the snot beat out of him. Two black eyes, bruises all over his body, dislocated shoulder and knocked out a few teeth.” said Harry.

“Didn't Mark Evans tell his mother who did it?” asked Neville.

“He told his Mum and Dad yeah, but they didn't believe him. They're really good social friends with Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon. They love Dudley. Mark's the only one with brains.” said Harry.

“Ooh.” said Fred and George together.

“Did Mark really say that?” asked Lee.

“He said he did.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Stupid, idiot boy.” said Snape rubbing his eyes.
Fiftieth paragraph.

Harry looked guiltily down on the floor.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Be more specific, Harry carries a lot of things.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Don't push your luck boy.” said Snape shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

The school went quiet.

“WHO IS HE CALLING FREAKS?” screamed a seventh year Hufflepuff girl.

Dialogue line.

“That's a safe threat to use.” said Moody. “He'll never know.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He'd better not take him on with or without it.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue line.
“Never knew you had so many Slytherin characteristics.” said Leroy with a wink.

Dialogue set.

“That his fault you were loo..” said George.

“GEORGE!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I didn't even finish!” said George.

“I can tell where you were going with it.” snapped Mrs. Weasley.

“Mother!” said George with a scandalized voice

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Remus spat out his tea and stared at the book. Officer McFinn also stared hard at the book.

“Nothing happened.” said Harry tiredly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“I'm getting really worried now.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius pulled Harry closer to himself.

Dialogue line.

Sirius gave his godson's arm another squeeze.
“That's hitting below the belt.” said Ron. “Talking about someone like that.”

“He's always thought that I swung that way, just cause I don't do the things he likes.” said Harry.

“That boy...” said McGonagall with a furious look.

“At least his dad and mum were decent people!” shouted Rudolph, tears in his eyes.

“Ah ha!” said the Minister and Umbridge excitedly.

“You cannot do that!” shrieked Umbridge.

Chief Hawkeye glared fiercely up to the woman who cringed.

“Sounds wonderful to me.” muttered Ron.

“Harry's getting mad...” said George.
“I'm almost sorry for Dudley.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

The Minister turned white.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Madam Bones leaned forward in her chair, sending dark looks up to the Minister.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first dash.

“So he was working hard not to let off some accidental magic.” said Bill with a smile.

“Can someone even do that?” asked Charlie.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“I don't know of anyone that does.” said Dumbledore.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“‘We sure this isn't the end of the book?” asked a first year nervously.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Sixty-first paragraph.

A few people began to cringe, the scene going on in the book was getting frightening.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Shut up idiot!” said a few third years.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Madam Bones’ eyes widened.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

“He didn't give you the chance to stop doing whatever it was that you weren't doing.” said Lee.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“That little...” muttered Nightstrike.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.

“Get your wand!” shouted Lionus and Moody together.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“So...you may not like him, but...” said Ernie.

“Doesn't mean he deserves what almost happened to him.” said Harry.
Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“Tell me it’s not what I think it is.” said Dr. Clark almost pleadingly.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“What on earth?” said Dumbledore staring at the book just like everyone else.

“Shocked the hell out of me too.” said Harry.

End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Seventieth paragraph.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fudge looked down at his knees, a remorseful look on his face.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

“Just think of something pleasant!” said Remus worriedly.

Seventy-fifth paragraph, first sentence, first dash.

Sirius shivered violently.
Sirius and Harry's head were touching before this, but then Sirius' head snapped up and clocked Harry on his temple.

“Ow...” said the both of them.

“You okay?” asked Sirius rubbing the top of his head.

“I don't wanna go to school, mummy.” said Harry rubbing his temple as he laid in Remus' lap.

“Doesn't sound like you were mad at us.” said Hermione.

“Oh, I was mad.” said Harry. “I just had more pressing matters.”

“Whoa.” said Sirius.

Several people gagged loudly.
“Did you just control where it went? And did it just take out more than what was in front of it?” said Remus in awe.

“'Parently.” said Harry.

“That was scary.” said a first year.

“And the Ministry didn't believe me.” said Harry shaking his head.

“How's your head.” said Sirius.

“I'd be fine, if someone would just stop rocking the planet.” said Harry.

“Good boy!” said Nicodemus.

“Nice.” said Ron with a snicker.

“And that was it.” said Officer McFinn with a smile. “Let's get on with it. Next chapter is Second chapter.

“Fun fun.” said Harry.

“Sure it is, we get to watch the Minister mess up completely.” said Sirius.
“Are we going to hear more angst?” asked Sirius with a teasing tone.

“I'm a fifteen year old with issues, what do you think?” said Harry with a smirk.

Dumbledore looked furiously down at the floor, Mundungus had been released earlier that morning, so he could not exact his revenge on the man again.

“Mr. Tibbies?” said Ernie.

“She's her best trained cat.” said Harry. “He can even hop up on the clicker and change the channel on the TV.”

“Easy there...don't make him an accessory.” said George.

“I was angry, people keeping stuff from me... and then all that was going on...” said Harry shaking his head.
“Why he was put on guard, I'll never know.” said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“He was the only one available.” said Remus tiredly. “Harry had never seen him, so he would blend in, and everyone else had to work.”

Mrs. Weasley folded her arms.

“Hey, at least he's keeping his wits about him.” said Justin.

“Who cares, as long as Harry's okay, it doesn't matter what anyone says.” said a first year girl, then closed her mouth quickly when it dawned on her what she had said and where she had said it.

“Nice...” said Lee rolling on the ground with laughter.

“She was the only one in the neighborhood that said Dudley was a thug.” said Harry. “Though she says that about most kids.”

“I wouldn't believe he was a good-natured boy in her eyes, after he ran her over with his bike.” said Bill.

“Want a list?” said Dr. Clark with a small smile.

“In the Magical World.” said McGonagall.

“But they're...” said Sirius.

“Alright, alright.” said McGonagall.
“So you only put one person that can use magic on guard duty?” said Lionus running a hand down his face.

“That's just asking for something to happen.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“What would you have done?” asked Hermione.

“Every person in the Rangers that's incapable of using magic has two magical backup Rangers.” said Chief Hawkeye. “That way, no one is taken off guard.”

Second paragraph.

“Oh, dear, you're not going to be able to pick him up.” said McGonagall shaking her head.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, this is the second time he's been called that.” said a third year Slytherin.

Third paragraph.

“First time for everything it seems.” said a cocky seventh year Hufflepuff.

“Not funny, it's common practice in Azkaban to just sit in your cell the first week in shock.” said Sirius sharply.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Harry! Don't do it!” said Fred loudly.

“He'll fall on you, and squish you to death!” said George.

End of dialogue set.

“Once he starts to fall, leap out of the way.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.
“Hey, give him a moment.” said Neville. “He's got to drag that lump.”

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Wha?” asked Blaise. “Is she all of a sudden using wizarding sayings?”

“Oh huh, I could hardly follow what she was saying.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.

“Then why leave him there, why even take him there?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

Dumbledore heaved a large sigh. “He had to go there and stay there for a short time in order for his...apparently nonexistent...protection to work.”

“How long would he had to stay there?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It fluctuates.” said Harry folding his arms. “You don't know, until you get a feeling that it's long enough.”

“Did that feeling ever come?” asked a first year earnestly.

“I don't know, never felt anything.” said Harry with a bored voice.

Dumbledore looked down in shame.

Dialogue set, third fourth sentence, first pause.

“What's he like?” asked Hermione.

“A cantankerous old goat.” said Harry and Officer McFinn together.

“James! Harry!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Holly, the man used to call the station, because kids were running too fast on the sidewalk.” said Officer McFinn. “He was a right pain in the arse and I was happy every year someone would egg his house.”

“Don't think I didn't notice one year that my three dozen eggs were gone by morning.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I told you, I had a craving for omelets.” said Officer McFinn with a smile.

“At two in the morning?” said Mrs. McFinn, a disbelieving smile on her face.
“They were good omelets.” said Officer McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“Don't blame you right there.” said Charlie.

End of fifth paragraph.

“And you could drag him like that?” asked Draco.

“It wasn't easy, and I wasn't prepared for it.” said Harry. “Nearly broke my back.”

Dialogue line.

“Too keep you safe.” said McGonagall. “As well as it had been working at any rate.”

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Sad thing is, compared to the Dursley's, it was enjoyable.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“One once again, bad planning.” said Lionus shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

“Ow...” said many students rubbing their backs.

Dialogue line.

“Makes me feel a little uncomfortable, the Ministry watching me at all times.” said Harry rubbing the side of his neck, and sending a small sideways glance at Dumbledore. Dumbledore looked guiltily down.
Dialogue line.

“If the Minister and his secretary weren't trying to kill you, yes.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I never did anything of the sort! I didn't know that what she was doing!” said the Minister loudly.

Umbridge snarled at the Minister.

“She's still your employee, therefore, your responsibility.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“He was drunk?” screeched Mrs. Weasley.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence, second comma, fourth word.

“Sounds like Crookshanks doesn't it.” said Terry.

End of sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“The thing *you* were supposed to prevent, happened!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That's right you stupid fool!” said Sirius darkly.

“I thought you liked him.” said Harry.

“I did, till he ditched you for his own personal gains.” said Sirius.

“You know...I wonder if it was planned.” said Ron thoughtfully.

“How could it have been planned?” asked Hermione exasperatedly.

“That night...there just happened to be someone selling dodgy cauldrons and they come to Dung to
“sell them?” said Ron.

“And on that same night...Dementors show up?” finished Harry following with Ron's thought process.

Dumbledore looked between the two boys and then scowled fiercely towards Umbridge, who was gnashing her teeth at the boy in the bowl and then to the boy in the love seat.

Dialogue line.

And you off buying stolen cauldrons! Didn't I tell you not to go? Didn't I” Dialogue line.

It had to be a trap. thought Remus deeply.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

Several students laughed out loud.

“And get him Mrs. Figg!” shouted Fred and George.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

“He's life wasn't worth living after Dumbledore got through with him.” said Fred in a whisper.

Dialogue line.

End of dialogue set.

“For my can of spinach to show up.” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.
“Can of Spinach?” asked a first year Hufflepuff.

“Ask a elderly muggle.” said Lionus with a smirk.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first pause.

“Didn't she just say that she couldn't do anything?” asked Zacharias.

Dialogue set, second sentence, fourth pause.

“Well, that worked like a charm.” muttered Officer McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Several people scratched their heads.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Maybe better security and keeping him with him at all times.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first pause.

“Ouch.” said Professor Sprout softly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, I'll get right on that.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.
“I was getting really mad.” said Harry.

“You failed him as a parent.” said Bill.

“Eww....” moaned a few first years.

“Is 'galumphing' even a word?” asked Hermione with a laugh.

“Man, when I throw up on the floor, my mom and dad don't care if they step in it or not when they go to put me in bed.” said Colin.

“If only.” said Madam Hooch rolling her eyes.
“Not intentionally.” Ron.

Dialogue line.

“By who? Starving children?” said a seventh year Slytherin.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“They scared him senseless.” said Nightstrike.

Fifteenth paragraph, fourth word.

“Where are you getting your words?” asked Luna dreamily.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

“Weren't you going to make sure Dudley was fine?” asked Millicent Bulstrode.

“He was fine.” said Harry plainly.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, do you mean he'd actually use the police?” asked Dr. Clark with a raised brow.

“That would shock me back to life.” said Officer McFinn with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, Big D, tell Mummy.” said Fred.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Oh...this won't be good.” said Draco.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“Don't go in there! Just go to your room and lock the door!” said Tonks loudly.

“Can't, door doesn't have a lock on my end.” said Harry.

“That's where the lock is supposed to be.” snarled Tonks.

Nineteenth paragraph, second word.

“We went from picturesque words to words from Roald Dahl books.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Lionus raised his brows. “Seriously?”

“My children love his books. BFG, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, The Twits, Fantastic Mr. Fox...they love them all.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I want to hear him say a few of the candy bar names.” muttered a muggleborn Hufflepuff student.

“Not in your lifetime.” said Chief Hawkeye not looking at the student.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He had done nothing.” said Tempest with a stern tone.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Who buys their kids a leather jacket?” asked Nightstrike.

End of dialogue set.
“Makes me sound like a pervert.” said Harry with a laugh.

“This isn't funny, he's smacked you before, and he sounds like he's getting close.” said Remus.

**Twentieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Hit him, and I'll hit you!” snarled Sirius.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“Too bad.” said George.

“Try again next time.” said Fred.

**End of twenty-first paragraph.**

“Do I really want to know who that's from?” asked Lionus looking up to the Minister with a frown on his face.

**Dialogue set.**

“Too bad.” said Colin.

**Twenty-second paragraph.**

*Letter from Ministry, greetings*

*Letter from Ministry, first paragraph.*

*Letter from Ministry, second paragraph.*

“Oh for the love of...” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I'm thinking we should have stepped in sooner. If the Minister is going this far.” said Lionus.
“He knew full well that wasn't Harry that did that!” said McGonagall. “Albus and I told him in person what had happened!”

“She's fired.” said Chief Hawkeye sternly.

“She couldn't believe what she was sending, she didn't want to go that far.” said Mr. Weasley quickly.

Chief Hawkeye looked at Mr. Weasley with a pensive look. “I'll withhold judgment for the moment, but to destroy the wand before the hearing...” he glared up at the Minister. “You are going to be paying Potter some compensation for overstepping your authority.”

Fudge quivered under the man's gaze.

“Oh, you're going back, whether you were acquitted or not.” said Lionus. “Best have you trained as a wizard than anything else at this stage.”

“You were in shock so much that you didn't hear what your uncle was shouting at you?” asked Alicia.

“Don't run! They'll only send Aurors after you!” said Tonks.

“And then you'd have to be a fugitive if they didn't catch you right away.” said Hermione.

“Then say hello to the Rangers coming to find you.” said Lionus.

“You would have been recruited in a heartbeat.” said Nightstrike.

“Ah HA!” shouted Umbridge.
“Stupid cow.” muttered Hermione. They all cheered when Tempest slapped Umbridge harshly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, Harry has to escape from the long wand of the law.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, Harry has to escape from the long wand of the law.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“You wouldn't understand it anyway.” said Professor Sinistra.

Dialogue line.

“Hey! Our school isn't...” said Fred.

“Wait Fred, lets give this some thought.” said George.

The twins sat in thought. “Never mind, this school is a little mad.” they said together.

Officer McFinn raised one brow while he looked at them.

Dialogue line.

“Don't do it, Harry!” said Neville.

“This is his Uncle Vernon that he's going up against.” said Ron.

“Do it, Harry!” shouted Neville.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Oooh!” said the Weasleys together.

“It sucks when that happens to Errol.” said Ginny.

“Was it Errol?” asked Dennis.

“Nah, Harry got the letter in this century.” said George.
Letter from Mr. Weasley, greetings.

Letter from Mr. Weasley, second sentence.

“Should have come and got you, your uncle was in no state of mind to care for you.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of Letter from Mr. Weasley.

“Didn’t plan on it.” said Harry.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Using those self-defense moves that Inspector Homes had you learn.” said Mrs. McFinn helpfully.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

“Yeah, the whole kicking them clean through the middle from the ground up would land you in prison for assault, easily.” said Ron.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Why did you think that?” asked Hermione.

“I wasn’t too sure if I could hide from them, I wanted to see if I could.” said Harry.

“Ranger material, all the way.” whispered Dr. Nicodemus with a smirk.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Not with your freedom at stake I hadn’t.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Dialogue line.
“Bet that knocked them for a loop.” said Lee.

“Aww, they were so close of losing their chef.” said Ginny with a frown.

The Aurors and Rangers leaned forward eagerly.

“Seriously Harry, you need to pick one of us to join.” said Tonks excitedly.

Harry shook his head. “I'm fifteen, you honestly think I'm going to pick an occupation now?”

“No, you people did that yourself.” said Lionus.

“He saved your good-for-nothing son.” said Sirius.

“Not a damn thing to your kid.” muttered Charlie.
“Wow, wonder what privileged boy has to be unhappy about?” asked Neville.

“There's the million galleon question.” said Harry.

Thirty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“Nice people.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

“They had one neighbor carted off for talking to the tree in his own yard.” said Harry.

“Poor Mr. Feathering, he wasn't hurting anyone.” said Mrs. McFinn. “He buried his dog under that tree, and he loved that little terrier.”

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Any thoughts?” asked Dumbledore.

Harry sat in thought.

“Perhaps when he saw Harry as the better athlete, student and had friends that would come out to save him from a prison and use magic, he was taken with a bout of jealously.” said Luna dreamily.

Harry and Dumbledore looked at her.

“Works for me.” said Harry.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“That's sort of odd, only you in that household, knows what he went through.” said Terry.
“No Hogwarts student learns that spell at school.” said McGonagall hotly.

Silence came over the Hall.

“Did you read that right?” asked Snape leaning forward in his chair. “She wouldn't willingly speak of the magical world.”

“She did.” said “Officer McFinn.

“He's never struck her has he?” asked Officer McFinn looking up at Harry.

“Not that I've ever seen, they love each other quite a lot.” said Harry with a shrug. “Well, I guess their fond of each other at least.”

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.
So she remembers me. thought Snape with a mental smirk.

I'm amazed that she remembered what I had said all those years ago. muttered Snape.

"Was he smart enough to learn how to before?" muttered Draco.

"Best of luck to you on that one." said Dr. Clark.

"Sounds like one of the quick diplomatic apology owls. They only send those when they try and cover their tracks and calm any political storm." said Kingsley.

"That would have been a massive meltdown of the Ministry. If Harry had been expelled and had his wand snapped, he could have sued the entire Ministry....and we wouldn't have one anymore." said Tonks.

"He should have sued them then." said Moody. “Got it all lined up before they sent that letter.”

“I had told them that I would have brought legal action against the Ministry if it had gone through
with it.” said Dumbledore looking at Fudge. “And it wouldn't have been handled in our Department of Magical Law Enforcement. I would have taken it as far as I could go.”

End of fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Here’s hoping that no other owls come crashing through the window and breaking it.” said Seamus.

Letter from Ministry, greetings.

Letter from Ministry, first paragraph.

Letter from Ministry, second paragraph.

Letter from Ministry, third paragraph.

“Best wishes, my...” said Bill.

“William!” said Mrs. Weasley.

End of letter from Ministry.

“Can you be suspended when you aren't even in school?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“In the Muggle World no, but here yes. But it should be handled by the Ministry and the school, not just the Ministry.” said Madam Bones.

Forty-first paragraph.

“Still could not believe that the entire Wizengamot had to be called for that hearing.” muttered Madam Bones. “It was the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard or seen.”

Dialogue set.

Officer McFinn snarled at the book. “I've got plans tonight.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Dr. Clark. “I thought you and Holly...”

Officer McFinn and his wife locked eyes. “I-I...”
“It's alright, James. I understand.” said Mrs. McFinn with tears in her eyes. “I'm okay.”

James smiled at his wife. “God, I love you...I'll save you both a spot.” he flashed his eyes up to the ceiling. Then he turned to Dr. Clark. “Hurt her, and I'll haunt you.”

“No thanks, I'd like to go back to my little vacation from you.” Dr. Clark shot back, his face faltered for a moment.

“Oh, I was enjoying mine.” retorted Officer McFinn with a laugh. Dr. Clark smiled again.

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

“That bastard.” growled Mr. Weasley.

Mrs. Weasley didn't say anything, she was busy muttering her own curses.

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

Several people snickered.

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

“Careful lad...” whispered Dumbledore absently.

“Dialogue set.”

“Dialogue line.”

“They make you relive the worst moments of your life.” said Fred.

“For us...it was the day you were born.” said George.
“Yeah, that's what he said.” said Dean.

“Sounds about right with Dudley.” said Ginny with a giggle.

“Dang Harry.” said Justin shaking his head.

“There's no real body to strike.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Resourceful little critters.” said Lionus with a laugh.
“Psycho nut.” muttered a seventh year student touching his own wispy mustache.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“Oh that's nice.” said Sirius giving Harry a slight shove.

“Hey! I wanted to know what was going on.” said Harry defensively shoving Sirius back.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

Letter from Sirius.

“Okay, I didn't know what the house was like, or I would have come and got you myself.” said Sirius.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“Write longer letters, dammit.” said Harry.

Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Well done!” clapped Fred.

“Good show, old chap.” said George clapping as well.

“Positively splendid, old boy.” said Fred.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

“Well, you did misbehave, but you did do good work!” said Remus quickly when Harry glared.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, sure, I put your letters in a special place and you crush mine.” said Sirius folding his arms and pouting.
“Hey, I'm an angst ridden adolescent, I'm excused.” said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“The Minister and his office is doing everything they can to get poor wittle me expelled.” said Harry in a cutesy voice.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Trying to assassinate the boy.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

“You just needed a good night's rest.” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

“What's that again?” asked Harry.

“I think it's when you have pleasant dreams and sleep straight through the night.” said Sirius. “I don't remember myself, it's been so long.”

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“How would they know if there were any or not, they could just randomly show up.” said a first year Slytherin.

End of dialogue set.

“As far as you know.” said Bathilda Bagshot.
“No, the Ministry had some control over them, more's the pity.” said Dumbledore looking at Umbridge with a furious glare.

“Being in the same room as them, I swear I lose a hundred I.Q points.” said Harry.

“How stupid do you have to be to hide out in your friends or family member's house when you're on the run.” said Draco.

“You'd be amazed.” said the Rangers, the Aurors, and Officer McFinn.

“I didn't think the Ministry would be so...well...” said Harry, he sent a fleeting look over to Madam Bones and Kingsley.

“Finish it.” said Madam Bones with a nod.

“Stupid or sadistic.” finished Harry.
Snorts erupted from around the room.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Jackass.” muttered Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“A wide-screen, in the kitchen?” said Colin.

“What the heck?” said Dennis.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

“It’s not your scar, but your actual head?” asked Sirius running his hand through Harry's hair.

“It was hot, I was tired.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Wow...” said a Dr. Clark shaking his head. “Imagine, she could pass for human.”

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“She doesn’t seek you out to console you, but grasps her own son.” said Bill. “I can sort of understand, but still, it was your parents.”
“Poor Walrus baby.” said George.

“He'll never get that word right.” said Lee shaking his head.

“Don't notice that!” shrieked Lavender.

“Finally!” said the students.

“It's not a good thing at that point!” said McGonagall.

“Well why didn't you?” shrieked Mrs. McFinn. “We would have loved to have had him!”
“Not my fault.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence, second comma.
“Not my fault.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence, third comma.
“Neither is that.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence, fourth comma.
“Hagrid's fault.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence, first dash.
“I'll give you the Marge thing.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, eleventh sentence, first comma.
“Sirius settle down. You too Remus.” said Harry pulling the both of them back.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.
“And you people thought I didn't listen to you.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“Disgusting man.” said Professor Sprout.
“You liked eating,” muttered Harry. “And frankly, they'd send the cops out to find me and bring me back in about a few days.”

“Only rotten one is you.” said Leroy angrily.

“A letter for Petunia?” said Rudolph with a curious expression.

“I would say, what letter...but if it's a Howler...” said Tonks.

“Listen to the boy.” said Moody.

“Huh?” asked Fred.
“What the heck is that supposed to mean?” asked George.

Sixty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Sixty-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Sixty-fourth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Silence covered the Great Hall like a thick blanket.
“What the hell is going on?” asked Lee.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
“She's a quick thinker...too bad her son didn't inherit that.” said Seamus.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Sixty-sixth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Wow, I'm lost.” said Padma.
“I despise that rule.” said McGonagall.

End of chapter.

“Whoa!” said Sirius. “Well, at least you didn’t leave the house and you got to go to your room and think.”

“I could barely sleep for two days.” said Harry. “Took me a while though.” Ended up getting sick quite a few times. thought Harry.

Sirius whimpered.

“That's the end of that.” said Officer McFinn.

“I think a spot of lunch would go over very nicely right now.” said Dumbledore waving his wand and summoning the table of food.

Harry picked his legs up and brought them to his chest.

“You alright Sport?” asked Officer McFinn.

“Just tired.” said Harry dully.

“We're halfway done.” said Officer McFinn. “And you'll be better for it.”

“How do you know?” asked Harry.

“I've seen the ending...” said the ghostly figure of Harry's surrogate father.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
“Officer McFinn watched as everyone ate their lunches, fingering the book that he continued to hold.

“Aren't you going to eat?” asked a first year as he walked past.

“I don't need to.” said Officer McFinn with a smile. He waited till everyone settled back down and continued on.

“Third Chapter.”

“Advanced guard for what?” asked Neville.

Dialogue line.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

“Man, you're desperate.” said Dean.

“Do you blame me?” said Harry.

“Not even a little bit.” said Dean.

**First paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“Get some rest.” said Sirius.

**End of first paragraph.**

Sirius, Remus and Dr. Clark tried to slyly run their hands through Harry's locks trying to find the bumps that were there so many months ago.

“I'm fine.” said Harry plainly. “Those lumps were gone months ago.”
“We were just trying to protect you...” muttered Dumbledore, his eyes downcast.

“You really know how to make a person feel guilty don't you?” said Remus.

“It's a gift of mine.” said Harry with a smirk.

“You are not having the best night.” said Sirius itching to rub his godson's toes and relieve them of the pain that was long gone.

“Oh she didn't like that tone one bit.” said Harry.

“Nice.” said Ron rubbing his hands.

“She even pecked me a few times.” said Sirius indignantly.

“Harry don't sic your pet on your friends.” said Remus dully.

“I'm amazed he's not screaming at me.” said Harry.

“I think he's afraid that Officer McFinn's going to attack him again.” said Sirius.

“Better believe it.” muttered Officer McFinn. Remus leaned further away from the man in the shaft of light.
“Not that you told her to peck us, but that you were irritable with her.” said Ron shaking his head.

“I'm more impressed that she stayed and waited for lengthy answers.” said Remus.

“So, he's on your side.” said Sirius looking at Harry. “Or he's still pussy footing around McFinn.”

“Yeah, that didn't happen.” said Harry.

“I could barely operate on auto-pilot.” said Harry.

“She didn't say a single word to me...and even if she did, I wouldn't have been able to do anything with that information.” said Harry.

“And Vernon would beat the snot of you.” said Sirius darkly.

“I couldn't bring myself to relax even for a little bit.” said Harry. “It was a bad summer.”

“Completely understandable.” said Remus with a small smile.
“They can't, you used magic to save your cousin and yourself.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Oh they gave it their best shot.” said Madam Bones crossly.

“Even if I wasn't there sweetheart, you could still stay at my house.” said Mrs. McFinn. “You were a good enough boy with sense.”

Harry didn't mention that he had sought out Mrs. McFinn's house when the Dursleys got to be too much.

“Oh, hell yes, you would have moved in with me in a heartbeat.” said Sirius earnestly.

“Can you imagine the two of them living together by themselves?” said Tonks.

“Well, we know that Black would be well fed.” said Moody with a chuckle.

“We'd have filthy clothes though.” said Harry.

“He can't do laundry to save his life.” said Mrs. McFinn with a laugh.

“No, the Ministry would not be able to decide where you're to go...” said Lionus. “The executor of your parent's will would have the only authorization.”

“You'd be shocked, there was some paper work about Harry being placed in Ministry custody after his expulsion.” said Percy quietly.

“Never.” said Madam Bones with a slight smile.

End of thirteenth paragraph.
“Hagrid was scared of that place and Sirius looked awful after being there so long. I wasn’t all that keen on going.” said Harry.

Fourteenth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

Sirius reached down and brought Harry’s legs up to lay across his lap.

“I’m fine.” said Harry.

“Just relax.” said Remus bringing a pillow onto his lap so Harry could be more comfortable.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Tonks began to giggle.

“Why is she giggling?” asked a seventh year.

“No idea.” said his friend.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Harry wouldn’t want to go with you lot anyway.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Greedy bastard.” muttered Sirius.

Dialogue line.
“So why say all that if you were going to lock him in the room?” asked Ernie.

“I've broken out before.” said Harry. “Since my second year.”

“I've heard that sound quite a lot growing up.” said Harry.

“Okay, when I say during the summer you can just lounge around...try not to lie there like something that died.” said Sirius with a weak laugh.

“You mean that's not relaxing?” asked Harry innocently.

“So despite being in a stupor, you're still paying attention.” said Kingsley with his deep calm voice.

“Don't go down there! Call the police!” said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“There isn't a phone in my room, and it's not worth my life to go into Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia's room.” said Harry.

Dark mutterings fluttered across the Great Hall.
“Didn’t expect *that* to happen.” said Harry.

“Why not?” asked a third year student.

“No wizard has come to the Dursleys without me knowing about it before.” said Harry. “Well, not ones that didn’t come from the Order.”

“What the...what if they were Death Eaters?” said Sirius crossly.

“Then they weren't going to have me trapped in a small bedroom.” said Harry.

Sirius opened his mouth, but closed it again.

“I thought he was going to start hexing us.” whispered Tonks to Remus.

“It looked like it was a near thing.” said Kingsley.

Moody snorted with approval, “Don't blame you, especially since the last time you must have heard my voice was from the Death Eater trying to kill you.”

“Can't fault you their either.” said Moody.

The adults smiled approvingly towards the white-haired boy.
“You really couldn't find another way to put it?” said Sirius shaking his head.

“I didn't think it sounded that bad at the time.” said Remus covering his eyes with a rueful smile.

“Dramatic effect.” said Fred.

“You don't need to worry about me.” said Remus soothingly.

“To bad.” said Harry sleepily.

“You looked very confused.” said Remus looking down at Harry.

“Do you blame me?” he mumbled.

“That's me!” said Tonks excitedly, turning her bubble-gum pink hair into the same shade of violet.

“That sounds like Mr. Shacklebolt.” said a first year Hufflepuff.
“Wow, no wonder Harry said he was getting tired of hearing that all the time.” said Ron.

“Come on, who else could have Harry's dashing good looks.” said Rudolph leaning over and tapping Harry's nose slightly.

Harry, who was on his way to slumber land, swatted the hand away lightly. “Bug off.”

“Good question to ask, not many people would have seen what it looked like.” said Lionus.

“I thought you said you had a halter.” said Tonks.

“I do, but I didn't have the halter on.” said Harry sleepily.

“Then he'd get one hell of a hot seat.” said Nightstrike with a laugh.

People turned and stared at Moody, as several shifted slightly in their seats.
“Doesn't stop me from doing it.” giggled Tonks.

“I can't think of the last time that you saying 'fine' would have been a true statement.” said McGonagall.

“It was painful trying to brush it later.” said Harry jerking awake. Remus had accidentally shifted and Harry's cheek smacked into his boney knee.

“So there wasn't a competition?” asked a third year Gryffindor.

“Good, serves them right.” said her friend.

“Best get Harry out of there quickly then.” said Officer McFinn.

Everyone turned and looked at Harry intently. He was worried about what was going to happen.
when his uncle got home?

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I could use a little R and R.” said Harry with a smile as he sat up.

“R and R?” asked Sirius.

“Rest and Relaxation.” said Harry.

“You're right, you do need that.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

“I could have helped.” said Harry pouting slightly.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Yet they make you do all the cooking.” said Ginny.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Tonks frowned and glared at the book.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You're mother thought it was a perfectly lovely name.” said Dumbledore.
“You keep getting introduced to him.” said a first year Slytherin.

“People really wanted to meet you.” said Remus.

“Everything varies in it's own way.” said Harry sagely.
“Not there!” said Sirius.

“Too bad we ate.” said George holding his stomach.

“Tell me they didn't tell the Dursleys their cup was used for that!” said Lee laughing loudly.

“Wouldn't matter, Aunt Petunia sterilizes everything.” said Harry.

“Uh...” said Sirius.

“Yeah...” said Bill.

“What?” asked Tonks.

“Maybe a bloke should have went to go help.” said Charlie.

“Oh it was fine!” said Tonks.

Harry blushed.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

“See! It was fine!” said Tonks.

“How is that fine?” asked Neville.

“My room is worse.” said Tonks with a shrug.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I thought it looked interesting.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Must've shocked the hell out of you.” said Sirius with a laugh.

Dialogue set.

“One of the only things you got top marks in.” said Moody with a smirk.
“Magical occupation anyway,” said Harry.

“Only a little.” said George.

“This ribbon helps a lot.” said Harry pointing to the red ribbon around his head.

Moody groaned and rubbed his natural eye. “The boy was in this mess, because he used magic there, and what do you do?”

“We might need to work on that spell.” said Professor Flitwick with a kind smile.
Sirius smiled broadly.

“Yeah, that's embarrassing.” said Hannah.

“Us too.” said Fred and George holding their stomachs.

“They made it beep and jumped back about a foot.” said Remus with a chuckle.

“Shut up, Lupin.” said Kingsley with a frown.

“They call me nosy.” said Harry with a smirk.

“You a licker, dabber, or waxer?” asked Dr. Clark with a smile.

“He's a licker.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Shut it.” said Remus smacking his friend with a pillow.
“They won’t” said Dean.

“Yeah, they won't be happy to hear that.” said Charlie.

“You should have asked about that!” hissed Sirius.

“Yeah, exactly, what is that?” asked Dennis.

“Why are you looking there?” asked Ron.

Tonks turned pink, even her hair turned even more of a blushing pink. “I didn't mean to...”

“Awesome! That sounds like a great ability!” said a first year excitedly.
“Beggars can't be choosers.” said Hagrid with a smile.

“Oh, that'll be a reassuring thought.” said Mr. Weasley.

“I didn't want anyone getting hurt 'cause of me.” said Harry.

“And what's stopping the Death Eaters from catching up and killing him?” asked Terry.

“He's riding a Firebolt.” said Angelina.

“Oh, yeah.” said Terry.

“Don't tell me that, or I'm not going to go with the plan.” said Harry.

“Kinda easy to see that Harry's best times are in the air.” said Alicia.
“I'm starting to think that Harry's animagus form would be something with wings.” said Fred in whisper.

“It's freezing though when you're flying about.” said Charlie.

“What made you laugh?” asked a fourth year Ravenclaw.

“I wasn't there to get yelled at for something I didn't do.” said Harry.

Several students screwed up their faces in anger.

Dumbledore closed his eyes in regret.

“I had the flu for two days after this whole flight.” muttered Diggle.

Sirius turned to glare at Remus.

“I couldn't get my cloak off, fly and keep watch at the same time!” said Remus.
Dr. Clark whimpered, “Please don't relive that game.”

"Man, you were freezing." said Remus picking up the phoenix blanket and draped it over the white haired youth.

“Don't even think it! Harry's already going to catch his death of cold!” said Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley.

“Good, take charge Remus." said Bathilda Bagshot.

“He was afraid he was going to lose a finger.” said Ron with a laugh.

“Wow, nice neighborhood.” said Ernie.

Dumbledore looked fearful at the book, if this book said where their Headquarters was...
Kingsley and Tonks laughed quietly. Not even the veteran Auror was immune to freezing.

“Really didn't want anyone to come out and take us by surprise.” said Emmeline Vance.

Members of the Order leaned forward, how were they going to hide the information from the entire school? Was it going to be blocked out because it wasn't written by Dumbledore, or was it going to be read aloud anyway?

The Order and the teens that were at the house during the summer cringed horribly. They heard the address loud and clear.

“Hey, what the heck was that loud beeping?” asked a student sticking their fingers in their ears.

“Yeah, I couldn't hear the end part.” said another student.

The Order, Weasleys and Hermione looked around in shock. Apparently, no one heard the address, yet they heard it just fine.

“That's nuts...” said Ron.

“At least the Order doesn't have to move.” said Hermione.

“Too bad it doesn't, Night's Rest sounds awesome.” said Ron with a slight pout.
Thanks for reading, please.
The members of the Order heaved a large sigh, thankfully (as it seemed to be) nothing of their more sensitive information was going to be revealed.

Officer McFinn only smirked to himself, he knew everything that was going to happen but he could understand why they wouldn't want that address being announced to the entire school. It took a lot of his strength, but he was able to bleep out the address, he wouldn't be able to withhold much, but he could at least protect the headquarters' location.

He didn't even read the next chapter's title.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, this chapter is going to hurt.” moaned Harry.

“Are you okay, Sport?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I'm...sort of a...” said Harry.

“He's going to yell a lot.” said Officer McFinn.

Harry blushed. “Uh...Off...”

“You can't sit over here.” said Officer McFinn, he obviously wanted the boy to sit beside him, but Harry would have to let him go again, and if they got as close as they used to be again, it's only going to hurt him.

Harry looked crestfallen.

“C'mere, you can sit by me.” said Sirius pulling Harry towards himself. Then he wrapped his arms around his godson, holding him close. “He doesn't want to hurt you when he leaves.” he added wisely.

“I don't care.” mumbled Harry.

“I do...you don't need to be any more depressed.” said Sirius kissing the top of Harry's head.
“There's that beeping again.” said Neville.

“Get used to it.” said Officer McFinn trying to keep his voice from breaking from the strain.

Umbridge swore under her breath. Finally something interesting, and it was being withheld from her.

“Bless them.” said Mr. Weasley with a bright smile.

“Beats the heck out of a key, I suppose.” said Dr. Clark.

“Then why take him there, if it's dangerous.” said Mrs. McFinn, reaching over and touching Harry's knee.

“I was fine.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“I'm starting to not believe that.” said Mrs. McFinn looking suspiciously over to the rest of the school. “You are in so much danger in this world...”

“But...I can defend myself here.” said Harry.

“You shouldn't have to, sweetie, they're the adults, they should baby-proof the entire place before
letting kids in there.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Baby-proof?” said Ron.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“It works just fine with a light tap, Alastor.” said Professor McGonagall sharply.

End of sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why tell the adults to stay put?” asked Alicia.

The members of the Order that were there, turned and stared at Tonks.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“In a way, we were.” said Harry before anyone could speak.

“Why say that?” asked Dumbledore.

“Sirius was going nuts in there.” said Harry pointing his thumb to his godfather.

Sirius blinked. “I wasn't dying.”

“From the way you sounded...you kind of were.” said Harry.

End of seventh paragraph.

“Harry...” said Justin.

“Yeah?” asked Harry.

“Did you get captured by Death Eaters?” asked Justin.

“No.” said Harry simply.
Eighth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley blushed.

“I told you, and you didn't believe me.” said Mr. Weasley worriedly.

“N-Nonsense.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Sweetheart...” said Mr. Weasley clasping his wife's hand. “You needed to take a break.”

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I swear, she takes lessons from Hagrid, I'll never need a chiropractor with those two in my life.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.

“You need feeding up all the time.” said Sirius with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

Ninth paragraph.

“Who arrived?” asked Colin.

“What meeting?” asked Dennis.

“None of your business.” said Moody shortly.

Tenth paragraph.

“You aren't invited to those.” said Snape snidely.

“I didn't know where I was supposed to go.” said Harry.
“I hate that.” said Harry.

“Harry, remember what we talked about.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“You're too young to hate anything.” said Officer McFinn. “This Voldemort guy is one thing, but anything less, not worth hating.”

“I wish it was a door.” said Sirius rolling his eyes.

“Story goes that my father had killed that troll, I found out he had just bought that leg in Diagon Alley.” said Sirius with a snicker.

The students looked amongst themselves. Was this place where Sirius Black grew up?

“Odd sense of décor.” said Luna plainly.

“My mother loved doing that, seemed to think it was only proper.” said Sirius with disgust. “Though, she wasn't the one that came up with that.”

“And Death Eater's have two relatives that also know about the house.” muttered Harry.

Remus opened his mouth but closed it...maybe they should have picked someplace with no Dark Wizard ties.
“Man, I'd be whacking out.” said Dean. “No one telling me anything.”

“You must have a lot of patience.” said Lavender.

Harry, Ron and Hermione snorted with laughter.

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

“We should have Gryfindored up the place.” said Sirius.

“Wasn't really any time.” said Remus.

**Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon, second comma.**

“What the hell?” asked Ernie.

**Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“That would have been hilarious.” said Terry.

“You saw him knock over Officer McFinn.” said Justin.

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“He's freezing.” said Dr. Clark.

**Dialogue set, sixth sentence.**

“You'd better believe it.” muttered Harry.

**Dialogue set, seventh sentence, second dash.**

“He had nothing to tell you, all the info had to come from your end.” said a third year Gryffindor.
“That wasn't the problem.” said Dumbledore.

“And you didn't even grow a millimeter.” said Ron with a roguish smile. “Still just a small little thing.”

Harry made to stand up and tackle the red head, but Dr. Clark caught him by his belt, nearly causing the now full grown teen to fall to the floor. “Down boy.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“She won't land on anyone else, besides Harry.” said Ron. “She'll peck the daylights out of anyone else, but she won't cuddle up to anyone but Harry.”

“Oh, she loves Dr. Clark.” said Harry. “Not a fan of Mrs. McFinn for some reason.”

A few girls smiled knowingly.

Remus looked over to Harry slowly.

“Should have thought of that before they sent me information lacking letters.” said Harry quietly with a shrug.

“Well, apparently you weren't writing the correct kind of letters.” said Neville who hadn’t’ heard Harry.

“She even pecked at me when I tried to hand her a letter.” said Sirius. “She wouldn't take it, and even chased Pigwidgeon away from it.”
“All I did was sic Hedwig on you.” said Harry.

“You just needed some quiet time sweetie.” cooed Mrs. McFinn.

“But...he had a bunch of quiet time.” said Ron. “Before he got there.”

“I think he needed some quiet time away from the Dursleys, you wouldn't believe how often he’d sit in his room at our house and just stare at the ceiling.” said Officer McFinn. “I called Sam once, he scared me so much.”

“You could almost hear the fuse starting to get down to the explosive.” said Hermione.

“You know Harry's pissed off...” said Fred.

“When Harry doesn't care if you're hurt or not.” said George.

Remus took a deep breath but expelled it slowly.

“He's was panicking Remus, I would do the same thing.” said Sirius quietly. “Being shut up with nothing, and everyone off elsewhere learning more than you...I'd be pissed.”

Dumbledore buried his face into his hands.
“Not the thing to say...” said Charlie.

“That's the point.” growled Moody.

“Not the time, Alastor.” said Dumbledore quietly.

“And you shouldn't have had to.” said Dumbledore darkly.

“He broke a few lamps, without touching them.” said Fred.

“Ouch.” said Bill.

“Don't blame him really.” said Charlie quietly. “If I was left at the Dursleys, I'd be a bit miffed too.”

“I had planned on you being sent for that week.” said Dumbledore softly.

“Sure he is, but the mood he's in, he doesn't give a dang about it.” said Lionus.
“She must have missed him terribly.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

“Knew we should have thrown in some fluffy things in there.” said Fred.
“Dash of color here and there.” said George.

Dumbledore covered his mouth to hide a smile.

Sirius looked over to Dumbledore. “Explains why he wanted to put Harry in that room.” he thought darkly.

“You don't ask the Headmaster why.” said Snape waspishly. Though, it is becoming more and more common as of late.

“He was not taking it well.” said Ron.
“And we didn't and couldn't blame you.” said Hermione quickly.

“Not one bit.” said the twins, Ginny, Ron and Hermione.

“Oh please, you can't intercept Hedwig, she won't let you.” said Dean.
“And if you do...and if Hedwig get's hurt...Harry'll kill you.” said Seamus.
“Start the countdown to the meltdown.” said Ginny with a slight smile to Harry.

“This won't be pretty.” said Harry cringing.

“T'm not sure telling him that would have boosted his morale.” said Dumbledore.

“Oh trust us, we found that out really quick.” said Ron.

“I trust you, it's just...I couldn't trust Voldemort.” said Dumbledore. To not use you against me.

“You can take care of yourself better than any other teenager I know.” said Dumbledore.

“They weren't in on anything.” said Mrs. Weasley quickly. “None of them were.”

“Hit the dirt!” shouted the twins, Ron, Seamus and Dean.
“Woah...this is a side of Harry we've never seen.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“If you're frightened, you fly away.” said Ron groaning.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“We had never seen him that pissed before.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Whoa Nelly, Harry...we're going to have a nice, relaxing vacation this summer...no freaking out.” said Leroy.

“Right in front of the pool, or in your lounge.” said Sirius.

“He's got his own lounge?” asked Blaise in shock.

“He's got his own kitchen as well.” said Dr. Clark.

Draco pouted slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“I'm amazed we didn't hear any of that.” said Tonks.
“Acck! Answer him! Answer him!” said Fred.
“Before he starts yelling again!” said George.

“You are getting a stress reliever for Christmas.” said Remus.
“Him and you both.” said Sirius.

“He can be as bad as mum.” said Bill quietly.

“Everything we can.” said Sirius.

“He looked ready to explode again.” said Hermione.
“Well of course! The meetings aren't for you children!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“The Ministry wasn't taking any evidence against any Death Eaters, so all we could do was keep tabs on them and stop them before they could cause any harm, whether it be malicious or mischievous.” said Dumbledore.

“Knew that conversations should just stay in the meeting, not out.” said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“Well, I suppose that also could be true.” said Remus.

“Why don't you two just lay low for the next few hours...let him get in a nap or two.” said George.

“Or forty.” said Fred.

Harry blushed.

“Something is not right.” said Tonks.

“I've heard that from somewhere.” said Hermione.
“cough*Madeline*cough” coughed Harry.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

“He'll go up on the wardrobe if the twins show up?” asked Terry.

“They tried using him for an experiment once.” said Ron.

Charlie went behind the twins and smacked them sharply on the back of their heads. “If I ever catch you or hear of you doing that again....”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Are you two mad?” asked Bill.

“We find that if he's not mad at us, humor from us diffuses the situation.” said Fred.

**Dialogue line.**

“We didn't hear you...though we did enchant the kitchen so you couldn't really hear anything going out, perhaps we made it so you couldn't hear in.” said Diggle.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“They were the best that the test taker had seen in about five years.” said Mr. Weasley proudly.

“They never talk about that little praise though.”

“We'd sound like Percy.” said Fred.

“Something we've sworn never to do.” said George.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“I knew that you've kept some from me!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“How come we haven't heard anything about them?” asked a first year.
“Cause they aren't for sale yet.” said George.

“Or if ever.” said Fred.

“We need to keep some things to ourselves.” said George.

“You guys did try to sell a few of them.” said Hermione.

“That was only on the train, we opted not to sell them once we rounded up some potential buyers.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry blushed.

Thirty-second paragraph.

“Just in case.” said Mrs. Weasley smugly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Didn't want them to waste their time trying to sneak information.” said Tonks sheepishly.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Old?” said Snape quietly.

“No older than I am.” said Sirius hurtfully to the twins.

“Dear lord I'm ancient then.” said Snape with a sneer. Sirius scowled over to the Potions Master.

Dialogue line.
“My attitude towards you brats hadn't changed.” said Snape quietly.

“Doesn't help your side at all.” said Remus.

“Normally does, we pretty much go with whatever your view is.” said Ron to his oldest brother.

“Thank Merlin.” said Charlie. “Just hearing about you yelling is frightening.”

Bill blushed, while Charlie smirked over to his brother.

Bill blushed furiously as the rest of the students stared.

“The more allies we have the better.” said Dumbledore.
“Oh...this is going to be a touchy subject.” said Charlie.

“Wow, what happened?” asked a second year Ravenclaw.

“Something that pissed the entire family off.” said Bill.

“Not even Great Auntie-Muriel would speak to him.” said Ginny. “And if you want to be influential and wealthy, she's not the person to piss off.”

“Found that out.” said Percy quietly. “Though.. I did notice that money was taken out of my account every month...where did that go? I asked the goblins, but they just looked at me like I was stupid.”

“That would be you paying your own payment to Harry's family vault.” said Mr. Weasley. “Aunt Muriel paid for me, because of my large family. She loves me, though she won't admit it.”

“I was paying the debt off? The debt that our ancestor accumulated?” said Percy in shock.

“Funny thing is, doesn't matter if you guys expel Harry or not...or kill him and us off, you still pay.” said Rudolph with a snicker. “You'll be paying into a fund for Hogwarts or St. Mungos for the rest of time.”

“Why St. Mungos?” asked Ernie.

“We own the buildings.” said Rudolph. “We fund the hospitals.”

The school stared.

“That's not all we own...and there's not enough hours in the day to list them all.” said Rudolph. “We have a lot of fingers in a lot of pies.”

“Than that Healer they interviewed was a complete career suicidal idiot.” said Ron.

“Oh, he was fired soon after Mother found out who spoke.” said Rudolph with a smirk. “She
despises backstabbers. Problem is, I've got a family riddled with them.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

George posed with a hand on his hip. “I am not ugly!”

“Yes you are.” said Fred.

“We look the same.” said George.

“I am not ugly!” said Fred looking over to Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You argue with Dad and you aren't Mum...you can turn the whole family against you in less than a few minutes.” said Charlie.

“And all his work friends too.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

“And the stupid fool couldn't see through that.” said Moody shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Percy blushed.

Dialogue set.

“And hindsight is twenty-twenty. Someone with experience should have been looking out for Mr. Crouch as well.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.
“I was already traumatized, didn't want anymore yelling,” said Ron.

“He's stupid if he thinks that.” said Hannah.

Hannah turned and stared.

“You're stupid after you yell a lot, try it out.” said Harry with a smile.

“Nice save.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

“Paranoid nutter.” said Officer McFinn shaking his head.

Fudge glared at the ghostly reader, though...picking a fight with a deceased man, and a very beloved by everyone, (though they had never met him in living person) deceased man...would not go over well.

“Stupid fools, why would an old man cause trouble?” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

Chief Hawkeye glared fiercely at the Minister.

“It's his obsession that makes him the authority on Muggles in the Ministry.” said Moody.
“Oh...it wasn't pretty.” said Bill.

Charlie snarled over to his younger brother. “Dad has an awesome reputation. It's your lousy attitude and snob like demeanor that keeps people away!”

Percy looked down at the ground.

“Money isn't everything.” said Remus wisely.

“You had the best life, and it didn't involve lots of gold in the vault.” said Sirius.

“Ginny wouldn't write back to me when I would write to her.” said Percy.

“You didn't deserve my correspondence.” said Ginny firmly.

“And thus, he cut all ties with his brothers and sister.” said Bill crossing his legs.

“I sent him a Howler, daily.” said Charlie. “So did Bill.”

“'Traitors to the Ministry'?” said Nightstrike.
“Words cannot even begin to describe his idiocy.” said Tempest sternly.

**Dialogue set, end of fourth sentence.**

“Thus he pays for his own debt. Speaking of which, good luck trying to convince Aunt Muriel to take on the debt again.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Can't y....” said Percy.

“Has to come from you, you have to apologize to her, to me, your mother and everyone else in the family.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Why the whole family?” asked Percy.

“For embarrassing the family.” said Mr. Weasley. “Aunt Muriel's different that way.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Fortieth paragraph.**

“Didn't know he could be that stupid.” said Harry shaking his head.

**Dialogue set.**

“You horrible, ungrateful little beast.” chastised Bathilda Bagshot to Percy. “They went without so much to make sure you children were well taken care of, gave you all the love they had and you couldn't reciprocate their love!”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Wasn't the only thing he said.” said George.

“Percy even took the route that maybe they'd have more money if it wasn't wasted on you, Harry.” said Fred with a dark look towards Percy.

“Then Dad dropped the bomb after the final insult was thrown at him.” said Ginny.

“I'm not proud of it, I never should have said that.” said Mr. Weasley.

“What was that?” asked Harry.

Ron cleared his throat and did an impression of his father. “*Harry's twice the son you'll ever be!*”
“Percy stormed out after that.” said George.

Harry blushed.

“Well, it's true...you've stood up for dad more than Percy ever has.” said Ginny ignoring the hurt look on her brother's face.

“That's enough, kids.” said Mrs. Weasley quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“No more yelling, please no more yelling.” said Fred pleadingly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Ooh...you guys were on pins and needles.” said Colin.

“You have no idea.” said the Weasley children and Hermione.

Dialogue line.

**Forty-first paragraph.**

“Don't tell him...I already want to go and hex them all.” said Remus cringing.

“Tell me.” said Leroy leaning forward in his seat menacingly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Fired...every last...one of them.” said Leroy.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Rudolph closed his eyes and counted to himself.

Sad thing is, we believed them for a while.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

Leroy ground his teeth in fury.

“Say...one word....I dare you.” snarled Rudolph up to the Minister.

“And yet he was doing everything he could to get me to like him.” said Harry folding his arms.

“If they had reported that, they'd have to report that they might have been wrong, and they'll never do that.” said Tonks.
“I'll be right back.” said Leroy standing up suddenly and striding towards the door.

“Need me to come, sweetheart?” asked Rudolph turning around.

“I look ugly when I'm pissed, stay here.” said Leroy opening the door and slamming it behind him.

“I would not want to be the paper right now.” said Rudolph whistling.

They almost didn't.” said Harry. “The Minister I mean.” added Harry quickly looking over to Madam Bones.

“Ginerva!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“That was a first, normally it's Fred and George and Charlie that have to wash hands before dinner. Ginny is normally the cleanest.” said Ron.

“It was those Dungbombs.” said Ginny.

“It's been a stressful summer, no one can blame you for being quite upset.” said Dr. Clark.

“Yeah, at least he didn't start beating us.” said Ron.
Dumbledore hung his head in shame.

“Not even a little bit.” said Mrs. McFinn in shock.

“Have you seen any of these House-elf things yet?” asked Officer McFinn. “Not what I pictured elves to look like.”

“Hermione, it's SPEW.” said Tonks with a kind smile.

“Ronald!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“We're teenagers, Mrs. Weasley, we want to know things that aren't our business.” said Harry with a smile.
“So would every other student here.” muttered Flitwick to Professor Sprout.

“Don't want to hear his snide comments about mum's cooking.” said Ron.

“Your mother's cooking is the second best I have ever eaten.” said Snape plainly.

“Who tiptoes?” asked Harry.

“Just walk quietly. Take it careful.” said Harry with a shrug. “I used to tiptoe...”

“Why don't you ever throw that thing out?” asked Tonks.

“Cause I'm kind of fond of it.” said Sirius. “I used to pick Kreacher up and stuff him inside it whenever he would tell on me to my mother.”

“Oh trust me...she wasn't the one tortured when it came to living with her.” muttered Sirius.
“Should have set fire to those things.” said Sirius.

“Oh, she wasn't any more pleasant in real life than she was there.” said Sirius.

Harry turned to look at Sirius.

“Yes...I'm an inbred dog.” said Sirius.

“Explains the defects.” said Snape with a snicker.

“Feeling's mutual.” muttered Sirius.

The students stared.

“You're mum's a nutter.” said Lee.

“That's just her portrait, you should have seen the real thing.” said Sirius. “She's doting compared to the real thing.”
Sirius stretched and pulled Harry closer to himself. He was loving this, he was a free man, had his house back, and now had complete guardianship over his godson. Life was good again.

“Shall we start the next chapter?” asked Dumbledore. “Or should we pause and wait for Leroy to come back?”

Rudolph shook his head, “He's going to want to do a dramatic entrance, us waiting for it will ruin it for him.”

“Nice family.” said Lee.

“Oh trust me, looking at their faces everyday is a living hell, thank goodness some of them have curtains.” said Sirius darkly.

Dumbledore looked away.

“Don't you realize that it's his family house?” asked Zacharias.

“I just had a portrait scream at me...I'm allowed some leeway here.” said Harry.

“Besides, you would have fainted from the sight of that thing.” said Fred nastily.
Dialogue set.

Snape smirked to himself, but the students were confused.

“But...you're an awesome wizard right?” asked a first year.

“Yeah I'm awesome!” said Sirius brightly. (“Oh, no.” muttered Remus) “But...I had to stay safe.”

“Why?” asked the same first year.

Sirius said nothing, but looked over at Harry slowly. “It's for someone important.”

First paragraph, first sentence, second sentence.

Sirius muttered an apology. “I had a whole party planned, but then Snivellus had to come up and say he had new information.”

“I'm still wondering why dinner had to be that late in the evening.” said Harry.

First paragraph, end of first sentence.

“I can't hide anything from you, can I?” asked Sirius.

“That's what happens when you have kids, they notice everything.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“Why not have the meeting somewhere else besides the kitchen?” asked Parvati.

“It's the only clean and warm room we had at the moment.” said Remus.

“So the kids have to play in the dirty and cold places in the house.” said Padma pointedly.

Mrs. Weasley looked down guiltily.

Sirius tossed his hands up. “I told them! The parlor is bigger!”

Second paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“I keep telling you people, you need my mom in there to help Mrs. Weasley tidy up. They’d have the entire place spiffed up in no time.” said Tonks.
“Though you did look a pale...and sickly looking.” said Mr. Weasley with a guilty smile.

“He just needed a little tender loving care.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Well, he's getting plenty of that.” said Sirius hugging Harry tightly.

“He'll be drowning in it once my mother gets a hold of him.” said Rudolph. “At least, after the formalities are out and done with. If she has her way, you aren't going to be able to escape bed rest for maybe twelve years.”

“It was fine, if you like hypothermia.” said Lee.

“If Tonks hadn't been there, he most likely would have.” said Remus.

“I'm such a klutz.” said Tonks burying her face in her hands.

“I think it's adorable.” muttered Remus, his pale face turning pink.

“It's so cute when you're in love.” said Sirius pinching Remus' cheeks.

“Don't make me bite you.” said Remus smacking Sirius' hand away.

“You sure she won't mind?” said Sirius teasingly.

“Harry's being nosy!” chanted the twins gleefully.
Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“We would have...if you hadn't left before the meeting was even done with.” muttered Bill. “We're cleaning promptly at that moment.”

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“He looked exhausted.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He's still trying to earn brownie points with me.” said Sirius.

“Why? So you don't beat him up for abandoning Harry?” asked Neville.

“He knew I was pissed and that I'd never forgive him, but he wants half the stuff in the house to sell.” said Sirius. “I told him he's not getting it, it's all going to Harry when I pass away.”

“What if you have kids?” asked Harry, not wishing to dwell on the mentioning of his godfather's death.

“That's the downside of inbreeding, your descendants become sterile after a while.” whispered Sirius. “You're the only kid I'll ever have, unless Remus makes me an Uncle again. But you'll be the only one getting my stuff.”

“What about Remus?” asked Harry.

“Oh he's getting a lot of money, he'll be set for life.” said Sirius.

“I keep telling you I don't want it.” said Remus softly.

“And I keep telling you, you're getting it.” said Sirius.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“No thanks to you.” growled Mrs. Weasley.

“Oh...not around the children.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“After she tore into him, he's been trying to keep on her good side.” said Ron with a snicker.

“Sad thing is, his favorite tobacco smells even worse.” smirked Sirius. “That one's at least a bit more acceptable.”

“Harry could have had it all done in an instant.” said Colin.

“Not really, I was still freezing.” said Harry.

“Oh...I'm sorry Harry dear. I should have sent you to bed with some soup.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“That would have been really nice.” said Harry with a smile. “But I would have missed out on all the fun.”

“She's broken the plates and cups several times that week.” smirked Sirius.
“I like helping...” said Tonks with a pout.
“You just don't do it very well.” said Moody with a chuckle.

“He remembers when Mrs. Figg beat him about the head.” said Harry with a smile.

“He's hoping you can put in a good word with Dumbledore.” said Bill.

“Crookshanks loves Sirius.” said Hermione. “He'll either sit on my lap, or Sirius'.”

“Are you kidding?” asked Dr. Clark.
“I meant besides the whole Dementor thing.” said Sirius.

“That was a massive understatement.” said Ron.

“I didn't know about what was going on there!” said Sirius quickly.
“Merlin, I sound like an idiot.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“I really sound like an idiot.” muttered Sirius.

“I did not say that, nor will I ever say that.” said Dumbledore.

Sirius looked down, “Well, I...it was me being locked up all that time that got me.” he muttered.

Dumbledore flinched.

“Man, it's like they're having a fight.” muttered Fred.

“And every time he says that, I have words with him.” said Dumbledore. “I tell him that you're staying safe for me.” said Dumbledore.

“And he never listens.” said Sirius muttering.

“Didn't look like anything had happened in this place.” said Harry.
“Which is sort of odd.” said Sirius. “Normally this place was about as clean as your Aunt's.”

“That sticky fingered...” muttered Mrs. Weasley.

“Oh sure, you give me stuff you don't want.” said Harry teasingly.

“Just because I don't like it, doesn't mean you don't get it, besides you can sell it all to increase your fortune.” said Sirius.

“Yeah, like I need any more money.” groaned Harry.

“So you think.” said Sirius with a dry chuckle.

“Hey...it doesn't mention that I tackled you away from the table.” said Sirius.

“Huh?” asked Dean.

“I leaped across the table and knocked Harry off his chair and away from the table.” said Sirius.

“Way to make yourself look like a superhero.” said Remus rolling his eyes.

“I think you should have waited to use that spell till you could actually do it with pinpoint
accuracy, getting it within the same vicinity in a large room isn't enough.” said Flitwick, “Especially with a knife involved.”

**End of sixteenth paragraph.**

McGonagall shook her head exasperatedly.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Well, saving time is one thing, but almost stabbing someone is something completely different.” said McGonagall scolding both of the twins.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

“Not a lot of pets like us.” said George looking at his twin.

“Gee, there's a shocker.” said Charlie rolling his eyes.

**Dialogue line.**

“If you all of a sudden wake up responsible, than Sirius is still sleeping.” said Remus with a laugh.

“That hurts.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“But I did keep turning my things into other stuff to entertain the younger ones.” said Bill.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“But I did keep turning my things into other stuff to entertain the younger ones.” said Bill.
“I apparated everywhere until I got it down perfectly.” said Charlie quietly.

Mrs. Weasley looked at her two oldest.

“So we were just following the example set by our wonderful older brothers.” said George with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Percy looked shamefully down at his shoes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Her cooking always looks good.” said Harry with a smile.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“She kept bringing up crap I don't care about.” muttering Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“Gee, that sounds like fun.” said Neville rolling his eyes.

Dialogue line.

“No, they heard it, but I've been giving them sarcasm all the time.” said Sirius.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

Snape glared at Tonks but she only smirked back at him.
“It beats Mum telling us what has to be cleaned and her and Sirius arguing about Harry all the time.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

“Well, I won't be doing that one anymore.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

“That decision won't last long.” said Lionus.

Dialogue set.

“But they have different views than we do, they might not give a damn about each other.” said Nightstrike.

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, but he doesn't deal in freedom, he's more of a tyrannical murderer.” said Harry tiredly.

Dialogue set.

“They've had enough on their plates, they didn't have time to deal with Ludo and his gambling problems.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue set.

Several students laughed out loud.
“You have to admit, it's funny if it doesn't happen to you.” said Lionus with a smirk.

**Dialogue set.**

“Aside from Tonks, it's the only entertaining thing going on in the kitchen.” said Ginny.

**Dialogue line.**

“You never did have a clear view of right and wrong.” mumbled McGonagall.

**Dialogue line.**

“It was his mother, she was the best con artist the Ministry had ever seen.” said Sirius.

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“So what does that have to do with you?” asked Seamus.

“I let him in the house after he ditched you.” said Sirius, looking at Harry. “And I sort of said he could get food there. That was after I beat the snot out of him.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“What did you do?” asked Colin.

“Unfortunately, that is between me, and Mr. Fletcher.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Let us say...it wasn't nearly as bad as the past Head of Magical Law Enforcement said it was.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“He's lucky he's still walking, but I didn't want to say that to him.” said Sirius whispering to Dr. Clark.

“He's lucky he's still *breathing.*” muttered Dumbledore, hearing what Sirius said to Dr. Clark.
Mrs. Weasley smiled happily.

“It's about time some weight was put on you.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“But that much?” said Harry with a laugh.

“He loves chasing anything,” said Ginny.

“He did.” said the twins, Hermione, Ron and Ginny.

“We had told him time and time again that he couldn't tell you anything.” said Mrs. Weasley crossing her arms. Then a thought struck her: “Perhaps we should have the children here leave.”

“Not again, Mum.” said Ron groaning.

“They stay.” said Officer McFinn firmly. “Letting them go through life blindly won't help them in the slightest.”

“They're just children!” said Mrs. Weasley sharply.

“They're in danger, with this Riddle guy strutting around.” said Officer McFinn. “Any extra information will be appreciated.”

Mrs. Weasley glared at the man, “You don't have anything to worry about...” she threw a hand to her mouth. She had almost said something terrible, and she'd never forgive herself if she said something so low.

“I've got someone to worry about all the time. Both of them are sitting right over there.” said Officer McFinn, sensing where she was going. He pointed over to Mrs. McFinn and Harry. “You never stop worrying.”
“We had talked about this, time and time again.” said Remus tiredly. “And he had better stick to the script we had planned out.”

“Yeah!” said a few students.

“He's earned it!” said another student.

“Cause Harry's got Sirius wrapped around his finger.” said Angelina.

“But he's done a lot!” said Dennis.

“They're ganging up on us here.” said George to his brother Fred.

“Is my responsibility.” said Sirius plainly.

“But...he's Harry's godfather...who else really can call the shots with him?” said Alicia.

Sirius looked smug as Mrs. Weasley looked at the Gryffindor girl hard.

“Yeah...Sirius can tell Harry anything he wants.” said Justin.

“I hate it when other people decide on what I need to know.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“We've had this conversation with Mum before, didn't know how this was going to unfold.” said Ginny.

“Exactly!” said Ernie.

“Did a lot more than most adults I know.” said Neville softly.

“I say he earned a lifetime membership.” said a first year.

“No one's asking you.” growled Snape.

“At least Sirius has a grip on reality.” said Dean.
“He may be a teenager, but he'll still be my baby.” said Mrs. McFinn stubbornly.

“I'll always be your baby.” said Harry reaching over and kissing Mrs. McFinn on the cheek.

“Suck up.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

“You're only jealous cause she likes me more.” said Harry automatically with a smirk as well.

Dialogue line.

A groan crawled across the Great Hall.

“That's low.” said Katie.

“That...that's not right.” said Lavender shaking her head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

A gasp now took a hold of the hall.

“That went too far.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

“Molly!” admonished McGonagall. “I realize that I am no longer your teacher, but you owe him an apology!”

“Well...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Apologize.” said Dumbledore sternly.

“I'm...I'm sorry.” said Mrs. Weasley guiltily.

Sirius looked off to the side, he hadn't forgotten that little argument and he wasn't willing to forgive her just yet.

Dialogue line.

“Poor Harry, he's so starved for love that he doesn't care what he's loved as.” said Luna looking at Harry with a sympathetic look.

Harry blushed as Sirius looked at the Ravenclaw girl and then down to Harry in horror.

“I know you're you.” said Sirius worriedly.

Harry looked down.
“Adults responsible for me should remember that I don’t like being kept in the dark.” said Harry in a bored voice.

“Best I’ve ever had.” said Harry looking at Sirius with a smile.

“Best you’ll ever have.” said Sirius digging his fingers into Harry’s side, tickling him.

“Molly...don’t presume to understand my reasons to keep Sirius at home.” said Dumbledore looking at her sternly.

Mrs. Weasley looked ready to cry.

“Yeah, he’ll get into this fight, right after he plays tag with a dragon.” said Blaise.

“It’s not often that he disagrees with mum.” said Charlie.

“He never said that he’d answer everything he’s going to ask.” said a third year Slytherin.

“Better to hear it from allies, than tainted from the enemy.” said Harry wisely.
“You're not the only one.” said Sirius shortly.

“Me.” said Sirius, Hagrid, Remus, Dr. Clark, Dumbledore, Bill, Charlie, Mrs. McFinn, McGonagall, Flitwick, Sprout, Madam Pomfrey.

“And Us.” said Rudolph nodding to the empty spot beside him, “When we came back, we made a beeline for James' house.”

“And that's just the adults.” said Fred.

“The kids that are here, and including Officer McFinn, goes on a lot longer.” said George.

“Molly!” shouted Dumbledore.

Mrs. Weasley cringed and mouthed another apology.

“Don't pick the fight if you aren't prepared to get trashed.” said a fifth year Hufflepuff.

“And he's going to pick the road of information.” said a sixth year Slytherin.
"He's more laid back than I would have been." said a seventh year Ravenclaw.

"Laid back? Did you miss that shouting fest in the last chapter?" said Ron looking at the Ravenclaw student in shock.

"Don't doubt it." said Lee.

“What's stopping Harry from telling them when he's got all the information anyway?” asked Dean.

“She was losing.” said Padma.

“Oh, he'd tell you.” said a sixth year Slytherin.
Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

Ron turned and stared at his best mate, while everyone else turned and stared as well.

“Never mind then.” said the Slytherin looking at Harry in disbelief.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Dude, just once...be a complete and utter bastard.” said Zacharias. “You're too much of a goody two-shoes.”

“And if only you were a tenth of the nice guy Harry was, one percent of the time.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Not even remotely quiet.” said Bill with a laugh.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

“A lot of fuss over a little information.” said Dr. Clark.

“It wasn't even a lot of info.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Well, he's not asking for anything really secretive...is he?” asked Dennis.

“Not really.” said Sirius. “In my opinion.”

Dialogue line.
“Which is handy.” said Dr. Clark. “You wouldn't want to be less informed than him.”

“How did he mess it up?” asked a first year Gryffindor.

“Wait for it and he'll tell you.” said Remus pointing to Officer McFinn.

“Other than escaping, I didn't do anything.” said Harry.

“You made sure he was the first person you told!” said Hannah.

“And he's a real powerhouse.” said Ginny.

“So if Harry had never made it back alive?” asked Zacharias.

“My time would have been spent trying to find Harry, and if I had found his body...” said Dumbledore faintly, the old man's body shuddered slightly.

“I wouldn't want to be You-Know-Who.” said Sirius. “After I personally got through with him.”

Snape rolled his eyes.
“Well, that doesn't answer anything.” said Ernie.

“He wants to take over the Ministry.” said Dumbledore.

“And you were just going to sit back and let him.” said Ron looking up at the Minister of Magic.

“But that's not his ultimate goal.” said Harry thoughtfully.

“What's his goal.” said Sirius.

“I'm thinking...he wants to get control of this place.” said Harry looking around at the Great Hall.

“If he loved this place as much as I think he does, he'll do anything to get back here, and with Dumbledore here and anyone else that disagrees with him, that won't be easy.”

People looked at Harry in wonder.

“And some people are just indescribable pieces of garbage that they had joined him already.” said Sirius.

“Delusional dimwit.” said Tempest shaking her head.
“Cause he's always been that stupid.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Strange how the people taking advantage of others in the worse way, seem to fear you.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“And yet, I seem to be guilty of taking advantage of others as well.” thought Dumbledore as he looked at Harry out of the corner of his eye.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Stupid fool.” said Tempest.

“Yeah,” said Nightstrike agreeing with his comrade. “He could have that job at any time, he doesn't need Voldemort to come back to life to get it.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I will never take that position.” said Dumbledore firmly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Even up to that day he was asking for advice from Albus.” said Flitwick looking sternly over to the Minister.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Not that confident.” said Flitwick.
“The man is certifiable.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Harry's never lied to him, and he's never tried to jump up and ask for special favors!” said Ron.

“It's easier to believe a lie, than the harsh truth, but it could end in disaster if you take that delusional path.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

“I wonder if Leroy ready and up to hear that at the Daily Prophet?” said Rudolph with a faint smile.

“If anyone has been Imperiused, you're paying them restitution.” said Chief Hawkeye angrily to the Minister, “Not the Ministry, you personally.”

“Aww...it's so cute when you think we aren't doing jack to try and spread the word.” said Sirius pinching his godson's cheek.

“Get off me.” said Harry pushing Sirius away from him. “You really like pinching people today.”

“Maybe, cause I think you're both so cute!” he said in a falsetto voice while pinching both Harry and Remus' cheeks.

“Keep it up and I'll be pinching your cheek with my fist.” growled Remus.
“Maybe if you start screaming that your Master is back, and alive...maybe they'll believe it then.” said Luna.

Sirius opened his mouth and then closed it. “You know, I never thought of that. He wouldn't have been able to backtrack on it.”

**Dialogue line.**

“Only if they know, you don't have to tell them anything.” said Dennis.

“Yeah, but Remus is an honest bloke.” said Fred.

“Shame really.” said George.

**Dialogue set.**

“Yeah, one of his Death Eaters pretty much has his way with the Minister's office.” said Fred.

“What bugs the hell out of me, is that Percy threw in his lot with the *Malfoy family.*” said George glaring at his older brother.

Percy stammered and sputtered that he didn't.

“The Minister and Malfoy are tight,” said Ginny. “so...”

“Kids...he's apologized.” said Mr. Weasley.

“He's still got to make it up to us.” said the Weasley children.

**Dialogue set.**

“Freezing my tail off.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Not really.” said Harry.
“Quite a lot of the Wizards and Witches I served with want me back, they've even taken to voting out the Ministry wizards that kicked me out.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

“Nothing really fazes you, Albus.” said Bathilda with a smile.

“Ah, Batty, we are getting older, and our lives are coming to a close, reputations aren't nearly as important as they used to be.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“But Dumbledore would be out in a matter of moments.” said Colin with a smile.

“And no one wants that.” said Hannah.

“What made you so desperate?” asked Ernie.

“I don’t’ like being labeled a liar.” said Harry fiercely.

“So, it's hard to tell...if our own parents are Death Eaters?” said a second year Gryffindor.

“I don't think I'm going to be writing home what's going on here anymore.” said another student worriedly.
He thought he saw Sirius and Lupin exchange the most fleeting of looks. He must have asked the million galleon question.” said Lee.

The complete prophecy. Thought Dumbledore.

“Well, he still didn't get any real info.” said Cho.

“Don't know what she's so upset over, they didn't learn a single thing.” said Katie.

“Don't test her.” said Charlie.

“What info?” asked Parvati.
“All they got out of that was that You-Know-Who was trying to recruit people, and that the Ministry was being idiots!” said Padma.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

“I want you to live your life, live a little before you're ready to sacrifice it for the next generation.” said Remus.

“You're the generation we give everything to save.” said Sirius holding Harry close.

Dialogue set.

“You didn't say anything!” said Dean.

End of chapter.

“You looked tired anyway, best let you get some sleep.” said Sirius soothingly.

“Why didn't you ever take me aside and tell me what was going on later on?” asked Harry.

“Molly made sure she was around you at all times.” said Sirius in a whisper. “She had the same thought it seemed.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review!
“One more, and then it's dinnertime.” said Officer McFinn with a smile.

“Hey! Isn't Bonfire Night tomorrow?”

“I believe so, I would say we'll read tomorrow morning, but we need to prepare for the celebrations tomorrow.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

First paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Yes Warden.” said Nightstike sourly. “What the hell kind of summer vacation is this?”

“Worst one yet.” said Harry. “It was like we were being punished for something we didn't do and something we couldn't control.”

Mrs. Weasley looked down shamefully.

End of dialogue set.

“Yeah, right.” said most of the school. “She's not going to be asleep when you get there.”

Dialogue set.

“We talked for a long time.” said Hermione quietly.

Mrs. Weasley sent a scolding look over to her daughter.

“Dear, it was a pipe dream that she wouldn't tell Ginny.” said Mr. Weasley.
“That makes me think they're not going to go to bed.” said Angelina.

“You wound us!” said Fred.

“How come you don't trust us?” asked George.

“Cause you're you.” said Alicia.

“Ah, well...” said Fred.

“We can't argue with that.” said George shrugging.

Second paragraph, third sentence.

“That makes me think they're not going to go to bed.” said Angelina.

“You wound us!” said Fred.

“How come you don't trust us?” asked George.

“Cause you're you.” said Alicia.

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Second paragraph, third sentence.

“That makes me think they're not going to go to bed.” said Angelina.

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“How come you don't trust us?” asked George.

“Cause you're you.” said Alicia.

“Ah, well...” said Fred.

“We can't argue with that.” said George shrugging.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma, tenth word.

“I don't know, they felt alright to me.” said Ron.

“You didn't just fly through a cloud.” said Harry.

“I don't think it's that, it was also really warm, the others weren't still shivering.” said Hermione.

“Perhaps the Dementors left behind something when they visited him at home.” said Tempest thoughtfully.

“They did.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “And I've already taken care of that.”

“What was it.” asked Lionus.

“Dementitus.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Chief Hawkeye whistled. “Well, he's young, if he was older, he wouldn't have lasted as long as he did.”

“What?” asked Sirius anxiously.

“Nothing to be worried about anymore, he just would have felt the falling temperatures a little more than anyone else.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

End of second paragraph.

“They must be bored.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Two owls aren't going to hurt anything.” said Lionus. “Perhaps Hedwig being a Snowy Owl, but other than that...”
“Had me worried there for a moment.” said Harry. “I thought he didn't trust someone.”

“He started tossing my things, saying they didn't deserve to even be in the Black family fireplace.” said Ron.

“Reckon what?” asked Dennis.

“The weapon thing!” said Colin.

“Never.” said Ron.

“You already have.” said Hermione with a giggle.

“Don't land on me and I won't yell.” said Ron.
“Bull, you didn't care where you apparated.” said Ron.

“No one believes us anymore.” said George wiping crocodile tears away from his eyes.

“My question is, why were you apparating in the dark before this?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Well, uh...” said Fred.

“Yeah...nevermind dad.” said George.

“Oh for the love of Merlin.” said Bill.

“Brother dear,” said Fred.

“You really should get your mind out of the gutter.” said George.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Everything else we knew and could figure out, that little bit was new to us.” said Fred.

“But not really worth the screaming match that happened.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“There's a few that's worse.” said Officer McFinn sagely.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

“Not really, we were thinking about that and what you've been through.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.
“I would not do that again.” said Dumbledore.

“I've never pissed her off.” said Harry. “And I don't plan on doing so.”

“That's really sad.” said Luna. “Working so hard to keep her children ignorant of dangers...sort of like what the Ministry was doing...only you were being kind.”

Mrs. Weasley opened her mouth, but closed it.

“Yeah...that was Remus and me going to bed, I conned him into spending the night.” said Sirius. “Told him he'd get a nice hot breakfast before he went out for the day tomorrow.”

“What the...?” asked Bill.

“He's dreaming.” said Ginny.
Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“That's what you want to hear right away in the morning.” said Lee.

“She should have faked sick, she'd of let me sleep.” said Harry.

“Don't even say you wouldn't mum, you'd let Harry get away with breakfast in bed and twenty-four hour bed rest.” said Charlie.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“That sounds like a great place to spend your holidays.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

“It's no better when it's clean.” said Sirius.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

“Like they were going to go and rob a bank.” said Harry with a snicker.

Dialogue set.

“I don't even want to know...just wandering around and muttering to that painting of my mother.” said Sirius.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Kreacher is still in his prime.” said Dumbledore. “He just had no one to look after for so long.”

“Dang...how long do house-elves live?” asked Dean.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“And here I thought you were having a snack.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Don't make me tickle you.” said Sirius digging his fingers into his godson's side.

Dialogue est, third sentence.

“She hated animals.” said Sirius nastily.
“You don't want to know what her sick sense of humor could be.” said Sirius quickly, halting any questions.

“I wouldn't forget it either.” said a third year Gryffindor.

“I tell them every single damn time they leave the house.” said Sirius. “Leave it alone!”

“You've only heard me speak a very limited amount of times...” said Kingsley in an impressed tone.

“Yeah!” said Fred throwing his hands up.

“Party like a flying, venomous pest!” said George beginning to dance.

“NO!” howled Sirius.
“I thought we were done with him!” groaned Remus loudly.

Dialogue line.

“Ended up using a bit of it anyway.” said Harry.

“Stupid thing came out of nowhere.” said Ginny touching her wrist absently.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I wouldn't touch anything I sprayed...James would always vacuum up the dead flies on the sill.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“After we were married about five years, I chased her around the house with a dustpan full of those.” laughed Officer McFinn. “It was payback for her putting salt in my coffee on April Fool's Day.”

Twenty-third paragraph.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“The smell attracts them. Doxy's can tell each other apart by scent, and this has a Doxy smell, but one of a completely different clan. So, they come out and defend their territory.” said Harry.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

“It was so small, I didn't think it was that heavy.” said Harry.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“FRED!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

“I didn't get bit mum!” said Fred.

Dialogue line.
“He wasn't even looking at them.” said George.

“Way to upstage us.” said Fred.

“Yeah...that sounds like a selling point.” said Remus.

The teachers shared a smirk. They were impressed by the Weasley twins, but they were happy that they had such valuable inside information.

“Well, this sucks.” muttered George.

“Hey! We only would have said use them during Umbridge's class.” said Fred loudly.

“Somehow, I find that unbelievable.” said Snape with a smirk.

Fred and George cringed slightly under the smug looks of the teaching staff.

“Unprofitable boredom, eh?” said Flitwick.

“Testers?” screeched Mrs. Weasley.

“You're putting innocent people through that?” shouted Bill.

“No...well...not until we ironed out most of the worse stuff...” said George trying to hide behind his chair.

“Nearly cracked my head on the side of the bed.” said George quietly.
“And we thought she'd continue screaming until school would start.” said Fred.

Mrs. Weasley began tapping her finger against her arm impatiently.

“We don't hear of Harry grinning in this book much.” said Neville.

“And I didn't want to find myself on the wrong end of Mrs. Weasley's fury.” said Harry.

Mr. Weasley looked at his sons. “You must have used a good portion of the money on that ad of yours.”

“How did you know?” asked the twins in awe.

“Just because your mother stopped reading the paper, doesn't mean I did.” said Mr. Weasley.

“And you didn't tell me?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Well...you've had enough to worry about...” said Mr. Weasley.

Sirius began to snort with laughter.

“I forgive you now.” said Sirius trying not to laugh out loud.

“I'm not sure that I forgive you.” said Mrs. Weasley coldly.

“They still stink.” said Remus.

“That's just your nose.” said Sirius.
“You had better not have taken those.” said Mrs. Weasley darkly.

Sirius and Remus were silent.

“You should not know what that looks like.” said Sirius coldly.

“I wouldn't want to eat after all that.” said Lee.

“Why does that not surprise me?” groaned Mrs. Weasley.

“Why else would he have a tower of stuff?” asked Dean.

“We had forgotten that.” said Fred.

“How he remembered it after that night is beyond me.” said George.

“She didn't.” said Kingsley and Sirius.
“So much for keeping us in the dark about some things.” said Harry with a laugh.

Even Mrs. Weasley laughed.

“Next time, tell us this kind of information.” said Sirius.

“What a happy home.” said Blaise sarcastically.

“What the...?” asked Draco.

“Miserable little toerag.” muttered Sirius darkly.

The students stared at the book.

“Man, what a nice house-elf.” said Pavarti.

“I prefer Dobby.” said Lavender.

“Yeah, at least Dobby sounds adorable.” said Padma.
“Yeah, we noticed he was faking it too.” said Ron.

“Man, you guys have more patience than I do for that thing.” said Seamus.

“And we just learned of him.” said Dean.

“He's just old, he doesn't know we can hear him.” said Hermione.

“I'm sure he does.” said Sirius. “Like Dumbledore says, he's in his physical peak...though he doesn't look it.”

“You beast!” shouted Fred and George shoving each other.

“Oh good lord.” moaned Mrs. Weasley covering her eyes.

“Apparently Harry agrees with me.” said Hermione.

“According to Dobby, they can't speak badly about their masters...and yet he seems to do it.” said Harry with a shrug.

“I've forbidden him to call her that.” spat Sirius angrily.

“He's staying there, get used to it.” snarled Sirius.
“Foul mouthed little...” said Bill.

“He knows exactly what he's saying.” said Ron.

“None of your business.” said Colin.

“Bullcrap.” said Bill. “There's at least ten years of dust all over the place.”

“Well, he's not doing a very good job.” muttered Charlie.

“Wow, he needs to take a few lessons from Dobby.” said Ernie.
“I would say something, but the description of the portrait sort of proves your point.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“She was a disappointment in a mother.” said Sirius coldly.

Dumbledore looked down, he knew that Sirius hated his family, but he didn't expect the hatred went all the way to the house and everything in it.

“Short of setting the entire place on fire won't get rid of it” said Sirius.

“Why not do that?” asked Fred.

“Not with you kids in there.” said Sirius.

“She may swear it, but that doesn't stop her foul blood running through my veins.” said Sirius holding up his hand.

“Doesn't matter.” said Hannah.

“NO!” said every member of the Order present.

Hermione flinched.
“He nearly hit me.” muttered Hermione.

“Too bad they didn't end up chewing it all up.” muttered Sirius.

“Must we listen to him complaining?” sighed Snape.

“I will say this much, the one good part about our family dating back that far, was the monthly tribute to the Potter family. My mother just about fainted when my grandfather told her how much was still owed.” said Sirius, a smile that hadn't been on his face in a while.

“What other families owe a debt?” asked Neville.

“Well, there's the Crabbes, Goyles, Blacks, Malfoys, Longbottoms, Weasleys, Macmillian, Maclaggan, Greengrass, Bones, Abbots...the list goes on and on...” said Rudolph.

“Even a few muggleborns and half-bloods have taken out loans.” said Remus.

“How is that possible?” asked Draco. “Why not go through Gringotts?”

“Have you seen the interest rate on loans at Gringotts? For every hundred galleons you take out, you have to pay back an additional sixty galleons. A Potter family loan they only as for thirty-five...it's easier to pay them back.” said Sirius.

“And loans are still being taken out?” asked Harry.

“Oh yeah, my mother has approved of several loans over the years. Once you take your place in the family, you'll be in charge of that.” said Rudolph with a smile.

“What does that mean?” asked Dennis.

“Always pure.” muttered Sirius.
“How do you know what a cigarette burn looks like on fabric?” asked Mrs. McFinn. “James and I never smoked.”

Harry slid his hand to touch his left side tenderly.

End of dialogue set.

“He never liked me.” said Sirius.

“Only because you never liked him.” said Hermione.

“I was nice to him till I was twelve, he still didn't improve on his demeanor towards me.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You make it sound like you've never had that idea.” said Rudolph.

“I didn't. After everyone went away, I had no where to go...my summer jobs were the only escape I really had.” said Harry.

“What about the Inspector's?” asked Ron.

“I didn't want to get him in trouble with his superiors.” said Harry softly.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Night's Rest.” said Sirius proudly.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, fifth dash.

“He always liked me better than my brother.” said Sirius with a slight smile.

End of dialogue set.

“And you always went.” said Remus.

“And you were always the first one to rush through the door on pancake day.” said Sirius with smirk.
“So...what was the Potters?” asked Dean.

“Same level, but they were more down to earth than most. The Patriarch gets the family castle.” said Sirius. “The rest of the family is supposed to live in their own homes. But your Grandfather had a little cottage outside of Bristol, despite having the castle.”

“Paradise Castle's not nearly as big as Hogwarts, but it's beautiful.” said Rudolph.

“And being the stand-in Patriarch, can you live there?” asked Ron. Harry looked over to his uncle.

“My mother currently lives there with almost all my brothers and sisters, along with their kids. Seems like they just decided to come back home for some reason or another. The moment Harry wants to take his place, or the moment he turns eighteen, the family members living there, have to move out.” said Rudolph.


“It's not theirs anymore, they're only there because of my father, he was the Patriarch, then it fell to your dad, then to me, but I never really did anything with it, and then it fell back to you, now that you're at least fifteen.” said Rudolph. “My mother gets lonely, so she probably keeps them around for company.”

“But you're the better man, as you were constantly reminded by James.” said Remus.

“I didn't mean to snap.” said Sirius. “I just...expected better of him.” he added dully. “My brother, not Harry.” he added quickly.

“Prepared to throw in their hands, but once he included killing people...they back out.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“We may never know.” said Sirius.

“And people think this is a great way to live?” said Nightstrike shaking his head.

“You looked deep in thought, didn't want to just walk off.” said Harry.

“He had the smallest reign as a Headmaster. The board of governors removed him after the students and the staff complained.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile. “To this day he's still indignant about being fired.”

“It was shot down after a half-hour of her trying to promote it.” said Sirius.

“Nice lady.” said Katie.

“I know, I'm just so stylish, and he's so...grungy...” said Tonks with a smirk.

“You sure you don't have that backwards?” said Sirius with a sneer.
“You're mother was a nut.” said Terry.

“What have I been telling you people?” said Sirius throwing up his hands.

“I didn't want him to waste his time looking for them.” said Sirius.

“You couldn't remember?” asked Justin.

“It was a bad year.” said Harry plainly.

“You're related to her!” shouted Neville angrily.

“You're related to her!” shouted Neville angrily.

“So are you.” said Sirius in a bored voice. “Merlin sakes, all pure-bloods and most half-bloods are related to each other somehow.”

“I don't want to even think what he'll say when and if he finds out Leroy was engaged to her.” said
Rudolph quietly.

**Fifty-third paragraph.**

“Oh...she was rewarded alright.” said Lionus.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Easy puppy...he was just being curious.” said Dr. Clark.

“Sorry.” said Sirius sheepishly.

**End of dialogue set.**

“I wouldn't be.” said Terry.

“I'm not.” muttered Draco.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“You weren't even allowed to leave for an hour?” asked Ernie.

“Even if I was, Molly kept me under house arrest.” muttered Sirius.

Dumbledore and Mrs. Weasley looked guiltily down at the floor.

**Fifty-fourth paragraph.**

“It bites every single summer.” said Harry.

“No more...you and I both don't have to go and stay at our childhood homes.” said Sirius excitedly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.**

“Same thing with Night's Rest. I altered it a bit to allow Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“That's why we couldn't hear the address!” said a first year eagerly.
“Partly.” said Officer McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I wouldn't want you to risk it, what if something were to happen?” said Harry quietly. “Sorry.”

“Nah...it's okay.” said Sirius with a kind smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

The Weaselys, Remus and Sirius smiled brightly.

End of dialogue set.

The school went quiet, a school without the trio walking around...it was unheard of.

Dialogue set

“But the Minister didn't believe me that there were Dementors there.” said Harry.

“Then he's an idiot.” said Nighstrike.

“Yeah!” said a few students excitedly. “He'll take you in heartbeat!”

“Yeah! He loves you!” said another student.

Sirius smiled fondly at Harry.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“I should have pressed that.” said Sirius, the fond look flitting to a guilt ridden look.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“And they were fighting back.” said Ron.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.

“How the hell does snuffbox bite?” asked Officer McFinn looking up from the book.

“With my family, anything can bite you.” said Sirius.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

“Were you alright?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“It only stung in the beginning, after that, it was only throbbing. It's an easy fix.” said Sirius with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley glared over to her son, while Sirius laughed.

“I cannot believe, my own son...a common thief!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

“He's more than welcome to it, provided he's careful with it.” said Sirius laughing still.

Sixty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“Freaked the hell out of me when it crawled up his arm.” said Ron.

Sixty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“I remember that thing, it's an acupuncture device that my dad used all the time.” said Sirius.

“Then it shouldn't be all that dangerous.” said Dr. Clark. “I've done acupuncture, you feel better later.”

“My father was a masochist and a sadist.” said Sirius. “He loved pain, that thing would make him scream every time.”
“Sirius wasn't in there with us at that time.” said Hermione. “What is that music box supposed to do?”

“Force kids to sleep.” said Sirius. “They used it on me all the time during the summer when they had guests over so I wouldn't 'embarrass' the family. But I've got to wonder, who wound it up in the first place?”

Harry raised his hand slowly.

“Why?” said Sirius.

“I...like music boxes...” said Harry softly.

Lionus smiled mysteriously.

“My family used to officiate documents and sign letters with those.” said Sirius.

“Hey, you said you'd tell me what those names meant!” said Harry in a hurt voice.

“Not so loud, you want Molly to hear you?” said Sirius trying to hush his godson.

“That's sick...” said Fred.
“I was busy, I couldn't really be bothered to stop in just to check an old desk.” said Moody.

“I wouldn't come back either.” said Tonks.

“Didn't care, I even shook the bag a little more!” he added gleefully.

“That's an interesting notion.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.

“Well, he knew that they wouldn't.” said Justin.

“You didn't hear what else he said.” said Sirius firmly. Remus and Sirius shared a look, Sirius had confided in Remus that Kreacher had threatened harm to one of the kids.

“I was getting close to beating each person that rang that bell.” said Sirius.

“He never looked like he was in the best of moods.” said Harry.

“You looked really nice! Just...strange to not see you in the school robes!” said Harry quickly.

Sirius frowned as McGonagall smiled. “Not even your dad could have her bounce back like that.”
“She whooped it to kingdom come!” said George.

“She was awesome!” said Fred.

“It was like something out of an action movie!” said Hermione.

“Yeah, we didn't warn Harry about that.” said Fred.

“He was out cold for two days.” said George.

“See that gray hair right there?” said Sirius tugging a lock at the back of his head, looking at Harry. “You caused that.”

“He was struck right in front of Sirius.” explained Remus.

“Nearly lost my damn mind, I thought you died!” said Sirius.

“I don't even remember getting hit.” said Harry.

“A blow to the head will do that, dear lad.” said Dumbledore.

“They're self folding, and apparently not being washed for so long...caused them to go nuts.” said Sirius.

Sirius wrapped his arms around his godson's middle, holding him close.

“Glad to hear that.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Adults don't fear their criminal trials as badly as this kid fears a hearing he legally can't lose.” said Nightstrike.
Sixty-ninth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“We weren't talking about the hearing much.” said Hermione.

“We were talking about how horrible and peaked you were looking.” said Ron.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

“Keep flying into panic mode like that and you'll hyperventilate.” said Dr. Nicodemus and Dr. Clark.

Seventieth paragraph.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Poor Harry.” said the Gryffindor Chasers.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“But Harry needs some support!” said a third year Ravenclaw.

“Yeah, Sirius would help him calm down!” said a Hufflepuff.

“But if Sirius was captured and kissed on the spot, Harry would never forgive himself.” said Dumbledore calmly. “Though...I should have phrased it a bit kinder.”

End of chapter.

Dumbledore covered his eyes again. “I think that's enough for tonight. We'll have dinner and then explain what will happen tomorrow.” said Dumbledore, grateful that this book will almost be done with, and he won't have to hear how he hurt his most loyal of students.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please Comment!
Preparing for Bonfire Night

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just as Rudolph forked a cube of pork chop into his mouth, Leroy came back. He wasn't as angry as he left but he did have a frown on his face.

“Did I miss anything?” he asked as he leaped over the sofa and plucked a cherry tomato from Rudolph's plate.

“Only that Molly and Sirius aren't getting along.” said Rudolph with a smile. “How was the Daily Prophet? Is it nothing but a smoldering piece of rubble yet?”

“Well, we had a big meeting...and about four-fifths of the staff are now unemployed. I've given the better people promotions and raises, now they just need to hire some people to replace the ones that decided to throw in their lot with the wrong sort.” said Leroy.

“I thought you were going to make a dramatic entrance.” asked Rudolph.

“I thought about it, but then I used up all my drama for the speech I made.” said Leroy. “Though, I've got to say, I think I might have burned a bunch of the past Daily Prophet editions.”

“Well, no great loss.” said Rudolph.

Soon, dinner was done and Dumbledore called everyone's attention.

“Allright everyone, now, we have a lot of things to do tomorrow. Minerva, if you will.” said Dumbledore holding out his hand to let his Deputy take over.

McGonagall unfurled a piece of parchment and looked around to the students.
“This is for the events going to happen tomorrow, pay attention if you wish to take part in any of the events. Anyone that wishes to sign up for any sort of contest will have to come and see their respective head of house:

“We have cooking competitions, pies, cakes and cookies, Mrs. Weasley and Mr. Leroy Potter has offered to monitor those who wish to cook for the events. Monitored cooking time will take place tomorrow morning at nine o’clock and will end at one o’clock. Do not attempt to cook without an adult down there present, or Mr. Potter. I believe we may be able to trust you to be careful.” she finished looking at Harry.

“Yes Ma'am,” said Harry.

A few students looked excited. Harry made cooking look like a lot of fun, they'd have to look up some recipes in the library. Hermione was busy scribbling a few recipe book titles down for a few of her fellow Gryffindors to borrow.

“Then we have a set of races, varying in distances, those who wish to take part, see your Head of House as well. Mr. Potter has agreed to lead in the warm-ups for the races.”

The boys and a few girls looked eager and scanned the teachers for their Head of House.

“Tomorrow evening, we will have fireworks, provided by Filibuster's and by the Weasley twins.” said McGonagall. She looked at her parchment and then looked over to the twins. “They are safe?”

“We wouldn't do that to you.” said Fred and George together.

“Umbridge, yes.” said Fred.

“You, never.” said George.

“Mmm hmm,” said McGonagall disbelieving. “The Cooking contest will be judged by both Mrs. McFinn and Mr. Potter. The races will be timed by both Mr. Lupin and Dr. Clark. We will also have carnival games set up by a few of the locals from Hogsmede. Any questions?”
Blaise raised his hand. “Will Potter be allowed to take part in any of the contests? Being an official for some of them?”

“He chose to help in the races and the cooking contests, instead of taking part.” said McGonagall. “But I'm sure he will wish to join in some of the other contests.”

“Thank Merlin, least there's a chance for the races.” said Blaise quietly.

Harry smirked.

People began to chat excitedly, a few of the students couldn't wait to sign up for the different contests and when they got up, they found out there were a few more smaller contests to sign up for. There were another set of pumpkin carving contests, a gobstone tournament, a small Quidditch Tournament, pie eating contests, chocolate frog catching contests, and even a contest a few races where you were either in a sack or tied to another person.

Harry looked over to Officer McFinn who was smiling to himself running a hand over the book sitting in front of him. He stood up and walked over to the departed man.

“Officer McFinn?” said Harry quietly.

“Yeah, Sport?” asked Officer McFinn with a smile.

“Uh...will you be able to join us outside?” asked Harry.

“I don't know.” said Officer McFinn softly. “I think that Unspeakable Speckerton and I will have to see if we can.”

Harry looked over to the Unspeakable that was talking to Professor Flitwick. The man hadn't spoken much lately, and neither had Rivers who was discussing Educational standards with Lionus. They had been here since the beginning and listened to everything that had happened in his life. Then he looked over at the Rangers, he knew a little bit about them, perhaps more than the other students, but they never showed their entire hand.
Then he had Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn back in his life, they were walking over to talk to Officer McFinn. The first muggles to come and visit the school in...well...ever.

There was a lot of strange people at school this year.

Ron and Hermione hurried over to Harry.

“Hey mate! So what are you going to do tomorrow? I'm gonna sign up for that pie eating contest...the only competition that I've got is Crabbe and Goyle...that's gonna be a tough.” said Ron. “They're bottomless pits.”

“I'm going to try and make some chocolate chip cookies, hopefully Ron doesn't eat them all.” said Hermione with a smirk over to Ron.

“If I ate them all, doesn't that mean they're good?” said Ron with a roguish smile.

“Yes, but I'd like to see what Mrs. McFinn and Harry think of them.” said Hermione.

“You going to make anything?” asked Ron to Harry.

“I'm making a few pies for the pie eating contests.” said Harry.

“What kind of pies are they?” asked Ron.

“You'll find out tomorrow.” said Harry. “I'm going downstairs to make the stuff we need. Could you let Sirius know where I went?”

“Sure, uh...where is he?” asked Ron looking around.

Sirius was no where to be seen, but Harry had a lot of stuff he needed to get done. “Well, when you find him, tell him I'll be up as soon as I can.”
Harry turned and left for the kitchens. Hermione and Ron watched him leave.

"You know...we aren't spending as much time as we used to together." said Hermione.

"Yeah, I know, he's got a family now." said Ron. "He doesn't need us as much anymore. But you know...I'm okay with it."

"Me too." said Hermione with a smile. "We'll have him when this is all said and done. They have a lot of time to make up."

Harry walked down to the kitchens, trying to come up with something other than pies to make for the pie eating contest, he could do a load of baked potatoes, that should keep everyone warm as they walk about....he'd have to ask if Mrs. McFinn could do some treacle toffee or no one else would get any after he'd would eat it.

Harry stepped through the doorway to the kitchens and heard a loud crash and a string of curses.

"Son of a banshee!" shouted Sirius' voice.

Harry looked around and saw Sirius slamming a whisk down in a dirty bowl. "How the hell can this be hard? I'm using bloody magic for Merlin's sake!"

"Something wrong?" asked Harry sneaking up behind him and looking over his shoulder.

Sirius jumped a little and turned. "What are you doing here?"

"It's the kitchen, I hang out here all the time." said Harry. "The big question is what are you doing in here?"

"I...I just wanted to try and make something." said Sirius.
“But you can't cook...” said Harry slowly.

“....I'm not doing anything tomorrow.” said Sirius looking down, a frown on his face. “I wasn't asked...”

Harry shook his head. “I asked them not to have you help.”

Sirius looked at Harry in shock. “Why not? I can help, I want to help!”

“I want you to just enjoy yourself, play a few games, take part in a few contests. Have fun.” said Harry nudging his godfather in the shoulder. “Run around, knock a few bottles off a table...get outside for a bit!”

Sirius looked at his godson, his eyes moist with emotion, smiled slightly. “Does that mean that I can force you into a three legged race?”

“Only if you think you can keep up.” said Harry with a smile.

Dumbledore and the rest of the adults began to set up the booths and what not outside, to get a head start on the celebrations for the next morning.

“We'll have to tell the students that they won't be celebrating this much next year.” said McGonagall levitating a large banner over the starting line of the races.

“I think that a Bonfire Night might not be a bad idea to do year after year.” said Dumbledore creating trophies out of stones that stood before him. “I find it quite enjoyable, and if the people down in the village agree, we may have a great new tradition. And the Halloween party was very enjoyable.”

Umbridge grumbled loudly but yelped when Tempest smacked her to move onward.

“What do your men plan on doing?” asked Flitwick to Chief Hawkeye.

“I'm going to have a few words with my men, about their time here, and then we may join you in
the festivities. Though...I have a game that the students would love to enjoy...and it would amuse
us very much.” he added looking at Umbrdige with a smirk.

“So I want to know what this game is?” asked Dumbledore with a twitching smile.

“Let's just say, this game could be as medieval as she is.” said Chief Hawkeye he added with a
smile.

Students were going crazy in the library, digging up several different recipes. There were several
different competitions for pies: Apple, Pumpkin, Cherry, Misc and Unusual. They didn't quite
know what unusual meant, but any pie that sounded good, they wanted to try.

The Cookie competition has the same sort of design, they list a few common cookies, and then
down to a few Miscellaneous types and even an unusual kind. Chocolate Chip cookies were the
ones that seemed to appeal to everyone, not a lot of the students wanted to attempt to try any other
one.

Cakes were another one that people weren't inclined to try, unless they had Harry there or Mrs.
Weasley to keep an eye on them constantly. But it seemed that Harry wasn't going to be there to
offer tasting critique, he would only be there to make sure they didn't set the school on fire.
Whether they burnt their entries was their prerogative.

They couldn't wait till tomorrow.

Harry was still downstairs, baking as many pies as he could before midnight hit. It took him a
while to make up his mind what sort of pie should be used for the contests. He didn't want to make
apple pies and make them eat more than five each. Too much cinnamon in one sitting would not be
a good thing.

He had to make sure he didn't make Ron's favorite pie, or he'd never hear the end of it from people
who felt he was being unfair. Then again, Ron's favorite pie was anything and everything.
So the only way to be fair, was to make an assortment of pies, of every flavor that he could think of. He had sent Dobby with a message alerting McGonagall to his idea. Dobby returned with a vocal message that Harry's idea was a good one.

Taking into consideration that he was making pies for three of the biggest gluttons he had ever seen, and on top of that, the adults' contest that was going on the same time he would have to make a few dozens of each type of pie.

The people down in the village wanted in on some of the contests as well, so to comply with their wishes, there were kid contests and adult contests and it wasn't just the village that took on an interest, some parents wanted to join their kids in the festivities, having missed out on this opportunity when they were younger. So he had to take into consideration adult stomachs and adult skill levels in the judging. Mrs. McFinn will take the lead in the adult contests, and Harry will take charge of the student contest.

He had a lot of work to do for tomorrow, especially if he wanted to make some pies, cakes and cookies tomorrow to sell at a booth. He didn't need the money, but he figured that he'd sell for the Muggleborn, and Wizard Orphan fund...he'd ask Dumbledore what his opinion is tomorrow morning.

“Ah...it would figure I'd find you down here, dear boy.” said a voice from behind.

Or he could ask him now.

“Great timing, I've got a question.” said Harry.

“Perhaps I have a answer.” said Dumbledore.

“Could I sell some baked goods for the Muggleborn fund?” asked Harry.

Dumbledore looked at Harry with a proud glint in his eye, but he said. “I'm afraid not, children donating their past texts are one thing, but money...you must be at least seventeen and out of school in order to donate. But, if you were to use your earnings for yourself, write down how much you made and then several years down the road you will be able to donate it then. If you still wish”

Harry looked down, he'd have to keep that bit of scrap parchment safe.
Or...he could use it for something else...

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please comment.

I have a hectic schedule and I think it would be easier on my part to continue just to do a chapter a week, so despite it not being a reading the chapter chapter, I won't be updating till next Friday.
The next morning the big day came, Hogwarts first Bonfire Night, Harry was walking around the stoves down in the kitchens, making sure the students didn't get over excited and allow the heat and possible flames get out of hand. Mrs. Weasley also helped the students a little, though she had to stop herself and Harry from helping the students any further than they had to.

Harry kept warming charms on the pies the entire night to keep them warm and tasty for the competition, except for the chocolate pies. He had to virtually keep the students at bay in order to keep a few of them from slicing into them.

He couldn't help the others with their cooking, but what he did was make them scones so that they didn't break down and eat whatever they were making out of sheer hunger or dodge past him and eat his hard work.

Even a few Slytherins were in the kitchens trying to bake cookies and pies, one in particular was a surprise baker. Harry didn't expect to see her there.

Pansy Parkinson was attempting to prepare a pie for the contests later that afternoon. She didn't want anything to really do with Potter, especially if he was a judge for that contest. But the contest prize was something worth fighting for.

The prize for the best pie was not only fifty points for your house, but also seven pounds of an assortment of Honeyduke's chocolate. She may despise Potter, but she loved that sweet shop and four pounds of candy was too good of a prize to not try. She'd have to do anything to make her pie the best one out of this lot. But she had a backup plan, if she didn't win. She could claim that Potter has it out for her and she'd be awarded the prize.

There was one student however that wasn't allowed to make anything, she could play any of the games but not allowed to bake. Not after the last time she tried to make something for Harry.
“It’s not fair!” wailed Romilda Vane.

“McGonagall said you weren't permitted to participate.” scolded Mrs. Weasley. “After what you did to Harry the last time.”

“I wonder what she did?” asked Parvati.

“I heard that she slipped him a love potion, she got in big trouble, but Harry said he didn't want her expelled.” said Lavender.

“So maybe he does like her a little.” said Padma.

“I don't think so, he just doesn't like to see anyone expelled...after what we've heard from the books, I can understand.” said Parvati.

“I'm not going to do that again!” said Romilda earnestly. “Please let me...”

“No.” said Mrs. Weasley pointing out of the kitchen. “Your name isn't on the list to be in here anyway, you had to sign up last night or early this morning in order to be in here.”

But Romilda didn't want to leave, she decided to delay her departure by playing cat and mouse with Mrs. Weasley, hopefully to get her so exasperated that she would just let her stay. She dodged around everyone to try and stay inside the kitchens, but ran headlong into Harry. She stumbled back and flashed a smile up to him, hoping he'd be impressed with her persistence.

“Leave.” said Harry firmly. “The kitchen is not a playground.”

Her face fell, and tears began to well into her eyes, “But...but...”

But then she was levitated in the air. Mrs. Weasley had taken out her wand and her face was full of anger. “If you come back in here, I'll notify Professor McGonagall about this immature behavior.” she said sharply. “Now, go find something else to occupy your time.”
She sent a broken-hearted look to Harry, who was focusing on finishing his own work and then was gently placed outside into the corridor. She passed Hermione as she was stepping into the kitchen.

“You're such a jerk, Harry Potter!” she wailed as she ran off.

“Morning, Harry.” said Hermione looking behind her as Romilda ran off. “what was that all about?”

“She wanted to bake for the contests today.” said Harry peeling a few apples. “But never mind her, you find a recipe that works for you?”

“Oh huh.” said Hermione happily.

“Okay, you can take the stove halfway down.” said Harry pointing to the unused stove. “If you need any help, just as for Mrs. Weasley. I can find the ingredients you need, but any cooking advice has to come from her.”

“Oh okay.” said Hermione looking at what Harry was making. “What is that.”

“I making a demo pies.” said Harry.

“*Demo pies?”* asked Hermione.

“It lets people know where they can go and put their pies. That way, they don't put custard in with the blueberry, it'll save time and it gives me something to do. This pie is for the Unusual section.” said Harry.

“What kind is it?” asked Hermione leaning forward to smell it.

“Marshmallow Apple Pie.” said Harry.
“Say what?” said Hermione pulling back.

“Don't knock it till you try it.” said Harry with a smile. “I've got to get back to work, I've got a lot of stuff to make.”

“Harry, do you know where the nutmeg is?” asked Hannah.

Harry walked over and picked up a small container and walked it over to the Hufflepuff student. “Here you go, use what the recipe says, no more.” said Harry.

“What'll happen?” asked Hannah.

“Let's just say, you'll send Mrs. McFinn and I to the hospital wing.” said Harry with a smile.

Hours later, the Bonfire night celebration began, the games were up and going. Students ran to the booths to play games and win the prizes that were provided. Some even met up with their parents when they stopped by with whatever pastry entry they had to show off.

Harry leaned against the tree beside the doors and smiled, parents looked as if they were having the time of their lives with their kids, he thought this should be made a permanent thing. That way they could reunite with their kids, especially for the first years.

He looked over at the large pile of pastries towering at the contests stands. He'd have to head over there, after he got the races done. He had a busy day today, and he'd still have to find some time to play a few games with Sirius.

But first things first, he had a job to do. He rounded up all the students that wanted to take part in the races, mostly boys and mostly between Slytherin and Gryffindor signed up for it. He led them in a few stretching exercises and then paced himself around a large roped area that would serve as the racetrack for the runners. The parents of the runners, if they could come, lined up around the track cheered for their offspring.

Once Harry had said 'Go', the students fell in behind him, but then decided to pass him on the far right.
“C'mon, don't run as fast as you can now! If you're running ahead of me, you're not going to last the rest of the day!” shouted Harry. A few people listened and slowed their pace to fall behind Harry. However a few of them decided to extend the distance even further.

“You'll be sorry!” shouted Harry loudly.

And sorry they were, by the second race, they were winded and they couldn't go on. The ones that paced themselves throughout the day ended up winning a majority of the races. In the second race Cormac McClaggan would have come in at least third place, but his leg cramped up and Blaise came running up and took third and then second place, pushing Cormac to fifth. He was only a second behind Justin Finch-Fletchely.

Harry watched the races for a little bit, but then meandered over to the baked goods stand and looked into the preparations. Parents were still bringing in their goods and the students were doing the same thing. Harry and Mrs. McFinn couldn't really start judging until all the entries were there, and it seemed that they would have a long time of it.

“Hey Harry!” said a voice coming form behind him, it was Sirius, but it didn't look like him.

He had platinum blonde hair, his face was clean shaven and he was wearing a casual t-shirt and a pair of jeans. He looked almost fifteen years younger.

“Got some time to play around a bit?” asked Sirius brightly.

“What happened to you?” asked Harry with a laugh.

“Dumbledore and Lionus figured that despite Madam Bones and Leroy telling the whole world through his paper that I was innocent, that people might not be able to accept me yet. So, to nip the potential attacks in the bud, they disguised me a little bit. Now come on, there's a few games I'm dying to try out.” he took Harry by the hand and dragged him towards the games.

They stopped first at Fred and George's stand, they had asked Dr. Clark about a few games and they settled on a balloon pop game of sorts. You'd get five darts and then you'd have to pop a balloon fixed on a large board. Some of the balloons had stink pellets inside and others had sparkles. If you managed to get all five balloons to rain down sparkles you'd get a stuffed animal, or (they'd whisper to the winner) they'd get a demo box of their pranking merchandise.

“You boys getting much business?” asked Sirius, placing a few knuts down for the both of them to
play the game.

“We’ve had quite a bit so far. Haven’t lost any demo boxes or giant stuffed animals yet.” said Fred.
“But people like the challenge, so they keep coming back.” said George.

“Think we can win Harry?” asked Sirius.

“I don’t know, I was never really good at these games.” said Harry.

“Well, neither was I, but we can give it a shot.” said Sirius taking a dart in hand and tossing it towards a red balloon. Sparkles fell to the ground. “I’m off to a good start.” said Sirius happily.

Harry took a dart in hand and aimed for a purple balloon, sparkles fell once again. They did fine until Sirius hit a blue balloon and Harry hit a green one.

“Oh, nice try guys, want to try again?” asked Fred.

“I think I know what happened, you put the sparkles in the red and yellow and purple ones.” said a voice from behind them.

They turned and saw Speckerton standing behind them, but he looked a little different, his eyes were different and he had a sort of pale glow surrounding him.

“Are you alright?” asked Sirius.

“Never better.” said Speckerton, his voice not sounding the same as he spoke so many times before. His voice sounded like...

“Officer McFinn?” said Harry in shock. “Is that...?”

“I didn't think I'd be able to fool you.” said the man with a smile. “Yeah, Speckerton let me borrow his body for a bit. It's not like when Riddle possessed someone.” he added to Harry's blanched
face. “I'm completely benign, I don't need to feed off him to survive, I'm already dead.”

He walked up to the counter and placed some money on the counter. “Albus gave me some money to play around with, I had to promise though I wouldn't eat anything Speckerton was allergic to and couldn't get into fistfights, he's a pretty laid back guy.”

“Who's powering the books?” asked Sirius.

“I've got them on me.” said Officer McFinn showing a large knapsack. “And I've got one of the Rangers tailing me everywhere I go.”

They looked up and saw a cloaked figure standing on top of the Fred and George's booth, it was Viper. He and Harry locked eyes, but Viper turned his gaze away a fraction of an inch so he was looking at Harry's shoulder.

Officer McFinn took the darts in hand and only hit the red, yellow, and purple balloons, sparkles fell to the ground.

“How did you know about the ones we put them in?” asked George with a frown.

“Red and yellow, Gryffindor colors. Purple is the color that Dumbledore normally wears.” said Officer McFinn. “Am I right?”

Fred and George pouted. “Just don't spread it around.”

“I wouldn't do that.” said Officer McFinn.

“What would you like?” asked Fred. “Animal or demo box?”

Officer McFinn looked around, and saw what he wanted. “I'll take that big panda bear.”

“Going to give it to your wife?” asked Sirius.
“No, it would look bad if Speckerton's wife were to show up unexpectedly. Did give Holly something in private though...Don't ask.” Officer McFinn added. He handed Harry the large panda bear. “Remember...”

“You won the milk bottle toss for me.” said Harry taking the bear and holding it tenderly.

Officer McFinn threw his arms around Harry. “After these books, I'm not going to be around anymore, I know it's cruel to come back into your life just to leave so quickly again. But you know...I'm so glad that I can spend this moment with you right now.”

Sirius watched the pair of them, he thought he and Harry were going to spend time together before he had to go and judge the pie and other baked goods. Now it seemed that he wanted to spend time with his cub.

“Now you two go have some fun, I'll see you both later.” said Officer McFinn with a smile. Sirius watched in awe as he walked away.

“Well, what do you want to do now?” asked Harry.

“Wait, what?” asked Sirius. “I thought...”

Harry rolled his eyes, “We're doing things before I have to work...c'mon, let's go see what booth Hagrid set up.”

Sirius followed Harry, with a bright smile on his face.

Sirius and Harry wandered all over the grounds, taking in the sites and played a few more of the games. They didn't win any of the big prizes, but they did have fun. Soon they made it to the booth that was selling Harry's pies, breads and cookies.

“Hello there dear.” said Bathilda Bagshot with a smile.
“Hello, Mrs...” said Harry.

“Ah ah ah!” said Bathilda Bagshot shaking her fingers with a smile.

“Uh...Aunt Batty.” said Harry with a smile.

“I must say, your cakes and cookies have been flying off this counter. They can't get enough of your triple chocolate chip cookies.” said Bathilda Bagshot with a smile.

“Hope Remus doesn't hear that you've got those out here.” said Sirius.

“Oh, he's written you an I.O.U for seven batches.” said Bathilda with a smile as she handed Harry a piece of parchment.

Harry took it and ripped it up. “He can have as many cookies, cakes and whatever else he wants.”

“I thought you'd say that, and I told him so, but he still insisted on writing that and promising to pay.” said Bathilda.

“He's such an idiot.” said Sirius rolling his eyes. “I have money, he can get anything he wants.”

“Now Sirius, it's not the money that he wants, he wants to be independent, he doesn't want to rely on you for money all the time.” said Bathilda with a shake of her head.

“But he doesn't have any...he can't even keep a job for more than a month or so.” said Sirius.

“Be that as it may, he wants to survive on his own means.” said Bathilda.

“Well, he'd better not think of moving out.” said Sirius folding his arms. “He can...I don't know, take charge of setting up protective spells or something...he can work for his room and board.”
“Harry?” said Dumbledore's voice coming up behind him. Harry turned, on his chest was a judge’s ribbon and a splatter of red on his beard.

“It's time to judge the entries now.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“What has stained your beard, Albus?” asked Bathilda handing him a handkerchief.

“Alas, strawberry pie. Mr. Goyle was not aware he was missing his mouth at the time.” said Dumbledore as he wiped his beard clean. “All the pies from the students and adults are all assembled and numbered, so you may go and start.”

“Numbered?” asked Sirius.

“That way it's fair. I don't get to see the numbers until we've written down the winning entries, the person's name shows up magically.” said Harry.

“So no one can claim the contest is rigged.” said Sirius with a smile. “I like it. Need help?”

Harry looked at him, looked at Dumbledore and then smiled. “I think we could use a layman taster.”

“Hey! Your grandmother said I was the best taster she ever had!” said Sirius indignantely.

“Sure...whatever you say...” said Harry with a smirk.

“Why do you say that?” asked Sirius.

“Remus said the same thing when he asked if he could taste test my triple chocolate chip cookies the other day.” said Harry with a laugh.

“She lied to me.” said Sirius looking shocked.
“Come on, number one taste-tester.” said Harry with a chuckle.

After many hours of tasting each pie, (Sirius helping himself to multiple samples of the same pies) Harry and Mrs. McFinn judged the adults and the children's baked goods. There was a disagreement over who should get honorable mention in the students section.

“C'mon, they deserve a shout out for trying!” said Sirius.

“Sirius, it's unusual and miscellaneous, not mad doctor's laboratory.” said Harry. “Who's ever heard of a mincemeat chocolate trifle pie? Besides, it was nasty.”

The students and adults gathered around and took seats in front of the stage area. This was the main event for many of them and they couldn't wait to see who would win what. Students came to sit, multicolored ribbons plastered on their chests, Ron had a first place ribbon on his chest, his face slightly stained from pie filling and whipped cream. He sat beside Hermione who was looking nervous.

“Congratulations Ron, I thought Crabbe ate two more than you did, how did you win?” asked Hermione.

“Dumbledore and Flitwick noticed that Crabbe smeared all the pie all over his face, he didn't eat most of it, I cleaned my plate every time. There was still a bit of pie in each one of his and Goyle. McClaggan didn't stand a chance, he was out and getting sick after the blueberry pie level.”

“You went to town on one of them, what was that?” asked Hermione. “You lifted up the entire pie and dove right in, what was that pie?”

“Harry's such a jerk, he didn't put the pumpkin pie till towards the end, and he didn't make it the way I liked. He adds something extra to his that really make me wolf them down.” said Ron. “Guess he didn't want to show favorites. I'll say this much, that one batch of mismatch pies was pretty cool. That marshmallow apple pie was awesome!”

“I figured you'd eat it.” said Hermione with a smile. “I can't wait, I think I did okay on the cookies, it's one thing on book work, it's completely different to make something from a recipe. The
simplest thing could make it or break it.”

“Yeah, that’s what my mum says, if you forget to put...well...she says love in it, then it won't go well.” said Ron. “Though, Harry sort of disproves that.”

“You're right, I doubt he's shown any love when he made meals for the Dursleys.” said Hermione. “Unless you put all the love into making it. Or, it's even tastier now that he's making it here.”

“That's a scary thought, the food not tasting the same as it does at home.” said Ron.

Then Dumbledore stepped on the stage, causing everyone clap. He held up his hands and silenced the crowd. “Thank you everyone, young and old who has come to celebrate this Bonfire Night with us. After discussing with the School Governors, we've decided to keep this an annual event.”

The students and parents applauded loudly, even a few of the older Governors looked pleased.

“This will be an event that will bring students of the past back to Hogwarts where they will hopefully remember fondly of their school days. But now for the final event, before we start the bonfire and fireworks generously donated by Filibuster and some even created by two of our more talented students...”

Fred and George puffed out their chests.

“We will reveal the results of the baked goods competitions, I think I am correct in thinking that the adults did not realize who was the judge for any of competition of this sort, so with out further ado, the Head Judge of both the adult and the students confections....Harry Potter.”

“Bet he's not too happy, being called out like that.” said Ron clapping furiously.

“I don't think so, that's one quick dark look he gave Dumbledore.” said Hermione sending a happy yell out.

“Reminded me of Snape there for a moment.” said Ron.
Harry stepped up to the front of the stage and sighed. “Sort of sink or swim with this huh?” he said looking over to Dumbledore, a small smile on his face. He looked out to the crowd, a lot of adults stared at the youth, some even looked a little shocked that their goods were judged by someone that they had deemed mentally unstable.

“Well, let's get started.” said Harry taking out a roll of parchment. “We can start with the cookies, not a lot of people dropped them off, so this will be pretty quick. We divided up the cookies just a bit, if they had chocolate anywhere in them they went in one category and so forth. Chocolate cookie for the students third place goes to...Hermione Granger for her Granger Cherry Chocolate Chip cookies.”

Hermione smiled and went up to the stage and smiled as she took a ribbon. Then a shout came from the twins.

“C’mon Harry, give the girls a kiss if they win!”

“Shove off!” shouted Harry. “I'm not kissing anyone! Thanks Hermione. Now...second place, was...wow...Justin Finch-Fletchely and his chocolate fudge cookies...I'm definitely not kissing him.”

The crowd began to laugh as Justin climbed the steps and took his ribbon.

“First place goes to...Astoria Greengrass.” said Harry with a smile. “With her chocolate peanut butter cup cookies.”

People applauded as Astoria climbed the stairs and took her ribbon and the seven pounds of Honeydukes candy as a prize.

The rest of the cookies and cakes went about as smoothly as could be. Even the adults enjoyed themselves as they watched some of their children win awards and they themselves won a pound or two of the candy they so adored in their childhood.

Finally it was the pie judging, the adults were done and it was the final award to be given, first prize, and a seven pound box of Honeydukes chocolate.
“First prize for the Unusual and Miscellaneous pie goes to....well...I'm impressed but not all that surprised...Luna Lovegood, for her Cherry and Lime pie.” said Harry with a smile.

The people clapped though they shared a curious look. Cherry and Lime? As Luna kissed Harry's cheek and took the ribbon, an indignant shout came from the crowd.

“This contest is rigged! He's picking all his friends!” screeched Pansy.

“Not possible Miss Parkinson. Each entry was given a number and the judges were not around to see whose name went with what number. They are not aware of the names until they remove it from the envelope. I made it impossible for there to be any preferential treatment.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile. “I did not want any...how do you children say?” he looked at Harry. “Muck-ups.”

Several people laughed, “Good old Dumbledore. Always trying to use modern slang.” thought a good many of them.

“But...but...there....” said Pansy pointing weakly at the stage. She didn't expect them to prepare for any and everything!

What number was hers?” asked Harry.

“Seventy four.” said Mrs. Weasley flipping though the clipboard in her hand. “This is hers.”

“Come here, Miss Parkinson.” said Dumbledore beckoning her up to the stage. “Is this your pie?”

Pansy looked at pie, with it's decorative crust and its warm purple filling.

“Yes, it's mine...no one else's had a crust like mine.” said Pansy proudly.

“Taste it.” said Harry taking a forkful and held it to Pansy's mouth. “You'll understand.”

Pansy scowled, but took the fork in hand and brought It to her mouth, the pie wasn't in her mouth for in longer than a minute when she spat it out. “What the...?”
“You added too much salt.” said Harry in a whisper. “Understand?”

Pansy turned on her heel and sat back down with a snarl.

“Now...since the awards ceremony is over, lets begin with the bonfire and the fireworks.” said Dumbledore as the entire world seemed switch from day to twilight.

Hagrid finished piling the large tower of wood while Mr. Weasley roped off the area close to where the fire's edge was. As Dumbledore lit the fire, the Weasley twins took the opportunity to set up their own fireworks and get ready to set them all off.

Harry made his way through the crowds as the fire began to crackle and rise it's way up the large pile of wood.

“Ah, Harry, come here.” said Dumbledore gesturing for him to stand beside him. Harry strode to stand beside the Headmaster standing shoulder to shoulder with him.

“Forgive me for placing you in the spotlight dear boy.” said Dumbledore.

“Never.” said Harry with a smirk.

Dumbledore smiled. “I feared as much. I'd like to thank you dear boy, despite the beginning, this has been a pleasant turn of events.”

“Yeah...it's worth all the headaches.” said Harry smiling as the fire crackled merrily in front of him.

**Here's the recipe for Mashmallow Apple pie, yeah you thought I made that up didn't you?**

6 Granny Smith apples

1 Tablespoon butter

1 pinch of salt
½ cup white sugar
½ tsp ground nutmeg
14 large marshmallows
1 recipe pastry for a 9 in single crust pie

1: Preheat oven to 425 degrees F (220 degrees C). Line pie pan with plain pastry

2: Peel, remove core and slice apples. Place in pie shell.

3: Combine sugar, salt and nutmeg. Sprinkle over apples. Dot with butter.

4: Bake at 425 degrees F (220 degrees C) for 30 minutes, or until crust is brown and the apples are tender. Remove from oven.

5: Cover the apples with halved marshmallows. Brown in slow oven 325 degrees F ( 165 degrees C). Serve warm

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
Harry moaned loudly as sunlight shimmered down softly on his bed. He tried to bury his head under the multiple pillows on his bed and pulled his covers closer to his chin. He could have sworn he just went to bed an hour ago.

“Someone put out the sun.” groaned Harry.

“You're telling me.” muttered Sirius from the foot of his own bed. His head stuck out where his feet should have been, his hair tousled and his eyes bleary.

“What the...how did you get down there.” said Harry rubbing his eyes.

“Beats the hell out of me...I should never have taken up the offer of that drinking contest.” said Sirius. “I can't hold my liquor as much anymore...I could have drunk them all under the table fourteen years ago.”

“Who did you lose to?” asked Harry as he tried to find his socks under his bed.

“I'm not saying.” said Sirius pulling the covers over his head.

“He lost to Tonks.” said Remus with a smile as he walked in. “C'mon Sirius, it's time to get up.”

“Shh!!! Not so loud!” moaned Sirius.

“I'm talking normal, now get up...we have a lot to do today.” said Remus tossing Sirius a clean shirt as he tried to pull his sock over his hand. “That goes on your foot.”
“So much for just hanging out.” said Harry.

“What are we supposed to do?” asked Sirius.

“You and I are going to work at Night's Rest...” said Remus.

“Can I come?” asked Harry quickly.

“Unfortunately, no....you have a full day on your plate.” Remus said tossing Sirius his robe and a pair of trousers.

“Like what?” asked Harry. “Am I grounded again?”

“I don't want to go through that again, not that you were really punished in the first place. A few people showed up this morning, and you're going to want to wear something nice.” said Remus handing Harry a button up shirt, black slacks and his Hogwarts' school tie.

“Who showed up?” asked Harry as he looked at the outfit sitting before him.

“That would be my mother...ah...that won't be enough....Leroy!” shouted Rudolph as he looked at what Remus had picked out.

“Gahh!!! Not so loud!” moaned Sirius loudly.

“Don't be so drunk,” said Leroy coming in with a roll of black silk fabric. “Here we go, Monster...” he waved his wand and a three piece suit was cut, snipped, and sewed out of the fabric in his hand. “you'll look great in this.”

“Wait...your mother...” said Harry looking up at his Great Uncle.

“Your Great Grandmother yeah, she's come to accelerate the process of making you the Patriarch
of the family.” said Rudolph helping Harry come to his feet and get dressed in the silk suit.

“Wait...what?” said Harry as he slipped his arms through silk shirt.

“Your Great Grandmother had a health scare a few weeks ago, I didn't know about it or I would have been there. She saw what the other people in the family were like once she was supposedly on her way out...and decided to nip it in the bud before it happens.” said Rudolph tying the bow tie around his nephew's neck.

“I hate bow ties.” muttered Harry.

“I don't like them either.” said Rudolph as he finished tying. “I prefer the straight ties personally, but mother just falls head over heels for bowties. Now let's look at you...” he took a step back as Harry buttoned up his suit jacket. “Well, Mother knows that our hair is impossible to control.” as he ruffled the hair on his Great-Nephew's head.

“Leave your hair down, you look more stylish that way.” said Leroy before Harry could grab the hair tie.

“Do I have to?” whined Harry.

“Normally, I would hide you away from her, and just out sympathy for you. But...from what my mother says, you need to step up to head the family.” said Rudolph.

“The others causing problems?” asked Sirius rubbing his head.

“They started to divvy up the Potter castle.” said Rudolph.

“And I take it that's bad.” said Harry.

“My brothers and sisters have no claim to that castle, your Grandfather was the oldest of all of us, being the oldest son's grandson, you have the first and final say on whatever is in our family. Property, money, artifacts, heirlooms...the works.”
“But you had that claim before I did.” said Harry.

“Yes, but I went to Africa before your father had passed away, I was named Temporary Patriarch while I was abroad, my mother took on both responsibilities for me. Just as a figurehead though, if something major would have happened, I would have been magically brought back. And I didn't even realize I was the Patriarch until I managed to get to the wizarding outpost down in Africa. There was a mountain of mail waiting for me at the wizarding outpost where we got all our supplies for our travels.” said Rudolph brushing off any dust or lint from the new suit. “That's when I knew something had happened to your dad, and I had hoped that he was just unable to do it, like him being knocked unconscious for a month or so...but the amount of paperwork...that told me something was horribly wrong.”

“You seem to know a lot of what a Patriarch does though.” said Harry.

“My father was the Patriarch, that's the reason I know so much. I used to watch him and beg him to go out and play with us. I was the second oldest, I got voted to go in and drag him out.” said Rudolph. “Now come on, we don't want to keep them waiting.”

“Are they all there?” asked Harry.

“They aren't all here, just the ones that want to contest you being the head of the family, though they won't be able to do much.” said Rudolph pulling Harry to the door. “If they all were here, you'd be able to hear them all the way up here.”

They walked down as swiftly as they could down to the Great Hall, to greet the rest of the Potter family. As they approached the door, Rudolph stopped his nephew from opening the door.

“Let me get that, it'll look better, it'll make them think that I already accept you as the Head of the family and show the utmost respect for you.” said Rudolph as he gripped both door handles and opened the large doors to the Great Hall.

Inside was a cluster of adults and an even larger cluster of older teenagers, standing around a large chair. The older adults had salt and pepper hair, the women wore their hair long and the men had untidy crops of hair on their head, if they had hair on their heads anymore. Everyone was wearing elegant robes and dresses, and when they turned to see who entered, they looked at the trio with disdain.
“Be assertive.” muttered Leroy to Harry's ear. “Don't hold back, they'll never accept you if you do, and you need them to listen to you.”

“Rudolph!” said one of the women, she swept over and kissed both of his cheeks. Rudolph however stiffened slightly. “How was your trip?”

“I wasn't on a vacation, I was working.” said Rudolph firmly.

“Going abroad to look at plants? That's not a job.” said the woman with a smile.

“That's enough Agatha.” said an elderly woman's voice coming from the large group. The group parted and a grand elderly woman in a silk dress stood up and walked forward. Her silver hair was wrapped in a tight bun and her golden glasses had a bejeweled chain trailing down her neck and then around her neck. “Welcome back Rudolph, how are you and Leroy doing?”

“We're fine mother.” said Leroy coming up and placing a hand on Harry's shoulder.

Mrs. Potter looked up to Harry, and Harry looked back at her. So this was his Great Grandmother? She didn't fit the normal look of a grandmother to him, she reminded him of McGonagall, she had a no nonsense face.

“And this must be my Great Grandson.” said the woman looking at Harry with a searching look.

“Yes ma'am.” said Harry bowing low.

“Why does he have white hair?” asked one of the teenagers snidely.

“That's enough out of all of you.” snapped the old woman angrily. “I've had just about enough of this chattering. Well, now...Harold...let's have a seat...” she guided Harry over to her large chair and transfigured a chair for him.

“Do you know what this means?” hissed one of the women to Rudolph quietly.
“It means that the family has the Patriarch back. The way it should be.” said Rudolph firmly. “I'm not any use when I'm abroad.”

“But we at least had a say in what was good for the family, this...boy...has no idea who we are...what our needs are.” said her husband coming up behind her and whispering.

“This boy never knew his family, you could at least support him and love him like a family.” snapped Leroy quietly.

“Precisely, he doesn't know who we are, or what our family heritage means...and from what I've read, he's a liar and probably mad.” said another woman coming to join the conversation.

“And if you had read the paper the last few days, you'll see a large print front page with an apology to both Harry and Dumbledore.” said Leroy.

“And I've instigated a lawsuit against a few of the people that slandered my nephew's good name.” said Rudolph, “So unless you want an inter-family lawsuit against you...be quiet.” he added with a stern tone.

“Why are you supporting him? He's taking the honor of being the Patriarch away from you!” said one of the younger adults. “Being the head of the family is the highest honor...you get the most power!”

“Because, he'll be a much better Patriarch than I will be, he's got a brilliant mind, and a wonderful heart, he'll take care of everyone...if they deserve it.” said Rudolph.

They stared at Rudolph for a while and then the elderly woman called them all over.

“Very well, I've spoken to the lad, and I'm ready to hear what you all have to say.” said the Potter family Matriarch tapping the ground with her cane.

One of Rudolph's sisters stepped forward and sent an icy look to Harry, who merely looked back with a straight face. “He knows nothing of our family, or our history, we can't just make him a Patriarch without him even knowing who we are.”
Then a man stepped forward. “Mother, he's a child.” he gestured towards Harry. “He can't handle the responsibility of running this family.”

The rest of them took turns, explaining why they thought Harry couldn't be the head of the family, one was even so bold as to say it would take their freedom to do as they will away. The other teenagers weren't allowed to voice their concerns, and that ticked a few of them off.

“C'mon Grandma, we don't want to answer to this bloke, we don't even know him!” said one youngster.

“That's enough, after hearing your concerns, and listening to him, I'm ready to hear from Rudolph.” said the Matriarch imperiously.

The family turned to Rudolph, and growled. “Do something!”

“Rudy, you can't possibly let this child be in charge of us!” said his sisters pleadingly.

Rudolph looked around at all of them and then faced his mother.

“Well, Rudolph...do you believe that he will be an adequate head of the family, or do you believe you should continue on?” asked the woman.

Rudolph stood in silence for a moment and then smiled. “I believe that Harry will make a fine Head of the Potter family. And I will fully support him and help him in any way I can.” said Rudolph firmly.

His brothers and sisters and countless nieces and nephews all stared at him.

“Well, that makes my decision all the easier.” said the woman with a smile. “Harold James Potter is now the head of the family and that is that. Come along dear, I brought all the necessary work that needs to be done for this year. You all had best write down what you want to spend your monthly allowances on for him to review.” she said leading Harry out of the Great Hall.
Once she and he had left, the relatives all began to grumble. “I don't believe this...”

“Why should we have to tell him what we want?” whined one teenage girl.

“It's always been that way. That's how the allowance is divvied up.” said Rudolph taking a seat. “Your rent, your food, your necessities are all tallied in and then you get a bit of spending money on top of that. If you want to get something special, then you have to inform the head of the family, if they feel that it's worthwhile enough, you can get it.”

“We can't be trusted with our own money?” asked one young man incredulously.

“It's the family money, if you get a job, then that money's all yours and you'll still get your allowance on top of that.” said Leroy. “Each member of the family, young and old get's an allowance. Even if you married in.”

Harry followed his Grandmother to the teacher's staff room and closed the door behind them. She was carrying a large bag, and he had a bad feeling his arm would fall off from what he imagined all the paper work would look like.

“Come along dear, we have much to do.” said his Great Grandmother as she sat at a desk beside the fire.

“Yes ma'am.” said Harry as he pulled himself a chair.

“Now, I hope you realize just how much work this is going to be. You may have to dedicate at least five hours of your time every day to deal with all of this. Each family member get's a monthly allowance, and you'll need to examine each one of the requests. Unfortunately, they sometimes have the habit of asking for quite a bit extra from time to time. The holidays are one thing, but just day to day without rhyme or reason is something different altogether.”

“Don't we have enough money?” asked Harry. “To do what we want?”

His Grandmother took a deep breath, “Your Great Uncles and Aunts...are not the most frugal of sorts. The reason they're living with me, is because they went through their entire personal
accounts and spent it on the most lavish and useless things. So they will be a bit more...wanting.”

She looked at the paper stacks and looked at her Great-grandson. “I hope you have a very strong and young owl.”

“Yes ma'am, I have Hedwig, she's a snowy owl.”

“Oh the one?” said the woman with a raised brow. “You'll need to utilize a few more. I'll send three more owls to be yours, just for family purposes, you may use yours for personal use.”

“How many owls do we have?” said Harry in shock.

“We have thirty at the moment.” said Mrs. Potter nonchalantly. “But we expect a few more with the new hatchings.”

She handed him a stack of papers and walked him through the process of taking the money out of the main account of the Potter family. He thumbed through the paperwork to see how much rent it cost each member of the family to stay in the Potter castle and the costs to feed them all.

“Do you see anything that can be whittled down?” asked his grandmother as she sipped her tea.

“The food bill perhaps, steaks for dinner every night is a bit much. I can plan out a few meals for you to have that won't exactly cost a broom and a wand.” said Harry as he took a spare roll of parchment and wrote down an assortment of different yet elegant meals that would work on a smaller budget.

“So you are a cook as well...” said the woman with a smile.

Harry looked further down at the list of what the larger family needed from the vaults. Everything else seemed to make sense, though...for the life of him he couldn't really understand why they needed almost five thousand galleons each for shopping. He voiced his concern when his Grandmother smiled, “That's what I would like to know, you will be able to tell them no, I didn't have the ability to do it without them fighting me. Later, I can give you something else that will help, I just need to find it.”
“So...you think they won't fight me?” asked Harry.

“They wouldn't dare, you could completely cut of their allowances and they'd have to find jobs, not that any of them would be able to get one very easily. Despite what my husband and I tried to teach them, they're not the kindest to those who would employ them.” said his Great Grandmother shaking her head. “They would try their best to keep on your good side, so as to not have their funds shrink.”

“They weren't off to a good start.” said Harry. “If they wanted to keep me happy, they wouldn't try and oust me would they?”

“It's hard to figure out my children and grandchildren, I just try to maintain the peace and try and install some order in this family.” she said. “Now that Rudolph, Leroy and you are here, I think I will be able to reign in the rest of them.”

“What do you want me to do? Until I learn everything I can, I should ask you what to do, ask you for help, right?” said Harry taking quill in hand again.

“Just do the best you can dear, there's no damage you can really do, they may be uncomfortable, but I think a little hard times would do them some good. Just to pay them back for trying to sell everything out from under me.” said the woman with a frown on her face.

“Did you lose anything?” asked Harry.

“No, they had things appraised, but not sold.” she said. “It was a close thing.”

“So, I just need to...” said Harry, but was interrupted. The rest of the family decided to come in and put a halt to the meeting of the Heads of the family

“Mother...Harlan...” said one of the men.

“Harold.” corrected the Matriarch.

“Harry.” corrected Harry.
“Yes, well...we'd just like to say how sorry we were that lacked an open mind, we're just so used to having Rudolph as the head of the family that anyone younger just didn't sound right.” said the leader of the group.

Harry and his Great Grandmother exchanged looks.

“So, we'd like to start things fresh and start over.” said the man with a strained smile.

“Uh sure...” said Harry.

“Have you made any decisions yet?” asked the man.

“Well...” said Harry.

“He'll let you know next week.” said the woman. “Rudy, please escort them back out. Harry and I need to get back to work.”

Rudolph then ushered the people out of the room and came back in to see where they were.

“Hope you and Harry don't mind me and Leroy hanging out.” said Rudolph sitting down on the sofa.

“Leroy and I, dear...honestly Leroy, I thought you would have taught him some grammar down in the jungle.” said Mrs. Potter shaking her head fondly.

“It's easier to teach a cat to fetch.” said Leroy leaning against Rudolph.

“There's a lot of stuff to do.” said Harry running his hand down his face.

“It's time consuming, and I can do most of the paperwork for you.” said Uncle Rudolph. “You just tell me what you decide and I'll put it down on parchment.”
“I'll take you up on that offer.” said Harry. “At least until summer.”

“Are you going to stay around?” asked Leroy with a smile to his Mother in law.

“No Leroy dear, I need to get back home and prepare for the foot stamping of the rest of them. But I hope to see you all at home when summer comes.”

“Ah...” said Harry.

“Yeah...” said Uncle Rudolph.

“About that...” said Leroy.

“What's wrong?” asked Mrs. Potter.

“Harry's guardian is Sirius Black.” said Rudolph. “He's living with him.”

Mrs. Potter looked away for a moment, but then turned back.

“Well, then I suppose you'll have to come for a few weeks or so sometime during the summer. It would be best for you to spend a little while at the castle.” said Mrs. Potter with a smile, then she stood up, gave Harry and his two uncles an embrace. She then turned and left.

Rudolph stared at his mother's back until the door closed behind her. “I can't believe how easy that went.”

“Why is that?” asked Harry.

“The rest of my family is...sort of ...well you saw.” said Rudolph. “I don't know what the hell happened to make me the way I am.”
“You got me!” said Leroy with a smile.

Rudolph smiled and shook his head.

“So what do we do now?” asked Harry.

“Now...I just walk you through what a Patriarch of the Potter family is supposed to do every month, and we go from there.” said Rudolph. “We can work on that next weekend, take the rest of the day off.”

“What do you want to now?” asked Leroy.

“I just want a nap.” said Harry standing up slowly. “I'm really tired all of a sudden.”

“It's dealing with all the nonsense my family coughs up. I don't think the teachers will mind if you camp out on their couch.” said Rudolph and they watched Harry walk over to the sofa and fall asleep almost instantly.

“Think he's ready?” asked Leroy.

“He'll have to be, but he's seems fair enough to be in charge...” said Rudolph. “And I don't want the job...”

“But you know how to do everything.” said Leroy.

“Only cause I watch my brother and father do it.” said Rudolph, “But you know...I think Harry'll put some responsibility into them. That should shake them up a bit.” he added with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please comment
That evening, Harry awoke to someone else sitting in the adjacent chair, keeping watch over the sleeping teenager.

“Greetings' Potter.” said the man sitting in the chair, a cup of warm tea in his hands.

“Pro...Professor Flitwick?” yawned Harry.

“Did you get enough rest?” asked Professor Flitwick as he handed Harry a warm teacup.

“Yes sir, I was just a little worn out.” said Harry taking the cup and drinking deeply.

“I can understand that, I've met your Great Uncles and Aunts, they are a bit much to handle all in one shot.” said Flitwick with a smile.

“Weren't they ever students here?” asked Harry.

“No, I would have remembered your cousins if they had, they decided that since they themselves were home schooled, they would have their children as well.” said Flitwick. “Like the Malfoys and Blacks family, your family is considered Wizard blue bloods as it were.”

Harry heaved a great sigh and stood up. “Thanks for the tea, Professor, sorry I fell asleep.”

“Not at all dear boy.” said Professor Flitwick, “Dinner is about to start, and I believe Sirius was looking for you.”
“Didn’t Uncle Rudolph and Uncle Leroy tell him where I was?” asked Harry.

“I don’t know, they had to leave right away, it seemed that your Great Uncles were complaining down in the Three Broomsticks and raising a raucous. Potters are not known for holding their liquor well.”

Harry laughed softly as he walked out of the room. Now that he was well rested, he had better go into the Great Hall and wait for Sirius. The thought wasn’t even out of his head yet when he opened the door and Sirius' face was inches away from his own.

“Where were you?” demanded Sirius.

“Easy there...I just took a nap in the teachers lounge.” said Harry.

“Aren’t you feeling well?” said Sirius switching from slightly cross to intensely worried.

“I’m fine, I was just tired, now I'm hungry.” said Harry. “Can I get some food?”

Sirius turned on his heel and hurried over to the table to get him a towering plate of food. “My legs aren't broken.” said Harry loudly.

“Let him do it, he wanted to come right home...he was having Cub withdrawl.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Just when I think he couldn't be any more abnormal.” said Harry with a smile, he took the smaller of the two plates that Sirius brought him and sat down in the bowl. Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark came into the Great Hall and stopped behind the bowl and patted Harry's shoulders.

“How did your family meeting go?” asked Dr. Clark with a smile.

“It went fine, what did you two do?” asked Harry.
“Speckerton took the three of us to Hogsmede, I still can't get over everything there.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“The three of you?” asked Harry.

“James possessed him again. I don't know if that's all that healthy for Speckerton though.” said Dr. Clark.

“Officer McFinn said that it wasn't hurting him...” said Harry softly.

“Well, if it's not hurting him, then the poor thing needs more sleep.” said Mrs. McFinn, “and I think that's what he's going to be doing till tomorrow.”

“No harm in that...” said Harry, he looked over and saw the column of light and saw Officer McFinn flipping through the pages of the Memoir books.

Harry gazed at Officer McFinn till Remus tugged a lock of Harry's hair. “Hey...what are you thinking about?”

“I just miss him, that's all.” said Harry.

“I know...and this can't be easy on you...” said Remus.

“It's not, but...I wouldn't say I would rather not see him again.” said Harry softly. Harry ate his meal quietly, Sirius and Remus looked between each other and kept an eye on Harry.

Once the meal was over, then the noise began to climb once more.

“I want to cook again!” said a few girls loudly.

“Yeah that was a lot of fun!” said a younger girl excitedly.
Harry sighed as he took a sip of pumpkin juice, he had a feeling that cooking would become a big hit with the kids that had never cooked before. When they had demonstrated their primary cooking skills at the Bonfire Night celebration, Harry found that a fair few of them had some ability, while the others made him nearly sick to his stomach. He had to give them credit, it was (hopefully) their first time.

Suddenly, the smell of burning chocolate came to his nostrils and he looked up. Someone had summoned both of the stoves from wherever they were stashed and a trio of girls were placing Honeydukes chocolate bars in a pan, which was straight over the heat.

He leaped from the bowl, and ripped the pan off the flames. “That explains the burnt chocolate over a few of the pies.” he muttered to himself. “You don't put chocolate over direct heat...” he said looking behind him at the shocked looks. Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley were also making their hurried way to save the pan of chocolate, but they weren't as fast as the white-haired boy.

“Then how do you melt it?” asked one of the younger girls with a confused look on her face.

“You boil water, then you put the pan in the water, then you put the chocolate in the pan.” said Harry wearily. “If you don't know how to do something, don't do it, or get an adult.” Harry then looked around at the adults, who the hell brought out the kitchen anyway? He scanned the crowd until he saw one guilty face.

“Tonks...” said Remus, knowing why Harry was scanning the crowd.

“They..wanted to cook again...” said Tonks guiltily. “And all the adults are here...”

Harry heaved a great sigh and turned to the three girls that were burning the chocolate. “Next time you want to cook, tell Mrs. Weasley, or Mrs. McFinn.”

“How about you?” asked the youngest girl bravely.

Harry smirked. “Me too...I guess...” Harry placed the dirty pan off to the side and turned to look at the girls. “What were you trying to do?”

“We...didn't decide yet.” whispered one of the girls shyly.
“Well... hang on...did you girls turn on the stove part?” asked Harry.

“No...” said one of the girls curiously.

“I'm sure we just turned on the top part.” said the other girl.

“Hold on, didn't the twins say they wanted to borrow the stove?” asked one of the girls.

Harry lowered the door to the oven slowly.

“WAIT!” shouted the twins, who had just reentered the Great Hall.

Suddenly a terrific bang erupted from the oven and Harry was sent sprawling to the ground, clutching his face.

“AARGH!” he screamed, his face was blackened and he writhed in pain.

Sirius leaped from the bowl and went to his godson's side, as did many other people.

“AAAHHH!” screamed Harry.

“Harry! Harry, are you alright?” yelled Sirius trying to soothe his godson, and take the young man's hands away from his face.

“Come on, Harry, show me what hurts.” said Dr. Clark, leaping into his old profession in a heartbeat. He had to see what was wrong, he had to know what hurt, so he could help. He knew he didn't have the equipment, but he'd be able to help verbally.

“Son of a bitch!” yelled Harry as his back arched and he continued to squirm on the ground. His hands still clutching his face. “Oh my god!”
“Mr. Potter...let us have a look!” said Madam Pomfrey trying to pry the boy's hand loose. They pulled Harry's hands away from his face. His face was blackened, and his eyes were shut tight, but there were burns around his lids.

Sirius and Remus had to hold both of Harry's hands down, but Harry was still writhing and his back was arching, and he was still screaming. The students kept back and looked on with shocked looks, the twins in particular were huddled over a bag and arguing between themselves.

“I cannot tell what's wrong...Potter, open your eyes.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“PLEASE, JUST STOP THE PAIN!” begged Harry loudly.

“Open your eyes, boy!” hissed Snape.

“I can't! It hurts!” screamed Harry.

“Here!” said Fred and George together, holding a phial and splashing the contents on Harry's face. Harry's body stopped contorting, and he finally laid still...he was unconscious.

“What the hell?” asked Bill as he smacked the two of them on the top of their heads. “What was that thing?”

“The girls said they were just going to use the stove top, we wanted to use the oven.” said Fred.

“We told them we were!” said George. “It's not our fault they have the memory span of a goldfish!”

“What...was...it...” said Bill darkly.

Fred and George looked at each other, “We were making some exploding candy.” said Fred.
“If you open the oven too early, the explosion is bigger, the longer you wait, the less of a bang...” said George.

“We said don't open the oven to the girls.” said Fred.

“And we screamed it before Harry opened it.” said George.

“We're sorry!” said the twins together.

“And what's the stuff you poured on his face?” asked Sirius grasping Harry's hand as he laid in Mrs. McFinn's arms.

“It's just some potion we discovered that healed burns and most other wounds we tend to give ourselves.” said Fred.

Snape looked at them, and then turned to look at Harry, he took a small sample off his face and studied it.

“Give me a phial of that potion.” said Snape quickly.

“Why?” said Fred.

“Frederick!” said Mrs. Weasley shrilly.

“Mum! We...” said George.

“I promise he won't do anything but examine it, he won't claim it for his own.” said Dumbledore soothingly yet quickly. “But we need to make sure that Harry doesn't need any further care.”

Fred and George exchanged looks and then handed Snape a small glass tube.

Mrs. McFinn rocked Harry's unconscious form back in forth in her arms. He hadn't made a single
move since the liquid made contact with his face, but then he began to groan. His eyes began to flutter open, but he closed them quickly.

“What's wrong sweetie?” asked Mrs. McFinn softly.

“My eyes...the light hurts...” said Harry groaning.

Madam Pomfrey levitated him up into the air and carried him out of the Great Hall. Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark, Sirius, and Remus followed her out.

“Keep me updated!” shouted Officer McFinn worriedly. He hated being stuck in the light, but he couldn't make his way over to him. He sent a scowl over to the twin tricksters for being so reckless, but their mother was already screaming at them adequately enough.

Harry's face was burning, it wasn't nearly as bad as it was, but every time a small ray of light would make him whimper in pain. After a while the pain soon began to dissipate and he felt comfortable opening his eyes once again, just a little.

“Hold on Harry.” came Sirius' voice. “We got you something...”

He felt something being placed over his eyes, it was his glasses. He opened his eyes a little further and saw that it wasn't, they were a pair of sunglasses.

“That should help for a while, right?” asked Sirius tenderly.


“It was something the twins were making, they had told the girls that they were making something, but they forgot all about it.” said Sirius.

“Twins or the girls?”

“The girls forgot, Poppy says that you're fine, but you might be light sensitive for a while.” said Sirius. “That potion that the twins dumped on you actually healed about ninety percent of the
injuries...she took care of the rest.” said Remus.

“What the hell were the twins making?” asked Harry pushing himself further into the cushions, content with just staying in bed.

“Exploding candy.” said Dr. Clark.

“Remind me to buy a box, I'm sure Voldemort will love it.” said Harry with a weak laugh, he turned on his side and tried to fall back to sleep. “He's so hard to buy for, for Christmas.”

“You alright, cub?” asked Sirius nervously, but his face did hold a smile, nothing could break his godson.

“I'm fine, I just want some sleep.” said Harry yawning. “Oh crud…”

“What?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Better tell Mrs. Weasley I'm okay, before she kills the two of them.” said Harry.

“We'll tell her...you just rest.” said Remus patting Harry's shoulder and walking out the door.

Sirius brushed Harry's hair back as Mrs. McFinn held Harry's hand and hummed as she stroked his cheek.

“Just think cub...seven more months, and you'll be home...I can't wait...” said Sirius softly.

Remus walked up to where the Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were staying, and he could hear her still shouting at the twins, but he could hear Charlie defending them.
“Of all the...” screeched Mrs. Weasley.

“Mum, they did tell someone it was in there, they even tried to stop them from opening it.” said Charlie.

“They finally crossed the line, that...those things were dangerous!” said Mrs. Weasley angrily.

“Molly, please...calm down...” said Mr. Weasley tiredly.

“They could have killed Harry!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“But they didn't.” said Remus coming in the door. “He's going to be fine, a little sensitive to light for a while, but he's fine.” he hoped his smile would reassure them. Then he turned to the twins, knowing they could possibly use the information he would pass along. “Harry also want's to place an order for that candy, he's been looking for the perfect gift for Voldemort.”

The twins looked at each other, and then they smiled.

“They...” Mrs. Weasley yelled.

“Molly, Harry's fine, he doesn't even blame the twins, it was an accident.” said Remus soothingly.

“We swear, Mum..” said Fred.

“The next time we make it...” said George.

“No one else will be around.” said the twins together.

“You'd better have an adult around.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Dear, they're of age.” said Mr. Weasley quietly.
Mrs. Weasley rounded on her husband, and while she was distracted, the younger Weasleys and Remus made their escape.

“Thanks for trying to save us.” said Fred.

“Oh, I'm mad at you two as well, but...it was an accident, and I'm still trying to keep calm.” said Remus. “I figure your mother shouting at you is sufficient punishment enough.”

“So much for saving us.” said George. Remus smiled.
Dumbledore sat beside the hospital bed, with Sirius on the other side. Harry was still fast asleep, lying on his stomach with an arm hanging off the side of the bed and his mouth open. Around midnight, Dr. Nicodemus came to inspect him, and examined him while he was asleep.

“He'll be visually impaired for a week or so.” said Dr. Nicodemus as he carefully lifted the covers over Harry and brought his arm up onto the bed.

“No one is real fond of that. No cooking, fighting, just rest and keep those sunglasses on him.” said Dr. Nicodemus bagging up his instruments.

Dumbledore heaved a great sigh and looked at the sleeping youth. He had been through so much, how much more did he have to endure?

Hours later, the clock in the hospital ward chimed eight times, it was time to wake the poor boy up, as well as the snoring man at Harry's other side.

“Sirius...Sirius, time to wake up.” said Dumbledore patting the man's shoulder.

“Ugh...it can't be morning already.” said Sirius groaning loudly.

“It's eight o'clock to be precise, now...Harry...it's time to wake up, dear boy.” said Dumbledore taking the sunglasses and placing them carefully over Harry's eyes. Harry moaned and behind the glasses, his eyes fluttered open.

“That's it, time to get up and get dressed for breakfast.” said Dumbledore standing up and gathering Harry's newly washed clothes.

“Argh...my eyes still hurt a bit.” said Harry slipping into his shirt slowly.

“We'll take care of things so that you don't have any bright sunlight on you.” said Sirius watching Harry put his pants on for the second time, first time he had put them on backwards.

The bowl down in the Great Hall now sported a new accessory besides the pillows and blankets. It now had a large canopy that bathed the bowl in a soothing shade, the sight made the twins cringe guiltily.

When everyone was present, and Harry was resting comfortably, they began the day of reading.
“The Ministry” read Officer McFinn.

“Just what I need on top of this, a headache.” groaned Harry.

First paragraph, first sentence, eighth word.

“Oh my god, you are not getting up that early this summer.” moaned Sirius.

“You're telling me.” said Harry with a smile.

First paragraph, third sentence,

“Relax, child, you don't have anything to worry about.” said Bathilda Bagshot, then she stopped.

“Never mind, I had forgotten Umbridge had staged the entire thing.”

“I still can hardly believe it.” said Madam Bones.

“I don’t believe it.” muttered Fudge.

“Don't even think about it.” said Chief Hawkeye.

End of first paragraph.

“Great, a pervert picture.” said Katie.

Dumbledore's eyes widened, Phineas was not like that, but...it did sound a bit unsettling, him laughing as a child got dressed.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“You can't wake Ron with anything, not even a loud bang.” said Bill with a smile.

Second paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

The students went quiet.

“Poor Harry.” said a few girls sadly.

Harry blushed.
“That thought would have made me cry.” said Alicia.

End of second paragraph.

None of us could sleep either.” said Sirius kissing the top of Harry's head as he leaned against him.

End of third paragraph.

Several people snickered.

“Thought I was going to throw up if I ate more than that.” said Harry quietly.

Fifth paragraph.

“He was beginning to catch on...which is sort of shocking.” said Tonks. “Normally, as long as we meet a quota, he doesn't care what we do.”
Sixth paragraph.

“Why dear?” asked Mrs. Weasley looking shocked.

“I wasn't...I didn't...” said Harry looking down.

“It's okay cub, you were just stressing out.” said Sirius soothingly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“I had a bomber jacket, I loved that thing.” said Officer McFinn fondly, “Such a classic look.”

“I still have it.” said Mrs. McFin, she sent a fleeting look over to Harry. Officer McFinn caught the look and nodded.

End of seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

“That's Harryspeak for 'I feel like crap, but I'll be brave about it.'” said Ron with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

“Did you have a feeling they weren't going to let you go so easily?” asked Remus.

“The Ministry's track record wasn't so good when it came to dealing with me.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“That's the way it should have been.” said Madam Bones sternly to the Minister.

Dialogue line.
“I've dealt with teenage tempers before, whatever he would have done, it wouldn't have surprised me.” said Madam Bones.

“I wouldn't have shouted.” said Harry.

“You looked about ready to faint.” said Percy quietly.

“As long as the jury doesn't have it out for you to start with.” said Nightstrike.

“Never.” said Sirius, Remus, Rudolph and Harry together.

“He's not talking again.” said Dr. Clark.

“He didn't even finish his first slice.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“And what would you have done?” said Madam Bones smugly.

“Uh...” said Sirius leaning back a bit.

“Thought so.” said Madam Bones with a smirk.

Fifteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Sixteenth paragraph, second sentence.
“She was always a dainty sleeper.” said Sirius with a sneer.

End of sixteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
“It impressed me.” said Madam Bones, “And quite a few of my colleagues.”

Seventeenth paragraph, second sentence.
Mr. Weasley smiled over to Harry. “You really do keep your eyes peeled for anything don't you?”

End of seventeenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn worked hard to contain their laughter, Officer McFinn was snickering silently to himself.

Eighteenth paragraph.
“Poor Harry.” muttered Seamus.

“It was fascinating!” said Mr. Weasley rapturously.

“I didn't need to hear that.” said Harry with a chuckle.

“Well, it's Harry's lucky day then.” said Ernie.

“Me too.” said Dr. Clark.

“Would have been awesome if it had been a blue police phone box.” said Dr. Clark.

“Why?” asked several people.

“Never mind.” laughed Dr. Clark.
“It was actually a Muggle, his car was towed, he didn't have one of those fellytones and got upset when the one in the phone booth didn't work.” said Mr. Weasly.

“How do you know?” asked Neville.

“I watched them tow the car, it was amazing.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

The three muggles listened/read and sat in silence.

“Did that just spell...” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“It did.” said Officer McFinn.

“What?” asked Ron.

“On a phone, there's numbers and with each number there is three letters attached to it, except the number nine, that has four.” said Dr. Clark.

“The numbers that Mr. Weasley pushed, spelled out the word Magic.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry shook his head.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I'm Tom Riddle, here to destroy the Ministry of Magic.” said Fred.

“Please come in.” said George. “Have a badge and walk about at your leisure.”

“Their security sucks.” said Fred.

“What...how do you boys know it will let you in?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Uh...Dad took us to work, and left us with Perkins while he went to deliver a report, and...we went to test the Muggle-side entrance.” said Fred.

“We used a bunch of names and they let us in every time.” said George. “The security guy just sat there reading a magazine.”

Lionus and his superior just shook their heads.
“Way to pronounce to the world about your hearing, which should really be privileged information.” said Nightstrike.

“What if you were seen?” asked Dr. Clark.

“The windows are one way.” said Mr. Weasley.

“What if you got stuck halfway down?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Ah...well...I don't know.” said Mr. Weasley with a sheepish smile.

“Drop your asinine charges and I will.” said a seventh year.

They were standing at one end of a very long and splendid hall with a highly polished, dark wood floor. The peacock-blue ceiling was inlaid with gleaming golden symbols that were continually moving and changing like some enormous heavenly notice board.

“It an ancient seal, it keeps the roof from caving in on anyone down below.” said Dumbledore.

“Wow, wonder why they were there that early in the morning?” asked Dean.
Twenty-eighth paragraph, fifth sentence.

Tempest made a gagging sound.

“That's not my favorite Ministry statue.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Worst one of the lot in my opinion.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I've asked the Minister four times to change the damn thing.” said Lionus.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Sign on the fountain.

“They're lucky to get twenty galleons a month in there.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

“That's generous.” said Kingsley. “I walk past the thing every day and I don't donate anything.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You could avoid him and make your way into the ministry.” said Fred.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“No, that's wrong.” said Fred.

“What would happen if they said it was wrong?” asked George.
“Ollivander would be called and he'd state the name of the person who is supposed to wield it.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So...you could take polyjuice, take someone else's wand, and just walk on in? Wow, so easy to break into the place.” said Neville.

Harry smiled guiltily, everyone was now trying to figure out ways to sneak in...he was becoming a bad influence.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“ Took him long enough.” said Bill.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Are you sure?” asked Ernie.

“Poor thing could have heartburn.” said Justin laughing.

Fred and George frowned. “Now their stealing our jokes.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Ludicrous Patents?” asked a first year.
“Sort of like what our stuff is.” said Fred and George. “No real purpose except for fun.”

Thirdy-fifth paragraph.

“I hate that level.” said Charlie.

“Only cause you failed the Apparation Test.” said Fred.

Thirdy-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Ugh, keep that info for later in the morning.” said Angelina.

Thirdy-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Boring level.” said Lee.

Thirdy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“The most overstated departments.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That committee tries to come up with excuses to explain large magical occurrences that happen in the Muggle world.”

“Like the gas explosion.” said Dr. Clark sternly.

Thirdy-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“I can't wait to hear what your office is like.” said Lionus looking fiercely at Fudge.

“It wasn't just me!” said Fudge.

“And you didn't make it any better!” said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Nightstrike chuckled.

End of dialogue set.

Fortieth paragraph.

Forty-first paragraph, third sentence.

“Spying on us, huh?” said Tonks with a smile.

End of forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“Sorry.” said Harry and Mr. Weasley together.

End of forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Scared the hell out of me, when the pictures started to wave at me.” said Harry.

“Why would you be frightened? I'd wave.” said Sirius.

“Yeah, but the pictures went from looking scary, to waving at me.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.
“Liar.” muttered Sirius with a smile.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Firelegs?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Firearms, I think.” said Officer McFinn.

Dialogue set.

Several people laughed.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

Lionus snarled in the Minister's direction.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

“I'm getting pissed.” said Lionus rubbing the bridge of his nose.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“He walked out of almost every single picture we have of the family.” said Ron.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEN NO ONE NEEDS ONE!” shouted Lionus.

“Easy, Lionus.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Sorry sir...but...” said Lionus.

“I know, I know...” said Chief Hawkeye, “Viper.”

A large black figure fell from the ceiling and landed nimbly in front of the Chief.
“Sir?” he said kneeling in front of the man.

“Go back to Headquarters and get Vlad, I want him to rearrange and remodel the English Ministry.” said Chief Hawkeye, “I want it done right the first time. I want all the departments regulatory sized and staffed and while you're at it, go through the payroll books once more. I want everyone in the past fifty years paid the correct amount.”

“Yes sir...” said Viper as he leaped back into the air and disappeared.

“There, problem solved.”

“You can't just...” said Fudge.

“I can do whatever I wish.” said Chief Hawkeye.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, ninth word.

“And Perkins isn't thinner than him.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“That's sick.” said Dr. Clark holding his stomach.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That's really sick.” said Mrs. McFinn turning slightly pale.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“So...what's the difference between the two?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Aurors handle murderers, Death Eaters and others like that, the Patrol handle the more minor offenders.” said Madam Bones.

End of dialogue set.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“So...they made sure that you missed it.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I was late as well.” said Madam Bones sternly.

Fudge cringed horribly in his seat.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, third word.

“You had to be faking it.” said Ron. “Dad doesn't run that fast.”

“I run fast, especially when one of my kids are in trouble.” said Mr. Weasley.

“I'm...” said Harry.

“Yes...you...are...” said the Weasleys slowly.

End of dialogue set.

“We were going pretty fast.” said Harry.

The twins looked over to Harry, it was a little creepy and sad to see his eyes covered...and the cause was what they had done.
“It wouldn't have been the Ministry's fault technically, the defendant is supposed to be personally notified about the change of time or venue.” said Snape plainly.

“Oh my god.” said Sirius, “He's defending you.”

“Shut up, mutt.” said Snape waspishly.

“They wanted to try him where they tried Death Eaters.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Why the hell would they put the Boy Who Lived down there?” said Mr. Diggory curiously.

“Just so they could cart him off to Azkaban or St. Mungos without too much trouble.” said Dumbledore tensely.

“How in the world do you know such big words?” said Remus staring at Harry.

“He can be a bit creepy.” said one of the Unspeakables.

“How's he doing?” asked another one.
“He's still a bit off, but hopefully he'll have a breakthrough and get better.” said one Unspeakable.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.

Dumbledore and a few of the Order members looked up in surprise.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Just a way to assassinate me I suppose.” said Harry absently.

The hall went quiet, Madam Bones looked pale and shocked.

Sirius' face was pale as well... “You're not to go near the Minister or anyone else that shares his views, ever again.”

The Minister looked horrified, especially when Tempest and Nightstrike turned to glare at him.

“I..I wouldn't...”

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I was hoping he was going to be with me.” said Harry. “Aren't I suppose to have an adult with me when questioned?”

“Well, yes...you are supposed to have a Child Advocate at the very least.” said Madam Bones.

“I didn't have one.” said Harry.

“You would have had one in my office, but it seems that Umbridge didn't pass on the message like she said she would.” said Madam Bones.

“So this trial was illegal.” said Harry.

“It was.” said Madam Bones.
End of chapter

“Oh, I hope he gets through this alright.” said one of the girls worriedly.

“It's done and over with, I made it through.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“Doesn't mean we'll stop worrying.” said Sirius squeezing Harry slightly.
“This should be very enlightening, I've never been on the other side of the bench.” said Madam Bones.

“For me as well.” said Chief Hawkeye leaning forward.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Don't blame you.” muttered Snape.

First paragraph, third sentence, first colon.

The Chief turned slowly, but caught himself. “Ah, the Pensieve, of course.”

End of first paragraph.

“They deserve it.” muttered Neville.

Second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Wasn't his fault, you didn't alert him to the time change!” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Bullshit, it most certainly is your fault.” muttered Bill.
“We didn't get an owl, our mail was forwarded to go to Headquarters.” said Mr. Weasley.

“And if it went to the Dursleys, they would have burnt it on sight.” said Harry. “I told him my aunt and uncle didn't like magic.”

Fudge cringed in his seat, sending angry looks over to Umbridge.

“I told you to send the blasted letter to the Weasleys,” muttered Fudge.

“YOU PUT HIM IN \textit{THAT} ROOM?” bellowed Snape.

“He didn't deserve to be in \textit{THAT} room?” shouted Sirius.

“Fudge and Umbridge picked it, my office would have sufficed for legal purposes.” said Madam Bones. “He was underage, he was in no way needing of such overreaching methods.”

“Be thankful that I've already had a talk with you.” said Chief Hawkey, pointing a finger at Fudge.

“Is Snape \textit{angry}?” whispered Ron.

Hermione stared at the Potions Master.

“I was getting ready to spring up at the moment's notice.” said Harry.

“Wise thoughts, but those chains would have followed you anywhere you ran in the room.” said Dumbledore.

“Get sick, maybe they'll take pity on you.” said Dean.

“Don't get sick, for one reason, the two orchestrating this thing will claim you have a guilty conscience.” said Remus.
“They weren’t sure why they were there.” said Madam Bones.

**Sixth paragraph, third sentence.**

“That was what I was going for.” said Madam Bones.

**End of sixth paragraph.**

“How come I know who that is, without much description.” said Dr. Clark sending a glare up to the restrained witch.

**Dialogue set, second sentence, second dash.**

“It was your fault!” shouted the students.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

Percy shrunk in his seat.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence, first colon.**

“Interrogators? He's a child!” shrieked Mrs. McFinn.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, end of first sentence.**

“What is an Undersecretary doing at a court hearing?” asked Lionus.

“She's a member of Wizengamot.” said Fudge with a faint note of courage in his voice.

“What?”

“Bought her way on, I'll bet.” muttered Sirius.
“Had Mrs. Weasley put an icepack on it later.” said Harry with a smile.

“Fools.” muttered Tempest.

“They helped kick him out.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

“I waved back.” said Dumbledore.

“I'm sorry.” said Dumbledore quietly.

“I had a feeling that they would try and deter me from defending Harry.” said Dumbledore.

“Why not let Harry sit in the softer seat?” said Madam Pomfrey quickly.
“I didn't think it was wise.” said Dumbledore.

“No, but you thought it was wise to scare the poor fragile boy...” said Madam Pomfrey.

“I'm not fragile!” said Harry.

“Right now, you are dear.” said Mrs. McFinn reaching over and squeezing Harry's hand.

Harry looked down, a frown on his face, but he squeezed the woman's hand back.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first semi-colon.

“They knew he wasn't going to let them win.” said Ron. “Sounds like you and one of your arguments, Harry.”

Harry smirked.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon, third comma.

“...to save his own skin.” said Remus.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon, fourth comma. “Which was done by a House-elf.” said Kingsley.

End of tenth paragraph.

“And you lost any hope of Harry understanding a word of that.” said Tonks.

“I understood it, I've grown up with Police officers after all.” said Harry with a smile.

“Good boy.” said Officer McFinn proudly.

Harry's heart swelled when he heard the voice, and from the praise...he could feel his heart grow and swell with emotion.

Dialogue line.
“Unfortunately.” muttered Charlie.

“Let him answer!” said Ernie.

“That's not how solicitors, let alone politicians operate, they don't want the deeper truth out there. They'll settle for a half-truth then the full truth.” said Officer McFinn. “Especially when they know they don't have a case.”

“Thank god, it's finally going to be fair.” said Sirius throwing up his hands.

“That's nice to hear, that despite you being unfairly treated, you still find me to be a just official.”

“You've always been fair, as long as I've known you.” said Sirius.
“You've impressed her, I don't know if that's a good thing or not.” said Remus.

“It was a good thing in this case. He could have used any spell, a corporeal Patronus is a bit much, just to cast a spell all...willy-nilly.” said Madam Bones.

Showed me that the students are learning enough to cast advanced spells, I was greatly impressed.” said Madam Bones.

Remus turned pink. “It was just Harry though...”

“That's going to change though.” said Ernie, thinking of the future D.A meetings. They had been going on still, but lately, it was only Ron and Hermione there to teach them.

“Aren't we supposed to be going forward, not backwards?” asked Luna dreamily. “If progress is a bad thing, then we would have to dispose of a lot of things. It sounds like fun, I wonder if I can find the clay cauldron I made?”

Fudge glared at the Ravenclaw student, while the rest of the students just stared.

“Yeah, Mr. holier than thou.” spat Bill.
“Bill...” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

“Why wasn't Dumbledore saying anything?” asked Nightstrike.

“He wants to see how far the boy could go on his own.” said Moody.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You smug son of a...”

“Mr. Potter!” said Mrs. Weasley staring at Rudolph.

Dialogue line.

“I do now.” said Madam Bones looking sternly over to Umbridge.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Stupid delusional fool.” said Tempest.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Holy cow, you're using big words.” said Seamus.

End of dialogue set.
Fifteenth paragraph.

“I felt we had enough of Fudge's childish behavior.” said Dumbledore with a frown up to the Minister.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“His whole plan is shot.” said Sirius. “I still think he's behind it.”

“Umbridge said the Minister wasn't in on it.” said Tonks.

“I wouldn't be too quick to trust her.” muttered Remus.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

“Justice, no matter Wizarding or normal, is not for swift decisions, that's why there are courts.” said Officer McFinn.

Madam Bones nodded to the deceased officer. “Right.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“And the Minister knows it full well.” said Madam Bones crossly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Percy cringed once again.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“She couldn't find her shoes alas, and she wouldn't let me transfigure her favorite slippers.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.
“Poor dear.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“We didn't want anyone to get too close to him, to possibly attack, or kidnap him.” said Madam Bones.

“I would have been safer with a wizard or witch in the area to be honest.” said Harry.

“Why do you say that?” asked Remus.

“Cause, if someone had attacked me magically, and I had gotten away, I would have had to wait till Dumbledore got there to be saved.” said Harry. “I wouldn't have run to the Dursleys out of safety, that would never be instinctual. I'd run to Mr. and Mrs. McFinn's old house.” he leaned forward in the bowl chair and pressed his hands together, resting his mouth on his thumbs.

Dumbledore bowed his head.

“Oh my god, seriously?” said Katie rolling her eyes.

“None of your business who her parents were, you freak.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff girl.
“The only thing they can't do, is magic.” said Flitwick. “Everyone knows that.”

“Seems that Fudge fell asleep during that lecture in your class, Filius.” said McGonagall.

“Well, he wasn't really one of my better students.” said Flitwick softly.

“Poor thing's as nervous as a...” said Professor Sprout, stopping slightly.

“Go ahead and finish it.” said McGonagall, a smirk twitching on her lips.

“...a cat.” said Sprout.

“That sounds like it hurts.” said Susan.

“I'm fine dear, I'm very much used to it.” said Madam Bones.

“Why were you so mean?” asked Susan.

Madam Bones sighed. “I was trying to get to the truth dear, and Fudge's outbursts were getting on my nerves.”

Harry felt a shiver go all over his body.

“Here cub.” said Sirius throwing a blanket around himself and his godson, Harry fell against him.
and gripped his godfather's shirt.

“It's alright...it's okay.” said Sirius soothingly as he rubbed his forearm slowly.

**End of twentieth paragraph.**

“They weren't believing her.” said Fred.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

“They'll believe her now.” said George.

**Twenty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Well, that's it.” a seventh year Slytherin, “They'll either believe her or not.”

**Twenty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Good way to say it.” said Officer McFinn nodding.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Bull...” said a sixth year Hufflepuff.
“Exactly, it was very slim...that means someone sent them.” said Lionus.

“Nailed the...”

“Leroy!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Good, she's not angry with me anymore.” said Rudolph with a smile.

“And you did, but no one bothered to check after the report of a Patronus, the page was ripped out.” said Lionus.

“I was mistaken, not far off, but mistaken.” said Dumbledore.

“It was an obvious assumption.” said Moody.

“Tut tut.” said George.

“Such language.” said Fred.

“Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?” said Lee.
Remus smiled.

His mouth cracked into an even wider smile.

He had to cover his mouth to hide his snickering.

His laughter rang through the hall.

“He hates her guts.” said Sirius.

Umbridge looked furious.

Even Moody began to laugh as the other people in the hall started to chortle.

“Nope you heard him right.” said Ron.

“You are really silly, I mean...that cardigan...” said Lavender shaking her head.
“How about we use our “Big Girl” words.” said Ginny with a malicious smile.

“Jeez, good thing Harry can't see you, you're scary.” said Fred.

“Oh, she scares me all the time.” said Harry with a smirk.

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“That means shes a creep and to keep away from her.” said Sirius.

“Where was this advice weeks ago.” said Harry with a laugh. He felt Sirius tense up, and instantly regretted what he said. “I didn't...”

“No, I'm sorry...I should have...I don't know, but I should have saved you.” said Sirius softly.

“Don't think about it, please don't think about it.”

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“I wasn't aiming for amusement.” said Harry.

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“You were covering the bases.” said Dr. Clark.

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“Well, someone has to look out for the people against a government official that's willing to allow people to die and be assaulted by the creatures they claim to control.” snapped Dr. Clark.

“Spot on, Sam.” said Mr. Weasley.
End of dialogue set.

Several people snorted.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

“I was pondering on how this had happened.” said Madam Bones. “It had to be someone from You-Know-Who, I couldn't begin to believe one of my colleagues would stoop to child killing.”

Dialogue set.

“And that has something to do with this!” said Madam Hooch.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“And then you know that he was trying to save his life! Case closed, acquitted of all charges.” said Bathilda Bagshot slapping the armrest of her chair.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Are you deaf? You just heard eyewitness testimony!” said a third year Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Justice is not on a schedule!” said Leroy.

Dialogue line.
“And a hefty lawsuit, not to mention a seizure of all the property owned by almost all the purebloods and half-bloods in the Ministry.” said Rudolph coldly. “Him being the head of the family, he could seize collateral for the longstanding debt, you and countless wizarding families, would be living in poverty and on the street.”

“He...he...he can't do that.” said Fudge.

“Oh yes he can. He can take anything he wants. He can choose how much you pay a month, doesn't have to be a standard amount that you normally pay. He can choose to take all you got for that month, and it still won't settle the debt.” Rudolph added nastily.

Fudge paled considerably.

“I think you scared him into dealing with Monster with kid gloves again.” said Leroy.

“He should have never stopped. Always have the head Potter in a good graces, you'll keep more of your money, possessions and status that way.” said Rudolph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

Dumbledore tallied up his fingers. “I count...none.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Cock and bull stories mean that they are fabrications, Harry has never told me a wild and untrue story.”

Dialogue set, end of second sentence.

“He makes it sound like Harry transfigures teacups every other Monday doesn't he?” said Charlie.

“When he's only done...one accidental, and one on purpose.” said Bill.

End of dialogue set.

“That wasn't him!” said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Your people never checked the signature of the magic used!” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.
“He'd confess in a heartbeat.” said Ron.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“You'd better make time jackass.” said Kingsley softly.

“Wow...” said Tonks staring at her fellow Auror.

**End of dialogue set.**

“You didn't tell him off for that! You didn't even press charges on him! Isn't there a expiration date to press charges on something like that?” asked Dean.

“There is, and he's well beyond it.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**Dialogue set.**

“Touche.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Yeah...Harry's hi jinx at school...” said Fred.

“He's such a hellion.” said George.

“It wouldn't gain him any bonus points with the jury.” said the twins together.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“He's got a point.” said an Unspeakable.

“If the Ministry were to interfere with Hogwarts...” said another.

“I wouldn't let my kids come here, they'd be home schooled.” said another Unspeakable.
“There is enough proof to suggest that you have gone above and beyond the scope of your authority...” said Chief Hawkeye. He scanned the Great Hall and his eyes fell on Kingsley. “Mr. Shacklebolt...”

“Yes sir...?” said the Auror in his deep voice, though there was a slight quiver in it.

“How would you like to be the Minister of Magic?” said the Chief with a smirk.

Kingsley's eyes opened wide. “I'm not into politics sir...I just do what I can...” said Kingsley quickly.

“Good enough...I'll have the necessary paperwork drawn up when the Ministry is done with it's remodel.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smile.

The school erupted in muttering.

“Holy Hippogriffs, can you believe it, Kingsley been made Minister!” said Ron in a whisper.

“I wonder what he'll be like as a Minister?” said Hermione quietly.

“More importantly, look how pale Fudge is right now.” said Neville pointing to the ex-Minister.

“Not like that it can't, just cause you're Minister, doesn't mean you get to stamp all over them.” said Nightstrike.

“Not all that great of changes either.” said Bill.

Rudolph whistled. “You are a dead man, socially.” said Rudolph.

“How do you mean?” squeaked Fudge. His wife was a socialite, if he had killed it...she'd kill him.

“I'm going to tell me mummy on you.” said Rudolph with a sinister smirk.
“They knew they were in the wrong.” said Hermione.

**Thirty-second paragraph, second sentence.**

“Now he's looking a little green.” said Fred.

**End of thirty-second paragraph.**

“She figured she couldn't get caught.” said Colin.

**Dialogue set.**

**Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence.**

“Just out of curiosity, where would he have gone if he had been found guilty.” whispered Remus.

Dumbledore looked down, out of shame. “He...he would have gone back to the Dursleys.”

Remus snarled and shook his head.

“That is, if I get him out of there before they decided to incarcerate him in St. Mungos.” said Dumbledore.

**Thirty-third paragraph, third sentence.**

“Wasn't *his* neck in the noose.” said Harry to himself.

Dumbledore and the people nearest heard him and turned round, guilt stretched across their faces.

**Thirty-third paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“How come you aren't looking at him sir?” asked a first year.

“A stupid, old man's decision.” said Dumbledore burying his face in his hands.

**End of thirty-third paragraph.**

**Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.**
“Don't faint, not around that nutcase.” said Dr. Clark, sending a dark loop up to the Minister. “He'll probably say you were faking it.”

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

“You couldn't have said anything else, they weren't letting you.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Well, I can understand why people don't speak up now, especially when they feel as if they're being...what is the term...railroaded.” said Madam Bones.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“It was a good choice, it did make you look contrite.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Thank god.” muttered Leroy.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Wonder if they've been bought or not.” said Remus.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“I'll show you rage if I ever hear of you doing something like this at all in these books again.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“B-But, these haven't all happened.” said Fudge nervously.

“I don't give a damn.” said Chief Hawkeye.
End of chapter.

Everyone in the Great Hall turned and stared at the Headmaster.

“You didn't even stick around?” said Charlie in shock.

Dumbledore's face was pale, and his eyes were closed.

“Give him one of the phials.” said Harry.

“What?” asked Remus.

“Calming Draught, give him one.” said Harry pointing to where the Headmaster was sitting.

“I'm alright.” said Dumbledore, his voice muffled boy his hands.

“Not till you have a Calming Draught.” said Harry.

Remus handed the Headmaster one of the phials on the table, though he gave the old man a furious look.

*I have a lot to make up for...more than I can ever imagine.* thought Dumbledore.

Officer McFinn cleared his throat, giving the old man a bit of privacy. “Chapter Nine”

“Oh dear.” said Mrs. Weasley blushing slightly.

Chapter End Notes

Remember to vote on the poll on my Fanfiction page. The one with the most votes by Christmas eve will have it's first chapter posted by Christmas day!
Okay, I didn't post last week because I had a lot of stuff that I had to get done before Christmas. I finished my little cousin's boxes. (They don't look like they took a long time but holy crap did they ever, and I had to redo a few!) And today I was working on my gingerbread village...which isn't done either. But while I was recuperating I did have time to polish this chapter up.

The next update will...hopefully happen next week. There will definitely be a new story starting on Christmas Day, so you all have until Christmas eve to go to my profile page on Fanfiction.net and vote for the story that you want.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“I don't blame you, he abandoned you again!” said Mrs. Weasley, looking furiously over to the Headmaster.

Dumbledore looked shamefully down at his hands.

First paragraph, sixth sentence, fourth comma.

“Didn't know if I was able to go or if they were going to arrest me for something else.” said Harry.

“I suppose we should have told you. Albus, as the adult that was solely on your side, should have said you were free to go.” said Madam Bones.

Dumbledore continued to look down, his hands becoming more and more tense.

End of first paragraph.

“I personally would have sprinted out of there.” said Charlie.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He should have.” said McGonagall sending Dumbledore a stern look.
Not without lack of trying.” said Hermione looking angrily at the ground.

“It was...it seemed...so excessive.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Indeed it was.” said Madam Bones with a frown.

“Not enough of them were ashamed of themselves for agreeing to pander to Cornelius.” said Madam Bones shaking her head.

“She creeped the hell out of me.” said Harry with a smirk.

“She still creeps the hell out of me.” said Ron.

Mrs. Weasley looked between her third son and her husband, she smiled softly when they both smiled at each other.

“Picky picky...” said Sirius with a chuckle.
“Shut up.” said Remus shaking his head.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Oh sweetie...I'm happy for you...but I wish this place was safer.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

“That's why we were a little worried about you.” said Sirius. “With your aunt and all.”

“I figured that, but I didn't bait her, she brought it on herself.” said Harry.

“And I agree...now...leave it at that before we both get in trouble.” said Sirius with a smile nodding over to Remus.

'Way to make me the bad guy.” said Remus with a smirk

End of dialogue set.

Sixth paragraph.

“Gee, wonder who he's talking to?” said Fred.

“And I wonder if he's being professional and not telling anyone outside the court about the trial?” said George.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

SMACK!

Chief Hawkeye waved his wand and slapped Fudge across the face with one of his gloves that he had sent flying over to the man. “Biased...corrupt...self-aiding...” he muttered as he sat down.

Fudge looked horrified at the book that was sitting in Officer McFinn's lap.

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.
The people in the bowl pulled Harry close to them, placing protective hands on him.

**End of eighth paragraph.**

“It's because he's a jackass.” said Dr. Clark soothingly.

**Dialogue set.**

“Motherf...” snarled Rudolph.

“Easy Rudy.” said Leroy clapping a hand over his husband's mouth.

**Ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Tenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Here's the big question, what does a murderous slimeball like you doing there?” asked Moody.

“When I was there, he didn't dare come into the Ministry.”

“Course not, he's scared to death of you.” said Tonks with a giggle. “He keeps his mouth shut when it comes to you.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Sorry.” said Mr. Weasley quickly.
Chief Hawkeye glared fiercely over to the ex Minister with a piercing eyes. “You're lucky I just don't up and kill you.”

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

“Didn't feel like I was anymore.” said Harry silently, he looked over to Dumbledore worriedly...He could see that he was looking pale again and refusing a calming draught from Madam Pomfrey.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

“He was a Death Eater, I wasn't going to let you go till I knew he was gone and you were safe.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Fudge cringed under the glare that the Rangers and Madam Bones gave him.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Madam Bones glared furiously at the Minister. The Rangers sent him cold looks and muttered amongst themselves.

End of dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Good thinking...” said Tonks with an impressed smile.
“And doesn't put Fudge in a good light.” said Harry.

“Screw giving it money Harry, they tried to railroad you.” said Bill.

Several adults began to snicker.

“Better believe it.” said Tempest.

“Don't worry, I'm sure that Vlad is more than able to draw up a more...inspiring and truthful fountain.” said Chief Hawkeye. “Just hope it doesn't frighten any of the youngsters.”

“You are way too generous.” said Remus. “I would have stopped you if I had known what they tried to do.”

“Actually, strangely enough, he created a few believers when he did that.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

“Beg your pardon...?” asked Remus.

“They were waiting in the wings, they saw him give the fountain all his money and walk off without requesting anything. He even waited till everyone was apparently gone or turn their attention elsewhere so they didn't see him.” said Mr. Weasley. “I suppose they thought that he was grateful that the justice system took it's correct path.”

“Strange, would have made me think he was paying off for getting let off.” said Charlie.

“Word spread pretty quickly how tough the hearing was.” said Mr. Weasley.
“You didn't tell us that they were just waiting to kick you out of school!” said Ron.

“What?” said Sirius sharply.

“Ugh...this is why no kids are allowed during meetings, they'd get excited about something and we'd never get any work done.” said Moody.

“Vomiting toilets and dinner...not the best combination.” said Officer McFinn shaking his head.

“I'm glad I didn't, I would have thrown it up before Dumbledore got there.” said Harry. “And I would have whisked off to St. Mungos in a heartbeat.”

Sirius sighed. “Good, you deserve some good times.”
“You've earned some ungratefulnes and childish behavior. We owe you more than we can ever hope to pay back.” said Kingsley.

“That and being the sweet little angel is getting annoying.” muttered Zacharias.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius snuck a hand up to massage Harry's scar absently. Harry would have pulled away, but he had to admit, it felt really nice.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

And from how he had acted at the Ministry, he wasn't going to stop in even if he had the free time.” said Professor Sprout.

“This is unlike him...” said Flitwick looking at Dumbledore worriedly, who had finally taken a Calming Draught and was slowly easing into his chair.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“The song was getting old, very fast.” said Bill.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Who on earth wouldn't be happy for you?” said Mrs. Weasley.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon, third comma.

Sirius looked over to Harry apologetically, removing his hand from Harry's scar. Harry put the
hand back and leaned into him. “I forgive you...” said Harry.

Sirius smiled and placed his head on Harry's.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Sirius flinched.

“I don't blame you for being that way...you were cooped up without Harry to cuddle with.” said Luna. “You didn't want to lose him yet.”

Hermione looked shamefully down, but she still frowned over to the man.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“You can't exactly hug Moody without him hexing you into oblivion, Hermione.” said Tonks.

“And Tonks would be the only little kid that would lighten up the place.” said Charlie with a teasing smile.

End of dialogue set.

“Miss Granger...don't be too quick to scold Sirius, he had been locked up in Azkaban and away from his own godson, it's normal for him to want to be around Harry constantly when given the chance.” said Madam Bones.

“But Harry has his education to see to, Sirius should understand...” said Hermione.

Harry's eyes snapped open and looked at Hermione with a furious look, though Hermione could only see the frown due to the glasses. “Knock it off, Hermione.”

Hermione's mouth closed quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Sirius looked away from the bushy haired girl.

“New parents don't want to give their kids to preschool when they first start out.” said Officer
McFinn with a kind smile. “I didn't want Harry to go to school on my days off either, I wanted him to just stay at our house for the day.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Miss Granger...” said Professor McGonagall tiredly.

“Sorrry, Harry...Sirius.” said Hermione.

Harry nodded, but Sirius looked away.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And to no fault of his own.” said Bill. “Well, shouldn't have gone after Peter, but still...”

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Help outside, not in a cupboard.” muttered Ron.

“And besides, shouldn't you kids get at least a few days of fun, it is your summer holiday.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“If we didn't use the excuse of homework, we were cleaning.” said Fred and George.

“Why not ask, I don't know, Dobby to come and help clean?” asked Dr. Clark. “Give the kids some time to themselves.”

“They wanted to help!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“In the field, something that matches their delusions of grandeur.” said Leroy. “Cleaning all day, every day is not what they had in mind.”

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

A few people snorted. “Yeah, that's wishful thinking.”

End of dialogue set.

“I can't picture people paying to clean up the common room.” said Sirius with snort.

Dialogue line.

Hermione put her hands on her hips and glared at Ron.

Ron raised his hands in surrender.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“Bragger.” muttered Sirius tickling Harry behind his knees.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

“Thanks cub.” said Sirius with a smile. “I knew you understood me.”

Harry smiled brightly up to his godfather.

Mrs. Weasley and Hermione shared a guilty look.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“Better believe it.” muttered the younger Weasley children.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Sirius shifted uncomfortably.

Twenty-third paragraph.
“Oh no...” said Harry.

“What?” asked Sirius.

“I...I all of sudden feel like going to sleep.” said Harry turning leaning heavily against Sirius. Sirius shifted slightly and took Harry into his arms.

“Are you okay?” asked Remus.

“Yeah...just...don't want to be conscious for this.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Rivers growled slightly.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Ruin our fun.” said Fred and George pouting slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Well, a child did die the year before.” said Professor Vector, “And the word of the position being cursed is being spread like wildfire.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Oh Ron!” said Mrs. Weasley, knowing what made her son froze.

Sirius looked over to Ron curiously, then it dawned on him. “Oh...” He looked down at his godson, no wonder he wanted to sleep through this.

“Shh!” said Sirius nodding down to Harry.

“Oh dear...” said Remus.

“We should of did something special with him.” said Sirius. “I mean hell, we didn't even get to celebrate Harry being let off...we had an emergency meeting that night.”

“Yeah...we really should have.” said Remus shaking his head at the tactlessness of his past self.
“Wrong one, genius.” said Percy.

“Your opinion.” said the twins with smirk and a wink to Ron.

“She was too.” said Bill rolling his eyes.

“No...no...no...” groaned Sirius. “He didn’t' just do that...”

“He did.” said Remus shaking his head.

“Stunned her as well.” said Fred.

“I...I figured...” said Hermione blushing.

“Don't blame you.” said Ron.
“I'm sure I sent we sent him the badge.” said McGonagall.

Several students laughed.

“Wonder why Harry wasn't made Prefect?” asked a third year Ravenclaw.

“You know, it's a little unfair...” said a Hufflepuff student.

“Yeah, he's...well, him...so he's already singled out of the trio, this just makes it even more so.” said a Slytherin student. “And besides he had the way better grades, that should have made it automatic for him to get it. Hell, even Thomas and Finnigan have better grades than Weasley.”

“Only one of them should have been Prefect, if that,...making both of them that...it's like slapping Potter in the face...saying, we'll let you come to school, but we're taking your friends to do Prefect duties.” said a Ravenclaw sixth year.

“Exactly, what was stopping them from picking a sixth year for male Prefect, it doesn't have to be fifth years.” said a Gryffindor fourth year.

“I mean, it's nice that Ron got it and all...but he's not Prefect material...Quidditch Captain, sure...but not Prefect...Prefects have to...exert authority.” said another Gryffindor student.

“I...figured Harry had enough on his plate.” said Dumbledore thickly and quietly.

“I would have just made Granger Prefect, and then pick a different student, Seamus or Dean or something...taking Ron is a little harsh.” said Terry quietly. “Harry needed someone to support him.”

Mrs. Weasley opened her mouth to say how proud she was a Ron, but when she saw Sirius, Remus, Hermione and Ron look guilty at Harry...she also felt her heart constrict with guilt.
“Oh, that’s a way to break it to mum.” said Charlie.

“And so it begins.” said George.

“My ears are still bleeding.” said Fred.

“I thought the twins weren't Prefects.” said Parvati.

“Was Charlie a Prefect?” asked Lavender.

“I was…” said Charlie.

“That's nice.” muttered a seventh year Hufflepuff.

Mrs. Weasley blushed and stammered towards her twin sons.

“We were teasing, Mum….” said Fred.

“We know how you love shiny badges.” said George with a cutesy voice.

“Don't need to be Prefect, it's just a leg up.” said Sirius proudly, grasping Harry's hand. “Harry's
father wasn't a prefect and he became Head Boy.”

**End of dialogue set.**

Fred and George were both making loud retching noises behind her back Fortieth paragraph, first sentence, twelfth word.

The students began to laugh.

**End of fortieth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

**Forty-first paragraph.**

“Percy got an owl and robes.” said Fred.

“But we suppose a broom is the equivalent of a bird and a piece of fabric.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“But we promised Harry we would.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“I see a rat...in my house...I'm turning into Snuffles and killing it, pet or not.” said Sirius quickly.

Dialogue line.

**Forty-second paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

**Forty-third paragraph.**

Dialogue set.
“Oh, I'm all of a nauseous.” said George in a falsetto voice.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ron and the rest of the students laughed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well...I guess there's a reason for Ron being a Prefect, but...it won't work.” said Ernie.

“I can attest to that, if they're trouble makers, you can't stop your friends, you can try but it doesn't work.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“Yeah...they're not going to stop.” said Emmeline Vance.

Dialogue set.

“Wow, you can't read us at all...” said George shaking his head at Hermione.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Look at Percy.” said Fred extending his hand to Percy.
“Why not?” asked Dennis.

“Let it go.” said Colin.

“No wonder you wanted to sleep.” said Sirius looking down at the possibly faking teen.

“I wouldn't have given her my owl, there's other owls there surely.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“She's just excited.” said Lionus.

“Wouldn't have mattered to me. I would have told her to take the Prefect badge elsewhere and leave me be.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“You weren't a Prefect were you?” asked Lionus.

“Nope, I was Head Boy though way back in the day.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “My school rival was picked to be a Prefect. Still don't like him.”

“Seriously, get rid of the damn thing...it's annoying.” said Justin.
“He would have been expecting a badge.” said Lavender.

“We figured that Hermione was sure to get it...no competition.” said Parvati.

“We figured Harry had it in the bag...no competition.” said Dean.

Dialogue line. *(Thought)*

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line. *(Thought)*

Sirius smiled proudly down to Harry.

Dialogue line. *(Thought)*

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line. *(Thought)*

Fifty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Wonderful, he's discovered fake and shallow modesty.” said Snape rolling his eyes.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line. *(Thought)*

Dialogue set. *(Thought)*

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dumbledore turned and stared at Harry, was this Tom making his way into Harry's mind? Or was he just suffering from stress?

Dialogue line. *(Thought)*

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line. *(Thought)*

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Ron looked over to Harry with a sad look on his face.
The adults in the bowl began to smile over to the slumbering teen, proud that he was taking the high road.

“So did everyone else on the planet.” said Bill quietly.

“Oh, that's nice.” said Tonks with a laugh.

“That means that you're home.” said Sirius brushing the bangs out of Harry's eyes.

“Where did we go wrong Fred?” asked George.
“Wonder if Harry looked the same when he ripped open the Firebolt?” asked Alicia.

“Gee...rub Harry's nose in it.” said Angelina.

“Congratulate the other two all you want, throw a dinner, but give Harry something fun too.” said Katie.

“Well...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“They didn't throw Harry a 'You Beat the Ministry' party did they?” asked Alicia. “After Harry was almost sick with worry over it.”

Sirius shook his head after a short while.

“Well...isn't that nice.” said the Chasers.

Mrs. Weasley, Sirius, and Remus looked ashamed of themselves.

“Didn't think we'd be going through this again.” said Fred

“I swear, if my kids get to be Prefects, I'm just going to say, good for you...now go out and play.” said George. “I'm not going to make a fuss.”

“It's a working party!” said Tonks with a smile.
“Wanted to see your reaction, you didn't let me down boy...you showed me the right amount of annoyance.” said Moody with a smirk.

“Annoyance?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“You weren't shutting up about it, mum.” said Charlie easily.

“Hello...that's damn cheerful.” said George.

“Right encouragingly that is.” said Fred.

“Hmm...seems innocent enough.” said Sirius sarcastically.

“Very important qualities.” said Professor Sprout.

“Seemed important quality to have when it came to being a Prefect.” said Professor Sprout with a smile.
“Way to make it look natural.” said Micheal with a smile towards Ginny. She acted so loving tender to Harry...like they were a while ago...he was beginning to miss it.

“Not that I utilized it.” said Remus guiltily.

Sirius gave Harry a squeeze as his godson slept in his arms.

“Best person to talk to when dealing with unfair treatment.” said Sirius nudging Remus slightly.

“Wow, you normally don't let people talk about werewolf segregation. You've got strong worded statements about that.” said Sirius.

“Especially about how good a bloke looks.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.
The people affiliated with the law leaned forward and gazed at the twins with significant looks. While Mrs. Weasley shrieked about her dread that her twins sons were acting like criminals.

“I don't think I should ask if that's too expensive or not.” said Susan looking up at her aunt.

“You most certainly shouldn't.” said Madam Bones with a firm voice.

“Whose side are you on?” asked Lavender looking at Harry.

“He's on anyone side that needs it.” said Ron.

“Didn't want Mum to catch us with it.” said Fred.
Seventy-seventh paragraph.

“Oh Harry dear, whatever my children do, I don't anyone else at fault...unless of course the results hurt my children...giving the twins money won't hurt them...or at least it better not.” said Mrs. Weasley sending a stern look to the twins.

“He can't hear you Molly, he sleeping like a hibernating chipmunk over here.” said Sirius adjusting his arms slightly.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“None of which I would ever agree with.” muttered Remus quietly.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

“Molly, don't say a word.” said Mr. Weasley grabbing his wife's arm. “I told you we should have had a dinner for Harry getting off. We should have had it the next day or right after the meeting.”

Eightieth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley looked insulted over to Moody.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He just looked so...” said Mrs. Weasley.

Charlie finished his mother's sentence. “...starved for affection?”

Eighty-second paragraph.
“Good luck.” said the twins. “We try and leave family functions sometimes. Never happens.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Seriously, open up sometimes.” said Neville shaking his head.

Eighty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I told you not to show that to him!” snarled Sirius.

“He didn't seem to mind.” said Moody gruffly.

End of dialogue set.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Wow, what a lovely...party conversation.” said Fred gulping.

End of dialogue set.

Neville looked up, his eyes filled with a longing excitement.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Neville blushed slightly.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third pause.
Several people cringed.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first pause, second comma.

Madam Bones looked down. “He was very brave...bravest man I've ever known.” a tear slid down her face.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second pause.

“That he was.” said Madam Bones dabbing her eye.

Dialogue set, first sentence, sixth pause.

Dumbledore chuckled warmly.

Dialogue set, first sentence, seventh pause.

Mrs. Weasley blew her nose loudly.

End of dialogue set.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first pause.

“Wow sir, I didn't know you had a brother!” said Colin.

“What is he like?” asked Dennis.

“He's a nice man, a little different, but he is nice....deep down.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of dialogue set

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

“That's why I didn't want you to show him that picture!” said Sirius.
“Gee, I would have thought it was a treat too...” said a seventh year Gryffindor uneasily.

Sirius gave him a quick squeeze.

Moody had a flash of a guilty look on his face.

“I didn't think of it that way.” said Moody gruffly.

“What the?” asked Ginny. “Who was crying?”

“Wha...what?” said Ron looking horrified. “I'm...I'm right here!”

“It...It has to be that boggart,” said Hermione.

Mrs. Weasley began sobbing into her husbands shoulder.
“I know how you feel. I felt the same way.” said Sirius whispering to Harry as he rubbed Harry's forearm.

“Bless your brains...” said McGonagall shaking her head.

Bill swallowed hard.

Mr. Weasley held his wife tighter.

The twins looked at their mother sympathetically.

Percy cringed.
Sirius made the sound like a whipped puppy.

Charlie looked at his parents, he didn't want to ask the question, least not at that moment.

“You and Ginny showed up first.” said Mr. Weasley looking over to his son.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and third paragraph.

“Thank goodness.” said a first year Hufflepuff.

“Yeah, I wouldn't want to think about someone I love lying dead on the ground in front of me.” said another first year Hufflepuff.

One hundred and fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Poor Mrs. Weasley.” muttered a few students.

One hundred and sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“I couldn't take my eyes off it, scared the living shit out of me.” said Sirius holding Harry close.

One hundred and sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You weren't being silly, you're worrying about the kids, and so was I.” said Mr. Weasley.
“He can't take care of his own either without a lot of effort.” said Draco honestly.

“Oh, I'm sure that Bill and Charlie will look after them, and the rest of the Order would be quick to adopt them.” said Remus.

“It was very dark times, and we were trying to hold our own.” said Sirius.

“Still a little hesitant, just towards some people.” said Sirius glaring at the Minister and Umbridge.

“Being a mother in hard times.” said Remus kindly.
“I should have had you spend some time with me, why didn't I?” said Sirius shaking his head.

One hundred and twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“First sign to redecorate the room, when the pictures start copping an attitude with you.” said George.

End of chapter.

“Your world should revolve around that, you're just a kid.” said Nightstrike.

Harry was still pretending to be sleeping, but after a while, he really did let his mind sink into a slumber. He didn't want to think about what happened with Ron and the badge, he felt horrible that he felt so jealous. He wanted to hide from the others, they were showing him their support, what would they say to hear him acting this way? He knew he had to face them, but...he didn't have the strength to see Officer McFinn's disappointment (though Officer McFinn's face didn't appear to look like that,).

It would kill him to see that.
Harry stretched slowly and shifted in Sirius' lap.

“You up now?” asked Sirius.

Harry moaned slightly. He didn't want to get up, he was too comfortable and this year was not his best. Despite all the mental barriers that kept Voldemort out of the more...critical parts of his mind, he still felt...angry...at times. He managed to push him out to the far corners where he could not do any real damage, but not before Voldemort could leave behind a small stain in his mind. It took a long time for him to eradicate it, like a nasty smudge on some of Aunt Petunia's silver.

Harry came to find that it would take quite a bit of effort to shove him out and keep him out, but if he was to maintain the farce of being weak and only able to succeed through the power of Lady Luck...he'd have to allow the man access, but only through certain well prepared points and areas.

Harry turned over slightly, so he was facing Sirius' stomach.

“Guess not, huh?” said Sirius with a chuckle.

Officer McFinn looked at the homely little scene, he felt slightly jealous of the man holding his Harry. He could still almost feel the ghost weight of Harry in his arms from time to time, his laughter still ringing pleasantly through his ears, the joy bubbling forth for something that would amuse the both of them.

He looked around at the rest of the school, emotions were mixing and clashing between all of them, proud that Harry was taking the high road and angered at Hermione and Ron for achieving prefectship. Honestly, he knew Harry was proud of them and would stand beside them and help with all he could, and he could see why the students and a few of the adults were acting this way.

They were becoming just as possessive and protective of his “Sport” as he was...well, close to it anyway. Sadly, the friends of Harry were going to be catching a lot of flak during these books...just like the boy said.

“Luna Lovegood.” said Officer McFinn.

Luna smiled serenely, but was focusing on the third sconce to the left of where Ron and Hermione sat, as if something were there.

First paragraph, first sentence.
“Oh sweetheart, it's alright.” said Mrs. McFinn soothingly as she squeezed Harry's hand.
“Wha..?” said Fred.

“Huh?” said George.

“Wow...that's....different.” said Lavender.

“I've had weirder this year.” said Dean.

“Us too.” said Neville and Ron.

Several teen boys nodded.

“Boys...” said Parvati shaking her head.

The members of the Order shared a significant look.

“Shocked the hell out of me, I didn't figure I would ever get up before him.” said Ron.

“Spell happy slobs.” said Snape rubbing his eyes tiredly.

“Oh my god! Were you alright?” said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“Of course not! She's dating me, it had to have done some major damage for her to settle with me.” said Harry quietly with a laugh.
“So you are up.” said Sirius teasingly.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

“I'm amazed that Crookshanks doesn't try and attack Hedwig.” said Dr. Clark.

“It didn't go well for him, Hedwig nearly pulled all the hair out of his tail the last time he tried.” said Harry sitting up.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So, he wants us to be late, to wait for one guy.” said Fred.

“Sounds good to me.” said George.

“Let's lock Sturgis out.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Could've went without hearing that, I'll warrant.” said Chief Hawkeye as Hermione blushed.

Dialogue line.

“It's just for precautions.” said Remus easily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second comma.
“She was not happy with me.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“What a nice calm trip to the train station.” said Terry.

“This is nothing.” said George.

“You should see us on a day when we're late.” said Fred.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Aw, Sirius is entitled to some fresh air.” said Hannah.

Sixth paragraph.

“Thank goodness.” said a few students sighing in relief.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He should have stayed where it was safe.” said Mrs. Weasley sternly.

“I never saw Harry off to school, I wanted to get the chance.” said Sirius.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Three guess who that is.” said George.

“I'm thinking Dobby.” said Fred.
Lionus shook his head in disgust.

“Aw, cute!” said a few girls.

Sirius smiled broadly.

“You weirdo.” said Remus shaking his head.

Mrs. Weasley flushed slightly.

“I still don't think it was funny.” said Hermione.

“Oh come on, it was hilarious.” said Fred.

“When was the last time you saw a cat almost do a double back flip?” asked George.

The students looked excitedly, around, what was going to happen this year...then they looked up at Umbridge...never mind, they didn't want to hear her again.

“That sounds familiar.” said Fred.
“As if we've heard it three times now.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“We let him double back, we didn't have the time for that nonsense.” said Mrs. Weasley quietly.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Moody bowed his head and shook it.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“So...don't write if you have a problem?” said Lee.

“Just don't write anything that could be sensitive material.” snarled Moody.

“Which in his case could be the weather.” muttered Lee.

Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Figures she'd handle him more than once.” said Hannah with a smile.

End of dialogue set.
“Just wanted to give him a hug.” said Sirius pouting slightly.

“You have to admit, you weren't acting like a dog.” said Remus.

“Didn't mean she could shove him and take him away from me.” said Sirius shortly.

“Man, Sirius can't catch a break.” said Padma.

“Yeah, my aunt's dog knows a bunch of tricks, she can jump rope with my cousin Abigail, you don't see many dogs able to do that.” said Dean.

“We all wanted to toss something at it, see if it would catch it.” said a seventh year.

The students however, didn't feel the same way.

“C'mon Hermione, Sirius just came from spending years in prison, he didn't want to be cooped up in that house!” said a sixth year Slytherin student.

“Yeah, protection is fine and all, but...you need to get out and about before you go completely nuts and give yourself away completely.” said Terry.

“Not that any of you kids know what that's like,” said Moody with a frown.

“After all that time being stuck in the same house with the same people and not able to leave for any reason whatsoever, we needed some time with other people.” said Fred.
“So...we're breaking up with you...” said George looking at the family and Order members.

“It's not you, it's us.” said Fred.

“We need our space.” said George.

“But we can still be friends.” said the twins together.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh for Merlin's sake...” groaned a third year.

“It's going to be like this the entire book, isn't it?” said a second year Hufflepuff looking at the two Gryffindor Prefects with a sour look.

It seemed the entire school was going to turn on Ron and Hermione, just for getting the small bit of metal.

Ron and Hermione looked a little uncomfortable. “Hey, it's not our fault...” said Ron.

“You could have gone with him to the compartment and went to Prefect carriage, no one is saying you have to stay at the Prefect carriage.” said the Hufflepuff.

“We didn't stay there!” said Hermione.

“We didn't volunteer for Prefect!” said Ron defensively.

“Listen, we know you both are pretty overshadowed by Potter, but really...do you have to ditch him when he really needs you both?” said a Slytherin fifth year.

“We didn't!” repeated Hermione, almost weeping loudly.

“That's enough.” said Harry groaning loudly.

“Thank you.” said Hermione sighing in relief.

“Don't thank me yet.” said Harry. “They get it, you aren't happy, but they don't have any control over that, they didn't raise their hands and want to be prefects.....And you two....you're going to be hearing A LOT of my thoughts and you aren't going to like it. I've held it in and now it's coming out. You both aren't exactly going to be shown in a really great light, I doubt anyone is. I'm becoming...hormone driven, so...I guess until all my troubles get fixed...it's sink or swim for me...and my relationships with everyone.”

“More of a reason to have a No Friends, Just family summer.” said Sirius. “You can owl them, but no visitors.”
“I think that's a good thing.” said Remus, sending the two friends a sympathetic look. “It may be for the best, he needs a genuine vacation. One that's not with the Dursleys or...arguments.”

“We don't argue all the time.” said Ron and Hermione.

“Yeah right.” said the school in unison.

“You two fight like an old married couple...you two are perfect for each other.” said Tonks with a smile.

“She has a fair point, you fight sometimes, but you two know when to drop it, and to apologize.” said Dumbledore. “With a little help.”

Sixteenth paragraph.

“I didn't want to face him.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

“Poor Harry, it's not fine.” said a second year Ravenclaw student.

Dialogue set.

“Those instructions do take a while.” said Ernie.

“Almost half the trip.” said Percy.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“There's...” said Percy.

“Stuff it.” said the twins, Ginny, and Ron together.

Dialogue set.

Ron and Harry averted their gaze from each other.

“It's okay, they don't stay away forever, heck it's more of an opportunity to prank them when they're exhausted from patrol!” said Sirius.
“Don't encourage him.” said Remus.

“Hey, your fault for getting that Prefect badge, you should have expected the frog spawn in your pillow.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Why did you guys like using Frog spawn against me?” asked Remus.

“It was funny.” said Sirius simply.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“He should have had Weasley and Granger as a shield.” muttered a seventh year Gryffindor.

End of dialogue set.

Several students cringed.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Trevor never had much luck at Hogwarts, he's not fond of it.” said Neville.

“You know, it's a little strange.” said Hermione.

“What?” asked Ron.

“Everyone that's been mentioned, you, me, Harry, the twins, Neville...” said Hermione.

“What?” repeated Ron.

“There are Fan Clubs.” said Hermione.

Ron stared. “I'm betting ours are sort of small now.” muttered Ron.

“A little, but Harry's is still huge.” said Hermione.

“No shock there.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Luna smiled serenely over to Ginny.
“Ginerva!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“It's alright, I told her to call me that.” said Luna. “It's a term of endearment.” said Luna.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Neville blushed.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence.

Luna smiled.

Twentieth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“That would be the Buffertings.” said Luna dreamily, “They like to pronounce the more prominent side of a person.”

Twentieth paragraph, fifth sentence.

“All of the above I should think.” whispered Sirius. “Ow!”

Remus nudged his elbow into Sirius' side.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Sorry Luna.” said Harry.

“It's alright Harry.” said Luna with a kind smile.
“Sometimes you have to be reminded who you are, so you don't get carried away by what other people think you are.” said Luna wisely.

No one had anything to say to that.

“Yes you are somebody.” said Hermione.

“She amazing.” said Ginny with a smile.

“You gave it to me to try and make it a bit more helpful in our third year...still haven't been able to improve it.” said Hermione.
“My Uncle Algie gave it to me, he was proud of my Herbology grades.” said Neville proudly.

“Yes, while it's not really pretty, but it's quite rare.” said Professor Sprout.

“How's it going?” asked Susan Bones.

“Slow.” said Neville with a shrug. “But it's going to take some time, it doesn't pollinate like other plants. The environment has to be just right. It has to have the right amount of water, the air has to have the right humidity level, the right amount of sun, the breeze has to be a certain speed...”

“Burn the damn thing and get a pet.” said Sirius muttering.

“Shut up.” said Remus.

“Who wants a plant with that much demands?” said Sirius.

“It's exciting! Each Mimulus mimbletonia has a different set of needs that makes it unique.” said Neville.

“It does sound fascinating.” said Remus smiling.

“Sounds dead boring.” muttered Sirius.

“Oh, this won't end well.” said Professor Sprout.
“You're telling us?” said Harry.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

Snape coughed harshly in his hand. Sirius tried to snarl at the man, but his mouth began to twitch with withheld mirth, until finally the both of them erupted into baritone laughter.

“Shut up.” said Harry darkly, but that only made them laugh harder.

“I-I'm sorry Harry.” said Remus holding his stomach and his mouth, working hard not to meet Harry's eyes.

“Oh...Oh sweetheart.” said Mrs. McFinn giggling.

Dr. Clark couldn't even meet the youth's eyes, he was doubling over with laughter.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

Sirius and Snape laughed even louder.

“Tasted worse than it smelled.” muttered Harry.

“I love you, always remember that.” said Sirius breathing heavy.

“Yeah, I really buy that now.” said Harry rolling his eyes behind the sunglasses.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Whoever you are...” said Fred.

“Absolutely, it's a bad time.” said George.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

“Oh...bloody hell.” said Bill.

“That sucks.” said Charlie.
“Yeah, that does bite, but it's okay...once you take shower.” said Tonks.

“You have no idea how much I wished Ron and Hermione were there.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Oh, that's nice.” said Ron.

“Hey, got to get my kicks somehow this year.” said Harry with a smile.

“Sorry didn't do it sooner.” said Ginny.

“I'm just glad you did it.” said Harry.

“Oh I don't know, Stinksap is really good at keeping away the Springles, they like to bring bad luck when you aren't expecting them.” said Luna with a dreamlike smile. “And they make you act all funny for a short time. I'm sorry I didn't get any on me.”

“You were welcome to mine.” said Harry.

“Ginny had a few I wanted...I had to give her a bunch just to get the ones I wanted.” said Harry.

“What ones were you trading for?” asked Ron.

“Roderick Plumpton and Fulbert the Fearful.” said Harry.

“Mate, I have six of them, why not trade with me?” asked Ron.

“She just got them, I had some she wanted, and she had some I wanted.” said Harry.

“Did you even ask Ronald?” asked Mrs. Weasley.
“Well...Harry...” said Ron sheepishly.

“Ron knows that any candy I get is up for grabs with him.” said Harry. “cept when it comes to Poker Night.”

“We really have to do that soon.” said Dean.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“What's got her so miffed?” asked a first year.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not that big of a shock, he gets the best grade in our house year.” said Blaise.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Why you!” shouted Parkinson. She stood up and whipped out her wand.

Hermione also stood up and took out her wand.

“That's enough ladies.” said Chief Hawkeye waving his hand and freezing the two of them in place. “I'd better leave the two of them there for a while. Let them get it out of their system.”

“How are they going to get it out of there system by just standing there?” asked Lavender.

“They’ll get tired of standing there.” said Chief Hawkeye.

End of dialogue set.

The students groaned, “This won't end very pretty.”

“And here you were telling us to do all that interhouse unity stuff.” said Ron with a slight smile up to the frozen Hermione.
“I didn't expect her to know....” said Ron.

Ron cringed.

“So...Luna liked Ron?” said Terry.

“Luna likes everyone.” said Neville with a smile.

“You'd have to deduct points from your best friend more than anyone else.” said Snape with a smirk.

“Hasn't happened yet.” said Harry with a shrug.

“And Remus never deducted points or gave us detention.” said Sirius.

“I should have.” said Remus.

“With all the trouble they get into, there won't be any abuse of power.” said a Ravenclaw sixth year.
Draco looked away.

Snickers went around the Great Hall.

The Ravenclaws turned and stared at Luna.

“There was a Springle on me.” said Luna.

Lavender, who all the while of the readings had been sending frowns and scowls to Hermione now sent one to Luna.

“I thought you saw a snitch on the floor for a second.” said Ron with a smirk.
“Daddy wanted to try and draw, I thought it was very good.” said Luna with a smile.

“Well, that's an interesting caricature.” said Lionus.

“I remember this.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Y-You, You read that garbage?” said Fudge.

“You are a government official, I read everything that has to do with you.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Cho Chang sent Ron a challenging glare.

“I'm a villain and a victim.” said Sirius with a smile.

“You're not a villain.” said Remus.

“Funny, Angela Hornsroden said I was a bad boy.” said Sirius.

“I'd label you as mildly annoying adolescent.” said Remus.
“She was sort of creeping me out.” whispered Ron.

“Ron!” snapped Hermione in a hushed voice.

“Good thing, I didn't want you to read it, it was embarrassing.” said Sirius.

“My hair looked horrible.” said Sirius clapping a hand over his eyes.

“Have to admit, that's a catchy title.” said Tonks.

“Definitely not a singing sensation.” said Snape shaking his head.

“Oh...” started Sirius.

“Black, please, I can only handle your singing voice once a lifetime.” said McGonagall holding up her hands.

“NEVER.” said Remus firmly.

“I love how you are on my side.” said Sirius.
“I've got sensitive ears, I'm doing a self-preservation act.” said Remus.

Quibbler article, first paragraph.

“We question that now.” said a first year Ravenclaw student.

Quibbler article, second paragraph.

Quibbler article, third paragraph.

“Oh, I was there.” said Sirius.

Quibbler article, dialogue set, first sentence.

“This made me laugh.” said Sirius.

“This next part is what made me laugh.” said Remus.

End of Quibbler article.

“Yeah, good luck with that.” said Dean.


“Aside from the hair color, I can see similarities.” sneered Snape.

“So you caused him to retire?” asked Hermione as Sirius bared his teeth over to Snape.

“Guess so, I don't feel bad, he was a prat.” muttered Remus.

“Wonder if that was your girlfriend.” asked Sirius. “You never did introduce the two of us, she'd never know.”

“Don't know, after she stood me up, I sort of ignored her and forgot her completely.” said Remus.

“That's harsh.” said Sirius.

Remus shrugged. “She hurt me, I don't care.” he muttered.

“Wow, that's so unlike you.” said Sirius.
“It's like one of those conspiracy magazines that my College Professors wanted us to read.” said Dr. Clark.

“I don't want that!” said Fudge loudly.

“Doesn't mean you don't like money.” said Nightstrike.

Fudge blanched, but Nightstrike chuckled.

“Hm...he's a much better man than you are...he takes the press with a grain of salt.” said Tempest glaring down at the cringing man.

Ron looked at the ground.

“I read it a lot.” said Ron. “It's fun.”
“Never diss The Quibbler in front of her.” said Ginny.

“Sorry Harry.” said Luna with sincerity.

“No...I'm sorry...for everything in this book.” said Harry.

“Sorry Harry.” said Luna with sincerity.

“Sorry Harry.” said Luna with sincerity.

“No...I'm sorry...for everything in this book.” said Harry.

“Sorry Harry.” said Luna with sincerity.

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“No...I'm sorry...for everything in this book.” said Harry.

“Sorry Harry.” said Luna with sincerity.

“No...I'm sorry...for everything in this book.” said Harry.
“Doesn't feel different, what's it like to be not nearly as cool and charming as Harry?” said Alicia waspishly.

“But Harry didn't say anything.” said Colin, “So...you didn't hit the nerve with him.”

Remus had slapped the back of Sirius' head.

“What?” said Sirius rubbing his head.

“Harry is now going to be freaking out about you.” said Remus.

“He didn't know.” said Sirius though he didn't sound all that convinced.

“His father is a Death Eater, of course he knew.” said Remus.

“Oh my god, Ron.” said Angelina shaking her head.

“No...no...no...I was fine.” said Sirius.

“No you weren't.” muttered Harry.
Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry's chest, “I'm fine...I would have just had to stay home a while and then go out as Snuffles again at night.”

End of fifty-second paragraph.

“Sorry Harry.” whispered Sirius as Mrs. Wealsey was scolding at the animagus for not listening to her.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Just like Percykins.” said Fred.

“I shut up!” said Ron.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She seems to really like Ron.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw.

“Guess he just puzzles her...” said another Ravenclaw.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Yeah, I wish Hagrid had taken us to the castle like he did with Harry.” said a few first years.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“I didn't care, I wanted to know where Hagrid was.” said Harry.

Hagrid blushed slightly.

“Hated what, cub?” asked Remus.

“Being alone...” said Harry. “It was summer all over again.”

The people who heard him flinched horribly.

“Yeah they were.” said a third year looking at Harry confusedly.

“Yeah, I prefer horseless carriages.” said Ron.
Dumbledore smiled softly, though his eyes were slightly moist.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Or what?” asked sneering Slytherin.

“I’d sic Harry on them.” said Ron nodding over to the sunglass wearing youth.

“Roar.” said Harry plainly with a smirk.

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“And some how, Snape thought that would change.” said Tonks.

“The Headmaster could have refused that nomination.” said Snape passing the buck.

“I thought...given some responsibility...” said Dumbledore.

“Didn't change his father, did it?” said Sirius.

“He has a bit of his mother in him.” said Dumbledore, sending Draco a smile, who blushed. “And I'm very happy to see it finally come out.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Crookshanks is not very fond of being cuddled in a crowd.” said Ginny.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**
“I didn't know what the hell you were talking about, I now don't want to see them.” said Ron.

“He’s a ruddy little menace.” said Ron.

“Made me feel like I was going mad.” said Harry.

“I was afraid that you were ill, you know cause of those Dementors.” said Ron.
“He was ill, but those creatures have nothing to do with it.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Hang on...how come you didn't tell us you were sick...” said Sirius.

Harry shrugged slightly and pulled the blankets higher up to his neck.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That made me feel a bit better.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Good feeling gone.” whispered Harry.

Sirius snorted.

End of chapter.

“That's the end of that.” said Officer McFinn.

“I think some lunch would go over very nicely.” said McGonagall waving her wand and the table of food appeared.

Remus looked down and saw that Harry was sullen again.

“Are you alright?” asked Remus.

“Fine...” said Harry.

“Think you can eat?” asked Sirius.

“Yeah...sure.” said Harry.

Remus and Sirius looked between each other. Summer could not come soon enough, Harry looked as if he needed some peace and tranquility.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review!
Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.
But I've got a cold...I'd rather have Harry Potter though...

First paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Some visions are precious, you don't want to share them with others, or they won't come true.” said Luna dreamily.

“Thestrals are real though.” said Hermione quietly through gritted teeth as she stood motionless.

End of first paragraph.

“You would think that the shadows would be seen by others as they travel.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Thestrals are one of the creatures still being studied, not a lot are known of their anatomy. It's not often that we can get a hold of a deceased thestral, their bodies tend to waste away very quickly.” said one of the Unspeakables.

Chief Hawkeye smirked.

Dialogue line.

“Hogwarts without Hagrid...it's not worth coming back to.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“I'm sorry...” said Luna, looking down and genuinely ashamed of herself. “I didn't know you very well.”

“It's alrgh' I know I'm not all that...Ravenclawish.” said Hagrid with a kind smile.

“You're brilliant.” said Terry.

Dialogue line.
“Then they'd better keep that joke to themselves.” said Fred.

“Cause we don't think it's all that funny.” said George.

“And we know funny.” said Fred.

“Then they'd better keep that joke to themselves.” said Fred.

“Cause we don't think it's all that funny.” said George.

“And we know funny.” said Fred.

“Then they'd better keep that joke to themselves.” said Fred.

“Cause we don't think it's all that funny.” said George.

“And we know funny.” said Fred.

“Then they'd better keep that joke to themselves.” said Fred.

“Cause we don't think it's all that funny.” said George.

“And we know funny.” said Fred.

“You can dress it up all you like, I'm thinking that you fancied him.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

Luna turned a faint pink. “I did for a little while...I suppose.”

“So that meant, he wasn't home...that's not good.” said Rudolph. “He's always home.”

“I...was on a bit of a 'oliday.” said Hagrid uncertainly.

“I'd have a nightmare after seeing that thing.” said a third year Hufflepuff.

“Cause Ron hadn't lost anyone right in front of him.” said Charlie.

“Good, you could use the extra weight.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.
“Aw, and ruin my girlish figure?” said Harry with a smirk.

Eighth paragraph.

Several students cringed in shame.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.

Lavender and Parvati blushed.

End of ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph.

“You're still looking for him?” said Tonks.

“No one told us that he wasn't going to be there.” said Harry. “We thought he would have been back.”

“Would have been nice to know that before we bloody got there.” muttered Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Maybe we should have told the kids.” said Sirius. “The last thing I want is Harry to worry.”

“Can't baby him forever, mutt...” said Snape.

“Don't lecture me about raising my cub.” said Sirius firmly.

“Perhaps we should have told them, the other children were most likely worrying as well.” said Mrs. Weasley coming to Sirius' defense, which stunned the animagus slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“That's one hell of a memory he has.” said Moody with a twisted smile.

“That would have been it, Miss Granger.” said McGonagall.

“Well, I figured he would have been back by now.” said Hermione still gritting through her teeth.

“Cause no one would bed down with her.” muttered Remus.

“Did you and I switch bodies or something?” said Sirius with a snicker.

“Oh dear...” said Mrs. McFinn, holding a hand to her mouth to hide her smile.

“Worst looking thing I had ever seen, like a pink-dyed, washed cat.” said Ron.

“Making our life a living hell.” said Lee.
It's still odd seeing other first years come through the door.” said Harry.

“We know.” said the teachers thinking fondly of their first year at Hogwarts as eager young students.

“Harry...?” said Angelina.

“No.” said Harry.

“C'mon, please?” asked Lavender.

“No.”

“What?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“We want Harry to sing.” said Parvati.

“I'm all for that.” said Dr. Clark.

“So am I.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Me too.” said Officer McFinn.

Harry looked between the three of them. “I thought you loved me!”

“We do!” said Mrs. McFinn.

“That's why we want to embarrass you!” said Dr. Clark and Officer McFinn.

Harry groaned and stood up out of the bowl.

“Where are you going?” asked Sirius.

“I don't remember how it went.” said Harry walking over to Officer McFinn and reading over his shoulder.
"Sorting Hat Song"

“Well, that's a dark song for a hat to sing.” said Dr. Clark.

“You still sound so lovely, dear.” said Mrs. McFinn as Harry came back to the bowl.

“You know, uniting is good and all, but I would sort of miss the competition.” said Fred.

“Yeah...” said George.

A sharp crack and both Hermione and Pansy fell to their knees. Ron pulled her back to the sofa they sat on. Meanwhile, Pansy was escorted back to her seat by her friends.

“That song is suppose to say how wrong it is to have houses!” scolded Hermione, “We should be working together, and not be divided!”

“Come on Hermione, even if there was only one house, I would never get along with Malfoy and his...well, past lot...” said Ron.

“We could have been on cordial terms though!” said Hermione.

“Not with you.” said most of the students.

“They've got a point, most parents that were in Slytherin and their children are as well, are taught to look down upon Muggleborns.” said Moody. “Then again, prejudice can attach to anyone in any house, but it's best to know which house to avoid when you're considered a lesser class.”

“What do you think about the houses Harry?” asked Dumbledore, the students went silent.

Harry thought for a moment, “I suppose I'm for them.” said Harry. “There is no animosity between the three houses, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Gryffindor. The three of us are pretty laid back to each other...Ravenclaws are sometimes a little...philosophical for our normal understanding, but we get along alright. It's just between Slytherin and Gryffindor that have the most noticeable feud.”

Harry reached behind his hands behind his head and leaned back.

“Snape doesn't help with that at all.” said Sirius.

Harry looked up at Sirius, and continued, “I suppose that people, when they join Gryffindor, figure it's like Good vs. Evil, especially in these dark times and the generation before us. Death Eaters give that house really bad press. When they join Slytherin, they have to deal with distrustful looks and snide comments. That's really the only downside to houses, but Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff show how it can work, we're just not the best houses to be in if you're friendly with everyone. To be honest, I would rather have my kids be in either Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff, no one will jump them and beat them up.”

“You're forgetting that the Hufflepuffs and a few Ravenclaws beat you up.” said Ron.

“That was out of fear, that's normal.” said Harry. “I'm talking about beating someone up, just for what house they're in.”

“Who has been rouged up?” asked McGonagall quickly.

“Well, second year, there was a group of Slytherins that were smacking first year Gryffindor boys around, just for being in the rival house.” said Harry.

“Why were we not informed?” said Flitwick.
“Ah...” said Harry.

“Yeah...” said Ron.

“We...already took care of it.” said Fred.

“You sought them out and beat them up?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“No...we didn't lay a hand on them...they just ate the wrong sweets.” said George with a smile.

“Explains the week I had those Slytherins in the ward.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Some of the older Slytherins and Gryffindors get into fistfights as well.” said Ron.

“Though...that's pretty rare.”

“All you did was say what was wrong with them.” said Hermione.

“Alright then, I'm for it, because...it makes school fun.”

“...what?” said Hermione deadpanned.

“Think of it this way, you have four houses, you've got four different Quidditch teams, four Gobstone tournaments that then end in the school championships, four chess champions...and at the end of every year, there is a school champion for every sport, and a way to see who kept out of trouble the most...though Gryffindor should lose it every year, out of all the houses, Gryffindor get's in the most trouble, well, trouble that's sort of obvious.” said Harry with a smile. “I can't explain it, I just know that I wouldn't want Hogwarts to be any different than it is now...maybe some more unity and less prejudice, but the houses are what makes, Hogwarts...Hogwarts. No other school has it.”

Hermione stared.

“Kids are mean to each other by nature, once you get older, you don't focus on what house other people are in, you just look at them for what they are.” said Harry. “Then again, Death Eaters sort of haven't given up on the whole inter-school prejudice thing, but they're the minority.”

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“It does sometimes, like when we were young, but it's a little sad that you kids had to hear one.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.
“Never talk while she's talking.” said Fred and George.

“Even we know to zip it while she's talking.” said Fred.

Euan's fellow yearmates snickered.

“Too bad we had a toad faced woman to change the norm.” said Seamus.

“Best have the speeches and rule-reminders once the children are fed, that way we have their undivided, if not exhausted attention.” said Dumbledore.
meals come to pass.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If I was a ghost, I'd miss eating.” said Ron.

“Ron, you miss eating when we're in class.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Nice, real nice.” said Ron looking at Harry.

“Hey, you were moaning and groaning...” said Harry with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Had to wipe the prechewed gunk off my glasses.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“You'd be surprised.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“Indeed.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

“How about you?” asked Hogwarts.

“Not without the lack of trying...” said a first year. “My cousin is in Slytherin, and we get along just fine.”
“There is a scattering of friendships that are between Slytherin and Gryffindor, but sometimes, the clash of personalities are just too great at times, but they mend in due time.” said Dumbledore, sending a look over to Snape.

“And sometimes, they never heal at all.” said Snape plainly.

Dialogue set.

“Cause he's a frightening person?” asked Colin.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Ouch...that's not going to go over well.” said Alicia.

Dialogue set.

“No one was poking fun at your death, he just doesn't think as he's eating.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Ron, couldn't you wait till after you said you were sorry, to start eating?” said Mr. Weasley.

“Or at least take smaller bites.” said Ginny.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not when it doesn't even hold a shred of tact.” said Tonks.
Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Exactly, there's no solving their problems.” said Fred.

“Not unless you hand them a pair of beaters bats and tell them to go at it.” said George.

“Then the problems will solve themselves.” said the twins together.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Shocker.” said Ron and Hermione.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Hey, every time we went in there, a teacher sent us in there.” said Ron.

“Most of the time.” corrected Harry.

“Most of the time.” repeated Ron.

“Some of the time.” said Hermione.

“Some of the time...” said Ron.

Dialogue set.

“There isn't enough hours in the day to list off everything on that list.” said Fred.

“And he yells at you for standing there and reading it.” said George.

Dialogue set.

“Worst defense teacher ever.” said the students in unison.

“I'd prefer Dazzle Gums.” said a seventh year.

“Yeah, at least we got a good laugh out of it.” said a sixth year.
Thirty-first paragraph.

“Until Hagrid could return from his trip.” said Dumbledore.

“When I heard about these books here, I came back as fast as I could.” said Hagrid.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph, second sentence.

“That means, stubby little legs.” said Nightstrike with a smirk.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

“Oh god...” said a Muggleborn third year.

“Do we have to listen to this again?” said Terry. “Once was bad enough.”

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“You were the only one eager to listen to her.” said Ernie.

“I felt she could have revealed some very interesting information, I wasn't disappointed.” said Dumbledore.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“No one, but no one ever interrupted Albus as he spoke.” said Professor Sprout.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, end of third sentence.

“Ooh...” groaned the Gryffindor students.

“It was not nice knowing you, lady.” said Bill.
“And she had gone to school here.” said Madam Hooch.

“Yeah, way back when the founders were still walking about.” said Charlie.

“I don't wish to think what age that would make me.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“She gets that a lot.” said Kingsley. “Not many people like her.”

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Does she know she's in a school full of teenagers?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“She's just an idiot.” said Harry.

“Harry....” said Officer McFinn. “I know she's the most intolerable piece of garbage, but...”

“Sorry.” said Harry swiftly.

“You don't need to be insulting the other idiots by calling her that.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

“James...” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her head, but she was smiling slightly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“Maybe we should have tossed some rattles and teething rings at her.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“No thanks...that sounds a little creepy.” said Colin.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“We didn't like her.” said Parvati quickly.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“And...cue nap time.” said Fred.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Well, that's good.” said Dr. Clark. “So far.”

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Hold up, did you just put a jab towards Muggleborns?” said Lionus.

Tempest ripped the gag out of Umbridge's mouth and slapped the back of her head. “Speak woman!”

“I...you can't prove...” said Umbridge stammering.

“I don't need to prove anything..” said Lionus stubbornly.

“Oh...they'll love you at Hell's Garden.” said Nightstrike.

“I don't know if she was...” said Hermione looking thoughtful.

“I'm not going to argue with them.” said Ron looking at the three Rangers warily. “Let them think and do whatever they want, I say.”

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“I don't blame you, best not encourage her.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

End of thirty-ninth paragraph.

“Oh, we were not impressed.” said McGonagall.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“So, good for the Headmasters and Headmistresses for progressing the school into the twenty-first century, but Dark Ages methods are the best for our children?” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Yes.” said Umbridge, her gag removed so she would be able to answer and reveal to those around who might not have been convinced of her guilt just how vile the woman was.

“Then you're going to love our prison.” said Lionus with a sneer.

End of dialogue set.

“So she's not saying ditch the new, but just not a lot of it right now, spread it out between the old methods...” said Tonks.

“Which is what Dumbledore's been doing.” said Kingsley.

“He has...!” said Umbridge.

SMACK! “Speak only when you are spoken to!” said Tempest hotly.

“Wow...it's getting kind of violent in here.” said

Fortieth paragraph, second sentence.

“The highest form of disrespect.” said Dr. Nicodemus looking over at the students, who shifted slightly. “I'm so proud of you kids.” he added with a smile.

The students smiled slightly.

End of fortieth paragraph.

Ernie blushed.

Forty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“I don't doubt that, politicians are known for continuing on, despite audience interruption.” said Moody.

End of forty-first paragraph.
“They most certainly were not.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“The only bad change was letting you in the door.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“She wasn't worthy of more than two.” said Flitwick with a stern gaze towards the woman.

Forty-second paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma.

“Thank goodness.” said the students. “We nearly supported her.”

End of forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It was dead boring, both times.” said Lee.

Officer McFinn turned to look at him.

“Oh, that’s not what I meant, what I meant was...” said Lee stammering.

“I know...it was dead boring for me to read too.” said Officer McFinn with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“We were you paying attention?” said Hermione.

“I knew it was crap and I figured I'd get rid of her before anything awful could happen.” said Harry.
“Get rid of her?” said Fudge suspiciously.

“Have her tossed out on her rear...I didn't think it would get this far.” said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Well, that's the end result but I think Mr. Weasley was looking for what those phrases meant.” said Dumbledore.

“You'd think that after addressing the students like four year olds, she'd use simpler phrases.” said Professor Vector.

“She didn't want them to understand it. She tried to make sure of it, if she had come out and said what she was saying, there would have been an uproar and a quite a few letters sent home in complaint.” said McGonagall.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Several people laughed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Though a few of them were taller than Harry,” said Ron sneaking a glance over at his best friend, but was met with Harry flying through the air and tackling him to the ground.

“Take it back!” said Harry pinning Ron to the floor.

“Never!” said Ron laughing and twisting his legs flipping Harry off him and landing him to the floor a foot away.

“That's enough you two.” said Remus waving his wand and bringing Harry back to the bowl.
“How did you manage to leap over that far?” said Sirius looking at the distance. “And with your eyes in such bad shape?”

“Practice.” said Harry, pointing at Ron. “I'm gonna get you for that.”

“Bring it on, Midget.” said Ron with a smirk.

“Five more minutes...please.” said Harry trying to twist out of Remus’ grip, though a smile was on his face.

“Later.” said Remus, “Not now.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“No, you had a faint gaunt look about you.” said Madam Pomfrey.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

“Sorry...” said Euan and the blonde boy.

Dialogue set.

The students fell completely silent, they couldn't believe that they followed the Ministry so blindly.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Their parents would have told them to listen to the Ministry anyway.” said Tonks.

“They seemed eager to come to Hogwarts.” said Kingsley in his slow voice.

“Only because it was something new that they didn't get to experience when they were in school.” said Tonks.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“You'd think that they remember who you were, especially if the House guard has two eyes.” said Ernie.

Dialogue set.

“Easy with that thing.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“No...you weren't.” said Seamus looking guilty.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Would have given us nightmares to be honest.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It didn't sound like his mother.” said Harry turning away from the group of people.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seamus sent a fierce glare over to Harry.
“Mate, relax, it was a little strange that she would do that.” said Dean.

**Fifty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I need to cook something.” said Harry, standing up suddenly.

“Certainly, dear boy.” said Dumbledore taking out his wand and summoning the kitchen set.

Harry looked at and looked at the book, “Better set up some sort of barrier or something.”

“Why is that?” asked Dumbledore.

“It's possible that I might be throwing some things.” said Harry.

“Ah...very well.” said Dumbledore, waving his wand once again and a giant cube of gold light enveloped the stove area.

“Thanks.” said Harry as he walked through the light and began to take out the things he needed.

**Dialogue line.**

Everyone watched Harry as he placed something tan in a magical deep freezer and then pulled it out, a scowl on his face.

“He needed this cooking time, though I'm waiting for him to grab a knife.” said Remus.

“I removed the knives, though...I think that might have hindered his creative spirit.” said Dumbledore.

“Hold on, with his eyes like that, should he be cooking at all?” asked Tonks.

“I've placed protective spells around the fires and what not, also, we are well within range to lend him assistance.” said Dumbledore.

“I'm more impressed he can tell what stuff is with his vision so awful.” said Leroy.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Which he's...” said Umbridge.

“Not!” shouted the students.
The students looked shamefully aside.

**End of fifty-third paragraph.**

“Seamus settle down.” said Dean. “I told you that he was going to react, anyone would.”

“He doesn't get to have a go at my mother.” snarled Seamus as he ripped his arm out of Dean's grasp and rushed over to Harry, who saw him coming and stood stock still. Seamus pulled back his fist and before anyone could stop, slammed his fist into Harry's jaw.

Harry staggered slightly, but then looked at Seamus with a glare in his eyes behind the sunglasses. “You done...you feel better?” he gritted out.

“No.” said Seamus. “Apologize.”

“No.” said Harry fiercely. “I didn't lie, she chose to support the other side, I'm not sorry.”

Seamus glared at Harry but backed down and went back to his seat.

**Fifty-fourth paragraph.**

“You heard what happened, Dumbledore said it...you don't need to badger him about it.” said Madam Pomfrey scolding the Gryffindor student.

**Fifty-fifth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“See he's having a go at my mum!” said Seamus.

“Oh he was not, he's telling you to just read the paper, cause your mother had already judged and passed sentence on him and Dumbledore.” said Officer McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And yet he still wasn't having a go at anyone.” said Terry.
Dialogue line.

“What’s got you all insulted? You're the one trying to corner him.” said Fred.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Whoa horsie, settle down.” said Dr. Clark.

“Honey...” said Mrs. McFinn walking over and giving Harry a hug. “are you okay?”

“I'm fine, said Harry pouring the tan contents into a glass and taking a drink.

“What is that?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“A smoothie, want a taste?” asked Harry. He tipped glass so she could take a sip.

“Mmm, is that...is that pumpkin?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Quickest thing I could find an the easiest thing to make when I don’t' have any knives.” said Harry sending Dumbledore a look.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

“We do switch out students from different dorms, if there was an issue, I should have been notified.” said McGonagall.

“Why didn't you just stick him in his own dorm?” said Seamus. “You knew he was going to catch a lot of flak.”

“Then that would have shown that I approve of your childish behavior.” scolded McGonagall. “You've shared the same dorm, the same table, the same school with Potter and you should have realized that the paper was printing nothing but lies. I suppose I expected too much of you.”

Seamus opened and closed his mouth repeatedly, but settled back in his chair, looking defeated.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“That was going over the line sweetie....but I can understand why you were upset.” said Mrs. McFinn soothingly.

Harry groaned and slammed his glass down, a little too hard and it shattered. Several shards of glass stuck in his hand and caused little rivers of blood travel down his fingertips and onto the
“Oh, honey!” said Mrs. McFinn, she took his hand and stuck it under the faucet. “Be careful...”

Madam Pomfrey came over and inspected his hand. “If you keep this up, I'm going to give you only unbreakable goblets for you to drink out of.”

“Just angry.” said Harry.

“I know, but there is no need to break things and cause pain to yourself.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“Ron's first Prefect job!” said Percy.

“Well...it could have gone way better.” said Ron.

“It is your first, you'll get better in time.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“I suppose it's a good thing that Potter isn't a Prefect, people would accuse him of using his badge to get back at those who call him a liar.” said Moody.

“Not that you would Harry, he's just saying that people would accuse you of it.” said Tonks quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Harry...c'mere.” said Officer McFinn.

Harry went over to the shaft of light and sat on the armrest.

“Yeah...?” said Harry a little regretfully.

“Do you need some help with venting some of that anger?” said Officer McFinn.

“I just didn't get to cook lately, I could have used some kitchen time.” said Harry.

“Alright...and did this little session help?”

“No, I couldn’t' make much.” said Harry.

“Well, next time, Dumbledore won’t take away the knives, how about that? And Holly will help where your eyes can't see.” said Officer McFinn, reaching under the glasses and touching the lids carefully.
“Alright.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“When has he ever been a madman?” asked Fred and George angrily.

Dialogue line.

Ron blushed.

“Hmm...maybe I can see why Weasley was given the badge.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a small smile over to red headed boy.

Dialogue set.

“Of course he does, Harry's never lied to him.” said Colin.

“Except about his homelife...but that's personal.” said Dennis.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Alright Ron! Way to go.” said Bill.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Nice dramatic exit.” snickered Draco.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Down boy...” said Mr. Weasley with a chuckle.
“Besides, I guess they would figure that somewhere that I can defend myself with a barrage of spells is the best place.” said Dean.

“He's been sacked so that he can be discredited, he is not losing his marbles.” said Bathilda Bagshot hotly.

“Besides, surely you told your mum that Harry's pretty much a normal kid.” said Neville.

Seamus blushed. “Well, she didn't give me the chance...”

“You're grandmother always did have sense, somethings we disagree on, but others...we get along just fine.” said Madam Bones.

“That's a big subscription to lose too, she paid for the paper for her entire family. It was a massive loss...I'm amazed that there wasn't a massive print apology after losing that.” said Leroy.

“She pays for the whole family?” asked Neville in awe.

“How many papers is that?” asked Percy.

“Over seventy-four.” said Leroy. “And that's just in London.”

“Figured that he was outnumbered in his own dorm.” said Angelina.

“Oh, it wasn't the best time we've ever had playing poker either.” said Dean. “He left and went downstairs the first few times we had Poker night.”

“Yeah, I didn't win nearly as much candy as normal.” sadi Neville with a smile.

“I still say you cheat somehow.” said Ron looking suspiciously over to Neville, though his mouth was twitching in a smile.
Seamus shifted uneasily in his seat. "Sorry Harry..." said Seamus sheepishly.

Harry looked over but Sirius spoke first. "Don't apologize to him Harry...you have nothing to be sorry about."

"Even what he said about his mother?" asked Zacharias.

"He said nothing about his mother." said the people in the bowl.

"Too many incorrect people." said Flitwick shaking his head.

"I didn't suffer, I am quite used to the jeers I get from time to time." said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dumbeldore turned and looked at Harry. "No, dear boy, I wasn't angry with you, I wasn't even perturbed by the loss of offices. In fact, that enabled me to dedicate my time to ensure the safety of the students and to keep a close watch out for Tom."

"I've been hoodwinked before, yes...but never by you, dear boy." said Dumbledore. Snape only smirked.

"Too many, I fear." said Remus sadly.
First paragraph.

“If he hadn't been wearing school robes, most likely he wouldn't have matched.” said Dean with a snicker.

“S-Shut up.” muttered Seamus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I thought you were on my side!” said Seamus.

“I'm not on anyone's side.” said Dean. “Your mom was a bit overboard, jumping to conclusions like that. And well...Harry just needs to mellow out...”

Harry opened his mouth, but then closed it, “I don't think I remember how.” said Harry with a slight smirk.

“We'll give you a crash course over the summer.” said Sirius.

Second paragraph.

“And that was just the second person.” said Neville.

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, Harry, you just look oh-for-heaven's-sake.” said Fred.

“You should get some more sleep and a bit more food.” said George.
Third paragraph.

Fred and George's advertisment.

The teachers all looked at the twins with stern looks.

“That had better have stopped.” said Dumbledore, with slight frown.

“Yes sir.” said Fred and George quickly.

Dialogue set.

“You're funny Hermione, we never listened to Percy, what makes you think we're going to listen to Ron.” said George.

“He's a Prefect!” said Hermione.

“So was Percy and he was a Head Boy as well, still meant nothing to us.” said Fred.

“So...Ron being a Prefect and supposedly having authority over us...” said George.

“It's laughable.” said the twins together.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not necessarily, it's not up to you, it's up to you to tell the teachers, you're just the eyes and ears for the teachers.” said Lionus. “This is something you need them to put a stop to.”

Fifth paragraph.

“I don't like confronting them, they know some nasty hexes.” said Ron.

“We wouldn’t use them on you, Ron.” said Fred.

“We'd just pick you up and hold you upside down and tickle you till you wet yourself.” said George.

“I'd rather you hex me.” said Ron.
“Seriously, you couldn't figure it out without asking?” said Hannah.

“I thought they were friends...” said Hermione. “They always got together on Fridays, or Saturdays and would head up to bed early.”

“But Lavender and Parvati...” said Ron slowly.

“Trust me, they're not friends...” said Hermione.

“Knocked me for a loop, I thought she'd be indignant at least.” said Harry.

“Whoa, easy there.” said Dr. Clark.

Harry buried his head.

“You were just stressed, you didn't mean it, I'm sure.” said Sirius.

“When did he jump down your throat?” said Remus.

“Back at Grimmauld Place.” said Hermione. “And just then.”

“Which was...what....weeks ago?” said Angelina. “And I snap at my friends too sometimes, especially since I became a Quidditch Captain...and every so often... You can't blame him for the most part, the whole world's against him. I'd snap at everyone too.”

“When did he jump down your throat?” said Remus.

“Back at Grimmauld Place.” said Hermione. “And just then.”

“Which was...what....weeks ago?” said Angelina. “And I snap at my friends too sometimes, especially since I became a Quidditch Captain...and every so often... You can't blame him for the most part, the whole world's against him. I'd snap at everyone too.”
“What's that got to do with Lavender doing a one-eighty?” said Ernie.

“I was trying to change the subject.” said Hermione.

“Won't fix the problem.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Harry was just going to get upset...” said Hermione uncertainly.

“He's going to get upset when you dismiss his problem.” said Sirius. “Best stick with the subject and just let him vent a bit.”

“Having him bottle it up and not letting him speak his mind from time to time will only make his explosions worse.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “You both are Prefects, true...you have your own trouble, but compared to the Potter boy, your Prefect problems are mere annoyances. Potter has some genuine troubles, and issues.”

“So we're just supposed to let him yell at us, is that it?” said Hermione indignantly.

“If you can't handle someone with life tragedies or genuine issues, then perhaps you shouldn't be friends.” said Dr. Nicodemus sternly. “He needs someone that can support him, not someone who will put logic and ‘changing subject’ tactics.”

“I shouldn't have yelled at her, and Ron.” said Harry firmly.

“Lad, we're defending you.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I know, but I shouldn't have yelled.” said Harry. “And frankly...I don't like being yelled at either.”

“Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She's just amazing.” said Ron and Harry together.

“Not a fan...” said Dr. Nicodemus. “She's more of a nagging wife and mother than anything else.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Well, there's nothing Harry can do, he's telling the truth, it's the other side that has to do the fixing.” said Charlie.

“We could....” said Hermione.
“Hermione, they don't believe him, Harry can't offer proof, the proof would be You-Know-Who himself. There is nothing that Harry or you kids could do, other than say you were lying. You weren't going to have him say that, were you?” said Tonks.

“No, absolutely not.” said Hermione.

“Well, then it's their problem, not yours, leave it alone for now.” said Tonks.

“But that doesn't solve Harry's problem.” said Kingsley. “There is nothing much Harry can do, except tell McGonagall whenever someone is giving him a hard time.”

“And then get labeled a tattletale.” said a sixth year Gryffindor.

“It's either that or suffering from emotional distress.” said Kingsley. “And that can prove quite deadly.”

McGonagall and Dumbledore looked between each other. McGonagall stood up and announced to the school: “We will be taking down names of students that have been accosting Mr. Potter, to certain degree, those students will be kept from any weekend event coming up next.”

“I thought we couldn't be punished!” said Zacharias shortly.

“No points will be taken, and it's not quite a detention, you will be talked to by...” said Professor McGonagall.

“Me.” said Madam Bones, volunteering instantly.

“What about the stuff that hadn't happened yet?” said Seamus.

“It won't count, but Mr. Finnigan, count yourself and Miss Brown the first two on the list of students.” said McGonagall.

“What if we apologized?” asked Lavender looking over to Harry quickly.

“A little late for that, you should have known Mr. Potter better than what the Daily Prophet printed him out to be.” said McGonagall firmly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“How’s us have inter-house unity.” said a first year Slytherin. “My cousin Jessica's in Gryffindor. My older sister is in Hufflepuff, and my best friend is in Ravenclaw.”

A scattering of other students nodded.

“You can't like everyone,” said Harry somberly. “Not everyone can mix well with everyone else. Personalities clash all the time.”

**Ninth paragraph.**
“I want your names, and if you are honest, it will be easier in the long run.” said McGonagall.

A few students looked around, nervously, but then raised their hands slowly.

“Very good.” said McGonagall taking down the names, “If I learn of any stragglers, I will be most displeased.”

“And trust us,” said Fred.

“You don't want that.” said George.

Dialogue line.

The Ravenclaws that had stood up, looked down shamefully.

Tenth paragraph.

Sirius rubbed the back of Harry's neck.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Precisely.” said Dumbledore.

“The only way he wouldn't be noticed would be if they were deaf and blind.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I was excited.” said Angelina with a shrug.

“You had every right to be excited.” said Harry with a smile.
“The practices are harder though.” said Katie.

“I planned on being there!” said Harry throwing up his hands.

“Why weren't you there?” asked Emmeline.

“Someone decided that Harry shouldn't tell the truth.” said Hermione shortly.

“Trying to push yourself a little forward, huh?” said Bill with a smile.

“You'd think that, but I had started over a hundred letters by the time the train left. Nothing really important, just something to say hi.” said Sirius with an embarrassed smile.

“I'd be insulted, but frankly, have at it.” said Leroy.

“There's a first.” said Ron.
“Ronalad!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Mum, it was Umbridge's class.” said Ron.

“Well...I suppose...but you had better been studying in the library later than.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“With Hermione, we always do.” said Ron.

“Better ask him why it's cheap.” said Bill quickly.

“No one trusts us.” said George wailing dramatically.

“Normally, sure, but with pranking things, or sweets, absolutely not.” said their brothers and sister.

“Ouch.” said Fred. “I think they're trying to tell us something.”

“So...how did you know what it did?” asked Dr. Clark seriously.

“We took one, and when we wouldn't stop, we made ourselves sick in order to get rid of it.” said Fred quietly, not wanting to distress his mother and instigate a screaming match from her.

“I walked right behind you, Miss Granger, why was I not informed?” said McGonagall.

“I thought I would take care of it on my own.” said Hermione softly.

“Foolish girl, their pranks could have been harmful, you should have told her.” said Snape harshly.
“I can't see her buying one.” said Remus.

“Well, maybe for Umbridge's classes.” said Hermione softly.

“I can see Hermione just being in utopia when those come around.” said Sirius shaking his head.

Mrs. Weasley shook her head in shame. Mr. Weasley was trying to look stern, but the sides of his mouth kept twitching.

“I was a little disappointed, but thankfully, you managed to get O's in my class.” said Flitwick.
“Mine as well.” said Professor Sprout.

“As shocked as I was, you did get an O in mine.” said Professor Snape.

“I still cannot believe you didn't pass my exam with the grade I expected.” said Professor McGonagall.

“Ah...well...we were...not in our top form, we were hoping for four.” said George.

Hermione shook her head. “Top form for you is four?”

“Top form for what O.W.Ls we cared about.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Education is important!” said Percy.

“We have business ventures to take on.” said Fred.

“We aren't letting them go.” said George.

Dialogue set.

Mr. Weasley smiled fondly at his sons. “You boys are too much sometimes. I don't know where you get it from.”

Dialogue set.

Sixteenth paragraph, third sentence.

“It's an honest answer.” said Dumbledore with a chuckle.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“Still don't know why you don't tell us about it.” said Ron.

“I don't like preaching about where I send my gold and used books.” said Harry with a smile.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second comma.

“Were you planning on going all out?” asked Hermione.

“No.” said Harry.

“Why not?” asked Hermione, “It could affect the careers we have in life!”

“Let's face it, it's not likely I'm going to see twenty,” said Harry. The people around the bowl and in, flinched. “Not with Voldemort around. And if I do survive, my name, and a good grade in Defense Against the Dark Arts class will get me into at least the regular Magical Police, maybe the Aurors. Or I could nix magic all together and start a restaurant, continue with the security testing, or whatever I want. My life options are open, if I live long enough.”

End of dialogue set.

“But sort of hurts if you didn't choose the right classes ahead of time.” said Ron.

“Not to worry, even if you didn't take the classes, you'd still be able to take the tests if you desired, you would just need to study the coursebook, talk to the appropriate teacher and do a little more studying.” said Dumbledore. “But, you had better be able to dedicate the time to studying.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Madam Bones looked smug.

“Hey, he could change his mind.” said Nightstrike.
“An Auror is worthwhile!” said Tonks.

“Aww...that's cute.” said Sirius.

“I wont'!” said Hermione. “But...maybe I could study them, so people...don't set them free.”

“That would be a worthwhile endeavor.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Right.” said anyone who had taken the class taught by the droning ghost.

“No one else could manage it, all they could do was study the whole book.” said Ron.

“Should have had her in our year.” said a sixth year Hufflepuff.

“I've done it.” said Kingsley.

“So have we.” said Fred and George.

“James, and I played Exploding Snap, you'd think he'd of heard it.” said Sirius thoughtfully.
End of twenty-second paragraph.

“Go figure.” said the students shaking their heads.

Dialogue line.

“They'd fail, or at least Harry would have to buckle down and use his brain.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Everyone tries, and most everyone fails.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Ever think that Ron has Hermione wrapped around his finger sometimes?” asked Charlie.

“And she has him.”said Bill.

“Despite the fights, they make a cute couple.” said Charlie with a smile.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Aww, this is Harry's second shot at his crush!” said a seventh year Gryffindor..

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

The girls she normally walked with giggled madly.

Dialogue line.
“Argh, don’t dwell on that!” said Terry.

Cho smiled at Harry appreciatively.

“Way to kill the conversation Ron.” said Ginny.

“Smack him, Harry.” said a fifth year Ravenclaw.

“She was talking to Harry, not to you, and don't go talking about sport's teams unless you're prepared for a confrontation.” said Angelina.

“How did my boy become so oblivious?” said Mrs. Weasley shaking her head.
“There is no point arguing with him, unless you support the Cannons, he's going to round on everyone.” said Percy knowledgeably.

“Seems like everyone you know just wants to sabotage your chances.” said Katie with a giggle.

“I knew it wasn't your fault.” said Cho softly.

“No one could ever blame you, dear.” said Mrs. Diggory.

“Someone believed me, someone who was close to him believed me.” said Harry quietly.

“Which shows you're a good teacher, but you need to tone down the bullying to nonexistent levels.” said Rivers sternly.

“Hell get all the training he'll need at the seminar.” said Dumbledore with a nod.
Dialogue set.

“I'm betting someone gulped.” said Bill.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Big surprise.” muttered Bill.

Dialogue set.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Not if you want to be an Auror, unfortunately.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Well, they were right, that's a hard potion to do.” said Moody.

“I still have issues with it.” said Tonks.

“Maybe Harry should have a few glasses of that a day.” whispered Ron.

End of dialogue set.

“Now, why can't you act like that normally?” said Flitwick.

“If I didn't intimidate them, they'd fool around.” said Snape darkly.

Thirty-first paragraph.

“I’m still shocked that that particular potion is on the O.W.L level, and not the N.E.W.T.s” said Rivers. “But I suppose, if they can get that potion right, or at least darn close, then it warrants admission into the N.E.W.T.s course.”
“Severus, surely at some point in your adult years you would have managed to grow up.” spat McGonagall. “Honestly, berating the same boy class after class, have you no shame? I refer to both Longbottom and Potter.”

“His potion was grossly missing vital steps!” said Snape defensively.

“Really? I surely doubt that you happened to already speak to Finnigan, Weasley and anyone else who had missed a few vital steps.” said McGonagall hotly.

“Sounds like you could use a few drops of it.” said Sirius as he rubbed his godson's tense arm.

“That should have been nipped in the bud right there.” said Sprout.

Snape looked away.

“Easy there, Monster, he's a bit bigger than you.” said Leroy.

“How did he know what ingredient was missing?” asked a first year Ravenclaw.

“He's had his shares of mistakes in potion making.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Why I remember a time that he destroyed his entire table and the six surrounding ones in his first attempt at Potion making. There is still some remaining potion stains in the wood of the classroom if you look hard enough.”

Snape snarled over at the old man.
“Be a bully and I'll tell the most embarrassing stories about you.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

“As if the seminar wasn't going to be bad enough.” muttered Snape.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“It's sort of cool that Snape knows what's missing and what the potion looks when you forget it.” said a third year Slytherin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So was Weasley's Finnigan's and most likely others. But of course, you only look at Potters.” said Sprout shaking her head.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

Snape kept his gaze fixed at a spot on the floor.

“Vicious bully.” muttered Bathilda Bagshot.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

“You don't have the ability to control the weather do you?” asked Bill with a slight smirk.

“No, if I did, I'd have it thunder and lightning all the time this year.” mumbled Harry.
Too bad you didn't see that, huh?” said Sirius trying to brighten his godson's mood, but was failing.

Harry said nothing.

“Do you want to take a nap for a while?” asked Sirius.

Once again, Harry said nothing.

Sirius looked a little hurt, but pulled Harry's tense body towards him so that he could lean on his godfather.

“Can't say that it's ever happened.” said Harry.

“I don't take nearly as much points as I should.” said Snape waspishly.

“I'll remember that the next time.” said Harry.

“He started it.” said Harry.

“We know.” said Remus carefully. “We know.”

“I do have other things to do than pander to the Order's brats.” said Snape.

Dumbledore nodded and smiled.
Dialogue set.

Ron and Hermione looked at each other embarrassingly.

“He's got a point, you two bickering would get on anyone's nerves.” said Sirius, “And like I said, this summer, no Ron, no Hermione, just nice, relaxing holiday time.”

Harry smiled faintly.

Fortieth paragraph.

Ron and Hermione looked sheepishly at each other.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Well, aint he brave?” said Parvati with a giggle.

Forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“That'll kill any enthusiasm for a class.” said Remus.

Forty-third paragraph, second sentence.

“Thankfully she decided to stay up in her tower.” said McGonagall. “I don't think I could take much more of her 'predictions'.”

End of forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Finally.” said George.

“That won't last long.” said Fred.
“Well, it would be nice if you two didn't fight all the damn time and support him while he's having a hard time.” said Lionus.

“They do support...” said Harry.

“Then perhaps you should have stayed with Sirius, if that was the best they could do.” said Lionus firmly.

“Hate it when they do that.” said Harry.

“What?” asked Remus.

“Talk over me.”

“Good luck with that one.” said Fred.
“Ah,” said George with a misty voice. “Being chased by a pair of scissors means you will have to get your haircut soon.”

“And my grandmother's hat?” asked Neville.

“You're grandmother's hat is going to have to do it.” said Fred.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“No, I don't suppose you would.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sounds fascinating.” said Tonks with a smile.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I'd rather do homework than what she had us doing during class.” said Harry.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“She's a sadist.” said Remus, his anger distorting his face slightly.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Go jump off a cliff, Professor Umbridge.” sang Fred and George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“We'd rather would have sat in respectful silence.” said a few older students.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Words on the blackboard.

“Checking basics is a good idea, especially for first years, but she should have had a better book.” said Rivers.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second comma.

“Dumbledore has followed the correct curriculum, well, except Potter's second year, and some part of the previous year.” said Rivers. “They were fine.”

End of dialogue set.

“Oh, I don' know, I've been following the O.W.L.'s and N.E.W.T's and they've been just fine.” said Rivers. “I don't quite know what that stupid woman is spouting off.”

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“If you lot were unhappy, you should have brought this to our attention or at least Dumbledores, but no, every year I get reports from the Minister himself that said that education standards were being met, so...it was their fault.” said Rivers.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-second paragraph.
Umbridge's Course Aims.

The adults in the room stared.

“Seriously?” said Tonks.

“I don’t believe this.” said Moody rubbing his eyes.

“Defensive theory isn’t even on O.W.L.s those are on N.E.W.T’s and even then, that’s last year course aims. Fifth year is traditionally all practical works, and defensive spells.” said Rivers.

Fifty-third paragraph.
Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Oh, I hate her already.” Mrs. McFinn.

“What about the whole hate thing?” said Harry, a ghost of a smile on his face.

“I’m old enough to hate, you aren't just yet.” said Mrs. McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

“No, Professor Toad-face.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“I already read the book, it was about as interesting, informative and helpful as Sir Cadogan.” said Harry.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

“What's so odd about that?” asked Blaise.

“Her book wasn't open.” said Harry.
“It was more interesting, her just sitting there with her hand in the air than reading the book.”
Neville.

“It's Miss Granger, not 'dear.'” said Hermione.

“Doesn't she know magic can fix her teeth?” asked a first year.
“Maybe she doesn't know it, she doesn’t' seem all that bright.” said another first year, not bothering to keep her voice down.
Umbridge was thrashing madly in the chair, her gag was placed back over her mouth.

“You'd think a new teacher would take attendance.” said Mrs. Diggory.
“It is required, apparently she thought herself above such trivial things.” said McGonagall with a frown.
“Isn’t that your job?” said Charlie accusingly. He then looked at the Minister. “Seriously, she was the best you could do?”

Fudge looked down at the floor shamefully.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph.

“It didn't dawn on them.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“It could happen, and if the faker hadn't had a better agenda, it would have happened.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Rollcall, nitwit, it's called...rolleall...” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph, third sentence, tenth word.

“You know she's going to bait him.” said Rudolph.

“And she did.” said Harry.

End of sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“IT is, you need to protect yourself. The only way theory helps you is when you chuck the book at them and run.” said Rivers.
“More than you are, I'll bet.” said George.

“I'd love their names.” said Rivers. Fudge looked at the man and then looked down. Tempest cuffed him on the back of the head.

“The man asked you a question.” said Tempest smartly.

“I...it was me...Delores...Weasley...and Higgins.” said Fudge, rubbing the back of his head.

“So...only one of you, Higgins, is a member of the Office for Magical Education...you stupid fool.” said Rivers shaking his head.

“He'd rather give you a finger.” said George.

“Exactly.” said Moody.

“If I had known, then I would have said yes.” said Dean looking at Harry out of the corner of his
Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“She's a bad liar.” said Emmeline.

End of dialogue set.

“He was the best Defense teacher ever.” said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

Remus blushed.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Like what? The Unforgivable curses, you lot gave them the authority to teach them!” said Dr. Clark shortly.

“And if they mean the Patronus, there is nothing harmful about it, it's the best spell to teach the students when the stupid Ministry decides to send Dementors to the school.” said Rudolph. “Every student should have been taught that spell.”

End of dialogue set.

“No, the teachers were being honest that attacks could happen, no matter how old you are. Cause there are adults out there that are out to get soft targets like us kids.” said Harry. “So...teaching us the practical stuff first, and then the theory will only help us in the long run.”

Rivers smiled approvingly over to the youth.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“She shouldn't have even been a candidate for the teaching position.” said Rivers.

“YOU BLOODY TOLD HIM TO!” shouted almost everyone in the hall.

“But later in life, all they'll be able to do is theorize how the spell works and then take what ever the opponents' spell does without defending themselves. So in reality...” said Remus.

“You're signing our death warrant.” said Harry.

The adults in the hall fell silent.

“But without practice and knowing what the counter curse is, won't help us at all.” said Fred.

“She's an absolute blooming idiot.” said Rivers. “And anyone else that thought this idea would work.”

Fudge, and Percy both flinched.
“What does she think this is?” asked Mr. Weasley. “Some fantasy land where the students can't get hurt?”

“Now she's just endangering them.” said Lionus.

“She's never leaving Hell's Garden.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Hit the dirt people.” said Fred loudly.

“Death Eaters, dark wizards, normal criminals, child molesters, kidnappers, abusive parents, drunken brawlers...the list goes on.” said Kingsley.

“Him as well, but they're all in denial.” said Kingsley.

“She baited him...sick twisted bitch.” said Sirius.
“Please do, we haven't heard enough of your psychotic ramblings.” said Rivers.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.

“That is the truth! You wouldn't know the truth if it leaped up and bit you.” said Ernie angrily.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That's baiting, sad thing is, she can do that.” said McGonagall. “There's no way I could have overturned it.”

“She makes Severus look like the Professor of the Year.” said Flitwick with a smirk.

Dialogue set, eighth sentence.

“Not one person in our year went to her, I don't think, she kind of sold a few to Harry's side.” said Hermione.

“There was still a lot that believed her, not that I could understand that.” said Ron.

Dialogue set, ninth sentence.

“And here she is trying to turn everyone against Harry. Leaving him all alone for the most part.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, eleventh sentence.

“I'd rather be bosom buddies with Lucius.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.
Seventieth paragraph.

“I was...beginning to believe him.” said Seamus.

“Sure didn't sound like.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-first paragraph, first sentence.

“We didn’t' want to press him.” said a few Gryffindor sixth years. “Sort of showed us that he was
telling the truth, he wasn't proclaiming his story all over the place.”

End of seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You can't accidentally kill someone with the killing curse.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-second paragraph.

“I'd say piss off and walk out the classroom.” Bill. “You can still take the test at the end of the
year.”

Seventy-third paragraph.

“You should have Mr. Potter.” said McGonagall.

“I didn't.” said Harry. “I was taught by Officer McFinn to tell the truth and keep telling the truth
when something happens to me.”

“Yeah, but I didn't expect this world to be so prejudice against the truth.” said Officer McFinn
looking firmly over to the Minister.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.
“I don't want to even think about what happened while she was beating him.” whispered Sirius to Remus.

“Ooh, don't talk to him with a bad attitude, he won't make you feel any better.” said Fred.

“Even he's on their side.” said Sirius.

“He's not on anyone's side, he just likes to poke fun.” said Dumbledore. “He knows the truth, and he believes Harry...Harry might actually be one of his favorite people.”

“Why is that?” asked Bill.

“He's so serious, he wants nothing more than to cause Harry to chuckle a bit...but he goes about it the wrong way.” said Dumbledore.

“He hasn't been singing that lately, not that I've heard...” said Dr. Clark. “All he's been doing around me is doing that Pirate jig.”

“Well, he's got a bit right, though Harry's not just mad, he's downright pissed.” said Bill.

“Well, there's one question answered.” said Fred.
“He was excused from Umbridge's class, lucky little toerag.” said George.

“No one has ever been sent to another teacher on the first day...it's just unheard of.” said McGonagall.

“Go me, I'm the first.” said Harry glumly.

“To no actual fault of your own.” said Sirius. “Maybe...”

“Uh oh...better run Harry.” said Sirius with a small smile. “She's going to shout at you...I know the signs...”

“Is what true, we don't know what the letter said.” said Bill.

Sirius kissed his godson's head. “Never talk to her like that, unless you don't want to feel your writing arm for three weeks. I snapped at her once, I still get a twinge now and then.”

“Oh yes.” said Fred.

“Though...it wasn't a normal Harry rant...quite watered down it was.” said George.
“Sickly, even.” said Fred

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Damn straight.” said Neville with a blush at his own volume.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“And here comes the shouting.” said Fred and George, sticking their fingers in the ears.

“It was nice knowing you.” said Remus covering his eyes.

End of seventy-ninth paragraph.

The school was silent.

“We...hate...you...” said the twins together.

“Life is not fair.” said Sirius staring at Harry. “I would try and be the most charming little cuss and what happens? I get detentions that never end....You walk in, you say you shouted at a teacher and snap at her, and you get biscuits.”

Harry looked at McGonagall and smiled sheepishly. The sides of McGonagall's mouth twitched slightly.

Dialogue line.

“You could have knocked me over with an owl feather.” said Tonks.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Rub it in why don't you?” said Fred and George crossing their arms.
“I'd save that cookie, cause that'll never happen again.” said Remus.

“So much for saving it.” said Sirius with a snicker.

Professor Sprout and Flitwick smiled to their stern comrade.

“So much for nice teacher that gives you cookies.” said Fred.

“My common sense told me to tell the truth, no matter what, and to correct those who were wrong.” said Harry.

“Yeah, but the ones who don't know whether they're on foot or on broomback.” said Sirius.

“Nope, she's not going to change it, we've tried.” said Sirius.
“I see you've taken that warning to heart.” said McGonagall gesturing around.

“I...had enough.” said Harry softly.

“She won't let him, she'll keep baiting him...someone should have told him he could skip the class and just take the end exam early.” said Remus.

“Wouldn't have done much good, Umbridge would have had to sign off on it.” said Dumbledore.

“Another impossibility and you're letting it go?” said Dean.

“Never disobey her.” said Gryffindors, young and old.

“Ouch, she didn't think that it came straight from you.” said Dr. Clark.

“Worked for me.” said Harry shifting slightly.

“What's up cub...” asked Sirius.
“These books are getting old.” said Harry with a frown.

“Oh, they'll be getting a bit more interesting, and frightening as we go along.” said Officer McFinn. “I would have had a heart attack a few times, if my heart was still beating.”
“I think one more chapter while we have dinner, and then off to bed.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Sounds great to me.” said Harry running his hand through his white hair.

“Which is shocking, cause Harry likes dinner better than any other meal of the day.” said Neville.

“How the hell do you know?” asked Ron.

“He eats more.” said Neville. “He doesn't eat much during any other part of the day.”

McGonagall stared fiercely at the students sitting around, their eyes focused sternly onto the ground.

“I'll only ask this once more, and once more only...” said McGonagall.

Students began to slowly raise their hands.

“Seems I'll have a full classroom of students.” said Madam Bones.

“Oh, were you there?” said Lee shortly.
“And just think, if I had just stayed in bed at the end of my first year...I wouldn't have had to hear all this.” said Harry nastily.

“They might have, then again, they may not have.” said Dumbledore.

“The influence of parents can sway a child very easily.” said Firenze.

“They had never seen Ron leave before Crabbe and Goyle before.” said a sixth year Hufflepuff.

“That and Hermione slamming her silverware on the table didn't help.” said Neville.

“You don't know what it was like being there.” said Harry covering his eyes, ignoring the food that sat before him on a plate.

“Eat something.” coaxed Sirius.

“Not hungry.” said Harry.

“Do you want a potion instead?” asked Remus.

“I don't want anything.” said Harry.

“And you had Harry's word!” said Dr. Clark.

“You'd think...with as famous as Harry is...and how he didn't seek it out...they'd believe him.” said Mrs. McFinn.

The students looked away shamefully.
“Leave her be.” said Harry tiredly.

The Rangers looked at Harry with a sympathetic look, but sent stern glances to the bushy haired girl.

“Every year is an O.W.L. year.” said McGonagall with a smile.
“Besides you.” said Harry mumbled, nudging Remus with his foot.

“I had no choice.” said Dumbledore. “I would have found a suitable teacher, had one applied for the job.”

“We should have paid someone to tell her lies.” said Ron.

“There, I didn't snap.” said Harry tiredly.

“Shh...have a roll, sweetie.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry said nothing, but took the dinner roll and began to nibble at it.

“How come you can get him to eat?” said Sirius.

“We've already discussed this.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“At least they were leaving him alone.” said George.

“Oh for goodness sake.” said McGonagall looking up at the sky.

“I was trying to get Harry to laugh.” said Ron with an unconvincing smile.
Sixth paragraph.

“Uh...we'll just go to bed early.” said Fred.

“Long day...” said George.

“Oh no you don't.” said Bill and Mrs. Wealsey. “Sit down.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You know full well that's not what they were doing.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“I think it's a mite strong, there.” said Officer McFinn.

End of seventh paragraph.

“I didn't want to get in the middle of that...it sounded...Percyish.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And you went and did it anyway!” said Hermione.

“Hey, we already gave them the money, they were eager to do it.” said George.

“We tried to get the money back, but they wouldn't cough up.” said Fred.

“I'm sure that you tried.” said Hermione skeptically.
“They didn't look fine.” said Hermione shortly.

“Oh...the scolding...it was awful.” said Fred.

“I'm glad I got through to you.” said Hermione.

“Oh, it wasn't yours, yours is too much like mum's.” said George.

“We're talking about Harry's scolding.” said Fred.

“He told us off later that night.” said George. “Merlin...I felt really bad.”

The adults turned and stared at the twins.

“Harry already screamed at us for saying it like that, I think we were already punished enough.” said Fred.

“I want to hear one of these scoldings.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“Where did we go wrong?” said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dumbledore smiled at the young woman fondly. “It's nice to see even young wizards and witches and exert raw power like that.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She would.” said Ron.

“Harry didn't bother saying that, but we figured to stop right then and there. Harry was just the last nail in the coffin.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Never bring our mother in on a threat.” said George.

“It's not fair.” said Fred.

End of tenth paragraph.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“What the hell was I suppose to do?” said Ron. “I've never been able to stand up to them like that.”
What are you doing?” asked Lavender.

“Something that's already been discussed to death.” said Harry, chewing a bit of chicken.

“I don't do that anymore.” said Hermione softly.

“I'll bet the house-elves are happy to hear that.” said Dean.

“I suppose so that they'll be freed, completely on accident and unintentional.” said Dumbledore. “But it wouldn't work either way. Only the Headmaster may be able to free the house-elves.”

Hermione looked aside, embarrassment on her face.

“And they most certainly didn't want to be freed.” said Flitwick.

“I didn't touch the hats.” said Ron quickly.

“There was a lot of people listening.” said Ron. “Had to keep up the charade.”
“You just had a really long day.” said Sirius pulling Harry's legs up to his lap as Harry's hand began to fall limply on Mrs. McFinn's lap.

“I wanted to ask him one more time to tell me how it happened.” said Seamus.

“You didn't ask, you demanded it.” said Lee.

“And you weren't entitled to hear it.” said Katie.

“Well, there would be no way to prove that.” said Terry.

“I don't blame her.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw girl.

“And when he works you...he works you!” said Tonks.
“It was almost out of character for him.” said Seamus.

“Well, that was nice.” said Emmeline.

“I need A LOT of confidence.” said Neville.

“They’re still a pain.” said Harry. “Conjuring is easier for me.”

“And she was the only one who could do it.” said Ron.

“Well, that’s not too much homework.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Why were you panicking?” asked Charlie.

“I had several drafts to work on.” said Harry.

Dumbledore sat in thought, Voldemort hadn’t realized the connection yet had he? Was Harry’s defenses keeping him at bay, yet causing the lad pain all the same?
Twenty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.

Draco sat cringing in his seat.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Draco looked over to the bowl, a growing twinge of jealousy on his face as the people inside gave the youth their undivided attention...his mother gave him that attention sometimes, but his father...and he doubted the man would feel the same way since having his magic taken from him.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, sixth word.

“Wonder why she didn't put an end to it?” said Flitwick.

“Oh, she asked me if that year's Slytherins were the nastiest...I had to tell her yes.” said Sprout.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

“What on earth were those?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“They sound like Bowtruckles.” said Dr. Clark before Hermione could answer.

“Absolutely correct.” said Dumbledore proudly.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first colon.

“Why?” asked the pair of them indignantly.

“We've seen cool stuff in the class before.” said Harry stubbornly.

They rolled their eyes.

End of dialogue set

“I guess they were...but...you learned something...” said Hagrid.

“Not to mess with Mother Nature.” muttered Ron.
Dialogue set.

“Honestly, let someone else get a shot.” groaned Snape.

Dialogue line.

“Recited perfectly.” muttered Snape.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“Did you even raise your hand?” said Fred.

George gasped loudly. “For shame Hermione!”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“There's another way.” said Hagrid.

“What way is that Hagrid?” asked Dumbledore with a smile. He truly felt Hagrid was the best person for the job of Care of Magical Creatures, he knew the ins and outs of a staggering amount of creatures, things you couldn't quite find in any book.

“Well, if you put some fertilizer down around the tree and show yer willin' to take care of it, they'll let yeh near it and take what you want.” said Hagrid.

“Sounds a lot cleaner than handling wood lice.” said Ron loudly.

“It's still fertilizer.” said Pavarit snippishly.

“It's better than lice in your hair.” said Harry with a smirk.

The girls shrieked and began to shake their hair and run their fingers through it quickly.

“That was mean.” said Mrs. McFinn tugging Harry's locks.

“That was funny.” whispered Sirius.
“Make sure Draco hears that, you don't want him to put the stupid thing near his eyes.” said Ron loudly.

“Not too closely though.” said Remus.

“Dean's was the best.” said Seamus.

“Yeah, mine looked like some sort of squished tall guy.” said Ron.

“Yeah, Harry never minding is about as likely as McGonagall handing out biscuits for a third time.” said Fred.

Snape frowned over to Malfoy who cringed.

“I'd love to see that.” said Angelina.

“Malfoy would never stand a chance.” said Alicia.
Snape cuffed the back of Draco's head.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph, third sentence.**

“He was fine, he just took a while to get back.” said Sirius.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“They're stubborn little critters.” said Remus.

**End of twenty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“He's not omnipotent.” said Lionus with a sneer. “If Hagrid had been captured, he wouldn't know it until it was possibly too late.”

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Sure...yeah...” said George.

“That'll work.” said Fred.

“Ignoring people don't work, Hermione. And people are idiots if they think it will. The only way to get people off your back is to put them in detentions, suspension, expulsion, and if they're adults...jail or lawsuits.” said Officer McFinn. “Punishing them for their bad behavior is the only way. Ignoring them only tells them that some people can be affected and others can't. And they'll keep messing with people until they find the ones that submit to them.”

“My parents always told me...” said Hermione.

“Were they bullied or harrassed by someone...I didn't think so.” said Officer McFinn. “If you need proof...do you think Dudley Dursley or Vernon Dursley would have left Harry alone if he ignored them?”

Hermione looked over to Harry and shook her head. “But Malfoy...”

“Is just as nasty as Dudley, only he uses his mouth more than he uses his fist.” said Officer McFinn.

Draco flinched.

“If someone is messing with you, you need to tell someone, ignoring it will only allow them to continue on.” said Officer McFinn.
“Can't we skip over my bits?” said Draco quietly.

“You're learning to change, this is good for you.” said Officer McFinn. “You won't go back down this path.”

Remus leaned forward and took Harry's hand in his...rubbing his thumb over the skin.

“They're not poisonous are they?” asked Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“It's bite numbs the area for a while, but it's scratches are not all that dangerous.” said Charlie.

“I'll bet that shocked her when she got that bloodstained picture.” said Flitwick.

“I'd hope so.” said Professor Sprout.

“Even I would question as to the origin of the blood.” said Snape.

“Hope Harry get's that taken care of soon.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“Did she...” said Dr. Nicodemus shaking his head.

“She did...” said Lionus.

“And I thought Weasley had little tact.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“I meant his school life.” said Hermione her eyes becoming red with tears, why weren't they leaving her and Ron alone, they supported Harry!

“I think your school mates were doing enough of that.” said Nightstrike.

“He wasn't...” said Hermione.

“Hermione, let it go...” said Ron. “They're just mad cause Harry's having a really bad year. They want him to join them, so they'll defend him all the way. Not that I don't blame them. Guess we weren't helping matters.”

“I missed yeh lot too.” said Hagrid with a smile.

“Well, she finally handled that one well.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Hermione hiccuped a sob.

“It's okay, it'll be okay.” said Ron. “You heard Harry, he doesn't think that way...and he's the one that his opinion matters...right?”

“R-right.” said Hermione.

Dumbledore smiled.
“She looked nice.” said Ginny before either Pavarti or Lavender could say anything.

“When she leaves the group, something interesting always happens.” sad a fellow fourth year.

“Well, it's nice to have her support.” said Sirius.

“Yes, but...she's a little...different.” said Remus with a smile. “She marches to a highly different drum.”

“They were...unusual.” said Lavender.

“I don't remember learning about them.” said Dr. Clark.

“Don't ask.” muttered Remus.

“Now that was not nice, Miss Granger.” said Flitwick.

“I'm sorry, but there...” said Hermione.

“That's beside the point.” said Flitwick.
“Beggars can't be choosers Hermione.” said Bill.

“That's not all I told her.” said Ginny to Luna quickly.

Luna looked slowly over to Hermione who muttered an apology once again.

“Good lord now what?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I...am...so...sorry.” said Ernie looking over to Luna.

“Thanks for the support...too bad you didn't support him in the second year.” said Ron.

“Not that radishes aren't nice.” said Harry sleepily.

“I thought everyone else thought he was mad.” said Seamus.
“You're an idiot.” said Fred.

Thirty-third paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“That's normal.” said Tonks.

Thirty-third paragraph, end of second sentence.

“Yeah, first week of fifth year always sucks.” said Sirius.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

“I would just go to bed after a light dinner if I were you.” said Sirius.

“He has detention.” said Remus.

“Screw it, skip her detentions.” said Sirius.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I'm really sorry.” said Angelina. “I didn't realize how vicious she was.”

Dialogue line.

“Just lucky, I guess.” said Justin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Wow, I sound awful.” said Angelina.

“Yeah...it was your first week as a Captain.” said Katie, “You settled down a bit since then.”
“Yeah...good luck with that.” said Fred.

“Let us know how that turns out.” said George.

“Sad thing is, I actually asked her to let me go early.” said Harry.

“You poor, naïve fool.” said the twins shaking their heads solemnly.

End of dialogue set.

“Oh...my god...I'm...am...oh good lord...” said Angelina looking horrified with herself.

“Temporary Insanity.” said Fred.

“Never works for us when the teachers catch us, but maybe it'll work for you.” said George.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Angelina cracked a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“And that's being optimistic.” said Lee.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Bad idea boy.” said Moody quickly.

End of dialogue set.

“You can fake the diary, scribble something straight out of the book for Care of Magical Creatures, practice the spell right right when you get up, and only have to work on the essays and the countercharm.” said Sirius. “There, I cut your work in half.”
'I think his mother would prefer him to have actually tried.’ said Remus.

‘Oh don’t tell me she didn't come up with a shortcut, I’ve seen her trace drawings from books with little differences.’ said Sirius. ‘When she was overworked in the fifth year.’

**Thirty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

‘And what does that have to do with the price of beetles eyes in Diagon Alley?’ asked Rudolph.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-seventh paragraph.**

‘Every year I go in there, it changes it a bit.’ muttered Harry.

‘You *can* go to sleep again.’ said Sirius, rubbing Harry's hand.

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

‘Well, at least two years it looked like a proper Defense Against the Dark Art's teacher's office.’ said Tonks.

**Thirty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.**

Sirius began gagging.

McGonagall stared.

‘No offense to you.’ said Sirius quickly.

**End of thirty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Fortieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
“Guess he's doing lines.” said a first year.

“But didn't they say that it was a bad thing.” said another first year. “Something to do with the back of their hands.”

“I'm going to be sick.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “No child should be tortured this way, or any way.”

“Oh no.” said Remus.

“Well, at least he's not a complete idiot.” said Snape.

“He's an idiot, but not a complete one.” said Snape. “One percent off.”

Remus snorted.

Remus stopped laughing.

“But for the accuser...why the hell not?” said Sirius throwing up his hands.
“To follow the Ministry blindly, no matter what the truth is?” said Tempest tensely as she stamped her hooves angrily.

Firenze looked up at her, adoration in his eyes.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Better step up the stress reliever present.” said Remus.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Good boy.” whispered Dumbledore and McGonagall, “Though...what the detention ended up being was nothing you should have been put through.”

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Not for your benefit bitch.” muttered Remus.

Sirius turned and stared at his old friend.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

The adults in the room leaned forward in their chairs. Here it comes....

End of dialogue set.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sirius ran his thumb over the lines etched into his godson's skin. “If I had known...”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.
“I'm done...” said Chief Hawkeye, he snapped his fingers and two people leaped down from the ceiling, landing nimbly onto the ground on either side of his chair.

“Yes sir?” asked the masked figures together.

“Take her to Hell's Garden, level four.” said Chief Hawkeye. “Lifetime membership.”

“Yes sir.” said the pair of Rangers and they walked smartly up to where Umbridge was.

“Madam Dolores Jane Umbridge, you are being taken to taken to Hell's Garden.” said the first Ranger.

“You will be taken to the fourth level, on that level you will be subjected to the the crimes in which you have been guilty of committing.” said the second Ranger.

“And various other things...” he looked around. “That we would mention here but we wouldn't want to give these little toddlers nightmares.” said the first Ranger.

“The term of imprisonment is for the rest of your natural life.” said the second Ranger taking her by the arm and lifting her off the ground.

“No! No you can't!” screamed Umbridge loudly.

“You're done, you should count yourself lucky that we allowed you to stay here.” said Lionus.

“I...I can be useful! I know the ins and outs of Ministry work! I can get things done for you!” shrieked Umbridge.

“No...I don't think you could ever be useful, other than wolf and raven fodder.” said Chief Hawkeye. “Take her away.”

The students watched in silence as their ex-professor was taken screaming out of the doors.

“Let's continue, shall we?” said Lionus.

Officer McFinn smiled viciously and looked down at the book.

“I was looking forward to that, but man...that was kind of creepy.” said Hermione.

“I don't know, it was a bit tamer than what I thought it was going to be.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I'm going to get sick...” said Sirius.

“Just don't throw up on him.” said Dr. Clark.
“Sick, twisted...” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“She won't last a month I'll bet.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Forty-seventh paragraph.
Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Oh my god...oh my god!” said Mrs. McFinn grasping at Harry and pulling him away from Sirius.

“Hey...” said Sirius reaching out to grab Harry's knee.

“Don't you touch him! Don't any of you dare touch him!” screamed Mrs. McFinn as she held Harry to her chest.

“Holly...” said Dr. Clark looked worriedly around at the school and then back to her.

“Sweetheart...” said Officer McFinn. “It was only her hurting him. They don't want to hurt him.”

“I swear, I'd never hurt him.” said Sirius, pleading with the woman.

Mrs. McFinn just held Harry closer and rocked him back and forth.

Forty-ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.


Fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh my god.” said Mrs. Weasley covering her mouth. Mr. Weasley was pale, then clasped a hand to his mouth and ran out the door to the nearest loo.

Fifty-first paragraph, second sentence.

Officer McFinn cringed visually in his seat.
“Please, please have a heart for once and let him stop.” said Remus.

Fudge was pale and shaking, he could hardly believe what he was hearing.

“Now is not the time to be brave!” said Ginny her face etched with grief.

“Fist...right into her face.” said Tonks.

“Why would he shiver?” asked Terry.

“Cause she's a sick and twisted old hag.” said Ernie.

“Drink.” said Madam Pomfrey sternly as she levitated over a phial of Calming Draught.

“He must have been freaked out.” said Fred.
“Ron, did you leave it to the last minute?” said Mrs. Weasley easing her husband into the seat, his face a startling shade of green.

“What other stuff was on your agenda?” asked Percy.

“Just other stuff.” said Ron firmly.

“You would be amazed.” said Ron shaking his head.

“Why didn't he tell us?” said Hermione. “We could have told someone.”

“Cause he's Harry.” said Ron. “He won't tell even if he's got a mortal wound.”

“I knew it was going to be unchanged...but you hope for the best.” said Ron with a shrug.
“If I had been informed of how late your detention was, especially what the detention consisted of, I would have given you an extra day.” said McGonagall to the sleeping Harry.

**Sixtieth paragraph, second sentence.**

“He's falling behind.” said Sirius.

“And Umbridge wanted him to.” said Remus.

**End of sixtieth paragraph.**

Sirius and a few of the adults turned and stared at her.

“I'm sorry!” wailed Angelina. “I'm so sorry!”

“Wonder what she would have done if he handed her his Quidditch robes?” asked Justin.

“She's beg him to take it back and promise she'd never do that again.” said Katie with a giggle.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“If only it was only lines.” said Sirius.

“Note to self,” said Remus. “Harry seems to like steak-and-kidney pie.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“If I only knew.” said Hermione.

**Sixty-first paragraph, second sentence, first colon.**

“We'd love an answer!” said the two of them loudly.

**Sixty-first paragraph, end of sentence.**

They looked between themselves with sheepish looks.
“I take it back, he's a complete idiot.” said Snape rolling his eyes.

“Since when do you like walking?” asked Bill.

“No wonder you keep sleeping, you're trying to play catch up.” said Sirius rubbing Harry's ankle, which was still all he could grab a hold of.

“You really should have just stayed at home with me.” said Sirius easing over to where Mrs. McFinn sat, they were slowly regaining her trust again.

“Damned bitch.” muttered Remus.

“Damned in hell will seem like a vacation.” said Lionus with a smirk.
“Pardon...” said Fudge as he rushed out of the room, vomit leaking out through his fingers.

“Stay with him.” said Chief Hawkeye to the Ranger standing guard over the ex-Minister.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

The twins gasped.

“What a horrible thing to call a person...a Ron!” said Fred.

“Imagine what would happen if you called someone a Percy.” said George.

“That's grounds for justifiable homicide.” said Fred.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“What will they ever get any answers?” said Lee.

Dialogue set.

“Oi!” said Fred and George.

“We weren't giving them anything!” said Fred.

“We were just giving them some marketing questions. Didn't want Hermione to freak out and accuse us of anything.”

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“He won't laugh.” said Sirius.
“He's alright, he's no Wood, but he's alright.” said George honestly.

“Hey, if we didn't pick on you, that meant that we didn't love you.” said Fred.

“He had to stand on...never mind, it's no fun when he's not up and paying attention.” said Ron.

“Listen to Ron!” said Remus. “...I can't believe I said that.”

“You're an idiot, but you're my idiot.” said Sirius shaking Harry's leg.
“She wouldn't have been in any shape to give any further detentions or lessons, that is for sure.” said McGonagall, her teeth gnashing.

“I...I...I need some air for a moment, don't bother waiting...” said Dumbledore standing up slowly and walking out.

“I'll go keep an eye on him.” muttered Kingsley.

“Come on, ma'am, you love hearing gossip!” said Bill with a smile.

“I'm amazed you didn't just break down right there.” said Sirius.

“Would it hurt to worry about yourself?” said a seventh year Ravenclaw shaking his head.

The Ravenclaw student scratched the back of his head.
“Horrible...horrible woman.” growled Mrs. Weasley.

“I'm more impressed that he could see that far.” said Bill.

Sirius retched onto his shoes. Mrs. McFinn moved her foot just in time, but still held Harry fiercely.

“I know you aren't all the comfortable with us right now, but I don't give a damn.” said Sirius sitting closer.

“It wasn't.” said Ron with a smile.

“So he was watching, he just wasn't at the Pitch.” said Fred.
The people looked at Harry in confusion.

“What the hell?” asked Zacharias.

“That...bitch!” whispered Tonks.

“Could she have been a Death Eater? She's as evil as one.” said a third year Gryffindor.

Mrs. McFinn smoothed Harry's hair softly.

“So classy.” said the twins.

“Just go to bed, for once, forget what everyone else wants...and just go to bed.” said Sirius.
“Aw...someone can't hold her butterbeer.” said George.

“Ah...yeah...” said George.

“Wondered why he didn't tell us off...?” said Fred.

“Yeah, but he did the job so well...and you do too.” said George quickly.

Ron blushed.

“I won't let you down.” said Ron quietly.

Hooper blushed.
“Well, she's out.” said Fred.

“What's the point of signing up for a sport's team if other clubs and stuff will get first dibs on you?” said George.

Ron blushed even deeper.

“Well, she's staying up only because she choose to...not because of detention.” said Flitwick.

“Might explain why she's so evil, but I guess nature just made her that way.” said Remus.

“But she wasn't.” said Lionus, “She's fully aware of her actions.”

“That's a weird coincidence.” said Dean.
Dialogue set, first pause.

“I didn’t know!” said Hermione in anguish.

“We know you didn’t know.” said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

Dumbledore came back in, leaning on Kingsley's arm. His face was drawn and pale, and sipping a calming draught slowly.

Ninetieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“What happened?” asked Dumbledore weakly.

“Umbridge touched his arm and his scar began to hurt.” said Remus.

“Why didn't he tell me?” said Dumbledore looking slightly confused.

Dialogue line.

“I would.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry, a regretful look on his face.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“So...Harry's completely on his own when it comes to asking for support.” said Dr. Clark.

“He had us!” said Hermione.

“And see how that's working out, he doesn't want to tell you what's going on...he needed Sirius.” said Dr. Clark. “And he should have been able to send him letters discreetly. I'm sure there is some way.”
“There...is.” said Sirius his face lighting up slightly. “I don't know why I didn't think of it before, but he'll have a way to talk to me from now on.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

“Nice...use Harry...” said Fred with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

“Hermione...no guy is going to knit in public.” said Charlie.

“Well...he helps with girl talk sometime...” said Hermione quietly.

“And I'm betting that's in private.” said Bill with a smirk.

Ninety-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He was being honest.” said Colin. “He had A LOT of homework.”

End of chapter.

“You think you were disappointed? He just got told he couldn't contact the one person that was almost surely going to hear him out and not shoot him down halfway through.” said Nightstrike. “Poor kid's tired and you guys must know he's got a lot of homework...just went through many nights of detention, he's being jeered at by the entire school and you want him to bloody knit and take part in a party?”

“He made some weird choices in friends.” said Dr. Nicodemus softly.

Hermione's tears welled up in her eyes and she ran out of the Great Hall and up to the dorms.

Ron looked angrily around at them, sent Harry a sympathetic look and ran after her.

“I'll go.” said Tonks, “If she goes to the dorms, then Ron won't be able to go up there.”

“I'll come too.” said Ginny. “You'll need the password.”

Ginny walked over and brushed Harry's hair aside, and then hurried after Tonks.

Sirius looked as they ran out the door and then looked down at Harry.
“Should we take him up to bed, or just leave him here?” asked Sirius.

“He'd be much warmer in his own bed.” said Flitwick.

“I'll levitate him up, you just get the doors...” said Rudolph.

But Hagrid stood up, walked over and picked Harry up into his arms and carried him out of the Great Hall.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review.
Sirius' Big Mistake

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hagrid carried the unconscious man up to the suite and placed him tenderly on the bed.

“Poor 'arry.” said Hagrid sniffling.

“You're telling us.” said Sirius uncorking the balm and lifting up Harry's shirt carefully.

“What're yeh doin'?” asked Hagrid.

“He needs this, every night.” said Sirius. “I've got this Hagrid, why don't you stay and have a nightcap with us.”

“Don't mind if I do.” said Hagrid with a smile, he reached over and patted Harry's head gently.

“Night 'arry.”

Hagrid walked out of the room and sat down on the large couch that was right in front of the fire.

Dumbledore waved his wand and enlarged one of the glasses to suit Hagrid's size. “What should we have...I'll have some mead myself...Hagrid...your usual?”

“Thanks Headmaster.” said Hagrid taking the large tankard of ale.

“Here Remus.” said Dumbledore levitating a wine glass full of an amber deep red liquid. “What will you four have?”

“We'll take what Remus has got.” said Rudolph sitting next to Leroy.

“I'll just have Butterbeer, I can't get enough of that stuff.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“I don't know...” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Anything you want, is yours.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Well, it's been so long...” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Yes?” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling.

“Flaming Cocktail?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

The group was quiet.

“Ah...a Burning Day? I haven't made one of those in a while.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“You sure?” asked Dr. Clark with a surprised look.
“That's the only alcoholic drink I would drink.” said Mrs. McFinn with a blush as she took the flaming drink in her hand.

“You sure you can handle that drink?” asked Rudolph with a stunned look.

“I could drink James under the table, and he drinks mixers.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile as she put out the flames and sipped the drink slowly.

“You are a many faceted young woman.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“Teh Harry's health.” said Hagrid raising his tankard.

The rest of them raised their glasses and drank from them.

“What did I miss?” asked Sirius coming out of the room and joining them.

“Just a toast to Harry, what would you like?” asked Dumbledore.

“I'm not all that eager to drink, not since...ugh...that last hangover.” said Sirius.

“You were a happy drunk though.” said Dr. Clark with a snicker.

“But an unhappy wizard the next morning.” said Remus chuckling.

“So...what did you and Harry talk about that morning that he changed?” asked Sirius looking at Dumbledore. “You know, his hair and height.”

Dumbledore looked down. “Something...that only he has the right to divulge...I'm not at liberty to say.”

“I thought all this secret stuff was done and over with.” said Remus sourly. “But I guess...we don't have a choice.”

“I'm sorry, but this is Harry's life...and I'm amazed that he has allowed us to read this far.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, the guy said that we wouldn't be able to stop.” said Sirius. “Harry could...we just can't stop.”

“Harry could always call it to an end, he would be able to select those who hear it and who couldn't.” said Dumbledore.

“So why hasn't he?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I think...he wants to prove to those who doubt him, that he isn't as insane as everyone would believe, and it is working.” said Dumbledore.

“Tha's righ'. He's got a massive fan club now.” said Hagrid drinking from his tankard deeply. “Though...I think Hermione is getting' the short end of it again.”

“She has been a bit motherly hen happy.” said Dr. Clark. “I know that this year is important with the tests and all, but...Hogwarts is supposed to be fun and educational from what I hear...and Harry's going through a lot of stress....Sad thing is, now she's going through a bunch of stress.”

“We all should have been mindful of what the children were going through.” said Dumbledore looking down at his own drink.”I especially with Harry.”
“I should have given him that secret communication thing to him before the school year started,” said Sirius shaking his head.

“There is a lot of should have's being said,” said Leroy. “Poor Harry, he's going to really need that vacation.”

“I've got it all planned out. He's either going to be lounging on his balcony on one of deck chairs, beside the pool, in the back garden under the fruit trees, or just sleeping in his den.” said Sirius with a smile. “No fussing about...no stress...and no outside friends. Birthday is one thing, but the rest of the summer is going to stay at home.”

“I heard Molly isn't happy about that,” said Remus. “She wants Harry for a week for old times' sake.”

“Can't and won't promise that,” said Sirius. “If anything, it'll be at the end of the summer. After a long rest...and that's if I say it's okay.”

“Won't it be Harry's choice?” asked Leroy.

“Oh no it isn't, I'm his guardian and I'll say when he can go,” said Sirius.

“You'll have to make a week for the Potter Family, Mother insists on him staying at Paradise Castle for at least a week.” said Rudolph.

“Best not disappoint her, especially if you wish to keep custody of Harry.” said Dumbledore.

“She wouldn't take it to a higher authority...would she?” asked Sirius, his gaze went to Rudolph and Leroy worriedly.

“She'd take Harry in a heartbeat. She was taken with him, and how fair he was...she'd keep him till he was a little old man.” said Rudolph.

“You can't blame her, have you given Harry a good look? He's a handsome little devil.” said Leroy with a smile.

“Also, I could see my siblings coming to take him as well. If just to get their hands on the controlling force of the Potter family fortune.” said Rudolph.

“So I've got to keep on my toes around them...” said Sirius.

“I'm just messing with you, James and Lily left strict instructions that Harry should be left with you. James was a family patriarch...they wouldn't dare defy a patriarch order. Even if the head of the family is dead and gone.” said Rudolph.

Sirius chortled to himself. “Guess he's safe with me.”

“So long as you don't piss mummy off...” said Rudolph as he took a sip of his drink.

The next morning, Sirius helped Harry make it down to the Great Hall.

“Easy, we've got steps coming.” said Sirius taking Harry by the hand.

“I can see, it's just shadowy.” said Harry with a smirk. “It's just really dark on my end.”
“And that's why I'm here.” said Sirius easing Harry down the steps.

It was nine-twenty when they finally got down to the Great Hall. Harry could hear, people were muttering impatiently amongst themselves, but the moment Sirius opened the door the students went silent.

They all settled down in their chairs, plates of food on their laps and waited for the chapters to start.

“How you holding up, Sport?” asked Officer McFinn.

“Fine...I guess...” said Harry. “Can't wait for these things to be over and done with.”

“You've got other things on your mind...think you can sign your name on parchment?” asked Rudolph.

“Perhaps...why?” asked Harry.

“You didn't work on any of the paper work lately.” said Rudolph, taking a seat beside Harry and conjuring up a small writing desk and placed a quill in his hand, and a pyramid of scrolls on the desk.

“Joy.” muttered Harry.

Officer McFinn chuckled. He read the top of the page with a look over to one of the Weasley children.

**Fourteenth chapter.**

“Maybe I should go...” said Percy nervously.

“Oh no you don't, you're staying right here...and learn from your mistakes.” said Bill putting a hand down and keeping his younger brother in his place.

Percy sent Ron and Harry nervous glances.

“Do I want to know why you are mentioned?” asked Remus to Sirius.

“No you don't.” said Hermione and Ron shortly.

“What did I do?” asked Sirius confusedly.

Harry looked away.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

“Has that changed? Are you up later than others?” asked Leroy.

“Now? Yes, before the books, yes...can you imagine how I'd be acting if I didn't sleep in?” said Harry with a snicker.

Hermione and Ron shuddred. “He'd be awful.” they said with a smile.
“Now you can catch up on your homework.” said Bill.
Hermione smirked over to Ron.
“Hey now, there's Quidditch practice too.” said Charlie.
“Good point. Flying for Harry is a necessity as well.” said Bill sincerely. “A way to vent before he bloody explodes.”
Hermione's smirk faded.

Several students and adults groaned.
“That's awful.” said Sirius giving Harry's arm a squeeze, but noticed that he shifted the hand away.
“What's wrong?” asked Sirius quietly. His godson was fine before they came down, what had happened to change that?
“Apparently nothing.” said Harry still not looking at Sirius.
The people in and around the bowl looked at the boy with concern.

Several people sighed, they loved his descriptions.

“That's one early start on homework.” said Terry.
“I wasn't doing homework. I was writing a letter to someone.” said Harry, his voice ended in a cold tone.
Even more people were looking at the bowl in confusion.
Officer McFinn chuckled.

“You don't speak with that big of word.” said Dr. Clark, trying to bring a smile to Harry's face.

Harry's mouth twitched in a smile.

Third paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“I wonder how many elves I did set free?” asked Hermione horrorstruck.

“I'm not aware of any house-elf that is not still at Hogwarts.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“But if...” said Hermione.

“Once again, Granger, you are not the owner of the House-elves. You cannot set them free.” sneered Snape.

End of third paragraph.

“How do you not know what to tell him? I'm stressed out to the max. I miss Hagrid. I'm behind on homework. My scar hurts. I miss you. Umbridge is a psychotic, satanic monster!” said Bill.

“And he didn't mention the important parts.” said Sirius. “Like the writing on his hand.”

“Didn't want you to think any less of me.” said Harry still looking away and shrugging off his godfather's touch.

“What's going on?” asked Remus.

“I have no idea.” said Sirius looking at Harry with worry.

Fourth paragraph, first sentence.

Ron and Hermione looked between each other and smiled.

End of fourth paragraph.

“Exactly!” said Ron.

“Hey, I tried, and I did a damn better job than you did, in my opinion.” said Harry coolly.

“Did you get enough sleep last night?” asked Sirius quietly.

“I got plenty of sleep.” said Harry.
“Not a bad letter...not the best I've seen, but not bad.” said Moody gruffly.

“He's right, I doubt anyone would know unless they knew who Snuffles was.” said Leroy.

“If we had told them, then they wouldn't keep asking.” said Emmeline.

“Some how, I don't think the person it happens to will find it all that amusing.” said McGonagall.

“How did Harry know?” whispered Dennis.

“What a quick conversation.” said George.
Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Good call...you don't need anything falling on your head.” said Sirius rubbing Harry's neck. Harry wrenched it out of his hands. Sirius looked shocked.

Harry was fine with him this morning, even shoving him off after he had picked Harry up in his arms. Hell, he even gave him a piggyback ride just for laughs as they ran down the corridor. Now he was acting so cold towards him.

End of dialogue set.

“Good for you, you need some fresh air and some free time to yourself.” said Mr. Weasley. “You'll only make your stress worse if you just continue working.”

“I quite agree.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Several other teachers nodded as well.

Hermione paled.

Eighth paragraph.

“You weren't doing anything wrong, what's got her tail in a knot?” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

“You are more than welcome to wander the halls once five thirty has come around.” said Dumbledore. “And Filch knows that.”
“She's so smart.” cooed a few girls.

“I love her.” said Lavender. “Too bad she doesn't really like anyone but Harry. She snapped at me when I told her I'd love to have her as a pet.”

“What a depressing morning.” said Ernie.

“I really needed that break.” said Harry.

“Saw what?” asked Dr. Clark worriedly.

“They won't hurt you, they'll specially trained.” said McGonagall.
“Third shot!” said Charlie with a wink.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“What did you get her?” asked another Ravenclaw student.

“What did you get her?” asked another Ravenclaw student.

“I made her a cake and made a card.” said Cho.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Several people laughed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“All because of one stupid twat.” said Alicia.

“And I didn't help matters with shouting at him.” said Angelina embarrassingly.
“We’ve met.” said Cho and Ron.

“And I've told my parents just how foul she is, but they tell me I must be mistaken.” said Cho with a growl.

“About a third of the school shared the same opinion. The Ministry lovers however outweighed the truth seekers.” said a Terry.
“That'll garner some sympathy.” said Sirius nudging Harry slightly. Harry kept looking away.

**End of seventeenth paragraph.**

“Romantic scene, nixed.” said Ginny with a surprisingly sympathetic smile.

**Eighteenth paragraph.**

“She's taken after a few of the owls before, and they aren't the most forgiving of creatures.” said Dumbledore.

“Tell me about it.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

“What the...Harry's never bought Dungbombs in a massive order...candy is one thing, but not prankster items.” said Dean.

“Exactly, I'm *not my father.*” said Harry coolly.

Sirius turned and looked at Harry.

“Besides, Harry and Ron get their pranking needs for free from us.” said George.

“Hey, you make me pay!” said Ron.

“We slip the money back to you little bro...but once we get a premises, then that's going to change.” said Fred.
“Umbridge, most likely to inspect your mail...though how would she know when you were sending a letter...” said Lionus.

“He has no right to take your mail, if he wanted to inspect it, he would have had to get me or the Headmaster.” said McGonagall. “And he knows it full well.”

“Wouldn't have done him any good, except come up with some bull reason to keep the letter for his files.” said George.
“No you didn't.” said Blaise.

“But at least she stood up for you.” said Remus.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Then I'm one of hundreds of suspects.” said Harry.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So much for believing you.” said Sirius with a laugh, but fell silent when Harry didn't laugh along.
“Cause there is a very pretty girl right there.” said Sirius still trying to get his godson to laugh. But Harry continued to distance himself the best he could, but remaining in the bowl.

"Of course I don't.” said Cho looking stunned.

“I'm glad things worked out the way they did...is that wrong?” asked Ginny to her father.

“No one can blame you for feeling that way sweetie...” said her father with a smile. “You didn't pounce on him like some girls would have.” he added with a look over to Romilda Vane.

“Scared the crap out of us.” said Ron.
“Way to change the subject.” said Charlie.

“You'll do fine, Ron.” said Mr. Weasley.

Ron shifted. “Need more work.”

“Who doesn't?” said Tonks.

“A little fresh air won't kill them.” said Tonks.

“Right, not everyone is as studious as you are Hermione.” said Remus with a smile. “Though I'm betting that if Harry were to just hand in his first draft of homework, he'd have no problem keeping up.”

Harry smiled.

Sirius frowned, how come he was smiling at Remus' words and not his?

“It worked for a moment or two.” said Harry.
“Hey, it took forever for him to find the perfect girl that could put up with that long of a beard.” said Bill.

“What, what did I do?” asked Sirius.
“You were in the paper.” said Hermione.
“Oh, yeah.” said Sirius. “It was no big deal.”
“Oh yes it was!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Way to go...” said a seventh year Slytherin with a chuckle.

“No, they had...” said Sirius with a smile.
“Shut up...” said Remus with a snarl.
“Oh no! They know Sirius is in England.” said a first year Hufflepuff.
“Draco's dad did know it was him.” said another first year.

“Oh you were right there!” said Fred.
“It only backfired that one time, if he went out on his own...at night...it should be fine right?” said a second year uncertainly.

“You need new clothes?...Harry talk to me...” said Sirius trying to coax his godson to look at him.

Harry still said nothing.

“Sweetie?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Yeah?” asked Harry looking at Mrs. McFinn directly.

Sirius looked down hurtfully.

“That's a strike of coincidence right there.” said Emmeline.
“That was a dark day.” said Moody. “He's a good man...He doesn't deserve that.”

“Not there!” hissed Moody.

“Seriously, that beeping is going to get on my nerves.” muttered Justin.

“It was just for going through a door.” said Madam Bones.

“There is really no crime for being there at that late hour, as long as you work there.” said Mr. Weasley. “There have been times when I've pulled all-nighters, and the Aurors especially are known to go a few days without real sleep.”

“We couldn't remember.” said Ron.
Dialogue set.

“Your memory is nuts.” said Charlie.

“It was only a week or so ago.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

The Order sat in silence.

“You know, with the Minister the way he is...or was...it would have fit.” said Tonks.

“But unfortunately, I found that Sturgis was trying to get in the door.” said Dumbledore. Though he says he didn't want to at the time.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“And Harry turns out to be right.” said Kingsley. “Which, doesn't say much, the outcome could have gone either way.”

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“She forgot about Quidditch practice didn't she.” said Fred.

“Either that, or she just wanted to push them to do homework.” said George.

“Run out the door you two!” said the twins together.

“Go out and enjoy the nice day!” Lee.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“One day won't hurt, you still have that night and all day tomorrow.” said Remus.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“She screamed at us.” said Ron with a shocked expression.
“It's the first week's homework Miss Granger, they won't fail their O.W.L.s and as long as they do a good job studying for the tests, and do their bests, the year's grades won't matter much.” said Flitwick “It certainly won't help them, but the first week's won't have lasting damage.”

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Exactly, you need to have some fun...doesn't matter what it is, as long as there is no books involved.” said Katie.

End of dialogue set.

“That would be cheating, Mr. Weasley.” said McGonagall.

“Uh...copying just means she looks our papers over...” said Ron weakly.

Dialogue line.

“Quidditch isn't all that important.” said Hermione stiffly.

“It's my only outlet.” said Harry firmly. “So unless you're fond of me snapping at you and Ron all the time, then by all means, I'll give up flying. Which you've already experience.”

“You cook, that's another outlet.” said Hermione.

“Flying is three times as therapeutic.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “It's a physical exertion and gives you an adrenaline rush.”

Dialogue line.

“Just don't spend the entire day flying...and you should be fine.” said McGonagall. “Work on your homework till perhaps ten thirty, and get a good start the next day.”

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph, first sentence.

“I prefer being a Seeker.” said Harry.
Fortieth paragraph, second sentence.

Ron smiled brightly.

“Guess he doesn't work well under pressure.” said Alicia.

“But he has to...a game is nothing but pressure.” said Katie.

Fortieth paragraph, third sentence, third comma.

“She wasn't quiet about it either.” said Ron.

“Oh after you both left for the Quidditch Pitch, she lost ten points from Gryffindor for that outburst.” said McGonagall. “And I wasn't the one that deducted the points.”

Snape took a deep breath and leaned back in his chair.

End of fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“IT was just nerves, just like what you told Harry in his first year.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Weasley rounded on her son.

“You had better not...”

“I didn't mum, I swear.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“That'll be easy.” said Sirius. “Unless they're Slytherins.”

Forty-first paragraph.
Snape turned and glared at his house, particularly his godson. “I told you to stay away from the pitch, that Gryffindors were having a practice.”

Draco cringed.

Dialogue line.

“This is going to be an annoying, part...isn't it.” said Hannah.

Forty-second paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That's right, keep up a positive attitude.” said Dr. Clark. “You guys beat them before...several times.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“And her hair's any better?” muttered Padma.

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Ooh...well, you're just nervous.” said Tonks.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“The Slytherins were doing enough.” said George.

“Also, Ron didn't need that.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.
“I'm used to that, so it doesn't bother me.” said Harry. “Ron’s just not used to it.”

“No one should be used to it.” said Dr. Clark.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

People couldn't say anything to that.

“I've had five years of Quidditch Practice.” said Harry quickly. “It's his first time.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Should have sent a Bludger off at them.” said Terry.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“Ooh...” groaned the students.

“Not your day.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“The stress was getting to everyone.” said Alicia.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I'm never taking candy from you, ever...again...” said the three Chasers.

“It was an accident.” said Fred and George quickly.
“Some brotherly support...” said Bill.

“We didn't say it out loud...just to Harry...” said George.

“He has a way of fixing any problem we have...maybe he could work with Ron...” said Fred.

“What was stopping you two from working with him?” asked Mr. Weasley.

The twins looked down.

“I work better without those damned Slytherins chanting like that.” said Ron.

“Quidditch is supposed to be for those who are good sports...there are some that decide that being good sports and reasonably civilized people is just too much of a chore.” said Madam Hooch.

“That's a medical problem, there is nothing she can do about it, she should have gone to Madam Pomfrey.” said Dr. Clark.
“We should have made each of them a different color.” said George.

Dialogue set.
Fifty-fifth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Fifty-sixth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Thanks guys...” said Katie.

“We...ah...yeah...” said the twins sheepishly.

Dialogue set.
Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“Somehow, I don't think their parents are any better.” said a first year Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Aw...despite their fights, she has a soft spot for him.” said Nightstrike with a smile.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Uh oh...” moaned the students. “Here we go again.”
“You put two and two together.” mumbled Rivers. “You weren't far off...but...”

“You're too loyal sometimes.” said Sirius ruffling Harry's hair. Harry swatted his hand away, harder than normal.

Sirius pulled his hand away quickly.

“What's wrong Harry?” asked Remus.

“Ask him.” said Harry pointing back to Sirius.

“He has no idea.” said Remus. Sirius shook his head in agreement.

“Then I can't help you.” said Harry stubbornly.

“It's been a while since Harry's agreed with you.” said Ginny.

“My homework was all done, full out, I just needed to dumb it down quite a bit.” said Harry.

“You enjoyed yesterday, so you had one day off.” said McGongall.
“You had a week of detention with Umbridge, Ron...doesn't have much of an excuse.” said Kingsley.

“Ron!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I spent all day on it mum! Besides, she doesn't let us just copy her, she looks it over and sees that it's alright.” said Ron.

“And she looked like she was having fun.” said Harry.

“Still had a mountain left.” said Ron dramatically.

“It wasn't that bad.” said Hermione.

“At least she's willing to help you out.” said Sirius.

“And he's less than gracious.” said Remus.
“She's only trying to help.” said Mr. Weasley.

“What's Percy writing to you for?” asked Bill.

Ron sent a snarl over to his older brother, who cringed in his gaze.

“You owe me a drawing.” snapped Ron. “It took me forever to draw that picture.”

“It could have been an apology, or some words of encouragement.” said Hermione.

“Yeah, it was encouragement alright, it was egging me on to punching the prat.” said Ron.

“I only had your best...” said Percy defensively.

“Stuff it.” said Ron hotly.

End of sixty-fifth paragraph.
Salutations

Percy's letter, first paragraph.

Percy's Letter, second sentence, first comma.

“I still want to take the Fred and George route.” said Ron loyally. “At least they have fun!”

Percy's letter, end of second paragraph.

“I didn't decide anything!” said Ron.

Percy's letter, third paragraph.

“Wonder if he meant Fred and George, or Harry.” said Terry.

Percy's letter, fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Of course, he's my best mate.” said Ron proudly. “I stick with my friends and family...something you don't seem to get.”

“Last year.” said Hermione.

“Yeah, well, that was all on me and I regret it.” said Ron.

Percy's letter, fourth paragraph, third sentence, second dash.

“What does that have to do with anything? And anyway, if it mattered, Dumbledore would have given Harry the badge, not him.” said Ernie.

Percy's letter, fourth paragraph, end of third sentence.

“You shared summers together! You were his Prefect and Head Boy! How do you not have a more accurate view of his behavior, other people don't know jack about him!” said Dr. Clark angrily.

Percy's letter, end of fourth paragraph.

“I'd rather burn the paper, unread.” said Ron stiffly.
Percy looked hurt.

"You're an idiot." said Ginny sharply.

“I don't...” began Percy.

“All you think of progression, money, and what others think of you!” snapped Ginny. “Don't you realize that some people don't give a damn what others think and just want to live their lives?”

Percy stammered.

“I thought he came out well...it showed me that the Minister was a bit too gun-ho about railroading the boy.” said Madam Bones.

“Apparently not a majority of them.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

“And he was the top of his class?” said Remus shaking his head.

“Never said that...he just handled authority a lot better than some of the others...and he sent me constant reasons that he should be Head Boy.” said McGonagall. “His grades were very good, but there was a few with better grades.”

“Then why give him the Head Boy title?” asked Bill.

“Probably to just shut him up.” muttered Charlie.

“Percy!” said Mrs. Weasley. “I never thought you would be such a liar!”

Percy opened and closed his mouth repeatedly.
Percy cringed in the wake of the angry glares sent his way.

“I’d rather dance with an acromantula than talk to that toad.” said Ron.

“Loyalty should be with family first.” said Harry. “Then to friends, country, school...the Ministry is far down at the list, if it's even on the list.”

“And the students.” said Madam Hooch.

“Doubtful.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“I'm not.” said Ron.

“Me neither.” said Ginny.

“Us as well.” said the twins.

Percy was now wiping his eyes on his handkerchief.

“Beats rubbing elbows with a child abuser and attempted child-killer.” said Tempest stomping her hoof.
“If Aunt Muriel hears this...she'll never let you off paying the debt.” said Mr. Weasley breathing out.

“One moment, I've got a letter to write.” said Fred.

“So do I.” said George.

“You two sit down.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I need some air.” said Percy, walking swiftly towards the door and then out of it.

“I...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“No sweetie, I'll go...he and I need to have a serious talk.” said Mr. Weasley as he followed his son out of the Great Hall.

“I'm coming too...I want some words as well.” said Bill.

“I'm not apologizing to that twit.” said Fred quietly.

“How come you never told us about this letter?” asked Ginny.

“Didn't want you to get this stressed out.” said Ron.

“The gigantic prat.” said George.

“Too bad that Percy isn't here to hear that.” said Charlie.
Dialogue set.

“Percy should have listened to that.” a third year Ravenclaw.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I was just giving them some help!” said Hermione weakly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

They do their work...they just...well...Ron just needs a little extra help.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, second sentence

“We were right there, answering questions she put to us.” said Ron.

End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

“Sixty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“Betrayal hurts.” said Luna simply.
End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

“It was hard to believe.” said Harry.

Seventieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Sure isn't showing me any sympathy now.” muttered Sirius.

“You don't deserve it.” said Harry muttering back.

End of seventieth paragraph.

“You listening to that?” said Sirius.

“Every word...make sure you're listening.” said Harry.

Seventy-first paragraph.

“You didn't...” said Remus.

“Ah...well...I...” said Sirius, looking sheepish.

“Idiot.” said Snape.

Dialogue line.

“Hey, I switched it up a little bit, made it sound like my own words.” said Ron quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Several students laughed.

“Nice.” said Lee.
“That was exhaustion...not mishearing.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Thought he snapped or something.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.

“That's too big of a risk.” said Moody darkly.

“I just needed to see him.” said Sirius, a vainly hopeful smile on his face. But it slid off when Harry ignored him.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

SMACK!

Remus rapped Sirius fiercely on the back of the head.

“You're dumber than a box of Gobstones...Umbridge and the Minister would love to catch you.” said Remus sharply.

“I know...but...” said Sirius rubbing his scalp.
“Turns out they needed to worry...” said Kingsley looking sharply at the once fugitive man.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

“He didn't tell us about any letter.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

“Not your business who he writes to now is it?” muttered Dr. Nicodemus.

“You really don't like her do you?” asked Lionus.

“Asks too many questions and doesn't have enough imagination to fill a potion phial.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Every time she talks to me, she keeps almost demanding proof of what I say.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I even handed it to Tonks...it took her a while to get it.” said Sirius with a smile.

“That proves nothing.” said Moody.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Is that why you're upset?” asked Sirius to Harry. “That I dismissed your pain? I didn't mean to! Harry... I was just...”

“That's not why.” said Harry, Ron and Hermione.

Dialogue set
“Unfortunately.” said Dumbledore.

“Being a Death Eater would be a good quality for her.” said Lionus.

“True, there is a lot of gray areas, and some get darker than others.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I hate her guts.” said Remus.

“Strangely enough...he didn't hate her all the way down.” said Fred.

“There was still a basement to his hate.” said George.

“Racist...” muttered Tempest and Nightstrike.
“Bet Hermione didn't like that.” said Ernie.

**Seventy-seventh paragraph.**

“Surprise...” said Hannah.

**Dialogue set.**

“I'll never be fond of that little...” snarled Sirius.

“Well, if he's going to come to Nights' Rest...” said Dr. Clark.

“I never said he...” said Sirius quickly.

“Maybe Harry should take care of him...” said Dr. Clark. “Or Holly...she could get him to mellow out.”

“He's about as blood racist as the Malfoys.” said Sirius.

“It's worth a shot.” said Dr. Clark with a shrug.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

The students were stunned.

“He doesn't want *what*?” asked a seventh year Gryffindor.

“That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.” said another Gryffindor.

**Dialogue line.**

Several students looked at each other and grinned.

**Dialogue set.**
“He could take on the Ministry by himself, he doesn't need students to help him.” said Flitwick.

**Seventy-eighth paragraph.**

“Some stuff.” said Ron quickly. “But others...they make sense.”

Hermione rolled her eyes.

**Dialogue line.**

“So they're penalizing the students for their own insecurities.” said Harry thoughtfully.

“Oh...Fudge...you're going down in history...and not the way you wanted. I'm thinking...'Enemy to the Next Generation'...has a nice ring to it.” said Cheif Hawkeye with a smirk.

Fudge paled.

**Dialogue set.**

“He *has* tried to frame me quite a few times...” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

**Seventy-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Poor Sirius.” said Ginny.

“Oh wait for it. Don't be so sympathetic yet.” said Harry.

**Eightieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Way to instill confidence.” said Remus.
“I was fine.” said Hagrid.

“You didn't look fine when you got back.” said Harry.

Another resounding smack came from the back of Sirius' head.

“I'm thinking that they have an idea.” said Bill.

“Is this why...” said Sirius.

“You'll know.” said Harry.

“Well, I think...” began Sirius.

“Sirius...shut up.” said Remus.

“He'd love to get together with you...but it's just too risky...he's concerned for your safety.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“And I'm concerned about him.” said Sirius.
Eighty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

The hall went dead.

Sirius' face was white, and Remus' was red with rage.

“You...said...what?” hissed Remus.

“I...I...” said Sirius weakly.

“I'll just finish, shall I?” said Officer McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“You...you...” muttered Mrs. Weasley.

End of chapter.

“I need to breathe...” said Harry standing up and taking the long abandoned cane and walked out of the Great Hall.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review!
Sirius watched as Harry stormed out of the Great Hall with helpless eyes. Beside him, Remus, looked angrier than he ever had so far.

“You didn’t say that.” said Remus angrily.

“Hey, you said and did some not all that great stuff too!” said Sirius hotly.

“But to tell him that! You make it sound like you can’t tell him apart from James.” said Remus.

“I…” said Sirius.

“He was so upset for days after you said that.” said Ron as he glared at the animagus. “After what you said, he could hardly sleep or eat.”

Sirius blanched.

“We had to almost force him to take food.” said Hermione.

“And even then, he didn't keep it in his stomach for long.” said Ron.

“That was the worst few days…” said Hermione her eyes bright with tears. “I wanted to send you howler after howler.”

Sirius’ eyes were also moist with unshed tears. He turned towards the door and then ran after his
godson.

I didn't know...he never said anything...he was fine up to this point. Did he just remember? Or was he holding this anger towards me all the time, laying in wait...for the books to catch up...to show me what it was like on his end? This happened not too long ago...if he was holding all the anger, he wouldn't....he wouldn't be cuddling up to me...he'd avoid me like the plague.

Sirius stood in the Entrance hall, his nose twitching, hoping to pick up his godson's scent. The trail was hot, he could smell the ever present smell of ginger and cinnamon...it was leading outside. It seemed to be the place to go for him, Ron and Hermione.

He hurried out of the castle and looked around, he couldn't see Harry anywhere, that was...until he saw a foot dangle out of nearby tree. He made a beeline for it and tugged it slightly.

“Tag...you're it...” said Sirius looking up at the stern face of his godson.

But Harry didn't look down. He kept his sunglass covered gaze fixed firmly on the lake.

“I...I'm sorry...I didn't know...” said Sirius.

“How did you think that would not hurt me?” said Harry with a cold voice.

Sirius cringed.

“Out of everything you could have said, anything, even the new stuff you're learning...that had to be the most hateful thing I've heard you say....bringing my dad into this...”

“I...I'm sorry.” repeated Sirius looking down at the fading grass. “I just...it's that house...”

“That's just an excuse...I'm not a building...” said Harry. “I know what it's like being stuck in a house that was nothing more than horrifying memories. I wasn't always allowed to leave...I was stuck inside as well. But the people that caused the memories at the house your in are gone...you have a brand new start with the house and you're not trying to make the best of it.”
“What would you do with the Dursley house?” said Sirius, rather accusingly.

Harry continued to peer ahead, then a slight smile came to his face. “Personally, I'd preserve it. I'd leave it the way it is. And then, show it to everyone I knew, so they would learn what not to do as parents, and guardians. Then they would tell their other friends...and the tale would spread. The lessons they tried to teach me, I'll teach the world...what is right, what is wrong...the thin line of acceptable parenting...isn't so thin after all.”

Sirius looked up at Harry.

“You're showing everyone and the Order what the house was like, but they couldn't fathom it. But everyone here, they understand...well, part of it. The students wanted you out, they wanted to let you be free...they'll never act the way your parents did. And they'll never be the Dursleys...the lesson even touched Malfoy of all people.” said Harry. “But all they see in your house is that it's a damned dark and gloomy place. They don't know what your parents were like, they didn't hear that part.”

He finally turned to look at Sirius.

“Perserving the house isn't the best situation for you, what you should do, is liquidate everything in the house, not using Mundungus, do something else with it, and doused the place in color and light. Having it all dark and gloomy is only hurting you.” said Harry.

“You sound like Molly.” said Sirius with a sneer.

“She just wants the place cleaned, you want it gutted. Maybe this summer you should go back...wait for it...and take all of us with you and we can help you pitch the crap you don't want.” said Harry.

“And Kreacher?” said Sirius with a smirk. “He's going to fight me all the way.”

“Bring him to Night's Rest, along with Dobby.” said Harry, “Now...I can tell that you're sorry and you've said it a few times now.” said Harry leaping out of the tree and landing nimbly beside the man.
“Now, let's get going.” said Harry walking towards the doors.

Sirius stared at the man's back, the tips of his white hair turning black slowly, but Sirius noticed something... he could see it...the hair that was turning black, was turning gray...

He was losing strength. Somehow...something was sapping his strength and he wasn't getting the rest he needed...

_He can't...he isn't...is he dying again?_

Harry walked back into the Great Hall, with Sirius on his heels, Sirius was looking down at the strands of hair that were fading.

“Did you apologize?” asked Leroy.

“He did...” said Harry easing into the chair.

“Hang on...” said Sirius.

Sirius pulled Harry back to his feet and placed more cushions behind him. “There you are...”

“Making me more comfortable won't get you out of the proverbial doghouse.” said Harry.

“It's not for making up that I'm doing it.” said Sirius in a whisper directly in Harry's ear. “Just when were you going to tell anyone that you were getting sick again?”

“I'm fine.” said Harry.

Sirius took a hold Harry's hair and showed him the graying ends. “This...is not fine...”
Harry looked at the hair, and then to Sirius. “You know I can't see all that well right? But I'm resting, there's nothing more I can do.”

Sirius looked at Harry accusingly, but sighed and pushed Harry down on the pillows. He took a seat on the floor and grasped Harry's hand.

“What are you doing Padfoot?” asked Remus.

“Giving Harry more room to rest.” said Sirius.

Officer McFinn smiled as he shook his head. He picked the book back up and read aloud.

“Fifteenth chapter.”

“That's a sick name to give someone at a school.” said Nightstrike.

“What do you mean?” asked Percy.

“Spanish Inquisition.” said Nightstrike.

First paragraph.

Article title.

“And people thought that Dumbledore was the one asking for all the trouble. You never heard Dumbledore talking smack about anyone...” said Emmeline.

“Humans can be idiotic.” said Tempest shaking her head.

Dialogue line.

“It means dark times ahead of us.” said Alicia.
“Which is completely wrong...you don't want people to just become little governmental lackeys right out of diapers.” said Rivers.

“Name five concerned parents that aren't past Death Eaters.” said Tonks.

Percy opened his mouth, but closed it.

“Really...and you were Head Boy...” said Tonks shaking her head.

“What improvements?” said Angelina. “What sort of nimrod would consider anything that they came up would be an improvement.”

“I...” said Percy. “Education is important and with...”

“Just shut up, Perce...you can't win this...” said Fred.

“Not that you have a leg to stand on.” said George.

“Cause really, there was nothing beneficial about those Decrees.” said the twins together. “They were just psychotic bullcrap.”

“The only one that seemed to like her was Filch.” said Hermione.

“So you didn't know?” said Lionus with a sneer.
“I...I didn't know!” said Fudge.

“Of course you didn't.” Chief Hawkeye.

“And who considered it a success? About eighty percent of the school was failing that class.” said Hermione.

Article, second paragraph.

Article, third paragraph, first sentence.

“Hogwarts has always had high standards of learning for the students. Especially the four main classes. You want slacking classes, you're talking about Spellings, they can hardly keep up to basic standards.” said Rivers.

“Where is Spellings?” asked Hermione

“It's in Canada...there is a bigger school in Canada, Spellings is just a small time school that doesn't cost much to attend.” said Rivers. “Dragonrest is the bigger school, that school is considered one of the top seven schools in the world.”

Article, third paragraph, second sentence.

“She doesn't know how to teach, how can she tell if they're doing a good job or not.” said Charlie.

End of article third paragraph.

“They're the only ones delighted, if the students had a choice...they'd feed her to Octi.” said Colin.

Article fourth paragraph.

“What parent is happy?” Remus.

“Wait for it.” said Ron.

“Didn't you read the paper?” asked Harry.

“Sirius hides it every time Umbridge is mentioned.” said Remus.

“I hate the rant he goes through, it doesn't change and he gets pissy for the rest of the day.” said Sirius.
“Oh my god...” said Madam Bones.

“It's ludicrous, not that we've seen all that he's done.” said Kingsley.

“Never taught.” said Moody once again.

“Perhaps I will retire soon...I don't quite remember the last day I had off.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“Wait till after You-Know-Who is defeated please, I want the kids protected.” said Rivers.

“Oh...we talked about this...” said Leroy. “I was pissed. Anyone affiliated with that story was sacked and black listed in journalism.”

“And to think, adults are supposed to work to better our lives...not take care of their own petty needs.” said Harry thoughtfully as he looked up. “Then when we grow up, it's our turn to make our
children's lives better. Some of these adults are slacking.”

Dialogue line.

“It still makes me sick to my stomach every time I hear that.” said Dr. Clark.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“"It was good.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

“Can't see why she'd bother with inspecting Binns. He so straight forward and standard friendly that he's completely boring. Also, she wouldn't be able to ask him any questions and half the class would be unconscious.” Sirius.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“She's tight with Malfoy and no doubt he gave Snape a passing grade before they even started.” said Hannah.

End of fifth paragraph.

“Were you aiming for a D?” asked Sirius.

“I was aiming for an A...but I guess that I was too tired to even get it to where I wanted it.” said Harry.

“Or he was just being a complete bastard and slamming your work for the hell of it.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

“Not a bad idea to do that.” said Remus honestly.
Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Sirius gave Harry's hand a squeeze.

“I can just feel the angst ripping through the boys' body, and just from the book.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Seventh paragraph.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“Mind your own business 'mione.” said Ginny with a giggle.

End of eighth paragraph.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“How come you didn't go all out?” asked Rudolph.

“I was too tired to even try.” said Harry.

Several adults glared at the Minister and empty chair that Umbridge had once occupied.

End of ninth paragraph.

“I can't wait till summer...I just want to sleep...” said Harry.

The other people that were in the bowl vacated to other chairs as Harry turned over, away from everyone's pitying looks and awe-filled gazes and closed his eyes. Sirius turned around and threw the phoenix quilt up to Harry and tucked him in.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry with a smile, but then stopped when he saw the ends of Harry's hair, he reached over and brought it to his eyes and then looked at the back of Harry's head, his face slack.

Dr. Nicodemus looked over at the boy with a confused look.

Dialogue set.

Tenth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.
“Hermione….really?” said Fred.

“Even we knew, and we weren't there, that it didn't go well.” said George.

End of tenth paragraph.

“I'm getting a headache...” said Bill.

“It's like dealing with pre-Ministry Percy.” said Charlie quietly.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Take the hint Granger, they don't care.” said Snape with a groan. He was getting tired of the constant chatter about grades.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn stifled their laughter as the rest of the students laughed loudly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, how did Harry get a worse grade than Ron?” asked Lee.

“That's what I'm saying, Snape's being a bastard again.”

“Sirius...” said Dumbledore.
Thirteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Professor Sprout nodded, “I'm impressed that you show up.”

Fourteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Hey, Weasleys are known for stuffing their face in the middle of a conversation.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“How did she not know what the grades were before this?” asked Mrs. McFinn curiously. “Surely the grading doesn't change as the years progress.”

“How most students don't get below an A before O.W.L year.” said Dumbledore. “It's quite unlikely that they even see a P or a D.”

Fifteenth paragraph.
“You just need more sleep, the intellect is there, you just need to give your body a rest.” said Sirius nudging Harry's foot.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Who in there right mind would inspect Flitwick?” said Tonks.

“She's not in her right mind, that's the point.” said Remus.
“Well, that's not too overly bad, she still doesn't have the brains to fit a mustard seed though.” said Rivers. “Umbridge, not you.” he added looking at Alicia quickly.

“Even gives them extra tutoring when they need it.” said Katie.

McGonagall covered her mouth as she snickered into her hand.

“She would be almost unlivable if she heard Harry had gotten a detention again.” whispered Fred.

“Poor them.” said Leroy.

“How does she not notice that no one likes her?” asked a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“Oh she knows, she just doesn't care.” said Hermione.
“It was a bit out of the ordinary for that class...” said Parvati.

“Well...if she was a real teaching inspector, she'd be doing things correctly...” said Rivers.

“Being inspected can unnerve almost anyone.” said Tonks.

“You're the one to talk, you jolt over the simplest things.” said Sirius with a snicker.

“Let them work, ask questions later.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“That's a real dream alright.” muttered Bill with a smirk.

“I'm thinking 'revenge'." said Remus with a smirk.
Professor Snape frowned.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“You pick, he said he just come up with it on the spur of the moment.” said Terry.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Twenty-third paragraph.”

**Dialogue line.**

“This won't go well.” said Ernie.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“So...she must have some born talent, other than the possible fluke in Harry's third year.” muttered a first year Hufflepuff.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Gifts can show up further down the line.” said Dumbledore.
“That's a stupid question to ask a Seer, they can't predict on cue.” said Lavender. “It'll happen when it happens.”

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She can't...even if she was the genuine article and not a part time Seer.” said Lee also clearly.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She's baiting her.” said Speckerton with a firm whisper.

Dialogue set.

“ Well, she nailed it...on accident...” said Nightstrike with a smirk.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, isn't that nice, she warns you...and you don't even bat an eye.” said Fred.

“Then again, she's known for doing that...” said George.

“Still, a blink would suffice.” said Fred.

Thirty-first paragraph, second sentence, first dash.

“Wow.” said a few students in amazement.
“Never mind.” said the same students.

“Could have been worse, she could have went last.” said Bill.

“There was only about five that thought it would be different that day.” said Ron.

“Is that all you do in the class?” asked Tonks.

“She gives the occasional test, which most people fail.” said Ron.

“And Harry's going to yell again...” said Sirius.

“And he's going to get another detention.” said Remus with a disgusted look at Harry's scarred hand.
“She's been a teacher for long enough to figure that Hermione would have memorized the entire course book by that point.” said Cho. “And yet it doesn't dawn on her.”

“He never was someone who partook in reality.” said Flitwick shaking his head.

“The teachers raised their brows.

“Is she absolutely mad?” said Professor Sprout.

“What does she think teaching means?” said Flitwick.

“And...she's going to bait Harry again.” said Alicia.

Granger didn't interrupt class, she had her hand raised.” said a Slytherin seventh year.
“Ministry sheep...that's all they want.” said Tempest.

“Except for the fact that he was the Dark Lord in disguise...sure...he fits you perfectly.” said Dean.

“The whole school knew that, well, anyone who was fifth year and up sure.” said Sirius.

“Sadistic bitch...” muttered McGonagall harshly.

“I'm amazed he wasn't bleeding out.” said Bill.

“It was a near thing...” said Dr. Nicodemus. “He was down a bit.”

Sirius looked to his godson, could that be why he was unwell, was he lacking on blood?

“Wasn't his fault! It's Umbridge's.” said Ginny.
“She won't like that one bit.” said Fred.

Several Gryffindors groaned. “Aww...nuts...”

“I didn't know about the Blood Quill.” said McGonagall swiftly.

“I didn't know what he was going through either!” said Angelina quickly.

“She just wanted Harry to control his temper.” said Hermione.

“It's easy to say that of someone else, it's much harder when it comes to yourself.” said Luna.
“He didn't even look at her.” said Ron.

“It was really good.” said Dean.

“I can't wait.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Wish we could have gotten away with ignoring her.” said quite a few students.

“Knew it.” said Sirius looking sternly over to Snape, who sneered back.

“I thought it was funny.” said Dean.

“Then you need comedy lessons from the Weasley twins.” said McGonagall.
Several students snickered into their hands.

“Ooh, she won't like that.” said Remus with a chuckle.

“It was beautiful.” said Seamus.

“Do as I say, not as I do, Mr. Potter.” said McGonagall with the hint of a smile.

“Seems like she's scared to death of McGonagall.” said Professor Flitwick with a giggle.

“She'd be foolish not too.” said Sprout.

“It's a great start.” said Mr. Weasley proudly.
“She was the brightest student of her year, perfect teaching material.” said Dumbledore proudly.

“And Umbridge?” asked Draco with a sneer.

“She would have been better as Dragon fodder.” said Charlie quickly before any teacher could speak.

“Nice to know that McGonagall's got a soft spot for Harry.” said Bill.

“At least she wasn't harassing Hagrid.” said Fred.

“I hope she doesn't try and help Umbridge with her case against Hagrid.” said Fred.

“No teacher, well very few teachers...” said Flitwick with a sideways glance at Snape. “would speak ill of Hagrid.”

Draco shuffled his feet.

“Mind you're own damn business, woman.” said Moody.
“Till the Slytherins would be questioned about Hagrid, then that'll change.” said Neville.

“Not what she wanted to hear, I'll bet.” said Terry.

“It probably read 'Get rid of her'” said Bill.

“She's hoping that Hagrid does come back, so she can sack him.” said Ron.

“Hmm seems that Hagrid has done a good job...” said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk. “Most Care of Magical Creatures classes are scrambling to catch up.”

“How do you know?” asked Hermione.

“I just do, young lady.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“What does she expect with that class, regardless who teaches it?” said McGonagall sourly.
“It was a gash...not a slash...” said Madam Pomfrey.

“I'll show you slash if you're confused.” said Moody raising his pantleg to show his prosthetic foot.

“She was at the hearin'....” said Hagrid confusedly.

“I know what the woman is doing is completely horrific and he should try and keep his temper, but I've got to say...I'm so proud of him.” said Officer McFinn.

“Why do you say that?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“He's taking the torture and pressing on, defying her every step of the way. He's not bowing down to anyone.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

Several people looked over to Harry in awe.

“And now I'm going to haunt her forever.” said Officer McFinn.

“Good girl.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“We have giant vats of stuff like that.” said Nightstrike. “It feels wonderful when you go for a swim in it.”

“That's nasty...” said Ron.

“You'd think, but when you're covered with bruises, cuts and lacerations...god...it feels wonderful, especially when it heated.” said Nightstrike rolling his shoulders and flexing muscles, glancing over to Emmeline.

“Two seconds after McGonagall starts screaming at her.” said Lee.

“Strangulation?” said Lee.

“Drowning?” said Fred.

“Beheading?” said George.

“Disembowelment?” snarled Remus.

“Too kind.” said the twins.
“They got a point, they're going to fail their O.W.L.s and the rest of the school is going to fail as well.” said one of the Unspeakables.

With the Minister removed from office, and Umbridge in custody, they had no reason to stick around anymore, Speckerton would be in charge and would take care of the book...except...they found the boy's life incredibly exciting. They wanted to know how the books ended.

“Fudge can't do anything now.” said George nastily.

“I fear this won't end well...” said Firenze thoughtfully.

“You can only do so much with books.” said Professor Sprout. “That's what teachers are for.”

“And it's already looking like a magical school year.” said Tonks.

“For Hermione, there isn't.” said Ginny with a laugh.
“Run.” said Sirius with a twitching smile.

End of dialogue set.

“Hey, Harry was teaching you.” said Colin.

“Yeah, well, he wasn't exactly training me for fighting or anything like that.” said Ron. “It was pretty much what practicals in class would have been in our fifth year.”

“But Lupin couldn't come to the school...” said a first year Hufflepuff.

The first year smiled brightly.

“It's nice of him to think of me.” said Remus with a fond smile.

“What?” said Dennis.

“Did you tell her about Harry teaching you?” asked a first year Gryffindor.

“No, he didn't tell me about anything.” said Hermione.
“They're both ganging up on him.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“He figured I wouldn't turn him in like that.” said Ron.

“I thought Hermione was the best in everything.” said Neville.

“When it comes to practicals in Defense Against the Dark Arts, Harry was naturally the best, he couldn't dumb it down that far.” said Remus with a smirk.

“He's either playing it really dumb, or he's exhausted.” said Dr. Clark.

“He had Dumbledore coming swiftly behind him.” said Snape with a drawl.
“Dumbledore once again sent the bird and the sorting hat.” said Snape once more.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Dumbledore's infuriating interference with the Time-Turner.” said Snape.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Dumbledore had nothing to do with that.” said Sirius proudly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That'll piss him off.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

“He did too..he's lying right there.” said Ron. “Well, he had plans, they didn't always get used, but he had plans.”

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“It's cause they're smiling and you're not in a good mood.” said Mrs. McFinn reaching over and running her fingers through his messy locks.

Dialogue set.

“He's far too modest…” said Bathilda Bagshot.

“I think he's still trying to keep up the farce of him being a mediocre student.” said Dumbledore.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.
“We pushed him too far.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set, third sentence.
The Aurors and Rangers smiled and shook their heads.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, fourth dash, first comma.
“I want him to be a teacher...” said Rivers eagerly.

End of dialogue set.
Mrs. Diggory and Mr. Diggory sobbed quietly.

Dialogue line.
Sixty-eighth paragraph.
“This was not going as planned.” said Hannah.

Dialogue set.
Sixty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.
“Wonder why?” said Dr. Clark looking down at Harry.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.
“That'll teach you.” said George.

Dialogue line.
Seventieth paragraph.
“You're agreeing to teach a bunch of snot nosed brats.” said Fred.
“Though, I'm thinking he was just agreeing to teach the two of them.” said George.

“Then you're getting scammed big time.” said Fred.

Seventy-first paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Seventy-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.

“Can't you sleep without your Harry bear?” said Lee in a cutesy voice.

“No, he can't sleep without his Ronnie bear.” said Ron with a smirk.

“Speaking of which, I should really toss my Ronnie bear in the wash.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
Seventy-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.

“That is the downside.” said Flitwick.

End of chapter.

“No wonder he's sleeping all the time.” said Lee looking at the sleeping teen. “He's been sleep deprived.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, please review
The Other Pub of Hogsmede

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

First paragraph, first sentence.

“After him blowing up like that, I didn't want to bring it up, that and I wanted to plan out the rest of it, where to meet and what other people might be interested.” said Hermione.

“So you don't get his input, if he was going to be the instructor for this?” said Rivers.

“I wasn't going to tell him what to teach us, just the gathering where we were going to meet up with the rest of the students that wanted to learn.” said Hermione.

“So...you were just getting the class together...that's a bit better than setting up a curriculum for him.” said Rivers.

“Chariot race...” mumbled Harry in his sleep.

“What the hell does that have to do with anything?” said Sirius.

“I have no idea.” said Remus.

Dumbledore sat in thought, what was the boy thinking of?*

First paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“Not for many, many years.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

First paragraph, second sentence, second semi-colon, first comma.

“Yeah, cause who wants to look at those big bright eyes...” said Fred.

“And all that poofy little fur.” said George.

“Vanish them all I say.” said the twins together.

End of first paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“With You-Know-Who after him, he can't help but think about them all the time.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“Don't get me involved in this!” said Ron.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first semi-colon, second dash.

“That's better.” said Bill with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

Second paragraph.

“Just let it out boy.” said Moody.

Third paragraph.

Rivers smiled brightly.

“Don't get your hopes up too high.” said Moody, Madam Bones, and the Rangers.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Madam Pince would have skinned him alive if he had shouted.” said Hannah with a giggle.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“They did...but some of it wasn't luck.” said Tonks. “And you even said that you had it all planned out differently if something were to go wrong.”

Harry simply slept on.

Dialogue set.

“Don't bring him up in front of Ron.” groaned Charlie.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Impressive as what Krum said, don't ever mention him to Ron again.” said Bill.

“You'd think that she'd of known that since the ball.” said Angelina.

Hermione blushed and looked down at her feet.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

“If you shut up about Krum in front of Ron, sure.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“That's when I know she's going to change the plan on me.” said Harry groggily.

“Granger, try to keep consistent. You'll find yourself to be a very untrustworthy friend if you change course like that.” said Snape in a bored tone.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“Don’t try and trick him then.” said Nightstrike.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second dash.

“People who live in glass houses...” said a seventh year Slytherin.

End of dialogue set.

“It would be easier on someone who is young and already stressing out.” said Rivers shortly.
“Though I’d like to see how he would handle teaching, I think it would be fair for him to get a bit of rest. You want to learn, teach yourselves, that's what he did.”

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“They know what he's been saying, if they need to hear it again, they're not worth talking to.” said Charlie hotly.
“I think we stopping after this chapter would be a fine idea, some of us are getting a mite...testy.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Cause stupid bitch will listen to you.”
“Leroy!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

“That's just an elongated version of what I said.” said Leroy.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“So despite being mad at me, you worried about me?” asked Sirius.
“You're an idiot, I have to look out for you.” said Harry.

“I'm supposed to look after you.” said Sirius.

Harry scoffed.

“Hey...” said Sirius with a pout.

End of ninth paragraph.

“I'd obliviate him and kill you.” said Harry.

“Don't like how that works out.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

“Glad I've got some supporters.” said Sirius.

“It was for your protection.” said Mrs. Weasley sharply.

“A day off for some fresh air wasn't going to hurt anything.” said Sirius.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence, tenth word.

“Not that you are a fool.” said Hermione quickly to Madam Bones.

End of dialogue set.

“Some of the Dark Lord's spies do not have the mark show so vividly on their bodies. Mine was hidden for many years, until his downfall, it revealed itself.” said Snape touching his arm unconsciously. “He didn't do that to all the Death Eaters, doing so took most of his energy to maintain the secrecy of his spies.”

“And you were using it against him!” said one of the first year Hufflepuff girls, admiration radiating off her.

Snape looked away from the student, still unsure about the awe the students were now showing him, especially those not from his own house.

Dialogue line.
Eleventh paragraph.

“You'd better make sure none of them are reporting to Umbridge.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

She was quite right, of course; he was barely keeping up with his homework, though he was doing much better now that he was no longer spending every evening in detention with Umbridge.

“But she was still baiting him every day. She never let up on him.” said Ron.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.

“That's only because you're a nutter.” said Ron with a laugh.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Hermione blushed.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Sirius ruffled the hair on Harry's head.

“Don't be too loving, it doesn't mention the fact that I wanted to punch you right in the face.” said Harry.

Sirius pulled his hand away slowly.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“'Well, that was creepy.’” said Katie.

Dialogue line.
Well, it was a little mini-date, I wouldn't tell Fred/George about it.” said the twins together. Then they looked at each other. “How come you don't trust me?”

Fifteenth paragraph.

“You're just so suspicious Hermione.” said Neville with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wasn't me.” said Draco.

“Sounds like something you would do, you've done it before.” said Blaise with a smirk.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

End of dialogue set.

“It's not the students you have to keep an eye on in there.” said Sirius.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I didn't want to be first.” said Hermione.

“It was your idea.” said Harry and Ron together.
Dumbledore smiled.

“He was never very good at cleaning spells.” said Bathilda with a laugh.

Several people laughed, though a few looked a little worried.

“Should kids be in there?” said a seventh year.

“It's not advised.” said McGonagall.

“In my opinion, Willy never looked better.” whispered Tonks.

“That and I doubt they drink ale.” said Ron.

“And to think, she banned study groups...study groups in a school...” said Alicia.
“Didn't dawn on me for a long time.” said Harry with his cheeks turning pink.

“Ronald!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“That's what you get for succeeding in life, you can't have fun.” said Fred.

“Found out that stuff improves in flavor over time.” said Harry. “Cor, he gave us some *vintage* stuff.”

“That is a *couple*?” said Tonks.
“What the...did you post an ad in the paper or something?” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, you get to see quite a lot of people in there on Saturdays, it was a group of that age that stunned him.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Should have waited for them to show, they would have paid for the leaders' too.” said Charlie.

“Nah, they had to pay for their own, we just tallied up the numbers.” said Fred.

“Customer service sure is lacking in that place.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

“Way to sound like we're just handing out liqour.” said George.

“Avoid Harry's wrath at all costs...rules to live by.” said Fred.

George looked over to his twin and whispered furiously into his ear.
“Ah...not what I meant, just...Harry's temper you know...arrgh! Not what I...” said Fred quickly.

“What's going on there?” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Said girl turned her nose up and looked away.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It takes some practice to speak in front of others normally.” said Remus with a smile.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second dash.

“Ah, come on Hermione, don't lie to them right off the bat.” said Tonks.

Dialogue set, second sentence, seventh dash.

“Well, yeah, there's common ground right there, no one likes the old toad.” said Blaise.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.

“Cause theory will only get you so far, practical is what can save you. You can be knowledgeable in theory, but that doesn't mean squat if you can't wield the spell.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“Like she needs help with that.” said Ron.
Dialogue set.

“There's the big ticket phrase.” said Charlie.

“Better keep it down, don't want the wrong people to hear you.” said Dr. Clark.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“They were expecting a thrilling tale.” said Dumbledore.

“They can peddle that elsewhere.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Harry's word is good enough.” said Colin proudly.

“Not to him it's not.” said Fred.

“I wanted to know what I was getting into.” said Zacharias.

“No one made you come.” said George with a snarl.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yes, yes I do.” said Dumbledore plainly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well then,” said Fred.

“We've got the right to know...” said George.

“Your house password so we can get at you.” said the twins.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

Hermione blushed.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“He looked really cool while he did that too.” said Colin excitedly.

“I think you have a bro-crush going on over there.” said Leroy leaning over and whispering to Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“Good for you.” said Madam Bones.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dumbledore laughed softly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“If you took a class with the fake Moody, you were shown the killing curse.” said Tonks.

“Unless you were interested in any gruesome detail of the murder that wasn't quick and clean.” said Chief Hawkeye sternly.

Zacharias looked down at the floor, mumbling to himself.

Dialogue set.

“That's right.” said Nightstrike.
Hermione gave a short squeak.

“No I didn't!” said Hermione.

“Then what would you call this?” muttered Harry sitting up.

“I didn't want them to talk about Cedric!” said Hermione.

“And unfortunately, the chances of that happening are slim to none.” said Remus.

“What does that have to do with meeting somewhere?” said Mrs. McFinn.

Madam Bones smiled down at her niece.

“Yes I do.” said Susan with a smile.

Madam Bones turned slightly pink. “She was just interested in knowing if he was guilty or innocent in my eyes.”
“There was a non-corporeal version at the game, but not a completed one.” said Lee.

“I could use less of it.” said Harry.

“Wonder who that was.” said Hannah. “I mean, it looks like she's listening pretty close.”

Tonks giggled.

“What did you do to get sent there?” asked Sirius.

“I...uh...nevermind.” said Terry.

“Aww...that's adorable.” said Lee.

“No one cares.” said a first year Hufflepuff.
Forty-second paragraph.
Dialogue set.
“Funny how we forget things like that.” said Fred.

Forty-third paragraph.
Dialogue set.
“Help you didn't need.” said Dennis.
“But I got help nonetheless.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
“Got him there.” said Rudolph with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Nope, no one did.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Mr. Smith, he's just not getting your hopes too high.” said Madam Hooch sternly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“He didn't say that.” said Rivers.
“He's saying that he can do only what you all have learned by utilizing it.” said Snape in a bored tone.
The room went silent. “Why is he standing up for you?” asked Ron.

“Maybe he's been hit over the head?” said Harry with a smile.

“It's the only reason I can come up with.” said Snape with a sneer.

Snickers trickled through the school, no one really wanted to tell the twins off, though their mother made a valiant effort.

“Don't you threaten other people with that!” said Mrs. Weasley shaking her finger at them.

“I'd keep a wary eye too.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

“Though, I think Quidditch might have to take a backseat to Defense.” said Remus.

“Speak for yourself.” said a few of the Quidditch players.

“Every year is a critical period for someone.” said McGonagall.

“Who'd of thought he knew such big words.” snickered George winking over to Ernie.
“That's it exactly.” said Kingsley.

“Yeah, because he needs a bunch of kids to take all of them out.” said Charlie. “It's not as if he's the most powerful wizard in the world.”

“I...I don't!” said Fudge.

“Oh, we know, we looked into that very closely.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Darn good question.” said Bill.

“This won't go well.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw student.

“We know...we know...” said Tempest with a bored voice.

“Madam Pince won't like that.” said a second year Slytherin.

“Under normal circumstances, you would have been more than welcome to use the classrooms that are uninhabited.” said Dumbledore.

“Teaching kids an apparent forbidden curriculum...I can see that being somewhat rebellious.” said Flitwick with a smile.
“Good plan, that way, you have every right to go after the squealers.” said Tonks.

“Oh, I had a different plan.” said Hermione with a tint of pink in her cheeks.

“You don't put your name down, you aren't invited.” said George.

“Damn, should have kept the list away from him.” said Fred.

“Way to stick it too him.” said Dr. Clark. “Besides, I don't think you kids are that irresponsible to leave the list just lying around.”

“Someone isn't going to be loyal...” said George softly.

“Hermione, why are you smiling like that?” asked Ginny.
“Why didn’t you let me talk to him?” whispered Cho to her friend Marietta.

“You can do better.” said Marietta disdainfully. “And see, he’s with Weasley.”

Cho sent her friend a dark look.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line. discernible in the distance.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“He seemed a lot nicer than.” said Hermione.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Thus starts the anti Michael tirade.” said Harry.

Michael even had to cower under the gaze of the other older brothers.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Officer McFinn smiled.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, he's dating your sister, so that's no surprise.” said Terry with a nudge to Michael.
Ginny blushed.

“Nice to know you don't trust us.” said Fred looking over to Ginny.

“Yeah, all we'd do is pat him on the back.” said George.

“Tell him how a good choice he made.” said Fred.

“And threaten to split his face in half if he so much as made you cry.” said the twins together.

“No one's believing you Ron.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“There's nothing going on.” said Harry.

Cho blushed heavily.
“It is a very pretty village.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“What’s the next chapter?” asked Dennis.

Officer McFinn turned the page. “Chapter Seventeen.”

“Oh this should be real fun.” moaned Ginny.

“Brace yourself Perce, one of the decrees you helped write is going to get slammed.” said Bill.

“Weren't we going to call it a day after this?” asked Leroy.

“If we can remain calm, then we will continue.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Thanks for reading, Please review!

*I learned that from A Wind in the Willows episode from Cosgrove Hall. That amazing stop motion show with David Jason as Mr. Toad. Oh my god, I fell in love with that show when it was on Netflix, but those jerks took it down...you can't even find it on Youtube anymore.

But the riddle/question was “Why are your lessons like the river?

If I could remember what the complete answer was, I'd put it, but it has to do with the first part of the word curriculum, in Latin Curare (I think that's how you spell it)
Remus reached over and rubbed the back of Harry's neck.

“Oh, I loved doing that.” said Sirius. “Especially when Remus was reading aloud to us, slept like a log.”

“You were supposed to be studying.” said Remus.

“Now where is the fun in that?” asked Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“Uh oh, we'd better keep an eye on this rebel.” said Rudolph with a smile.

Harry blushed.

“I wonder...” said Harry.

“What's that?” asked Sirius.
“Was that...making me dangerously depressed, someone's plan?” said Harry.

People looked fleetingly to the empty chair that Umbridge once sat in.

“It had better not have been planned.” said Chief Hawkeye to Fudge.

Fudge shook his head quickly, his face pale.

**Third paragraph, first sentence, second comma.**

“Wow, who came up with that move?” asked Charlie.

“It was an accident, Katie managed to dodge three people with it.” said Angelina. “Couldn't come up with a better name though.”

**End of third paragraph.**

**Fourth paragraph, second sentence, sixth comma.**

“This was a taste test!” said Fred.

“Yeah, which item would they prefer to use!” said George.

**End of fourth paragraph.**

**Educational Decree Number Twenty-four**

Rivers stared in anger.

“What nonsense is this? Why wasn't I informed about this?” he spat angrily.

“We...” said Fudge.

“Don't you dare justify this!” said the man angrily. “They're children! They need to learn yes, but they need to enjoy life, build social skills...you cannot...you don't have the right....And on top of that, to threaten them with expulsion...”

“Oh parents were not happy.” said Flitwick. “I received several owls.”

The other teachers nodded.

**Fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
“Someone blabbed? Already?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I'm thinking it's that one girl...or Smith.” said Dr. Clark quietly.

“Like the mummy impersonator.” said Tonks.

“We did.” said Terry.

“We'll give you Smith, but really?” said Seamus.

“Funniest thing I had ever seen.” said Harry.

“You knew that, why didn't you tell me!” said Ron.

“You were already climbing like a crazy person up the stairs.” said Harry.
“Bit one sided yes, but girls are by nature, a little more proper than boys.” said Dumbledore.

“Not all girls.” said Lionus. “We’ve got some nasty little tarts in Hell's Garden.”

“Didn’t stop you from coming into our dorm too damn early in the morning, what about our privacy?” said Ron.

“Well, someone did, whether it be from your little group or someone who overheard you.” said Moody.

“Everyone's got a nasty streak in them somewhere, just depends on how often you tap into it.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

The people that signed the parchment stared.

“Thanks for telling us.” said Fred.

“Yeah, hey...that might not be a bad prank idea.” said George.
“Sorry, Eloise.” said Hermione.

“Breathe...give them some space.” said Mr. Weasley.

“We would have questioned your identity if you had said otherwise.” said Fred.

“Good idea.” said Kingsley.

“Of course not.” said Cho proudly.
“Who's we? You're the captain, you go talk to her.” said Charlie.

“She must have added teams just as a perk for her.” said Emmeline Vance coldly.

“He's boring enough not to be investigated, he fits their criteria perfectly.” said Neville.

As if on cue, Hedwig came fluttering down and landed on Harry's knee.

“Hey, Hedwig.” said Harry as he stroked her feathers.
“Don’t bother, firecrackers don’t even startle him.” said George.

“We lit a whole box off right under him, didn’t notice a thing.” said Fred.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Oh no...” said Mrs. McFinn looking at Hedwig tragically.

Hedwig flapped her wings and looked indignant, and yet slightly ashamed.

“Not your fault.” said Harry softly.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“I wouldn't want someone touching my sore spot either.” said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Eh, close enough.” said Flitwick with a smile.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“It's not sunny and I'm not Jim.” said the twins.
“Way to trust me.” said Harry with a laugh.

“She was smoking a what?” said a seventh year Slytherin staring at the book.

“She does march to the beat of a different drum.” said Dumbledore.

“That's a hard feat to do.” said Tempest. “Our beast tamer Biomantist says that Thestrals are a bit stubborn, much like Hippogriffs.”

“I suppose there is some brains, behind that skull.” said Snape with a sneer.
“Never a good sign, when she calls you back.” said Charlie.

“Oh, that made me do some very vindictive thinking.” said Harry.

“If you get caught...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Not this again...” groaned Hannah.

“No! We just talked about it!” said Ron. “We weren't keeping anything from him!"

“Not without me knowing about it and beating the snot out of them.” said Harry.
“They'd have a difficult time trying to figure out where and when.” said Blaise.

Sirius sat in thought.

“Take an owl down to the lake and let them go.” said Charlie.

“I suspect a barrier was placed around the area of the school, stopping any post coming and going.” said Dumbledore.

“That's a crime where I come from.” said Dr. Clark.

“That's a crime here too, I'm amazed that the Minister allowed it.” said Madam Bones looking over to Fudge darkly.

“Shocker.” said a majority of the Gryffindors.

“She's just doing it to nail the group that's out to oust her and stick it to Potter.” said Moody.
“I’ve heard enough, kid, you’re going to be talking to a special therapist.” said Chief Hawkeye to Draco.

“A...a what?” said Draco nervously.

“You’ll find out when he comes.” said Lionus.

“Can...” said Draco.

“No.” said the Rangers together.

“Oh, you are definitely going to be needing that specialist.” said Lionus. “You are way too screwed up to leave you the way you are.”

Draco cringed. “I'm changing...” he muttered.

“Perhaps they can help you keep on this path.” whispered Snape softly.

“Hmm...Parkinson went from being a 3 on the attractive scale to a negative four thousand and ninety-two.” said Roger Davies.

“There's an attractive scale?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Didn't figure he had it in him, did you?” said Dean.

“Oh, dear...” said Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley looking at Neville.
Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I did not hear what was said.” said Snape.

“You seem to loose hearing quite often.” said Officer McFinn, not looking back at the man.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I wish I had a crack at them...knowing what we know now.” said Ron.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

“I didn't have a clue, just figured that you were just looking out for me.” said Neville.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, this won't go well.” said Remus.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“I was nudging towards Snape.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Oh, don't...don't...don't...” said Hannah.
“No...Strengthening Solution is what is on the average O.W.L’s if they can master that, then they have a strong standing in any of their prior potions.” said River groaning loudly.

“Ooh...that's not what supposed to happen...” said Sirius cringing.

Several people snorted.

“I won't give her the reason I give you.” said Dumbledore plainly.
“Nope, just something for her little file...” said Remus darkly.

“You already have all the information on him!” squeaked Professor Flitwick angrily.

“Don't blame you, that sounds like one nasty day.” said Charlie.

“Hypocrite.” said half the students in the school.

“Do it anyway.” said Fred waving his hand.

McGonagall hid a smile behind her hand.
“Didn’t realize she had such an arm on her.” said Seamus.

**End of fifty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Uh oh...” said Dr. Clark.

**Fifty-second paragraph.**

“And they weren’t good results.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Sounds like there is.” said Mrs. McFinn.

**Fifty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Really?” said Tonks.

“Well, a few of the others....” said Parvati looking around nervously.

**Dialogue set.**

“Then why do you come out into the open and reveal that you can do it?” asked Bill.

**Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Ronald!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Sorry.” said Ron.
“She doesn’t sound all that misty anymore...” said a sixth year Ravenclaw student.

“Hmm...nice teachers.” said Officer McFinn.

“Still complete and utter nonsense...” muttered Rivers angrily. “Not even qualified to teach...”

“And she kept saying it.” said Seamus. “We know, you old bag...we know...”

“And apparently you can't get clarification on something you don't understand.” said Rivers hotly.
“Bullshit, she just wants to hold it over them.” said Charlie.

“Vindictive bitch...” said Bill quietly.

“Or do you think, the Minister didn't want Harry to play...” said Charlie looking at the ex-Minister of Magic.

“I didn't...!” said Fudge, shaking slightly.

“I can just feel my blood pressure rising.” said Dr. Clark.

“On what planet is that a bright side?” said a few of the students.

“Well, he needed to get it done.” said Hermione softly.

“Oh, that's nasty...” said Officer McFinn.

“Yeah, it doesn't feel good when you do it, but when it get's you out of class, you can't be picky.” said Fred.

“Hey, I'm using it for good, not evil.” said Lee, but he ducked slightly after the look that Snape had sent him.
“Yeah, if we had known Harry was getting testy, we would have done it elsewhere.” said Fred.

“Then knock it off.” muttered Harry.

“There is a warning that we're printing on the box, don't eat more than twenty of those in a day. You wipe yourself out and have to rest for about a week.” said Fred.

“When did this happen?” said Mrs. Weasley looking over to the twins.

“Uh...when Fred said he had the flu...” said George.

“Don't pin this on me, that was you.” said Fred.

“They do know some very interesting bits of magic.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“We know how to have fun, and to share that fun with others...for a price.” said the twins.

“Love messing with her.” said Fred.
“Still think it's too risky...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Well, how else was I going to get your message to the kids?” said Sirius.

“I'm amazed that since the last time, you were being this cordial.” said Rudolph.

“Time was short, we'd tell him off at Christmas time.” said Ron.

“So much for secret Defense groups.” said Tonks with a giggle.

“Which works out for secret rendezvous sometimes, no one can hear you talking.” said Sirius.

“The way Tonks was giggling, I thought she was the one that was under the veil.” said Terry.

“Red Herring...” said Officer McFinn with a smile.
“What does a fish have to do with anything?” asked Ron.

“Never mind Ron.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Don’t’ get snippy with him.” said Neville. “You were already on thin ice.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Hey, get your facts straight, it wasn't illegal to start with.” said Harry.

“Still mad at me?” asked Sirius quietly.

“A bit.” said Harry.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“Don't go down that road again.” said Hannah.

“Not on purpose I won't.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Wonder what he did?” asked Ginny.

“He stole quite a few of his possessions, and a painting in particular. I myself was not happy when I heard that.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Shame really, he hasn't got the legs for it.” said Sirius.
“And if Death Eaters were to come in and take over the school...we'd all be dead, The teachers can't be everywhere.” said Harry.

The adults were speechless.

“If that was true, she'd let us learn to protect ourselves.” said Harry muttering.

“Don't be nosy,” said Sirius.

“How would she explain being there?” asked Charlie.

“Dad left something behind.” said Bill.

“Shocker.” said Mrs. Weasley rolling her eyes.
“Can't argue with that.” said Lionus.

“Then, we'll go down in student history expelled for standing up for ourselves.” said Harry. “And that...can get Hogwarts completely empty for the next generation.”

“No one...” started Zacharias.

“If those were still around, I wouldn't want my kids coming here.” said Terry.

“Me either.” said Ernie.

“Congratulations, you just about closed a school with your acts alone.” said Rivers glaring at the Minister.

“Oh boy...” said Seamus.

“I don't think this will end well.” said Dean.

“Easy enough to infiltrate, if you know how.” said Snape.

“She's got a point.” said Tonks. “You'd have to go back in forth in shifts just get them all in there.”
“I was sorry to hear that, that one was my favorite.” said Sirius. “Used it to scare some of the girls when I would pop out of the wall.”

“Something's not right.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Umbridge!” said a few of the students.

“But how could they have known, did someone in the whatever it was spill?” asked Dennis.

“No, someone had read the letter that was attached to Hedwig.” said Harry. “I noticed that she had a nasty nick on her hand, that told me who to hit back.”

“That could have been really bad.” said Hannah.

“If she had gotten a hold of Sirius.” said Mrs. McFinn taking Harry's hand into her own. “That would have crushed him.”

Sirius shifted slightly.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
"I think we should have some lunch before transgress any further." said Dumbledore.

Harry stood up and made his way to the table full of food, with Sirius close behind him. The man felt guilty about all the trouble he was causing Harry, he just wanted Harry to have fun in his youth, have some adventures...well, adventures that didn't end in him getting sent to the Hospital Wing, or St. Mungos. To just be a kid and enjoy life...he wasn't able to do that...and his insides twisted itself into knots with the thought of that.

"Could you pass me the rolls, Sirius?" came a voice flitting through his thoughts. He looked up and Harry was looking at him.

"Say the magic words." said Sirius with a smirk.

"Jiggery Pokery." said Harry with a straight face.

"Wrong ones." said Sirius.

Harry smirked and whispered into Sirius ears.

"Could you pass me the rolls, arsehole?"

"Way off the mark." said Sirius laughing loudly. He picked up a roll and placed it on his godson's plate. "Though points for trying."

As they began to eat, Officer McFinn leaned back in his large chair, brought his feet up on the small footrest that Flitwick had given him and began the next chapter.

"Dumbledore's Army."

Fudge looked up and looked over to Dumbledore suspiciously.

"Don't be foolish." said McGonagall sharply.
“There could be a spy in the Order.” muttered Moody. “Unless Umbridge managed to figure out what the letter meant with having contacts with the Floo Network...can't let go all of the possibilities.”

Dialogue line.

“Oh, it wasn't pretty what I did her.” said Harry with a smirk.

“What did you do?” asked Sirius gleefully.

“Oh, I just made her some muffins.” said Harry with a smile.

“What kind of muffins?” asked Remus looking confused.

“Just rhubarb, with flaxseeds and raspberries.” said Harry.

The school looked confusedly, but then Dr. Clark started laughing. “That's precious!”

“What is it?” asked Ron.

“You eat, I'm thinking, one of those, and you're not going to get out of the bathroom for a while.” said Dr. Clark laughing loudly.

“Even added a certain potion to that too.” said Harry laughing.

“Oh that is cruel!” howled Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

First paragraph.

“They don't like being test subjects.”said Fred.

“But when it comes to work, it's an easy way to get flies and crickets.” said George.

Second paragraph.

“And you didn't think to carry that over to the first meeting?” said Sirius with a smile.

Hermione blushed and shrugged.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Which in some countries is a federal offense and guarantees you jail time.” said Chief Hawkeye.
“Can't rightly remember.” said Sirius thoughtfully. “Must have been during the dinosaur age.”

“Sucks to be a test subject some days.” said Fred.

“Could be worse, he could have had a raven, those little buggers nip you.” said George.

“Oops.” said Harry with a small smile. “Better calm down or something.”

“Unless you want to squish him.” said Bill.

“I didn't know a frog could look like that.” said Ron.

“Wrong way...” said Charlie.
“Well, that didn't work.” said Mr. Weasley. “It took me a while to get it down too.”

“When did you finally master it?” asked Ron.

“When Bill came, you were such a screamer.” said Mr. Weasley smiling over to his son, while Bill blushed.

*Dialogue line.*

**Seventh paragraph.**

*Dialogue line.*

*Dialogue line.*

“Remember your first year!” said Colin.

*Dialogue line.*

*Dialogue line.*

“This won't end well.” said Dennis covering his eyes.

“Way to have faith in me.” said Ron sourly.

*Dialogue line.*

**Eighth paragraph.**

Officer McFinn laughed out loud. “Oh, Ron...you're the best!”

Ron blushed, a pleased smile on his face.

**Ninth paragraph.**

**Tenth paragraph.**

*Dialogue line.*

“Well, that's surprising, I would have thought she would have held out for after the first match, if that.” said Remus darkly.
“She didn't like that much, if memory serves me.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

“So we still haven't gotten to the part where this hasn't happened yet?” asked a first year.

“Not quite yet.” said Dumbledore.

“How come Harry has to be there, doesn't he just do what he has to do and forget the rest of you?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Well, there are times when we need him to dive bomb a few of the other teammates to scatter them.” said Angelina.

“Uh oh.” said Katie.

“What's she thinking about?” said Alicia.

“What are you talking about? The little study group you've got?” said Charlie.

“It was your idea!” said Fred in shock.

“Didn't you think about this beforehand?” said George.
“She needs to speak a bit more plainly.” said Ron leaning away from her slightly.

“If she backs out of it now, I was going to be a little upset.” said Harry. “After all the crap those two put me through.”

“I didn't do anything.” said Ron.

“You didn't help matters.” said Harry.

“Oh that's nice.” said Sirius with a frown.

“Well, you are reckless at times.” said Hermione.

“So sue me for not wanting you kids to just sit in one place and get killed like sitting ducks.” said Sirius harshly. “I'm all for you defending yourselves! 'Cause despite the teachers and Dumbledore being there, we can't get to all of you in time, you need to mediate the damage just a bit.”

Hermione opened her mouth.

“Don't start with me young lady.” said Sirius looking irritated. “I put up with you all summer long, I heard some of your 'sage advice.' and frankly, you don't know me very well at all, you or Mrs. Weasley. Just because I had a prank happy childhood, and went off on Peter doesn't mean that I don't know what's the right thing to do.”

“You went out to Kings Cross.” said Hermione firing back.

“And I told you. I wanted to see Harry off to school at least once in his lifetime. I missed out on four years, I was not going to miss another one.” said Sirius angrily.

“I stand by Sirius on that.” said Remus.

“But...” said Hermione.

“You don't have a kid, when you have a kid, lose him or her for twelve years and only see him
maybe once a year, then get back to me.” said Sirius.

“What about the fact you told Harry...” said Hermione.

“Drop it.” said Chief Hawkeye firmly.

Hermione and Sirius looked at Chief Hawkeye.

“True, Sirius made some poor choices, but if the Ministry had pulled their heads out of their asses, then he wouldn't have been stuck where he was, he would have been perfecting his paternal skills with the boy and he wouldn't be this excitable about freedom. You, Granger are just a child, you have no actual right to be criticizing adult choices, and frankly, your choices in life has very much left to be desired. If you were my granddaughter, you would have been taken to task several times by now.” said Chief Hawkeye. “You, Weasley and Potter and if I'm not mistaken, I'm sure that Weasley has been at fault time or two for the things that had happened.”

Ron nodded dumbly.

“And has been punished?” asked Chief Hawkeye.

Ron blushed slightly and nodded.

“Harry, well...there hasn't been a way to punish him yet that can be devised. Paddling won't have any effect, not after the abusive childhood he's had. Grounding, well, there's something but from what I hear, it never is put through, not with everyone wanting to spend time with him. So, before I start sending letters to your parents, putting in a few things that you've done, start respecting your elders.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Hermione looked down.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Don't even need to think about it.” said Harry, covering the awkward silence.

Dialogue line.

“That's not what I said.” said Hermione.

“But that's what it could be translated into.” said Remus. “You need to phrase things carefully if you want to get your point across. Took me a few years to stop most of the pranks done to me for what I said.”

Seventeenth paragraph.

“When it comes to me being in danger, I trust him.” said Harry. “If he wants me to practice on defending myself, and getting others also into defending themselves, then absolutely.”
“Bad idea.” said Fred.

“Tell me about it.” said Katie.

Dialogue set.

“Well, you've got to admit, being a prisoner in Azkaban, and having only one real year of freedom abroad, and then being shut in a house he cannot stand, then if he wants to live through me, he can do so. I'm still in control of my life so what he wants to do through me can only go so far. Don't you think?” said Harry with a firm voice.

“I just thought...oh never mind!” said Hermione angrily.

“I told you that this book was going to be hard.” said Harry.

“It's not just this book!” said Hermione.

“I didn't ask for this, you want to bring this up with someone you'll have to take this up with Umbridge. Besides, going back and looking at all of our decisions, our judgment sort of bites, much more than Sirius' does.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Terry, I'm amazed you fancy her.” said Terry quietly.

“Me too, it's kind of weird.” said Ron looking at Hermione with an appraising look. She elbowed him in the stomach, but there was a slight smile on her face.
Angelina put her hands on her hips.

“Well, we...you can't have two Beaters sneezing and sniffling right in the middle of a game could you?” said Fred.

“One sneeze at the wrong time and we'd take off someone's head.” said George.

“Pepper...up...potions....” said Angelina with a growl.

“Ah, well...uh...what if she ran out?” said George.

“Not likely, Mr. Weasley.” said Snape with a sneer. “I keep her potion stock fully supplied.”

“Traitor.” muttered Fred.

“Delinquent.” said Snape snarkily.

“He's playing along...I'm going to faint.” said George.

“Finally, some silence then.” said Snape.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Pass on them Ron...pass on them....” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oooh....” said a few people wincing horribly.

Dialogue set.

“That was Hermione.” said Ginny.
“And there is proof that he knows more than he lets on, have you used that spell before?” asked Rivers.

“Not that I can recall.” said Harry.

“That would be the ideal time to get out of the air.” said Madam Hooch.

“Too much information.” said Ginny.

“WAY too much information!” said Ginny covering her ears.

“Thought someone had put something in the towels, it's happened before.” said Katie.

“Yeah, we heard a tale once that the entire Slytherin team had itching powders doused all over their towels.” said Fred.

“Did you boys have anything to do with it?” asked Mrs. Weasley looking at her twin sons.

“It was before their time.” said McGonagall.
Remus and Sirius were shaking with silent laughter.

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“You would have to have poked yourself in the eye pretty hard to earn that yelp.” said Alicia.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“Scared the crap out of me.” said Ron.

“Nice how Harry didn't want to tell us.” said George with an indignant sniff.

“Sorry...” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirtieth paragraph, first sentence.**

“You didn't know about that before hand?” asked Hermione.

“I've got enough on my plate dealing with Voldemort in the physical sense, I don't need to think on his emotions.” said Harry rubbing his scar.

**End of thirtieth paragraph.**

“You kind of feel sorry for the Death Eaters...” said Lee. “Then again, maybe not.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

“Don't, Harry...don't.” said Dumbledore closing his eyes.
“I was fine...” said Harry.

Thirty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“How the hell do you know?” asked Zacharias.

Thirty-third paragraph.
“So it was a hunch.” said Zacharias with a smirk.
“Let's see you guess what You-Know-Who is doing and thinking...” spat Colin angrily.

Dialogue line.
Thirty-fourth paragraph.
“He looked awful.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.
Thirty-fifth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Thirty-sixth paragraph.
“Yeah, I couldn't exactly be happy around her either.” said Remus.

Dialogue set.
Thirty-seventh paragraph.
“I didn't expect that...I didn't expect him to be able to tell what he's thinking just from the pain in his scar.” said Ron.
“The mind is not a book.” said Snape rolling his eyes.

“Well, ain't that creepy.” said Terry.

“Who?” said Nightstrike.

“Dumbledore.” said Ron and the rest of the school together.

“He already knows, and besides, he wasn't exactly willing to see me at that point.” said Harry.

Dumbledore covered his eyes.

“How was he going to get a hold of him when the mail and the fires are being watched.” said Blaise.

“Ever get the feeling that Ron knows more than what's going on?” said a third year Hufflepuff.

“Just that...Dumbledore really loves Harry.” said Ron quietly.
Dumbledore looked at his hands, a smile on his face.

“Loves me so much, shouldn't have been ignoring me.” thought Harry.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“And yet he can remember that, I can't remember stuff like that.” said Tonks.

Moody shook his head.

End of forty-second paragraph.

“Just don't worry about it for the moment.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph, second sentence.

“You make it sound like I nag!” said Hermione.

“You do!” said the students.

“And we love you for it.” said Harry.

“Most of the time.” said Ron with an arm around her shoulders.

Hermione looked at him and elbowed him in the side.

“All the time, all the time.” grunted Ron.

End of forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Happened all the time in History of Magic class.” said Sirius.
“Weird how as he's reading, he's using the words to promote his own thoughts.” said Fred.

“It would be normal thinking if he was thinking of things he's supposed to be thinking.” said George.

“What?” said Fred.

“Huh?” said George.

“What does that word mean?” asked Colin.

“It's desire.” said Harry.

“I thought it sounded similar.” said Colin.

“Oh, sweetheart.” said Mrs. McFinn rubbing the back of Harry's neck.

Harry leaned into the touch and smiled.
Dumbledore leaned forward in the chair he sat in.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yay! Dobby’s back!” said a third year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon, second comma.

“He must have excellent poise, to hold them all up.” said Emmeline.

“He has to restack them quite frequently, but he enjoys doing it.” said Dumbledore.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That was a relief.” said Harry.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Well, he won't be cold.” said Parvati.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Bet she loved that.” said Lavender.
“I had quite a few complaints from the elves about the hats and such.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “I was relieved that Dobby volunteered to take on the task of the entire tower by himself.”

“I'm always having bad dreams.” said Harry quietly.

“And we've heard a few of them.” said Neville

“Oh no you haven't.” said Harry.

The Hall became silent.

Harry could hear the gnashing of teeth.

“Good idea, if anyone knows every nook and cranny about the castle, it would be the house-elves!” said a seventh year Slytherin.
Sixty-first paragraph.

“He's got a spot!” said a first year.

“And it was a good one.” said Harry, Hermione, and Ron.

Dialogue set.

“I don't believe I know that room.” said Remus.

“I know I never went in it.” said Sirius.

“You might have, you just don't know about it.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Sounds perfect!” said Sirius. “Why couldn't we have found that room?”

“I can only imagine what havoc you would have raised with that room's help.” said McGonagall rolling her eyes.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore smiled warmly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not that night, you're already tired.” said Dr. Clark.
“That's right, get some sleep.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Finally.” said Snape with a sneer.

“We were so relieved.” said Katie.

Angelina turned towards her.

“Lets face it Angie, none of us wanted to be drenched and then blown to Bristol.” said Alicia.

“Sort of hard to drink when someone's gawking at you.” said Fred.

“Trust us, just to make each other laugh, we stare at each other.” said George. “It's impossible to swallow smoothly.”

“Yeah, well, no one else was coughing up any place, so Dobby's will have to do.” said Sirius.

“And I don't think Harry has forgotten about the missing bones in his arm that year. And besides, that was Dazzle Gums' fault, Dobby only broke the arm.” said Bill with a smile.
“Sure, don’t trust the loyal elf.” said Fred

“Granted, he did just about kill Harry with that Bludger.” said George.

“But he got Harry that gillyweed and saved him from drowning.” said Fred.

“But he could have save everyone a lot of time and freaking out by telling who was behind the Basilisk.” said George.

“Yeah, and I guess you could include the whole levitation charm and the barrier...yeah, I would take what Dobby says with a grain of salt.” said Fred.

“Too bad Ernie found Zacharias.” muttered Fred.

“Don't act sketchy!” said Sirius. “Be calm, act natural.”

“Now you just have to worry about the Toad.” said Tonks.

“Idiot.” muttered Draco.
“That he was.” said Snape quietly.

Dialogue set.

Seventieth paragraph.

“You should try and look natural, do not attract attention to yourselves.” said Tempest.

Dialogue line.

“Well, you are covering the basics, give it a bit more thought and you should be able to fine tune the room to be completely impenetrable.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Seventy-second paragraph.

“Nice, wish the office was that equipped.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-third paragraph.

“Shocker.” said a majority of the students. Hermione blushed.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

“It was an amazing read.” said Hermione thinking of the book fondly.
“Guess we weren't all that fussy about where we hid.” said Fred.

“Words of experience. And just from last year.” said Kingsley.

“Hold up...isn't Harry the leader?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I thought we should vote on it properly.” said Hermione.

“So, it's a group that Harry's going to teach, but someone else is going to be pulling the strings?” said Officer McFinn.

“Sort of sounds like Fudge.” said Mrs. McFinn curiously.

Several people snickered.

“Well, there wasn't any other option out there, was there?” said Zacharias.

“No one else is qualified.” said Colin.

“Granger seemed to be running things.” said Zacharias.
“Are there going to be badges?” said Charlie.

“No, but, I thought that this way, no one else could really tell what we're talking about.” said Hermione.

“Well, when she talks about S.P.E.W, I still don't know what she's talking about.” said Ron quietly to Seamus. Hermione, unfortunately, heard him and stamped his foot.

“I was kidding!” said Ron rubbing his foot.

“You don't want to single anyone out, that'll only get you in trouble if you get caught.” said Nightstrike.

“That'll only add fuel to the fire if you get caught.” said Remus.

“What, I thought it was a good name.” said Fred indignantly.

“Both excellent ideas and can easily be exchanged for the other.” said Dumbledore with a smile. He felt deeply humbled by the fact that they used his name.

“I don't know about a good idea, if they get found out, the Ministry can, well could have used it against you.” said Mr. Weasley looking over at the Headmaster.

“The students need to stay in the school and learn how to defend themselves, if they get found out, then the Ministry will focus on me and they will have precious time to plan the next move.” said
“They might expel Potter if they find out he's the leader.” said Moody looking thoughtful. “Someone else should have been labeled as leader, Potter just could take the role of tutor, have no physical attachment to the group.”

“True, Alastor, very true.” said Dumbledore slowly. Hermione, Ron and Harry exchange looks. “But, I think that the chance to attempt to remove me from the school would have been a more tempting offer than expelling Harry. And as the old saying goes, hindsight is twenty-twenty and with age brings wisdom.”

Dialogue line.

“I thought Harry was in charge.” said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“Tell me you don't leave it there.” said Snape rubbing his eyes. “I don't.” said Hermione smugly.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

Snape looked up and stared at the boy. “From what I hear, he prefers that spell over all others.” said Flitwick quietly, though loud enough for Snape to hear.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“It helped him against You-Know-Who, and disarming a teacher, though that was Dazzle Gums.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

Dialogue line.

Eightieth paragraph.
“I'm going to wait patiently till you are out of school, and then I'd like to offer career proposition.” said Rivers leaning forward.

“Get in line, bub.” said Nightstrike.

“Sorry, Neville.” said Luna. “Ginny grabbed me.”

“That's alright, I got to learn straight from Harry.” said Neville with a smile.

A few of the D.A members blushed.

“I wonder how I would rate.” said a few second years.

“Can we still sign up?” asked a seventh year.

“There's no need for it now.” said Harry.

“Well...” said Hermione.

“Have you guys been having meetings?” said Harry.

“No, just...maybe we should keep up with it...” said Hermione. “After the books are all over.” said Hermione.

“We'll have to see.” said Harry.

“How's that?” asked Ron.

“I'm already behind on my paperwork.” said Harry with a groan.

“Don't you worry about a thing. I've just been signing your name to the basic paperwork. The ones that don't really require any real decision.” said Rudolph. “We can sit down and go through the allowances tonight if you're not all that tired.”
“I figured that was a great start.” said Harry.

Zacharias glared over at the twins.

“The book must be mistaken.” said Fred.

“Shame on you, book, fibbing like that.” said George, wagging his finger at Officer McFinn.

“Sure, that has to be it.” said Officer McFinn shaking his head.

“Didn't want to jinx her” said Michael with a blush.

Ernie also blushed.

Dennis and Colin scratched the back of their heads, an embarrassed smile on their faces.

“I've never really had to use that spell.” said Luna with a dreamy smile.
“Well, now we know where the hell he got that.” said Fred.

“Come on, several spells were missing.” said Ron looking around the room.

“Like yours.” said Hermione.

“Like one of mine.” corrected Ron.

“Aw...you make her nervous.” said Bill with a snicker.

Harry and Cho blushed.

“Still don't know how I got blamed for that.” said Harry.

“She jealous or something?” asked Terry.

“No, she just...well...” said Cho.

“I just didn't want to do anything that would get my mother fired.” said Marietta coldly.

“If your mother does good work at her job, then they can't fire her.” said Madam Bones.
“Did they know what she was going to do?” asked Tonks.

“No, they just want me to be a loyal Ministry marcher.” said Cho rolling her eyes. “I sent them an angry letter before all this, I told them that if they supported her, then I didn't want anything to do with them.”

“And...how did your parents take that?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Not too well, I got an angry letter back, but it ended that they were proud of me for standing up for what I believe in, but I still get grounded for a week when I get home.” said Cho.

“Hmm...grounding when we get home.” said Sirius shaking Harry's shoulders. “Will that work on you?”

“Beats me, can't say I've been grounded yet.” said Harry.

“Count on it then.” said Sirius.

“What?” said Harry.

“I'm thinking, a day for each time you put yourself in danger.” said Sirius.

Harry leaned back and counted. “What about first year?”

“Each obstacle counts as one.” said Sirius.

“What about the forest in my first year?” said Harry.

“I'll give you that one.”

Harry leaned back again. “What about the Tasks last year.”

“I'll pass on those, you didn't ask for those.”

“And my job?” said Harry.

“Tack on a week for that.” said Sirius.

“That's...thirty-eight days!” said Harry staring at Sirius.

“That's about right, give or take.” said Sirius.

“Of just staying at home.” said Harry.

“No going anywhere, no having friends over, nothing.” said Sirius.

Harry looked at the floor. “I think I can live with that.” said Harry.

“Wonderful.” said Sirius throwing an arm around Harry's shoulder.

“What about his birthday?” said Leroy.

“Maybe he'll have a cupcake or something.” said Sirius, his eyes twinkling.
“That's something to look forward to.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.

Ninetieth paragraph.

“He didn't even blink.” said Terry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that.” said Luna looking contrite.

End of dialogue set.

Chief Hawkeye blinked and looked at the girl. “I think I missed that issue.”

“Oh, Daddy didn't print that, he was afraid that the Minister would have slipped some poison into our turnips.” said Luna.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Hopefully out earlier.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“No more arguing, or debating, don't get busted your first night.” said Charlie.
“Ah, back to normalcy.” said Susan with a giggle. “Fighting like an old married couple.”

“Ah, that sweet.” said Fred.

Ginny looked down at the floor, but then a small breeze tickled her hand and she saw a little paper heart sitting on top of her hand. She looked over to Harry, who merely smiled and Sirius was stowing away his wand.
I don't own Harry. Potter.

If you haven't noticed yet, this book makes me MAD! I can just feel the angst that Harry is radiating and I just get mad right along with him. Just goes to show you how amazing a writer J.K. Rowling is!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

Remus couldn't contain the snort of the laughter that escaped him.

**End of first paragraph.**

“You're perfect Teacher material.” said Rivers proudly.

Moody rolled his eyes, “Better hope that Umbridge isn't able to peer into your mind boy.”

“She doesn't have the power to even begin to learn.” said Snape with a smirk.

**Second paragraph.**

The adults nodded.

“I'm still a bit hesitant...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“They need to defend themselves sweetheart.” said Mr. Weasley soothingly.

**Third paragraph, first sentence.**

“The first time house unity would be a *very* bad thing.” said Ron looking at Hermione with a laugh.

**End of third paragraph.**

Dialogue set.
Silence crept through the school.

“Not bad Granger, really not bad.” said Moody nodding approvingly.

Snape absently gripped his forearm, massaging the mark on his skin.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Shocked the hell out of me.” said Terry, a few other Ravenclaw students nodded as well.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Cause we wouldn't be able to get as far ahead on points without her.” said Ron with a proud smile.

Dialogue set.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The students looked amongst themselves. “I'm not too fond of that now.” said one of the more worried looking students.

“Ended up using them anyway.” said Fred.

“It was a wicked idea, and we aren't branded so that works out for us.” said George.

Unless you sit on the thing and Harry changes the time, and you don't get the chance to stand up for an hour.....still have a circle mark on my rear.” said Fred.
“Unless you sit on the thing.” repeated Fred.

“Also helps to keep the coin all on it's own.” said Angelina.

“My question is, how did you manage to create the gold coins?” asked Madam Bones.

“I...I didn't.” said Hermione.

“She borrowed the galleons from me.” said Harry.

“Gotta give them a day off at some point.” said Charlie.

“Didn't want Slytherin to win.” said Angelina.

“You guys are the best in the school, you can afford a day off somewhere.” said Bill.

“No one got homework that week, it was crazy.” said George.

“My fondest wish came true.” said Fred.

“Should have took an anger management class...” said Harry dully.

“Hey, how much do you wanna bet that Umbridge told that little toerag to provoke us?” said George.

Draco looked firmly at his feet.
“Not that much of a shock.” said Bill.

“Slytherin needs all the practice they can get.” said Sirius with a snicker.

Once again, not much of a shock.” said Bill.

Flitwick and Sprout shook their heads sadly as they tutted towards Snape.

“I think that seminar will be more than adequate to help you in dealing with the children, fairly.” said Dumbledore with a icy tone in his voice.

Snape cringed.

“And hopefully never will.” muttered Ron.

“Do not be discouraged Mr. Weasley, it took Wood many years of constant practice with his father to get to be the Keeper he was while he was here.” said McGonagall.

“I'm betting Fred and George didn't help with that.” said Bill with a firm look at his younger brothers.

“We tried! We told Ron to just move onto the next time and just do what he's got to do...we even tried to get him used to it...never worked.” said the twins together.
Ron blushed.

**Eighth paragraph, fifth sentence.**

“Awesome!” said Sirius with a smile.

**Eighth paragraph, sixth paragraph.**

“It was so cool!” said Katie.

**End of eighth paragraph.**

“We were kidding, Mum!” said the twins quickly.

**Ninth paragraph, second sentence.**

“You'd think that listening to Malfoy and his little cronies would get you prepared for that.” said Tonks.

“They were mostly focused on me, it's one thing to be the wall, and another thing to be the person they're firing at.” said Harry.

The people in and around the bowl looked at Harry. “That's an odd analogy.” said Rudolph.

“Oh, trust me, you don't want to know the reason behind that comparison.” said Officer McFinn, gripping the book tightly.

Harry turned his head away.

**End of ninth paragraph.**

“Or at least someone on the opposite side of the field.” said Harry with a smirk.

**Tenth paragraph, first sentence.**

“He was the wall, he and Hermione.” said Harry with a smile.

Hermione and Ron smiled to themselves.
“Oooh.” said a few of the students.

“Wait...what?” said the students together.

“That’s not right, we just had Halloween and that Bonfire Night thing.” said Ernie. “The Quidditch game was sooner than this.”

“This is the part in the book where the actions of that...bitch,” said Officer McFinn, the twins and a few other students smiled in glee. “changed the course of future. This is what would have happened if she hadn’t of made this decisions.”

“That was a pretty fancy way of speaking.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

“That’s the exact words that I was given, don’t mess with me.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

“They used that word?” said Fred with a snicker.

“Well, they used a gentler word, but that was a bit closer to the mark than the one they used.” said Officer McFinn.

“So, from this point on, pretty much, somethings may have happened before they say it has?” said Terry.

“That’s right. Some things may happen in the future, and then again somethings might not. I don’t know, I’ve only seen the ending where all these things have happened.” said Officer McFinn. “Parts of it are...well, they’ll be hard, but the happier bits...I hope they do happen.”

“Like what?” asked Ginny.

“You’ll have to wait,” said Officer McFinn. “for the end of the books.”
“Oh, you poor thing.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“They weren't anything good.” said Harry.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Well, so much for that idea.” said Fred.

“Thought a round of applause would boost his confidence.” said George.

“Sorry...” said Ron.

“Nah, we guess we should have given it a bit more thought.” said Fred with a shrug.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You're playing with a veteran team, it's natural to think that.” said Charlie. “I was the same way for my first game.”

Ron looked at the floor, though a smile was on his face.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Aww...” said the students together.

Dialogue line.

“I couldn't come up with anything else to say.” said Harry.
Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Most you would have been able to do is get your lips wet.” said Ginny.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I didn't realize he was that nervous.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set.

Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn looked at each other.

“It took me a little while to make that hat.” said Luna with a serene smile. “It's my absolute favorite, right next to my Raven feathered jacket.”

“She wears it to every game.” said Micheal quietly.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“It's quite the unusual hat.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

“Well, that's disturbing.” said Blaise leaning away.

End of dialogue set.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“If I had known about what you said to that girl...” said Madam Pomfrey looking firmly over to Snape.
“Oh that doesn't sound promising.” said Remus.

“It wasn't good, not at all.” said Hermione.

Draco looked away.

“Worst game of our career happened that day.” said Fred solemnly.

“Second worst.” said Harry holding up two fingers.

“Getting kicked off and banned wasn't bad enough?” said George.

“We won that game...the game with the Dementors...we lost that one.” said Harry. “I figured that I would get back back on the team sooner or later, Umbridge wasn't likely to stay on past the holidays, especially if the kids went home and complained.”

“Damn straight we would have.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

“I would have refused to come back to school.” said a second year Gryffindor.
“Not even a little bit. I was trying not to throw up.” said Ron.

“He didn't even blink he was so out of it.” said Alicia.

“Wish she would dress me.” said Fred with a frown.

Alicia leaned over and smacked the back of Fred's head.

“Never had the misfortune to talk or run into them personally.” said Angelina.

“Had to help them.” muttered Montague.

“The chasers had to lead them.” said the twins with a snigger.

Snape growled inwardly. The two beaters did think of physical strength than intelligence.
“Just let it out, Ron.” said Fred.

“You'll feel better afterwards.” said George.

Ron touched his stomach. “Harry, you got any gingerbread or something?”

“Don't tell me you're hungry.” said Hermione.

“No, I'm just...refeeling the nausea.” said Ron looking pale.

Harry reached into his bag and pulled out a thin slab of gingerbread. “Knock yourself out.” said Harry extending it.

Ron stood up and grabbed the large cookie and ate it slowly.

Montague looked at his arms, and then placed them behind his back, his face red.

“Do I want to know where those badges came from?” said McGonagall.

“Umbridge...she gave us the idea to mess with Weasley.” said Draco softly.
“He never was a gentleman.” said Angelina with a disdainful sniff.

“Monkey see, monkey do.” muttered a Gryffindor sixth year.

“And what am I?” said Katie with a playful smile and her hands on her hips.

“Ah well...” said Lee looking nervous.

“Amongst the roses...he found himself a gem-encrusted cherry blossom.” said Sirius with a charismatic smile.

A blush crept across the Great Hall.

“Sweet Merlin, he found his old style.” said Remus groaning. “We'd better stop him before he starts.”

“Someone's affections aren't a fun fact.” said Remus. “Brooms and what other clubs they're in is a fun fact.”
“Lucky shot.” muttered Fred and George.

“I thought I told you boys to never aim for the head!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Come on Mum!” said Fred.

“We have to stop the other team from scoring.” said George.

“Besides,” said Fred.

“There's nothing up there to damage in the first place.” said the twins together.

“What are they singing?” asked Sirius.

“Don't...ask...” said Fred and George firmly.

“They'll find out shortly, I'll warrant.” said Harry.

“I shouldn't have stopped to listen.” said Lee guiltily.
“The Slytherins lost almost two hundred points for that little unsportsmanlike conduct.” said McGonagall sternly.

“Too bad that Umbridge replaced all those points.” said Flitwick with a growl.

“And with those brats chanting that idiotic song, they're going to get it past Ron.” said Chief Hawkeye with a firm gaze.

The Slytherins looked down, slight shame on their faces. They weren't being shone in a very good light lately.

“Professional players are conditioned to ignore the fans provoking. School kids are thin skinned.” said Lionus.

“I think they used an amplifying charm.” said Hermione.
Weasley is our King song.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Weasley is our King.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Weasley is our King song.

“I love music, but that song...” said Flitwick shaking his head.

“It's complete trash talk.” said Officer McFinn.

Dialogue set.

Fortieth paragraph.

Weasley is our King song.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph, first sentence.

“Come on Harry, get the Snitch, I hate hearing about this game.” said Leroy.

End of forty-first paragraph.

Several girls groaned. “She's so obnoxious.”

Weasley is our King song.

Forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Finally they score.” said Rudolph. “Now crush those twerps.”

“Uh, as underhanded as they're acting, I'm a Slytherin too...” said Leroy.

“You're different.” said Rudolph.
“Come on, Harry! Come on!” said a few of the students excitedly.

“Thank Merlin! I don't have to sit through that song again.” said Mrs. McFinn with a relieved smile.

“What happened?” said Sirius and Remus quickly.

“Oh no!” screamed Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“Oh, thank goodness...” said Mrs. McFinn. “Whoever shot that at him shouldn't be allowed to play! Such underhanded tactics...”

“Oh, I wanted to at least suspend Crabbe from the rest of the years' Quidditch games.” said McGonagall. “Unfortunately, Delores felt that lines was more than sufficient punishment.”
“Had a nasty bruise though...” said Harry. “Had to sleep on my stomach for a while.”

“This won't end well.” said Dr. Clark.

“Oh, it doesn't.” said Harry and the rest of the team.

“They were awful, you wouldn't even get the Hobgoblins to sing it.” said Bill.

“We should have just went to the changing rooms too.” said Fred.

Mr. Weasley leaned forward, his face looking angered.

It was Mrs. Weasley's turn to look furious.
“See, you guys should have listened to me.” said Angelina.
“Yes, dear.” said George with a mumble.
“Get used to saying that.” said Mr. Weasley and Officer McFinn with a laugh.

Draco shifted uneasily.
Snape was drumming his fingers on the armrests of his chair.

“I was trying to make my way down, but Umbridge kept blocking my path downward. She knew this was going to happen.”

SMACK!
Snape had slapped the back of Malfoy's head.
“I don't want to hear you speak ill of her...or of anyone's mother again, is that clear?” shouted Snape.
“Y-Yes sir.” said Draco.

“Get him Harry!” shouted most of the students.
“Acting the way boys do, where were you?” said Harry sternly.

“Dealing with Crabbe.” said Madam Hooch looking taken aback.

“But after all that singing and everything, you shouldn't have focused all your attention on just one of the Slytherin players.” said Harry with a stern look. “But it wasn't just you, the other teachers should have paused the game, and asked the students to stop the bullying, but they allowed it to continue. To single out a single student. It wasn't your best day, Hogwarts staff.”

The teachers all flinched.

Harry…” said Remus looking at Harry in awe.

“They all knew the tension between the two houses, and that song wouldn't have made it any easier. They should have stopped it, by not doing so, they're promoting it, and saying it's okay. So maybe we should sing some bullying limericks to the Slytherin fliers during the next game.” said Harry with a snort.

The teachers, and Dumbledore looked down in shame.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first semi-colon.

“After all the crap he pulled, good for you boys.” said Dr. Clark stiffly.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“He knew that was going to happen.” said Hermione with a frown.

End of dialogue set.

“Didn't hear you scold the Slytherins, so we have to sit there and take it, eh?” said Fred with a scowl. “Granted we're supposed to be above such petty things.” he added with a snort. “But still, we're hormonally driven teens, we're going to smack the magic out of someone if they talk about our mum.”

Sixtieth paragraph.

Sixty-first paragraph.

“As ticked as you were, I'd do it again.” said George.

“Me too.” said Fred.

“Me three.” muttered Harry.
“We were provoked, during the entire game and then a little bit after wards.” said Harry. “Explain yourself why you didn't put a stop to it.”

McGonagall looked to the side.

“I swear, you lot tell me to leave it to the adults, but when we really needed you guys, you don't do jack shit.” said Harry.

“Language Harry.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“They...” said Harry.

“I know, sweetheart, and I'm completely on your side. They should have stopped it and I'm tempted after hearing so much about this school that you go and finish your learning at Stonewall High.” said Mrs. McFinn.

She reached over and rubbed the back of Harry's neck, bringing a serene smile to the boy's face.

“This place is too stressful for you.” said Mrs. McFinn softly.

“Our mums.” said Fred.

“She was too busy.” said a few third years.

“I think we can all agree that we fell short in this game, let us leave it at that.” said Dumbledore.
“Shocker, she's supporting Slytherin.” said Katie.

Dialogue line.

Charlie said something that caused a scolding that lasted twenty whole minutes and the sniggering of several younger boys.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Bill this time had to endure a shouting at for what he said.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“It was a sufficient punishment.” said Dumbledore. “I believe Mr. Malfoy would have gotten at least two days of detention...though I don't believe that happened.”

“Umbridge said he was an innocent victim.” said Angelina.

“Doubt he's ever been innocent.” said a Gryffindor sixth year darkly.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“Go McGonagall!” said Sirius.

“You're forgetting something.” said Harry dully.

Sirius's face fell. “Ah...that's right.” said Sirius sadly.
“She was angry.” said Fred.

“Refreshing to see it aimed at someone else.” said George.

“Tell us about it.” said Sirius and Remus together.

“Oh, if she was here, I’d kill her.” said Nightstrike wistfully. “My blood pressure is rising, I can just feel it.”

Chief Hawkeye smiled.

“How in the bloody hell did you think that you could do this?” said Rivers angrily. “You implant all these damned decrees you're going to empty the school!”

“S...” said Fudge.

“Don't you dare.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Least till after school ends.” said Colin.

“Or till she gets fired.” said Dennis.

“Knowing how sadistic and manipulative Umbridge and Fudge were, she was in for the long haul.” said Harry. “I think it was at least a few days after that that I sent the note to you.” he added looking at Rivers.
“SHE CAN'T DO THAT!” shouted Rivers. “He is more than able to go and play Quidditch after school!”

“SHE CAN'T DO THAT EITHER! SHE HAS TO SEND THEM HOME WITH A NOTE!” screamed Rivers. He turned and glared at Fudge, and then turned to Kingsley. “No offense, but from now on, any, ANY teacher that the Ministry wants to put into Hogwarts, must meet OUR requirements, they have to take the approved classes and they have to take a full and thorough aptitude test.”

Kingsley nodded.

“If I hear of any of your little cronies in education, I'm pulling them and subjecting them to an intense investigation.” said Rivers spat back to Fudge.

“I...I...” said Fudge.

“You're through, I'll destroy you!” yelled Rivers.

“Calm down, you're just going to give yourself a heart attack.” said Dr. Nicodemus handing the man a calming draught.

“Get new players.” said Rivers finally calming down, “Till Potter and the Weasleys can get back on the team.”

“Let's see what they would do.” said Fred indignantly.
“It was my fault.” said Ron slowly.

“It was ours for falling for it.” said George. “And the teachers for not stopping the stupid singing.”

“Mostly ours though.” said Harry fairly. “We should have did what you did and leave the pitch.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That was so not fair.” said Angelina.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I would have loved it.” said Fred longingly.

Seventy-third paragraph.

“Still have it, use it for no-broom practice.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“Let us join you.” said Fred.

Bill smacked the back of his younger brother's head.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Not you that I'm avoiding.” said Ron looking at Hermione.
“I didn't want to face you guys when you came in.” said Ron. “I didn't know about the whole...yeah...”

“DON'T YOU DARE!” shouted Angelina.

“I didn't know!” said Ron quickly.

“No it wasn't.” said the school.

“That's got nothing to do with it...not that you aren't good.” said Katie.
...Okay you got a point there.” said Sirius.

Remus nudged Sirius in the ribs hard. “Shut up.”

“I've had worse.” said Harry.

“Or that sent us into a happy upward spiral.” said Ron with a smile.

“Can we stop for the day.” said Harry plainly.

“Are you alright sweetie?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“I think I just need to calm down for the rest of the day.” said Harry.

“Of course Harry.” said Dumbledore, Officer McFinn nodded.

“I wanna go rest in my room.” said Harry standing up.

“I'll lead you up, Harry.” said Rudolph taking Harry by the elbow.

The school looked at Harry as he left the Great Hall, and a few of the more observant ones gasped. Harry's black hair that was creeping back up, was completely gone. His hair was completely white again.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please leave a comment!
Harry sat down on his large couch and kicked his feet up onto the cushions. He was getting pretty tired and he just didn't want to continue on with the books today. He was just getting more exhausted by the minute, and his anger kept lashing out to the people being mentioned in the book....

He didn't know what he wanted anymore.

He was grateful that he had Sirius with him, he didn't need to hide anymore and he especially grateful since he had Dr. Clark, and Mrs. McFinn again. Finding out he had uncles and even a Great-Grandmother was a massive dream come true...though...the rest of his family that he was now responsible for...they were a bit like a bunch of needy Dursleys from the sounds of it. It was going to be stressful, but a sort of...happy stress that he could manage without much trouble.

It was just all this, the people looking into his most private thoughts, his opinions, and...really...all the gushing was starting to get a bit annoying...not from Mrs. McFinn though....just from all the girls. How was he supposed to cope with all this when they still had about two and a half books left to go through?

As he thought all this he looked up at the ceiling, letting the voices that surrounded him and came flitting in and out of the air above him just wash over him. Didn't acknowledge anyone who nudged him, patted his head or even looked down at him.

“Lad...lad...come on lad, you need to snap out of it.” said a voice coming from his right.

A hand nudged his face firmly, and then took his chin in hand and turned his head towards the hand's owner.

It was Dr. Nicodemus. No one else was in the room, and the sun was beginning to set. How long was he just laying there?
“Seeing as how we have some free time, and he just arrived, I want you to talk to that therapist I mentioned.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Harry blinked at the man, and then sat slowly up. “Who is it?”

“A colleague of mine. He's a good man, though...it takes a bit for him to warm up to you. We'll see how well you and him get on. Come on in, Glacier.”

The door opened and a tall man with porcelain like skin, short white hair. And wearing a light blue robe. He had ice blue eyes and no nonsense face, though, he did look very handsome. Sort of like a Snape with a normal nose, washed hair and had gotten some sun in some part of his life.

“This, Potter, is Glacier, he's the head Healer at our Medical base...and he's going to be your therapist.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “I'll leave the two of you to get to know each other and talk.” without further ado, he left the room.

“Why?” asked Harry looking up at the man.

“Am I not up to your standards?” said Glacier with a look of disdain, he had a slight Russian accent.

“No...it's just...you've got more people to worry about then a little therapy session with me...you're probably super busy.” said Harry looking up with tired eyes.

Glacier blinked, heaved a big sigh and sat down in front of Harry.

“Well, you are a very important figure in this country, if not a good part of the world, losing you to depression will have serious repercussions.” said Glacier. He folded his arms and leaned against the back of chair, “Also, it would be a tragic loss, to lose someone before they can really take a firm part in the world we live in.”

Harry took a deep breath and closed his eyes, “So...where do we start?”
Sirius sat down in the Great Hall, eating his dinner, but he wasn't smiling like he normally did.

“Relax, Padfoot.” said Remus. “Harry needs this, and therapy is a private thing, unless they want others to get in on it.”

Sirius sighed as he dipped his fork into the shepherd’s pie. “I know, I know, but that's not what has me worried...”

“Harry's white hair coming back?” said Remus.

“Right on the button.” said Sirius. “And just that half-dead look he had when he was just laying there.” he added with a mumble.

“I talked to Dr. Nicodemus about that, he thinks that it's pretty much coming from all the stress that this particular book is dragging up. He's still going to be watching Harry if there is something else that is going on with him.” said Remus.

“That Ranger doctor, he seems to miss a bunch of stuff when it comes to Harry.” said Sirius.

“Dumbledore asked about that.” said Remus. “He couldn't get a straight answer, but Rangers aren't really all that known for divulging information. Nevertheless, Dumbledore has some faith in them.”

Sirius said nothing.

“So...where do we start?” asked Harry.

“How about...what was your muggle school like?” asked Glacier.

“Don't you need something to write stuff down on?” asked Harry looking at the Ranger's empty hands.
“That's the great thing about Pensieves, you can save money on parchment.” said Glacier with a small smile.

Harry sat in thought for a moment.

“Now, about your school.” said Glacier.

“It was fine.” said Harry softly, “I got good grades...”

“But no friends and really no one related to you to tell you that they were proud of you and to welcome you home.” said Glacier with a sad smile.

“The 'no friends' part didn't really bug me then, sort of does now.” said Harry glumly. “As for the no one telling me they were proud of me, I still had the Police department, most of those guys knew me and they were always talking to me and giving me encouragement. Even a few clients were supportive.”

Glacier ticked an eyebrow, was this kid going to admit something bugged him at the time or what? He doesn't have to holding everything inside...The way Dr. Nicodemus was talking, him laying in here staring at the ceiling with blank eyes, scaring anyone that came into the room...he figured the boy would be pouring his heart out.

This is going to be a long afternoon, and perhaps a very long year.

Hours later, Harry and Rudolph sat in their personal study, just off the sitting room where they all gathered usually. The two of them needed quiet to discuss the paperwork that sat before them.

“So...Harry...how much do you think your cousins are going to be able to live off next month for the holidays coming?” asked Rudolph. “They have all the money they'll need for food and other necessities, but what about spending money for Christmas?”

“I'm thinking maybe a hundred galleons for the adults and thirty for the younger ones...at least the
ones that live with...uh...” said Harry.

“I think you're trying to say Great-Grandmother.” said Rudolph with a smile. “Or Great Grandma, or even Nana if you wanted to be completely sappy about it.”

“I'm good with Great-Grandma...” said Harry with a laugh.

“Now about that money, they're going to be right pissed off with that small amount.” said Rudolph with a large smile.

“If they want extra, they had better come up with a list of the things that they want to give each other and a reason why.” said Harry.

“Good thing you're giving them a month plus to send you the reasons and whatnot. They'll already be sending you a Christmas wish list for themselves, they can tack on there if they want to give out gifts. If I may ask, what reasons aren't you going to be buying for their own wish lists?” said Rudolph.

“Nonsense about how they don't have a decent dress robe, they want the latest works of whatever in dragon hide cover books...crap like that.” said Harry.

“Ooh, you're going to be a mean Patriarch...” said Rudolph with a rich laugh. “That's what they need though...they need to know some tough love. You seem to know what to do with expenses of a family pretty well...”

“I'll tell you if you can keep a secret.” said Harry with a smile.

“I'm one of the best confidants you'll find...” said Rudolph with a bright smile.

“I'm supporting a Muggle family, the kids send me letters of things they need, I deem if they're worth it or not, and if they are or if I can find something cheaper that's just as good, I have Inspector Holmes mail it to them.”

Rudolph smiled. “Aw! Well, these aunt and uncles of yours may throw a bit more tantrums than
what those muggle kids will.”

Harry kept a running total of the expenses that the family acquired every month and adding little notes to each expense total.

“Just how much does the family eat in one week?” said Harry as he totaled up the food bill.

“Well, there are a bunch of adolescent boys there, but we don't have nearly the stomach capacity as the Weasley family has. That family is legendary for bottomless pits.” said Rudolph. “Except for maybe my brother Bartholemew, he can take care of a single turkey all on his own, but he doesn't live with mother. He lives Hungary.”

Harry looked over at his Great-Uncle. “There's a joke in there somewhere.”

“Yeah, he's saying it's getting old...shame really, I love that joke.” said Rudolph with a smile. His smile then turned to a soft frown. “So...how did the first day of therapy go?”

“Fine I guess...I don't know, never had therapy before...” said Harry.

“Well, I suppose that if you managed to get anything off your chest, and if you feel better afterward, then it means it went well.” said Rudolph.

“Then it was fine...I guess...” said Harry looking down at the numbers that lay before him.

“We're you expecting to feel perfect immediately afterward?” asked Rudolph.

“No...maybe, I don't really know.” said Harry looking sullen.

Rudolph looked over at his Great-Nephew with a small smile. “It'll get better, after a few sessions, you'll be opening up to the therapist and you'll be able to vent everything you got ticking under messy head of yours.” he said as he ruffled Harry's hair.

Harry looked over to the large stack of letters from his relatives, the ones from his family's
ancestral home, and others that lived abroad.

“What are these?” asked Harry.

“If you want to change the subject, you'll have to do better.” said Rudolph with a smile. “Those are request letters, they'll come in from time to time. They're requests for extra things, and the reasons behind it. They come from almost every one in the family...if they don't have the money to get it for themselves.”

“Do I have to make sure they aren't lying?” asked Harry. “Or just hope they aren't full of bull and send them what they want?”

“That's where this comes in handy. Mother sent it over with all the letters.” said Rudolph picking up a large cherry wooden cube from within a bag lying on the floor. It had an assortment of different runes and one large circular indent on the top.

“You'll need this.” said Rudolph taking a delicate gold chain with a large opal out of a smaller cherry wood cube. “This unlocks the box, you just push the opal down into the wood and there we go.”

Inside the cube was a small yet ornate mirror. It had pearls fixed to the silver gilded frame and a large heart shaped ruby on top.

“Just read the complete letter to the mirror, and it will flash if they're lying or not or show how many of a particular thing they have.” said Rudolph.

“How the hell does a mirror know when someone is lying?” asked Harry.

“It only happens with the people in our family, married into or not. It's ancient magic, kiddo, even I don't really understand it. Now there are rules to using that...” said Rudolph.

“Only use it if absolutely necessary?” said Harry.

“Oh hell, use it all you freaking want...just...don't lose the key and let no one else use it. Don't want
that getting lost.” said Rudolph.

“Does it do anything besides act like a lie detector?”

“Oh it can do a bunch of different things, it can tell if a member of your family is ill, injured, committing a crime and where they are at, no matter if the Fidelius charm has been cast or not. A lot of our family members, are elderly recluses or people in possession of some very powerful magical items that would could be very dangerous in the wrong hands...so we don't really want to spread it around where they are.” said Rudolph.

“Guess not.” said Harry as he slipped the opal around his neck. “Does the rest of the family know about this mirror, if they did, why would they risk lying in a letter.”

“That's the beauty of it, they don't know about it at all. Only the Patriarch and the Matriarch know about it, well, the emergency Patriarch as well, but that's me if something happens to you. Please don't let anything happen to you, I don't want to do this job for the rest of my life.”

He looked at the mirror and then at the box. “Has anyone put, like, extra protective spells on these things?”

“Every Patriarch adds a little protective charm here and there. You'd be amazed at how protected this thing is. It can't be summoned, or copied, and that's just what I personally found about it.”

“Didn't your...” said Harry.

“Nah, he was more of a find out for yourself...make your own discoveries kind of parent...sort of why I went to Africa and spent my life discovering new plants...” said Rudolph thoughtfully.

“Do you think, I can juggle this and whatever job I want to do?” asked Harry, out of the numerous problems that had plagued his mind as of late, this one was the easiest one to be answered at the moment. Also, the eagerness that his Great-Uncle didn't want the job made him a bit uneasy.

“Sure, your Great-Grandfather was a very popular man in the Ministry, he worked quite a lot, had to deal with all this paperwork and he still had plenty of time for my brothers, sisters and I.” said Rudolph with a smile. “Once you get the hang of it, this paperwork won't take longer than maybe two hours a day.”
Harry smiled slightly.

“Now, let's get down to a few of these letters.” said Rudolph.

“Well, Glacier, what have you found out?” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

Glacier took a deep breath as he sipped his tea. “He's going to need this...for a long time.”

“That bad eh...?” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

“He's not screwed up, not like some of the others that I've seen, but this kid...he doesn't want to let anyone in, it's like he's got a brick wall around his emotions and his feelings. It's like he doesn't want anyone to help him...but...there's a young boy in there, that's just screaming for help, and he doesn't know how to get it.” said Glacier.

“Is this the reason...” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“He's getting stressed out, because of these books. I recommend only doing maybe three or four chapters a day. Call it day at four o'clock or so, let Harry unwind.” said Glacier.

“His eyesight should be returning to full strength within a day or two, that'll make things easier on him.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “So, are you going to continue on with him, or are you going to pass him off on someone else?”

Glacier looked down. “I'll stay with him, even though we just met, jumping from one therapist to another is not a good thing. I've heard that they'll just placate the new therapist until they can get out. Best stick with the boy until he's comfortable, or until he says he wants someone different.”

The two Healers sat in silence for a moment.
“Sad really, the boy has looks, charm, brains, money and the choice of amazing careers...and he's falling victim to depression...that damned family...and Voldemort on top of it all...” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Like I said, he's going to need therapy...for a long time...” said Glacier.

“Oh no...” said Rudolph. “This isn't going to be easy to say no to, for you maybe, me the answer's easy.”

“What's that?” asked Harry as he stretched.

“You're going to want to read this.” said Rudolph, handing Harry a letter.

Harry opened the letter and read:

Dearest Cousin;

I was so overjoyed to hear that you have finally been brought back into the folds of our family. My heart has ached for the life that you had to have been living so far away from your family. I hope that we can meet and become the best of friends and close cousins.

“Doesn't sound so bad...” said Harry. “Little gag worthy...”

“Oh wait for it, skip the next two flowery paragraphs.” said Rudolph pointing to a part lower on the letter.

I was relieved that Rudolph and his friend came back to England safe and sound. I've wanted to ask him for something, but the letters never seemed to reach him.

My friend has suffered some very unfortunate circumstances, and I thought that I would treat her to a little change of scenery, if it is possible, I would like an extra five thousand galleons so I can take her someplace to help her rest.
I await your owl and I cannot wait to meet you.

Much love,

Your cousin,

Caroline Potter.

“I take it she doesn't like you and Uncle Leroy being together.” said Harry.

“She's anti-whatever makes me happy.” said Rudolph.

“That bad huh?” said Harry with a smirk.

“She and I hate each other. My father gave into her demands all the time, and when the mantle was transferred to my brother, he knew the history between her and I and he had a hard time deciding what she was to get, so she got the same stipend every time. Perhaps with you, and hoping you aren't going to open that letter around me, she'll get a little extra.” said Rudolph with a sneer.

“So what should I do?” asked Harry.

“This is one of those things where I'm going to throw you to the wolves and let you figure it out for yourself.” said Rudolph giving his nephew's shoulder a squeeze. “She and I have a bad relationship, I can't in good conscience influence your decision, you have the mirror, and you have the letter, that is all you will need.”

Harry looked at the letter and the mirror, what was he going to do...he'd have to look at each letter, use the mirror and then make a decision on his own. Then balance the books and make decisions on family matters...

This all took his Great-Grandfather less than two hours every day?
Thanks for reading, please comment.
Dumbledore pondered what Dr. Nicodemus and his fellow Healer Glacier had told him. Harry was getting too upset with all the readings and that perhaps he would be more comfortable with reading only a few a day, no more than four, until the harder parts were over.

Dumbledore had heartily agreed, these books were all about Harry and if he wanted to slow down the pace, than he was more than willing to comply.

He only hoped that the therapy was going to help, he had stumbled in on Harry staring up into space the other day, and with Harry not responding to anything...it frightened him greatly. The boy looked completely lost.

These books were showing their negative side, he hoped Harry would be alright.

Officer McFinn was also informed about the decision to only read four chapters a day and he agreed. Harry was looking a bit rough, rest and relaxation was just what the...well, Doctor ordered.

The students piled down into the Great Hall, and once Harry came down they began the day. Lionus was surprised that Glacier didn't come down.

“Where's he at?” asked Lionus pulling the Ranger doctor aside.

“He wants Harry to talk to him about the day.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “To see if he opens up about anything.”

“Hmm...good plan.” said Lionus.

Officer McFinn picked up the book and found where he left off.

“Chapter Twenty” said Officer McFinn.

“Ooh! Are we going to find out what he was doing?” asked Parvati.

“It always takes girls forever to get ready.” said Lee quietly.

“Not my fault that you're all short.” said Ron smugly.
“It sort of haunts you, sometimes.” said Fred.

“Horribly written, yet strangely catchy.” said George.

“Oh, I see it now, you like Hagrid more than me!” said Sirius.

“You mean you didn't know?” said Harry looking at Sirius with a straight face.

Sirius' mouth hung open as Remus laughed out loud and clapped his hands.

“Brilliant!” said Remus.

“Tell me that you covered your tracks...” said Moody.

“There was no snow on the ground...” said Hermione.

“There would have been if Hagrid hadn't come back early for these books.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“Fang was just as excited to see Hagrid as those kids were.” said Flitwick.
“What?” asked Terry.

“My face was a bit...busted up...” said Hagrid.

“It didn't look all that busted up when you got home, but hang on, it didn't snow the day you came back either...” said Colin.

“Hagrid was summoned back sooner, due to these books.” said Dumbledore.

“And I looked after him when he got back, they must have seen him after I fixed him up as best I could.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“From the way we're fussing, that wasn't nothing, Hagrid.” said Harry. “Worse than what we did see.”

“I've had worse growin' up.” said Hagrid.

“Ah....Hagrid.” said Sirius cringing.

“He didn't look that bad...” said Ron.

“Guess it is if he hadn't come back this early.” said Hermione.

“No one wants a cup of tea when you look like that!” said Mrs. McFinn.
“No, now how did you get that way?” said Fred.

“I'd go tearin' after whoever did it.” said Hagrid. “But you lot can't handle what I was up against.”

“And I dealt with them better.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Charlie looked darkly at Hagrid.

“Now don't be lookin' like that.” said Hagrid. “I got it straight from the reserve, it was one that died from old age.”

“Eww...ice packs work better, or even frozen peas.” said Dr. Clark.

“What?” asked the Purebloods in the room.

“I'll tell you about it later.” said Dr. Clark.

“Please do!” said Mr. Weasley eagerly.
“And...he's going to tell them.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“All we have to do is throw big, innocent eyes up to him and he spills.” said Ron with a laugh.

“Guess they didn't need Hagrid to tell them about that.” Remus said with a chuckle.

“And Hagrid didn't figure they knew.” said Tonks.

“They always seem teh know what don' have nuthin' to do wi' 'em” said Hagrid with a amused smile.

“Didn' believe 'em.” said Hagrid.

“That's us!” said Harry with a laugh. “Interfering little imps.”

“He sounds a lot better.” said Lionus with a smile.

“And that was just one session.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “And he didn't tell much from what Glacier says. I can Imagine what he'd be like when he does let it go.”
Eleventh paragraph.

“You have to mean it Hagrid, or they'll never learn.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Can't deny it anymore.” said Rivers with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Several students laughed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Don't want them to go lookin' for them.” said Hagrid.

“We're not that stupid.” said Ron.

“You brats went after a troll, a three headed dog, a dark wizard, an acromantula, a basilisk, an apparent convicted killer, and dementors...you are that stupid.” said Snape snarkily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Remind me never to go hiking in the mountains then.” said Dr. Clark.

Thirteenth paragraph.
“That knocked me back a bit.” said Hagrid.

“Didn’t get mail.” said Hagrid.

“Nah, he was kidding you.” said Fred.

“Also he didn't really almost get expelled, that was a joke too.” said George.

“You tease!” said Mrs. McFinn chiding Harry softly.

“House rule, you are not to use that strategy to get information.” said Sirius.

“Oh, I'm looking forward to summer...” said Sirius shaking his head.
“At least wash it...” said Dr. Clark.

“Who else could have gone with him without getting seriously injured like Hagrid?” asked Rudolph.

“She's a very singular woman.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“It's common knowledge where they are, that way no one, magical anyway, can just go and run into them.” said Kingsley.

“The mountain passes can be very treacherous, even in the summertime.” said Dumbledore.

“Boy, does that lead up to something.” said Officer McFinn looking at the page.

“What do you mean?” asked Ron curiously.

“Nothing, you'll find out later, quite a bit later, but later.” said Officer McFinn.
“I did understand, I just thought he meant You-Know-Who.” said Ron.

“It's not that bad, Ron.” said Dr. Clark.

“Nosy bastards.” muttered Chief Hawkeye.

Several people laughed.

“Now was not the time.” said Ron.

“Wow, you guys were pretty busy.” said Leroy.
“What was the disagreement over?” asked Fred.

“Uh...can't quite remember what it was about...” said Hagrid looking around nervously.

“Thank goodness, Viper isn't here.” said Nightstrike.

“Viper isn't here, for a good reason.” said Chief Hawkeye looking over at Harry out of the corner of his eye.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“They would be powerful allies for whoever could sway them.” said Dumbledore, a twinge of sadness in his eyes.

End of dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Give him time to drink, Sport!” said Officer McFinn with a laugh.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I would have thought...you know...a bit bigger...” said Dr. Clark measuring the distance with his eyes.

“They're just big enough.” said Remus shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Used to be more...” said Dumbledore shaking his head.
Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Oh, that’s a shame.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“They’re known for being some of the most violent creatures on the planet, it doesn't take much to
set them off on a frenzy.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Dumbledore nodded, Fudge wanted to open his mouth, but a swift look from Tempest kept his
mouth clamped tightly shut.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Oh, I get cranky without sleep.” said Seamus.

“You're cranky with or without sleep.” said Dean with a snicker.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Interesting names for things...” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Really interesting name...” said Dr. Clark.
End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I wouldn't want to go up to someone that big.” said Hermione softly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Wonder what the wife looked like...” said Zacharias with a snicker.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“It also helped that they were half-giants, a bit more tolerable than perhaps normal wizards.” said Dumbledore. “Death Eaters may be tolerated a bit more than normal people as well...due to past promises in the last war.”

“What if they had those Ministry badges or something?” asked Dennis.

“Dead upon sight.” said the members of the Ministry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Giants don't forgive a magical attack on themselves.” said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Hermione turned and looked at both Ron and Harry.

“I didn't know what it was.” said Ron holding his hands up.

“You can't make Gubraithian fire all that big, it's awesome magic, but a small amount of flames weren't something I thought that giants would be impressed by.” said Harry. “And how he could
say the word without stumbling over it.” he added with a mutter.

“And can you do it?” asked Zacharias snidely.

“Nope, tried five times, can't do it.” said Harry. “I don't even get a spark.”

“It'll come.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, you two, he mentioned it twice, you should have memorized it.” said Lee shaking his finger.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“Once the two of them start, they don't stop fer a long time.” said Hagrid.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, that was a wasted trip.” said Ernie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“A giant translator, would have loved to have seen that.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.
“I’d be inclined to listen if I kept getting presents.” said Blaise.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Love that rule.” said Nightstrike.

End of dialogue set.

“Must have liked his present.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

“He did.” said Hagrid with a nod.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Well great!” said a few first years. “Then they're on our side!”

Hagrid looked uncomfortable.

Dialogue line.

“Huh?” said the first years.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence, tenth word.

Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley cringed.
“Oh no...” said the students together.

“Get away, get away now...” warned Tempest.

“This will not go well, I fear.” said Firenze.

“A few of the younger years screamed.

“I was fine.” said Hagrid easily.

“Not at that precise moment you weren't.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“How did you pronounce that?” said Sirius looking at Hagrid dumbfounded.

“Ask him later.” said Remus shortly.
“I was, but Hagrid, I told you that if anything went awry with the plan, you were to come back and report it.” said Dumbledore. “I did not want to lose you and Madam Maxime and not find out till I went myself to the giants.”

“Wanted to come back and tell you that it went well.” said Hagrid softly.

“I appreciate that, but it may be that someone other than Golgomath wanted the fight to start.” said Dumbledore carefully.

“Like who?” asked some of the students in wonder.

“Give me time.” said Officer McFinn looking at the student, “I'll get there.”

“Odd wish.” said Charlie.

Dumbledore nodded sadly.

“You think they started the fighting?” asked Leroy.

“It doesn't take an excessive effort to start the giants fighting.” said Dumbledore.

“I think they might've been givin' him some gifts before he became Gurg.” said Hagrid.
“Shock...” groaned a few of the students.

“He still had his job at the Ministry at that point.” said Madam Bones.

“Does he now have his job still?” asked Ron.

“I cannot prosecute or arrest anyone that does a crime that I hear of from these books.” said Madam Bones.

“Not stopping us, he's been in jail since...the end of the last book.” said Lionus. “Whole bunch of people in are in our prison since we’ve started.”

“Really?” said Ginny.

“Oh yeah, they have to go to our lower level prisons, they'd croak too easily.” said Nightstrike.

“Is You-Know-Who there yet?” asked Ron.

“We're looking for him.” said Lionus. “He knows how to hide, that one.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“They're easy teh impress.” said Hagrid with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“They're easy teh impress.” said Hagrid with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Then they might not want to talk to you, for fear of being finished off.” said Rudolph.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“That was something I really didn't want to do.” said Ron.

“Don't blame you.” said the rest of his family.
“Or they were watching you already.” said Dr. Clark.

**Dialogue set seventh sentence.**

“Get 'em Madam Maxime!” said Fred and George.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.**

Several students snorted with laughter, even a few of the teachers giggled.

**End of twenty-fifth paragraph.**

“Aw, give him at least two minutes.” said Sirius nudging Harry's side.

“I wanted information.” said Harry nudging Sirius back.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“A what?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“It's like a...a much scruffier version of Hermione's cat.” said Dr. Clark.

“Aren't you reading up on the magical world?” asked Hermione looking stunned at Mrs. McFinn.

“I'm reading the cook books that are in the library. Though Sam did give me Harry's copy of Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find them.”

Harry turned to look at Mrs. McFinn and then Dr. Clark.

“I loved your little notes, it was hilarious.” said Dr. Clark with a smirk.

**Dialogue line.**
“But something else must have happened.” said Hannah.

“Can't really blame them, we sort of brought bad luck.” said Bill.

“It's possible, but perhaps not. I will remain hopeful nonetheless.” said Dumbledore.

“He ruins most of my pants that way.” said Harry with a smile.

“He doesn't do that to anyone else's lap.” said Cho.

“He probably figures Harry needs more attention.” said Hagrid.

“I didn't want to overstep any boundaries.” said Hermione softly.
“She had you, Hagrid, that was the best thing anyone could have ever done.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Aww, shucks, thanks Mrs. Holly.” said Hagrid turning slightly pink.

“You were attacked.” said the students plainly.

“Crap!” shouted Fred and George.

“Watch your mouths!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Didn't know what they were so worried about.” said Hagrid.

“Good call.” said Moody.
“What? I can't understand you, talk softer!” shouted Fred.

“Aaw, that's not what I was going to say.” said George.

“Where were you going with it?” asked Fred.

“I was going to say, 'No, I'm a burglar, I'm just taking a few things.'” said George.

“That works too.” said Fred.

“I was so insulted, I thought he only did that with me.” said Harry with a smirk on his face.

“Be rude, Hagrid.”.

“Arthur!” scolded Mrs. Weasley gently.

“Wicked.” said the students as they laughed.

“Well, that's a mite creepy.” said Dean.
“It's his house, he can break his stuff if he wants to.” said Angelina.

“Radio!” said one of the students quickly. “It had to be the radio.”
“Does he even have one in there?” asked another student.
“How is she to know?” asked the first student.

“That'll do.” said Justin. “So long as she only heard him talking.”

“Ooh, she heard more than him.” said Justin.

“Should have scattered the snow.” said Moody.
“It didn't snow that night!” said Ron, Hermione and Harry.

“Not now!” said the younger students shushing the Gryffindor Prefect.
“Maybe they flew back...” said Seamus.

“That won't work.” said Dean.

“Don't look there too often.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“They'd touch Ron's before they'd even think to touch yours.” said Leroy reaching over and patting Harry's flat stomach.

“She now wants to talk about his injuries?” said Sirius rolling his eyes.

“That's a sort of accident that makes me want to call the police.” said Dr. Clark.

“Must have been several times over the span of two minutes.” said Dr. Clark.
“Vacation, he's earned it, haven't had to take time off...well, took a bit off last year, but before then, not that I can recall.” said Bill.

“He's used up all his allotted vacation time.” said Dumbledore.

“Oh I was at 321 None-of-your-damn-business St.” said Fred.

“In the town of Mind-your-own-beeswax.” George said with a smirk.

“Ooh...” said Sirius. “Wrong thing to say.”

“Hey, maybe he got tired of the same smelling air we have here.” said Charlie.

“Shit.” said Remus.

“Watch your language.” said Sirius.
“Alright!” said Dennis.

“Nuts.” said Colin.

“Just say you went troll wrestling, she'd buy that.” said Katie.

“He has no business knowing, what sort of threat is that.” said Rivers. “But wait, the Ministry is interfering in a place they have no experience in. I forgot.” he added snidely.

“She thinks it's unfortunate my ass.” muttered Harry.

“Harry...” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Sorry.”

“We'll get your bags for you.” said Fred.

“Don't bother leaving a forwarding address.” said George.

“Please forget to write!” said the twins waving to where Umbrdige was sitting earlier.
And doing a poor job of it, even for a rank amateur teacher.” said Rivers.

“I didn't want him to get fired.” said Hermione.

A few the younger years looked a little skeptical.

“I hope it was good.” said one of them. “I don't want Hagrid to get in trouble.”

“Wonder what they were, we never did get a class.” said Harry. “These came out the day after he came back.”

“So everything that we're about to here really will happen in the future.” said Hermione looking at the books in awe.

“Perhaps, they may or may not happen, it all depends on our actions here on out.” said Dumbledore.

“Oh, this won't be good.” said McGonagall to Flitwick.
“Sure Hagrid, whatever you say.” said Ron with a smile.

“Porlocks don' like to be seen by people, can't really take care of them, they take care of themselves just fine.” said Hagrid.

“What's a knarl?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“It's kind of like a hedgehog with manic paranoia.” said Dr. Clark.

“That doesn't sound promising.” said Ernie.

“Save the rest of the discussion for later, he needs his rest if he wants to recuperate.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Still don't know me own strength.” said Hagrid.

“I didn' say that.” said Hagrid. “Well, least not the second part.”
“Aww, that's sweet.” said Sirius.

“Three more chapters and that'll be it.” said Dumbledore.

“Huh?” asked Zacharias, “What are we doing ending it so early?”

“It has been decided, are going to take the rest of the books, at the very least this one, slower.” said Dumbledore.

“What are we supposed to do with the rest of the day?” asked Zacharias.

“I think what some of the Ravenclaws are doing is a fine idea?” asked Dumbledore.

“What's that?”

“Having a discussion about the things you have learned that day.” said Dumbledore. “A lot of very valuable information has been shared, and it would be a waste to let it slip away.”

“Meanwhile, you'll be talking to Glacier if you want.” said Sirius whispering into Harry's ear.

“Okay.” said Harry with a smile.
“This is going to be so amazing! We're going to hear about the future!” said Hermione excitedly.

“You didn't sound all that excited when it came to Divination.” said Ron with a smirk.

“This isn't guesswork, this would have happened if Umbridge hadn't done what she done.” said Hermione.

“So...you are only excited about things that are definite?” said Temepest with a look over at the bushy haired girl. “I do not recommend going into research as a career.”

“I agree.” said Rudolph.

“But research is definite.” said Hermione.

“I think we'd better look into how she's sleeping or eating, she's losing her wits.” said Snape.

“I'd tell you off, but I agree...something isn't right.” said Flitwick. “Is she only worried about the attack on young Harry, or is it something else?”

“Here's One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi book.” said Leroy, not hearing the quiet conversation the two Heads of House were saying. “Look up a...Quivering Suratra blossom.”

“There's no such thing.” said Hermione proudly, “I've memorized....”

“Well, if there is no such thing,” said Rudolph digging in his cloak pocket. “Then what is this?”

He brought out a crumpled looking orange flower with a black stem, in his steady hand the flower quivered slightly. “This isn't in your book and isn't in any book.”

“Then how do you know what it's called?” asked Hermione.

“We named it.” said Leroy.

“If you aren't ready to discover new things, and develop new spells, you're going to live a pretty boring life.” said Rudolph. “Though, it's a little odd that you would disregard new things, it sounds as if a time or two you have developed a spell or two on your own...”

Hermione looked down while Luna smiled softly.

“She's been touched by Romperguffs, they tend to make you switch your thoughts around, she should be fine by Christmas time.” said Luna with a dreamy smile.

Hermione frowned over to Luna.

“What does that plant do?” asked Neville to the two Potter uncles.
“We're not all together sure what it does, what we do know is that it prevents allergic reactions due to pollen and whatnot. I have hay fever like a madman come fall.” said Rudolph.

“And you work with plants?” asked Harry.

“And I work with plants.” said Rudolph with a bright smile.

“Alright, next one, Chapter Twenty-One” said Officer McFinn.

“Tell me that you punch Malfoy in the eye.” said Sirius pleadingly.

“How am I supposed to know?” asked Harry.

First paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“Would just about buried us if someone knocked into it.” said Ron.

“It wasn't that big.” said Hermione.

“It was close.” said Ron.

End of first paragraph.

“How much do you want to bet that it would be Fred and George.” said Bill with a sour look.

“Maybe we just would like the two of them come out and play.” said the twins.

Dialogue line.

Second sentence.

“If you had thrown that, I would have said nice shot, I'm thinking magic would have been involved.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

“I wonder why I didn't just melt the snow before me?” said Hermione.

“Who knows.” said Parvati.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Somehow, I'm a little concerned.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“That's normal.” said Remus.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first dash.

“I agree on that point.” said Charlie.

“You would.” said his family.

Dialogue set, end of fourth sentence.

Professor Flitwick stifled a giggle.

End of dialogue set.

“You doing better about keeping a secret, Hagrid.” said Sirius with a smile.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“They were just too sleepy.” said Fred.

“Yeah, we would have woke them up for you.” said George.

“A little firecracker under their tables...” said Fred.

“Maybe a few in their shorts...” said George.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“We were so happy when you came back.” said Lee.

“It was too easy to go into the forest for different things without you.” said George.

“No challenge.” said Fred.
Parvati and Lavender waved their hands quickly. “We didn't...this didn't happen.”

“Ah...oops...” said Officer McFinn after he read the passage.

Hagrid looked down.

Harry sighed and covered his eyes.

“Hagrid, we talked about this a week or two ago, did we not?” asked Dumbledore. “I had warned you about this.”

“I know.” said Hagrid, his voice low.

“Harry, Ron, Hermione and quite a few other students do support your classes. You've only been teaching for two years, once you find out what students can handle than it will go smoothly. You have the entire...well, a good portion of the staff is on your side and willing to help you.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile. “Though, you're lesson plan was excellent from what I read.”

Hagrid smiled.

“You are improving.” said Dumbledore with an even brighter smile.

“It would be a living hell.” said Remus muttering to himself.

“Future Hagrid should have been brought to me.” mumbled Madam Pomfrey.

“This hasn't happened, Poppy.” said Professor Sprout with a smile.

Dr. Clark looked over to Harry and ruffled his hair. “You worry too much.”

“It's a hobby of mine.” said Harry with a slight smile.
“Urgh, why do you have that?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Yeh'll find out.” said Hagrid with a smile.

Dialogue set.

“Now is the time to turn right back around and head back to the castle.” said Leroy with a snicker.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Never mind, go forward.” said Rudolph quietly with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

A few people snickered into their hands.

End of eighth paragraph.

“Can’t fault you there.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

“I know I should trust him, but the skwerts keep popping in my head.” said Remus to Sirius.

“Me too..” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, like the hippogriffs, that one went mad...” said Fred.

“Oh, wait, it was trained wasn't it?” said George.
“You just didn't pay attention to the teacher.” said the twins.

**Ninth paragraph.**

“I would never admit that.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

“Me either...I would even force my face to *not* look like that.” said another Gryffindor student.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“None of your business.” said Colin.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“We love you Hagrid.” said Angelina with a clap.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Tenth paragraph.**

**Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.**

“It's not any warmer in there.” said Hagrid. “But the tree tops are so thick, it stops the snow from fallin’.”

**End of eleventh paragraph.**

“You need to get further in than that to get attacked by anything.” said Harry.

“You should *not* know that from experience.” said Remus leaning forward to look at him.

**Dialogue set.**

“Oh, yeah...I'm set at ease...” said Sirius with a snicker.
“It's not a sound you feel at ease hearing.” said Dumbledore with a knowing smile.

“All the peering in the world won't help.” said Professor Sprout in a whisper to Professor McGonagall.

“I only hope not too many of those children see it.” said Flitwick.

“What the bloody hell is that?” asked Fred.

“FREDRICK!” said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“That's a thestral.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.

“What's a thestral?” asked Colin.

“I think Hagrid will explain what they are most adequately.” said Dumbledore.

“I was afraid I was finally snapping.” said Harry.

“Boy, do I sound like an idiot.” said Ron.

“Not many people can see them, Mr. Weasley.” said Professor Vector. “Count your blessings.”
“Three in a class, that's just wrong.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue set.

“That would confuse the heck out of me.” said Dean.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Be respectful brat.” growled Moody.

“He didn't know the requirements to see them.” said Dumbledore.

“Still, smarten up or someone is going to take you down early in life just so they don't have to deal with you.” said Nightstrike.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“I think I'm going to have a nightmare or two.” said Lavender.

Dialogue line.

“Nothing that's going to hurt you, they're quite gentle, the young are even a bit playful.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh no...” said Tempest. “I can feel a Trelawney reference coming.”

End of dialogue set.

“The misfortune has happened to you before you can see it.” said McGonagall and Tempest together.
“Bad pun.” said Harry quietly.

“They make for a grand entrance.” said Dumbledore.

“Relax, they only eat carrion.” said Lionus. “Living meat is not in their natural diet.”

“Better hand me a calming draught.” said Rivers.

“An ill thestral might be the better alternative.” said Professor Snape darkly.
“Racist little bitch.” muttered Leroy.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Maybe Umbridge should turn up her hearing aid.” said Dennis with a nervous giggle.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“I'm going to enjoy visiting her.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.

“What level is she on?” asked Nightstrike eagerly.

“We're keeping her on level one right now, and in a safe room till we get back. She might be upped in the ranks, it all depends.” said Chief Hawkeye. “I think perhaps Level Seven will be her final destination...”

“But this hasn't happened yet.” said Hermione. “She may be a completely foul woman, but you can't punish her for things she didn't do yet.”

“Oh that's where you are wrong young lady, seeing this, I can see and learn what sort of woman she is, when not curbed. Besides, she's there permanently anyway, anything further would just be a perk for us.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“So...once you go, you're stuck there?” asked Hermione a frown on her face.

“Not for a small part, there are some that go through an intense...we'll say rehabilitation process. Some only stay for a few days or year like that caretaker of yours...but level seven...she'll be there until we can see she has only one year left to live...that is...if I decide that or not.”

“Will you be the chief for that long?” asked Ron.

“Any criminals that get arrested while I'm in charge, I choose how long they stay. Even if a future chief says that she has had enough, they can't do a thing.” said Chief Hawkeye. “My reasons, biased or otherwise, stands the test of time and cannot be rescinded...there's a process if I want to give pardons, but I can't think of anyone that really had earned it or deserves it right off the bat.”
“I need to step out, before I lose my temper again.” said Rivers standing up and walking out.

Harry's hands were clenched together in a tight fist, his once sunny mood was now replaced with a seething anger.

“You alright?” asked Sirius.

“Fine.” said Harry darkly.

“You're not fine.” said Sirius, pulling Harry close to him in a tight embrace.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Every creature is dangerous, 'cept flobberworms. Guess the Ministry doesn't want people to defend themselves against creatures either.” said Remus.

“Fudge...you may be finding yourself staying at Hell's Garden for another little stint. I'll let you see how the end of the books go, to see the damage that you have done.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I...I'm going back?” said Fudge looking fearful.

“You most certainly are, for how long, I don't quite have a time limit set yet.” said Chief Hawkeye, “but I'm thinking at least three weeks.”

Fudge paled considerably.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It takes a lot to provoke a thestral.” said Dumbledore. “You'd have to pull on their tail for about twenty minutes to really make them perturbed.”

“Who timed that?” asked Fred.

“Hmm...Uric the Oddball I believe, he had a penchant for timing things...” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set.

Ginny muttered darkly to herself, causing her older twin brothers to lean away from her.
“Easy there shortcake.” said Fred.

“Save some for later.” said George.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Sirius pulled Harry towards himself, he could feel his godson practically tremble in anger.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“How are you doing?” asked Remus looking over to Harry.

Harry said nothing, he was glaring at the floor furiously.

Give him some time.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

People had to restrain from glaring, this hadn't happened yet, she didn't say that.

“What a poisonous little brat you are.” said Dr. Nicodemus, he didn't have any qualms about what had or hadn't happened yet.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first paragraph.

“I need to step out.” said Mr. Weasley standing up and stalking out of the Great Hall.

“How are you doing?” asked Remus looking over to Harry.

Harry said nothing, he was glaring at the floor furiously.

“Give him some time.” said Sirius.
“That...that...bitch!” shrieked Emmeline Vance, Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn.

“Whoa, mum.” said Bill looking at his mother in shock.

“Who cares what a student thinks of them, they're fascinating creatures.” said Nightstrike.

“Oh...wait, I didn't mean it like that...”

“I talk that way around teachers all the time.” said Neville. “I'm not scared of Hagrid, or thestrals.”

“I want to go and scrub the daylights out of my shoulder now.” said Neville cringing.

“She didn't say it.” said Zacharias.

“Knowing that she would have just makes me sick.” said Neville.

“Here's a review in one day.” said Harry flicking his middle finger up.

“Harry!” said Mrs. McFinn as Dr. Clark, Sirius, Remus and Officer McFinn snickered.

“I love you!” said Rudolph gasping for air as Leroy howled with laughter.
End of dialogue set.

Neville blushed slightly.

Dialogue set.

Hermione looked up at Hagrid. “I...I...”

“It's alright, I'm glad yeh lot were angry fer me.” said Hagrid with a kind smile.

“This didn't happen yet.” said Zacharias in a bored voice.

“Stuff it Smith.” said the twins.

Dialogue line.

“I'm not on her side! I'm not on her side!” shouted Ron.

Dialogue set.

Hermione blanched.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Hermione looked ashamed of herself.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“That is not amusing.” growled Snape to Malfoy. “Don't ever let me catch you saying that in the future.”
Malfoy looked down.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I hope Harry puts the snow back down behind him.” said Dennis.

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh good, maybe the stressful part is over with.” said Leroy.

Thirty-second paragraph, third sentence, end of parenthesis.

“It’s hard, but all you have to do is occupy his time with something else on the other end of the castle.” said Remus.

“Like siccing him on the Slytherin prefect.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Thirty-second paragraph, third sentence, second parenthesis.

“Yeah, you two were almost sickening.” said Fred.

“Too respectful towards your teachers and upper years.” said George.

“Made us so ashamed of you.” said Fred.

“We had to make up for that.” said George.

“You have no idea what extra work you had put us through...” said Fred.

“...pranking everyone we saw.” said George.

Thirty-second paragraph, end of third sentence.

“You don't hear Hermione's opinions.” said Lavender.

“I don't complain.” said Hermione.

“Yes you do.” said Ron and Harry.
End of thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

People rolled their eyes and shook their heads.

Thirty-third paragraph, third sentence.

“Good idea, away from Umbridge and Malfoy...have yourself a proper magical Christmas for once.” said Sirius with a smile.

Thirty-third paragraph, fourth sentence.

Leroy whistled. “Wow, and you love this place.”

Thirty-third paragraph, fifth sentence.

“We don't want to share the holidays with the old hag either.” said Katie.

Thirty-third paragraph, sixth paragraph.

“I love it, it's fun.” said Dr. Clark. “I've only broken my leg...twice.”

“Well, doesn't that sound like a safe pastime.” said Ron looking at Hermione.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

“Oh my god...seriously, you need a vacation away from those two.” said Rudolph looking over to Harry.

Hermione and Ron looked shameful.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Actually, I was planning on you coming and staying with me.” said Sirius.
Harry smiled softly, “I would have liked that.” said Harry with a smile.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“I wouldn't have let him spend the holidays alone, we all would have gone to Headquarters.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Thanks Molly.” said Sirius with a smile.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

“I'd rather bean him with the cracker.” said Sirius.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh, that's nice.” said Alicia.

“Wait till you hear the decorations.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Sirius snorted. “I hope I get a few of those.”

“I'll smash 'em if I see 'em.” said Harry.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Typical boy...” said Mrs. McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.
“Why am I telling him again?” asked Angelina, “I've had him temporarily replaced long before that.”

“Ignore it, things change.” said Officer McFinn.

“Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“That's what happened when I told him then too.” said Angelina.

“Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“Oh, if she wasn't a girl, I would have kicked her.” said Harry.

“Fortieth paragraph.

“I'm sorry…” said Angelina, her face clouded with regret.
“Good plan, you’d only forget it once the new term starts.” said Remus.

“How about some parchment quick? Let’s see, Tell...Smith...that...we’re...only...recapping... everything...at...every...meeting...” said Fred and George loudly. “Thanks ’Mione, just needed a little reminder for later.”

Zacharias growled at the twins.

“Sounds like they’re doing a heck of a lot better than the first time.” said Rudolph.

Neville smiled proudly.

The teachers began to smile at each other, though Snape only rolled his eyes.
“Can't be precise shot in three lessons.” said Lionus.

“Bet that'll perk them right up.” said Charlie.

“I thought the D.A. had already done patronuses.” said a third years quietly.

“We...may...have been puffing up the resume...a bit...” said the twins with a smile.

“Oooh...” said Katie and Alicia.

“Oooh...” said the twins and Lee.

“Not what you want to happen.” said Fred.

“Awww....” said the fourth year and up boys together.

“That bites...” said a seventh year Ravenclaw.
“My son did know all that...” mumbled Mr. Diggory. They had been silent quite a bit in this book and were even absent for a few days.

**Fifty-first paragraph.**

“Sorry...” said Cho softly.

**Dialogue set.**

“You survive.” said Zacharias quietly.

“I get more help than others.” said Harry.

**Fifty-second paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“They first Christmas is always the hardest.” said Sirius and Remus.

**Fifty-third paragraph.**

Dialogue set.

“Can't, no matter how hard I try.” said Harry quietly.

“It's alright sweetheart.” said Mrs. McFinn soothingly.

“There's things I wish I could forget.” said Dr. Clark. “But they just stay with you, all you can do is pick yourself back up and start swinging.”

**Fifty-fourth paragraph.**

“You wouldn't be heartless, dear boy...you'd be human.” said Dumbledore.
“That happens sometimes.” said Bill.

“Sorry.” said Harry.

“It's alright, you didn't say it anyway.” said Luna dreamily. “Besides, I call it a term of endearment.”

“Aww, isn't that cute, look how red he's getting!” said Sirius with a laugh.

“I want to know what he was doing with that half hour.” said Rudolph with a teasing smile.

“Didn't know you could get a deeper shade of red than that.” said Sirius marveling at the shade of crimson that Harry was turning.
“Maybe it's a good thing that Sirius didn't raise you, he'd be smug about it...to the guys, not the girl.” said Remus quietly to Harry.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, doesn't that sound supportive...” said Hannah.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Granger! A little tact would be nice.” said McGonagall in shock at the book, not the actual girl sitting to her right.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Were they like this when you started dating Ginny?” asked Leroy.

“No...the Weasleys were very understanding.” said Harry with a wink over to Ginny who giggled.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“He's acting like any normal boy would.” said Flitwick with a smile.
“Really, I wanna know what happened.” said Sirius eagerly.

“It didn't happen.” said Harry.

“Well, for a part, it's a good thing, the other part, sort of a shame.” said Sirius.

“Oh, well, never mind.” said Sirius.

“According to your Grandmother, male Potters are pretty excellent kissers, I don't know that for a fact personally.” said Sirius.

“Sure you don't.” said Remus.

“Shut up.” said Sirius quickly.

“Now there's a story I want to know about.” said Harry with a smile.

“Sirius was sleeping and he was having a pretty interesting dream about a certain sixth year Slytherin girl. Well, your dad decided to say things to him while he was sleeping and got Sirius...a little...well...he threw his arms up, pulled your dad down and kissed full on the lips.” said Remus with a laugh.

“I'm going to get you.” said Sirius darkly.

“And how would you know?” asked Charlie with a smirk.
“Oh, I'm betting that's going to open a few dark lonely paths you don't want to go down.” said Terry.

“All depends on who you're kissing.” said Mrs. McFinn looking at Dr. Clark out of the corner of her eye.

“And sometimes, you are no better, young lady.” said Dr. Nicodemus in a mutter.

“Someone who's a little torn up about something.” said Dr. Clark.

“They're boys Hermione, we're lucky if we can get them to remember our birthday.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I remembered your birthday and our anniversary.” said Officer McFinn.

“And I will always be the luckiest woman in the world.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“Wow, if that's true, that's a lot for a sixteen year old girl to be feeling.” said Leroy.
“I'd explode personally.” said Ron.

**Seventy-first paragraph.**

Ron laughed out loud.

**Dialogue line.**

“You get close sometimes.” said Charlie quietly.

**Dialogue line.**

“And that's what makes you better than a few other blokes in the world.” said Sirius quietly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Seventy-second paragraph.**

“Yeah, I would be too.” said Remus with a chortle.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Not what she meant.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

**Seventy-third paragraph.**

“First crushes are too precious.” Professor Sprout.
“Well, if all this didn't happen, he would have wanted to ask her.” said Hermione.

“Not the ideal situation.” said Sirius.

Hermione buried her face in her hands.

“You don’t' want his advice on girls.” said Remus quickly.

“The first boy to actually see her as a girl, I suppose.” said Harry. “We normally see her as Hermione.”

“I saw you as a girl...” said Ron.

“It didn't sound like that last year.” said Hermione.
“No more than you when you're hungry.” said Ginny with a smile.

“Well you agreeing won't help things at all.” said Katie.

“I'm thinking the me in the books had more on my mind.” said Harry.

“Careful about thinking that.” said Sirius.

“Knock it off.” hissed Remus.

“I thinking she would be trying to figure out her feelings.” said Emmeline.

“That's what happens when you ask a girl to translate, sometimes they get it, sometimes they don't.” said Harry.

“I would love that class.” said Ron quietly. “Girls are nutters sometimes.”

“Oh, I'm betting this will be another doozy.” said Hannah.
“Wh...What?” asked Ernie.

“He wouldn't have given anyone his cards, if there was one thing in the world he was stingy about, it was his cards.” said Mr. Diggory with a watery smile.

“Now that's a stupid trade and thought.” said Sirius. “I'd smack your behind if you traded away that broom.”

“I'll never get rid of it.” said Harry.

“Better not, I risked a lot to get that broom.” said Sirius.

“No more whatever you eat before bed.” said Leroy.

“Oh, I'm bettin' this is going to be even better.” said Hermione with a giggle.

“Hang on...” said Dr. Clark.

Harry looked up, his face pale.

“Tell us that the awful parts are over.” said Rivers coming back in, with Mr. Weasley following.

“It's done, now we're into dreams again.” said Ron.

“Oh, these are fun.” said Mr. Weasley.
Eighty-first paragraph.
Harry leaned even further in the bowl. It sounds like he's dreaming he was a...a snake...but why?
The others in the bowl looked at Harry, and they saw with confusion Harry's eyes widen slightly.
What was Harry thinking?

End of eighty-first paragraph.

“This is getting scary.” said a first year Gryffindor.

Eighty-second paragraph.

Eighty-third paragraph.

“Harry...” Remus looking confused at the boy.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

Harry paled as the other people in the room gasped.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

“Move over.” said Rudolph hopping into the bowl to wrap his arms around Harry.

“Me too.” said Leroy reaching over to grasp Harry's knees. Meanwhile, Harry's breathing was beginning to quicken and become shallow.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Sirius reached over and massaged the scar on Harry's head soothingly.
“Breathe Harry...come on, easy there...” said Rudolph rubbing Harry's back.

“Got a paper sack handy?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Mean, something like this?” asked Remus waving his wand and a brown paper sack appeared.

“Thanks, here you go, just breathe into that.” said Dr. Clark handing the bag over. But Harry didn't take it, he didn't even remove his gaze from the floor.

Snape stood up and walked over to the bowl, he one fluid movement, he took out a phial of Calming Draught and spelled the contents straight into Harry's stomach.

Harry's breath eased slightly and he looked around.

“Kindly refrain from...freaking out...” said Snape with a cold look.

Harry closed his eyes and leaned back into the bowl, the arms of his family surrounding him.

“You'll be fine, you'll be just fine.” said Sirius over and over again.

The Weasleys fell silent.

“Oh...ARTHUR!” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly, wrapping her arms around her husband.

“How did Harry know it was Mr. Weasley?” asked Dean.

“He must have seen something...” said Seamus.

“That would have scared the crap out of me.” said Ron weakly.
“That didn't sound like any normal nightmare he gets.” said Ron worriedly.

Lionus and Nicodemus looked over at Harry, he hadn't moved, he kept his eyes shut and face was slowly becoming calmer and more serene.

Sirius brushed his lips against Harry's slightly cold sweat covered forehead.

“You're not fine.” said the teachers together.

“There is something wrong with you.” said Remus quietly.

“Good job, Weasley.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“Wonder if Filch tried to give him a detention if he got caught.” said Remus.
“You can just outrun him and brush him off.” said Sirius. “He can't stop you if it's an emergency.”

“I'll remember that the next time you need one.” said Snape with a sneer. He was a slightly concerned when Potter didn't respond.

“I'd be questioning it too.” said Professor Flitwick.

“No one saw what you saw.” said Sirius.

“Can't say the boy doesn't want things to be checked out. And if they want him to calm down, they had better look in on Arthur, wherever he's at.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“But if it was just a dream?” asked Zacharias snidely.

“They had better check nonetheless, he'll have mental breakdown if he isn't reassured with proof that everything is alright.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“That won't calm him down.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“Then he needs to be brought to me for some rest and some attention.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Harry...Harry? You okay?” asked Sirius giving his godson's shoulder a squeeze.

Harry opened his eyes slowly and looked forward. His face was calm.

“Are you alright?” asked Sirius.

“Fine.” said Harry.

“What were you doing?” asked Lionus.

Harry sighed quietly. “Just...rearranging things.”

Sirius looked at Harry with confusion. “Rearranging what?”

“My thoughts,” said Harry easing into the bowl, “Setting up a bit stronger defense...and...other things.”

Dumbledore and Dr. Nicodemus exchanged a significant look.
“Last one before we call it a day.” said Dumbledore noticing how ragged Harry looked.

“But it's not even lunch time yet.” moaned Zacharias.

“Deal with it.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Careful you don't make yourself sick moving around that fast.” said Madam Pomfrey worriedly.

“Finally, we get to see you freak out like a little kid.” said Nightstrike.

Mrs. Weasley held onto her husband even tighter.

“Just my normal midnight discussion group, I shouldn't wonder.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“Fakers, every last one of them.” said Sirius with a snicker.

“Guess at that part, he still didn't want to look at me.” said Harry glumly.
Dumbledore looked down regretfully.

“That's no nightmare, I've had nightmares, that wasn't one.” said Neville.

“Normally I say don't interrupt her, if you know what's good for you, but in this case, interrupt her.” said Sirius.

“I don't blame you, I'd be quite miffed as well, if he wasn't paying attention to me.” said Remus.
“I would listen...” said Dumbledore quietly.

“Probably worried that this did happen.” said Moody.
“Worry about that part later, save my husband!” said Mrs. Weasley frantically.

“I think I would be hoping that it had happened that way.” said Dumbledore. “As opposed to the alternative.”

“That's what he was trying to tell you!” said Fred and George quickly. “Go find dad and get him some help!”

“You should not know that little bit of trivia.” said Dr. Clark.

“Yeah, I'd like to know that too.” said a third year Gryffindor.
“Told you, fakers.” said Sirius.

“So...they're spies.” said Dr. Clark.

“In a sense, Headmasters and Headmistresses have used their portrait positions for many many years.” said Dumbledore. “We are a castle full of children, we need to be able to see a potential threat coming and deal with it accordingly.”

“What you need to do, after what you plan with the bird, is to talk to the boy.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“I'm not even going to begin to think about that.” said Charlie.

“We concur.” said Fred and George.

Dumbledore only sat in thought. So this would have happened without Delores deciding to bring these books into the school? Well, it's a good thing for everyone that this happened...Harry has put up stronger defenses, and have received a family for all of Delores' meddling. I still have to make up my poor behavior to the boy.
“What the hell?” muttered a seventh year Hufflepuff.

“You've been busted, just give it up.” said Ron.

The Weasley children scrambled over to the father's seat and laid a hand on their father.

“I'm fine kids.” said Mr. Weasley easily.

“Right now you are dad, but apparently not later.” said Bill.

Mrs. Weasley and Ginny both whimpered.

Fred and George wrapped an arm around their little brother. “We'd be hoping it was all a dream too.”
“I'm going to polish the daylights out of that clock when we get home.” said Mrs. Weasley tears in her eyes.

“Oh, she would stare at that clock until I came home during the War.” said Mr. Weasley. “I'm sure she would be watching the clock again.”

“Everyone is sitting at mortal peril.” said Mrs. Weasley somberly.

“He's not going to.” said George quietly as he gripped his father's sleeve. “He's not.”

“Oh boy, another Portkey.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“He never wants to wake.” said McGonagall shaking her head.

“He's a right old bastard sometimes.” said Sirius.
“Too bad, do your job.” said Professor Sprout.

“You're a portrait, how are you tired?” muttered Ron.

“Some how, the phrase 'Shame on you,” never really gets taken seriously.” said Tempest.

“Only if we can watch.” said a snickering Slytherin student.

“I was told not to destroy his picture, would have done it...if I could get away from it, he's a right snarky old...” said Sirius with a sneer.

“Hope he yells loud, I'm probably asleep in another room.” said Sirius.

Remus smirked, He knew the first few weeks after the kids went back to school that Sirius would sneak into Harry and Ron's room and sleep on Harry's bed. If this had happened at the beginning of the school year, Phineas would have found him easily.
“And it's a good thing he did, no one would have been able to find him till he was too late, I suspect.” said Madam Bones.

“I hope not.” said Harry slowly.

“Harry and Floo travel don't go well together.” said Rudolph with a smirk.

“Who's she?” asked a third year Hufflepuff.

“Must be Umbridge.” said another Hufflepuff.

“But how did she know?” asked another third year.

“Mrs. Norriss! She must have went and got her and Filch!” said a fourth year Ravenclaw.

“Yeah, I didn't break my promise and burn his picture.” said Sirius.

“Finally!” shouted a good number of the students.
“Wait, what?” asked Lee who was one of the students that had shouted.

“Okay, I've been mad at him too...but not like that.” said Sirius.

Harry looked firmly at the ground...now he was prepared, he could set up the necessary defenses in his mind, yet still allow himself to peer through the connection, as if he were looking through a two-way mirror.

“Vile little...” muttered Bill.

“Or...maybe I'm up...” said Sirius sheepishly.

“Sorry we're snapping there.” said George.

“But if anything happened to Dad...” said Fred.

“We'd freak out.” said George.

“And then we'd trash whoever did it.” said the twins together.
“Yeah, a repeat of second year would not be a good thing.” said Neville.

“We wouldn't do that! We'd be shocked as hell sure, but we'd be singing your praises that you told Dumbledore what you saw.” said Fred.

“Though...you really don't want us singing, so that would be a poor way of thanking you.” said George.

“Mate, we won't attack you.” said Fred.

“Ron did, but that was cause of something that turned his brain into pudding.” said George.

“That would be unwise, to know about your father being in the hospital before they even informed your mother.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“The Ministry will think will matter.” said Tonks.

“Yeah, good luck with that.” said Sirius.

“We know that, we respect that...but it wouldn't make his potential sacrifice worth him dying for.” said Remus. “If he could, I shudder to think, be killed doing something that were to hinder You-Know-Who, but you kids went in and destroyed all his work...his death would be meaningless.”

The Weasley twins looked at the floor, they didn't rightly care about the Order if their dad was injured, but...they supposed that they would stay quiet...but it's easy to think about this when it's not their parent.

“Not something I should have said around Harry.” said Sirius covering his eyes.

Sirius blinked.

“Uh...he's Fred.” said Fred pointing to George.

“Don't be throwing me under the Knight Bus, you're Fred.” said George.

“Don't be petty, just apologize to the man.” said Fred.

“I'm George!” said George. “You apologize!”
“You're getting better.” said Remus proudly.

“This hasn't even happened yet, and I still want to smack him.” said Sirius looking at the squabbling twins.

“Giving a two glass bottles to a pair of hostile twins isn't wise.” said Dr. Clark.

“You'd have less to do in a waiting room.” said Mrs. McFinn looking at her deceased husband.

“You feel guilty about us knowing about our dad, hell we're better off knowing.” said Ginny.

“It wasn't you, it was the snake.” said Sirius soothingly.

“Not your fault either, though...I would personally pay to see Dumbledore get his ass kicked.” said Lionus with a smile.

Dumbledore looked over to Lionus, a small frown on his face but he looked down at the floor.
“Still alive? That doesn't sound good.” said Charlie tightening his grip on his father's shoulder.

The family tightened themselves around Mr. Weasley.

Sirius pulled Harry towards him, wrapping his arms around his godson.

No one was saying anything, all they could do, despite this taking place in the future, they hoped Mr. Weasley came through alright. Most of the students were quite fond of him.

“Thank Merlin.” said Angelina.
“Don't blame you there.” said Leroy.

Mrs. Weasley stood up and pulled Harry out of Sirius' arms and held him in her own.

“Thank you...oh thank you...” she said, tears pouring down her face and settling on his chest. He was much taller since the last time she remembered hugging him.

Harry hugged her back, and whispered, “I didn't do anything yet.”

“But you would have...and...thank you for that.” said Mrs. Weasley softly.

Officer McFinn gave them a good long while for Mrs. Weasley to express her gratitude. Then started up the reading again.

“I don't deserve it, I future me is probably...disgusted with myself that I...” said Harry.

But Mrs. Weasley only held him tighter.

“I can't quite see the mutt being disappointed with that.” said Snape with a small sneer.
“Oh tell me that you're coming to an adult with your problems, PLEASE TELL ME!” said Rudolph grasping his hands together.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“Get back here.” said Sirius pulling Harry back down to where he sat. “I'm happy you got talked to me. You'll see...I'll make you feel better.”

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well...I'm not off to a great start...” said Sirius with a weak chuckle.

Dialogue set.

Remus reached over and ran his fingers through Harry's hair.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Somehow, I don't think I'm helping.” said Sirius shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I need more practice.” said Sirius.

“You're trying to reassure him that everything is going fine, it's not your fault that he's not willing to let the adults handle things.” said Remus, then with a kind smile over to Harry. “And it's not yours for not trusting adults to do the right thing.”

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“You think I'm going to go to sleep after the last dream I had, you are out of your bloody mind.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Sixtieth paragraph.

“Ever get the feeling I just let Harry down?” asked Sirius in a crushed tone.

“Yup.” said Dr. Clark.

Sirius leaned his head on top of Harry's. “I promise to do better.”

“You'd better.” said Harry with a slight smile.

Sixty-first paragraph.

“I really didn't do a good job reassuring him.” said Sirius bowing his head.

“Not if he's going to force himself to be sleep deprived.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “And with him going off food at times of high stress and that Umbridge woman...that would have sent him into a mental breakdown of epic proportions.”

Harry looked at the Ranger doctor in confusion as he felt himself being pulled even further into Sirius' arms.

“I'm sorry...I'm so sorry.” said Sirius.

“Just...don't placate me...actually help me.” said Harry softly.

“I will. I promise I will.”

Sixty-second paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“Being physically and emotionally exhausted will do that.” said Tempest.

“Indeed, he should be put to rest.” said Firenze.

End of sixty-second paragraph.

“Pink spiky hair is all the rage.” said Tonks said running her fingers through her hair.

“It's all the rage because people with no fashion sense says it's in.” growled Moody.
“Says the man that hasn't changed his wardrobe since the first muggle World War.” said Tonks muttering darkly.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“Sorry 'bout that.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Hermione giggled slightly.

Dialogue set.

“There's no escaping if people want information.” said Dumbledore with a small smile.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Nice.” said Tonks huffing with a mock frown.

“I don't think I wanted anymore questions.” said Harry.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon, eleventh word.

“There's no escaping if people want information.” said Dumbledore with a small smile.

End of sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“Sure, just shove the poor kid out into the freezing cold.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.
“Provided they're not bleeding all over the place and that they don't start sneezing fire.” said Charlie.

“Sneezing fire? That can happen?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Only if you have Dragon Pox.” said Charlie. “A really really bad case of it.”

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

“Don't let dad know they're there.” said Ron. “He'd sneak out of the hospital to go and see it.”

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“And how would you know the latest fashion?” asked Sirius teasingly.

“Baggy clothes that could fit a baby elephant are all the rage! Didn't you know that?” said Harry with a laugh.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.

“And that's the way it will stay.” said Moody.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Strange how you have to remind yourself things like that.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“Huh?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“If this turns into that Doctor Who episode, I'm going to freak out every time I walk past a storefront window.” said Dr. Clark.

“What?” asked Sirius.
Dr. Clark stared at Sirius. “Can we have a TV at Night's Rest?”

“Uh...I think...we can work something out, may need Arthur's help.” said Sirius.

“You are going to watch all the Doctor Who episodes with me.” said Dr. Clark eagerly.

“Uh...yay...” said Sirius uneasily.

“You'll enjoy them.” said Harry with a smile. “Provided you get to watch the Tom Baker ones first.”

“Oh, he'll be in there, but I prefer Jon Pertwee.” said Dr. Clark. “It's a close first and second place though.” *

End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma, eighth word.

“Give me time to blend in.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Seventieth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“That's what I don't understand, Healers and well, muggle doctors get paid a lot of money, and they can't afford to subscribe to a few different magazines and keep them up to date?” said Hermione. “My parents keep the magazines up to date!”

Seventieth paragraph, fourth sentence, third comma.

“What the...a human teapot?” asked Dean.

End of seventieth paragraph.

“It's not boring there.” said Flitwick. “I'll grant it that.”

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Dr. Clark looked slowly over to Ron.

“Yup, you're right, 'Nutters that cut people up.'” laughed Officer McFinn.

“Ridiculous sign.” said Snape quietly. “There are potions that require the cauldron to be well seasoned with other potion residues still within the metal.”

“So...if we want to catch her awake, we'll have to come to the hospital huh?” said Fred.

“Ooh, bet that's got to smart.” said Bill.

“Customer Service is not her forte.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Floor Guide.
“I don’t think I want to experience any of that stuff.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I could probably handle the broom crashes and maybe some of the burns, but *embedded spines? Regurgitation*?” said Dr. Clark.

*Note on bottom of Floor Guide.*

“Your Welcome Witch is less than welcoming.” said Rudolph.

**Seventy-seventh paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So much for not talking about a patient’s medical status out in the open.” said Dr. Clark.

**Seventy-eighth paragraph.**

“Little muffin must have grabbed her parent’s wand.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a chuckle.

Dialogue line.

**Seventy-ninth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, she sounded reasonably professional there.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

**Eightieth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Well, neither one of those can be good.” said Lee.
“Nonsense! Bring everyone in!” said Mr. Weasley happily.

“No way, Harry, you're family, you're coming in.” said the twins.

“Oh my...” said Mrs. McFinn cringing.

“Please tell me...no never mind don't tell me.” said Dr. Clark.

“Sounds like you're just on vacation.” said Bill.

“Really, that shouldn't be much of a shock.” said Sirius. “He was just attacked by a snake.”

“Not something to be happy about.” said Dr. Clark.
“What?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It beats having to find donors.” said Madam Pomfrey. “That in itself can be a bit tricky.”

“Oh...that poor man.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I'm sorry, but I was more concerned about my husband.” said Mrs. Weasley looking at Remus with a slightly guilty look.

“Hasn't happened yet dear...” said Mr. Weasley soothingly. “It's alright, I'm not hurt.”

“Somethings can be a bit tricky.” said Remus looking at Harry fondly.

Sirius and Remus laughed softly.

“They would chat with you about other patients would they?” said Madam Bones with a slight smile.

“Well, I do know Augustus.” said Mr. Weasley. “So maybe he will talk to me about the different patients if I'm in his ward.”
“Sounds as if you were just given a parchment cut or something.” said Sirius with a chortle.

“Gee, you think?” groaned Zacharias.

“Don't elaborate.” said Hermione holding her stomach.

“No...don't talk about it.” said Hermione covering her ears.

“Somehow, I can picture the Minister having a hand in it.” said Chief Hawkeye grimly.

“Oh, if it did.” said Chief Hawkeye, now growling at Fudge.
“I was! Didn't you hear? It said I said it quietly.” said George.

“He had better not.” said Madam Bones sharply.

“Dear, don't go bothering them.” said Mrs. Weasley fondly.

“Oh...don't bring that up again.” said Leroy.

“Well, that's a short visit.” said Mrs. McFinn. “I normally spend three hours or so with people in the hospital.”

“Normally?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“I had very altercation seeking boys.” said Mrs. McFinn sending Harry and Officer McFinn a smile.

“Mrs. Weasley rounded on the twins.

“This hasn't happened yet mum, can't be mad.” said the twins with cheeky grins.
“If they don't, they should.” muttered Mrs. Weasley.

“Odd obligation they have to you.” said Sirius with a smile.

“I must say, impressive bits of magic.” said Dumbledore. “I'm very thankful that you boys decided to not sell those.”

“Yeah, after we gave it some thought as to what Death Eaters would do with them, we decided against selling them.” said George.

“Well it did.” said Ginny.

“So...lucky for the Order in general.” said Mr. Weasley.

“And unlucky at the same time.” said Dumbledore.

“I was anticipating, but I was hoping he would not.” said Dumbledore.
Dialogue line.

Moody didn't argue with that statement.

“Yeah Harry, you're hilarious.” said the twins with a smile.

Dialogue line.

At least you still cared.” said Leroy quietly.

“I care very deeply for Harry.” said Dumbledore softly. He hoped that they didn't mention anything else between themselves, even though he talked to Harry about this weeks ago with Dr. Nicodemus, he hoped...

Dialogue set.

The hope Dumbledore was feeling was dashed.

The students turned and stared at Harry.

Harry gripped his hands together tightly, so tight that his hands began to tremble.

The people in the bowl turned to look at him, they looked horrified.

End of Chapter

“That's it I'm done for the day.” said Harry standing up and stalking out of the room.

“He's in your suite if you want to talk to him.” called Dr. Nicodemus.

The rest of the school looked numbly at the door after Harry had left.

“Bloody hell, he can't catch a break, can he?” said a second year Ravenclaw.

“The Dark Lord is not possessing him, that was Moody talking out of his hat.” said Lionus.

Sirius looked at the door to Entrance Hall, maybe there was something he could do. To perhaps make it up to him...well for something he hadn't done yet, but still...just dismissing him when the poor kid finally reached out for help, he'd have to do something, to make sure Harry didn't think it will happen now.
Harry hurried up the stairs to their suite and slammed the door shut behind him. He was fuming, and scared all at the same time, and he felt as if his heart was going to constrict so tightly that he'd fall down dead in an instant.

His eyesight had improved to almost their normal level, but they were now almost brimming with tears.

“I take it by the sound of the door closing that today could have gone better.” came a cool Russian voice from the couch. Glacier was sitting there, drinking a glass of red wine slowly and looking at him.

“Yeah, today was...not so great.” said Harry looking away.

“Come here, you look about ready to fall apart.” said Glacier motioning for the lad to sit down with him.

Harry took a seat across the way from the man.

“What's got you into this state?” asked Glacier easily. “What part of the book has you so bothered?”

Harry heaved a large sigh and began telling the man what he had heard so far that day, not even bothering to hold back, too upset to even think.

Sirius and Remus walked up where they hoped Harry was, they were stopped by that Ranger doctor, telling them to give Harry an hour to be left to his own thoughts. But they figured that Harry shouldn't be left alone. They knew the therapist was with him, but he needed someone that he knew personally with him...

Though they were still trying to figure just how deep Harry's feelings were on some things, they still couldn't see Harry not wishing to be comforted, and being convinced that he didn't do anything wrong and that he wasn't being possessed.
As they were about to enter the door to their rooms, they heard Harry talking, he didn't sound like his normal, calm self, he sounded mad.

“I go to him, like everyone tells me to, 'let the adults handle it, Harry!' and what do I get? Stop worrying, you'll be fine, doesn't even FUCKING listen to me! I know this hasn't even happened yet, but still, HE WOULD HAVE!”

Sirius stood there in shock. He knew his future self had made a mistake and he knew Harry should be disappointed in him for doing so...but he didn't think he would hear it...and so loudly.

“Maybe we should give him some time.” said Remus pulling Sirius away.

“If he's venting, it'll help if someone is right there to vent to.” said Sirius.

“Don't you remember? Harry's therapist is in there. Let's give him a bit more time.” said Remus.

Glacier sat and watched the young man twist and mangle the lower part of his shirt into a wrinkled mess. He was grateful that the boy had opened up, even if it was only this newest development. He could sense that the boy had increased his mental shields beyond their normal levels (as strong as they were at that time) and he was about ready to fall into a mental collapse, this venting should help.

Releasing this stress that would only have built up and tore him apart from the inside by venting in this fashion was one of the better ways to release it.

“Well, I'm sure that now that he's seen your reaction and heard it from your point of view, he most certainly won't be taking that little path.” said Glacier.

“Yeah, but...he would have.” said Harry stubbornly.

“He would have, but now he won't. Finally releasing some of the tension is a good thing, but this hasn't happened yet, and from all the preparations, it won't.” said Glacier with a kind smile.
Harry sunk back into the cushions on the couch. “I know that, but this would have happened. I finally came to someone with my problems, and they blow me off.”

“And now, that they know how your mind works, they're genuinely concerned and willing to try and give you real reassurance.” said Glacier.

“I know that too...” said Harry with a sigh. He sat in thought and looked at his knees. “You know...that felt kind of nice...” he added with a blush.

“What felt nice?” asked Glacier.

“Screaming like that.” said Harry.

“Primal scream therapy has been proven to work in some people's cases.” said Glacier with a chuckle. “Want to shout at me some more?”

“I think I can shout about some more things to be really pissed about.” said Harry with a smile.

“How about your home life?” asked Glacier with a raised brow.

Harry turned his head away from Glacier.

“That's alright, son. Give it and myself some time.” said Glacier with a smile. “I'll listen to whatever you've got.”

=-=-=-=-=-=-=

The school itself was going through what they thought was a poor trade off from what they were accustomed to as of late. They were now having discussions about thestrals, different spells, and magical theories in general.

Hermione and a few of the more studious students were the only ones really enjoying this turn of events.
“Has anyone used thestral hair in a wand?” asked Hermione raising her hand high into the air.

Dumbledore smiled faintly. “There has been an instance or two where thestral hair has been used in a wand, but it is very rare, and I don't believe Ollivander has any desire to make one using that particular ingredient.”

“I wonder how strong a wand like that can get with thestral hair?” asked Terry.

“The power a wand holds is all depending on the strength and experience of the wizard using it. You could all borrow my wand and there would be no real difference in power.” said Dumbledore.

Lionus looked at Dumbledore with a smirk on his face. He couldn't see him letting any of the students use his wand, not in his lifetime anyway. Compared to the readings, these little kids' deductions were sort of boring. And not only that, the man was lying through his teeth, just about his wand though.

“Is there a way to test wand strength or...our own strength?” asked Neville looking down at his wand.

“With many years of practice and enhancing your own skills you should be able to see just for yourself how you have grown over the years.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Darn, I was hoping he'd have some really cool spell to test our strength.” said Fred.

“Yeah, that would have been wicked.” said George.

“Wonder if Harry's going to come back down.” asked Ron looking up at the door. “He was really pissed off.”

Hermione looked at the door and then turned back to Ron. “Let's go and see him.”

“What if Sirius and Lupin are there?” asked Ron.
“We can still give Harry support. Now that we know about the...well...You-Know-Who peering into Harry's mind, maybe we can stop that somehow.” said Hermione. “I can look up some mental barriers or something in the library.”

“Harry already has barriers up, guess they just weren't strong enough.” said Ron. “He didn't have them going full tilt, cause...I don't know, figure he didn't need to use them much.”

“Let's go and see what's going on.” said Hermione.

“You want to leave this fun discussion?” asked Ron with a smirk.

“I want to know find out if Harry's alright more.” said Hermione as she tore herself away from the discussion group.

They walked up the Grand Staircase and after climbing a few floors, they neared the rooms that Harry shared with his family.

“I wonder if Sirius and Lupin are there?” asked Ron.

“You've already asked that.” said Hermione. “We'll find out when we get there. These are there rooms.”

As they neared the door, they heard Harry's voice on the other side, and the tone made them flinch back.

“I'm a laid back kind of guy, but all their arguments just get old, you know? I can't have a nice peaceful week without the two of them fighting, and they ALWAYS have to do it while I'm around, can't they leave me out of their stupid fights? Can't they just keep it between themselves?”

Hermione and Ron looked between themselves and backed away.

“He's in a mood...” said Ron.
“Let's not go in there...” said Hermione.

“How about we go...anywhere...” said Ron taking Hermione by the hand and leading her away from the door.

Glacier smiled at the boy before him as he breathed slowly, trying to lower his voice.

“Very good, you're starting to finally release some pent up frustrations.” said Glacier with a smile.

“You might die of old age before I finish with all the stuff I've got on my mind.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Anything else you'd like to talk about?” asked Glacier.

“Not anymore today, I'm too tired...” said Harry smiling slightly.

“Shouting for that long does tire a person out.” said Glacier. “Why don't you go and lay down for the day?”

Harry looked at the clock. “It's not even three.” said Harry.

“You've had a long day, and it's only going to get longer as the books go along. Might as well have the rest while you can.” said Glacier with a smile.

Chief Hawkeye stood in his own room a few corridors away from where Glacier and Harry were, speaking softly into a mirror that hung over his own bathroom's sink.

“How is everything going?” asked Chief Hawkeye.
Instead of the normal reflection that would be shone in the mirror, there was the vision of Viper, and a slim man with brown hair and dark sunglasses standing in what appeared to be the Atrium of the Ministry of Magic.

“Everything is going along as scheduled sir, we've gone thorough investigations on all Ministry employees here and about twelve percent of them have been dismissed and six percent have been taken in for further questioning. The renovations have been completed and each department has been given the ample space they need to do their work. We've also completed work on the fountain.” said the slim man.

“Let me see, Vlad.” said Chief Hawkeye.

The two in the mirror stepped aside and revealed the new statue that stood in the Ministry's atrium. It was a shimmering crystal globe hovering over the large pool of water, with the landmasses etched delicately into the crystal's surface and a pulsating golden glow emanating from within.

Above the globe, there was larger statues made of flawless marble, a centaur, goblin, house-elf, wizard, witch, vampire, werewolf, hag and giant were standing over the globe, each holding a vase and crystal clear water poured out and covered the globe and then cascaded down into the pool, where small mermaids swam gracefully in the water.

Along the edge of the fountain's base, there was a carving, people using tools, depicting muggles and their personal evolution into the beings known for ingenuity with their hands.

“I like it. Good job Vlad.” said Chief Hawkeye. “Now, Viper, did you have Abacus take everything into a account? Has everyone been repaid what they should have been?”

“Yes sir, though Abacus felt that we need to leave the vons that have already been paid over the amount.” said Viper looking at a scroll of parchment. “But he has told them that they vill not be getting the same amount for their pay. And the others have been reimbursed their time.”

“Good, that's a cut in the workload when it comes to this Ministry. Now, what I want you, Viper, to do is something a little more important than overhauling the Ministry...something that would help make it up to Potter after that little unpleasantness that you two had, and it would get Lionus off your back.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Viper looked at his Chief expectantly. He would do anything to ease any punishment that Captain
Lionus would distribute to those who disappoint him.

“Now I know this goes against Ranger and my personal preferences, but I want you to...” said the Chief with a smirk.

Within fifteen minutes, someone began having their journey to the worst and final days of his life.
The next day came early for Harry, he had gotten up at seven o'clock, far earlier than anyone else in the suite with him. He quietly rose off his bed and made to go down to the kitchen and cook...anything.

“Where you goin' so damn early?” came a grumbled voice from Sirius' bed.

“You're dreaming, go back to sleep.” whispered Harry.

“Not if you're getting up.” said Sirius with a groan. “Where are you goin'?”

“The kitchen.” said Harry.

“Then I am definitely going.” said Sirius throwing on a pair of pants. “Hey..uh..'bout yesterday's chapter. I'm really sorry.”

“Not your fault technically.” said Harry.

“Technically?” winced Sirius.

“But we'll let it go for the moment, what do you want for breakfast?” said Harry leading the way out of the suite and down to the kitchens.

“Uh...you pick.” said Sirius looking at Harry carefully.

“I'm in the mood for pancakes...” said Harry absently.

Sirius thought as they traveled down the silent corridors. He was going to have to walk on eggshells around Harry until he felt comfortable.

Later, Sirius began to feel even more uncomfortable, but that was mainly due to him eating stack after stack of buttermilk pancakes.

“Oh, Merlin...I'm going to explode.” groaned Sirius.

“I told you, you should have stopped at the fourth plate.” said Harry as he took a large platter of cookies into his hands. “Now, if you can heave yourself out of the chair, let's go up and start this day.”

“That's a tall order...errghh....there we go.” said Sirius slowly getting to his feet. “What are the cookies for?”

“Just as a snack during the reading.” said Harry.

“Sure, it would be when I'm full to burst.” said Sirius walking beside Harry.
The ones that overheard the venting that Harry did with the therapist gave him a bit of a wide berth and even some of the students that didn't hear gave him space. They weren't afraid of what Moody said, Dumbledore and Dr. Nicodemus had reassured them that the assumption that the ex-Auror was incorrect, but after he had stormed out, they wanted to lessen any further stress that he was feeling.

“Sorry I can't have a few of those.” said Officer McFinn looking at the cookies longingly. “Without a body, the biscuit has nowhere to go.”

“That's alright dear, he put dates in those.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

“Ugh, nevermind, keep 'em.” said Officer McFinn sticking his tongue out. He picked up the book and read the latest chapter. “Chapter Twenty-three

“That doesn't sound promising.” said Seamus.

First paragraph, first sentence.

Dumbledore buried his face in his hands. This was going to be another one of those chapters where he had to face the proverbial music.

First paragraph, second sentence.

Dumbledore could feel the students looking between Harry and himself. Was he going to feel Harry's wrath that Sirius and Remus had apparently experience the afternoon before, when the two of them came to hide in his office?

End of first paragraph.

“I'm thinking beyond even your endurance.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a rueful smile.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“No you aren't. You're fine, you're more than fine.” said Sirius holding Harry close to himself.

End of second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“No you aren't.' said Remus quickly.

Sirius brushed his lips against Harry's brow. “It's not like that.”

“I know...that now.” said Harry.

“You're wrong dear boy...you're wrong...” said Dumbledore softly.

“Why aren't I putting up defenses? Why aren't I stopping this?” thought Harry to himself curiously, and with a tinge of fury. “Am I so willing to put up this false front...allowing myself to be an open door? What the flying fuck is my future self thinking?”

“Sicker than I've ever felt in my life, I expect.” muttered Harry.

“T'm always pale.” said Harry with a smirk.

“He doesn't seem all that big on sleeping as of that moment.” said Ron.
“Oh...sweetheart...don't...it'll only make you feel worse...” said Mrs. McFinn reaching over and holding Harry's knee.

“You certainly wouldn't be a snake if you were.” said Sirius.

“What do you think I would be?” asked Harry.

“A bunny.” said Sirius with a twitching smile.

“I'll bunny you.” said Harry.

“Oh come on, you're so soft and cuddly!” said Fred and George.

“Don't make me come over there.” said Harry.

“He has no need for that particular branch of magic.” said Dumbledore.

“I'm starting to get confused myself.” said Leroy.

“Oh..no...cue the 'I've got to save the world and damn myself.” said Ron with a soft groan.

“That would not be a good idea.” said Dumbledore looking up quickly.
“Well, that's not too bad of a plan.” said Rudolph, you'll be somewhere safe...well...unless you run into Umbridge...on second thought, don't go there.”

“You didn't do it the first time.” said Remus.

“Going along with that thought, wouldn't that open the muggles to whatever you thought was going on?” asked Parvati.

“Hasn't happened, so I can't reason with it.” said Harry with a shrug.

“They would not be happy at all...” said Harry.

The hall went silent.

“Well, isn't that creepy.” said Padma. “He was the one that was watching you two all this time?”

“Looks that way.” said Harry with a curious look over to Dumbledore. He, on the other hand was looking down at his hands, his cheeks faintly pink.

“Potter doesn't know how to save his own neck.” drawled Snape.
“Does that mean he's impressed, or just being a snarky bastard?” asked Dr. Clark quietly.

“Hard to tell with him.” said Sirius. “but I'm thinking he's a little impressed.”

“Sounds like you're desperate to hear anything from the old man.” said Lionus with a disapproving glare at the Headmaster.

“Oh, I think future me is just going to love that.” said Harry with a smirk.

“I'll give you impertinent.” said Fred.

“He won't be visiting Headquarters for a long time if he called us that, we'd show him the real definition.” said George.

“Remind me to try and keep you happy...” said Sirius.

“Good luck with that one, especially if you want to be the responsible adult.” said Harry.

“Responsible is a word that I don't think will ever be assigned to Sirius.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Hey, now...” said Sirius with a pout. “Wanna talk about your disciplining skills?”

“Hey, now...” said Remus.
Dialogue set.

“I'm thinking that is not what I meant by that.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“All I need is I can get away from here.” muttered Lionus softly.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence, third comma.

“I think I feel alone.” said Harry darkly.

“Ron and them were right there...” said Hermione.

“None of them was the person I needed.” said Harry, his voice still dark.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Someone needs a nap.” said Sirius rubbing Harry's neck.

“Seeing as I really hadn't slept much in might have been two days...yeah...I could see that.” said Harry.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph, sixth paragraph.

Dumbledore blinked.

“I don't think he would forbid you to sleep.” said Tonks. “But I can see why you would be worried about sleeping.”
Dumbledore looked thoughtful.

“I don't know if it's a good thing that future me is waking him up or not.” said Ron.

“I doubt he left for that reason, he most likely went to tell his mother that you were still asleep.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

“He needs to eat.” muttered Madam Pomfrey.

“I hope that means that you got some rest without the odd dreams.” said Bill.

“You really need to keep eating.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“If anything I would make sure that you were not going to take off and run off.” said Dumbledore.

Sirius pulled Harry closer to himself and held him. “You aren't going anywhere.”

“Oh Merlin, please no...” said Remus running his hand down his face.

“I don't think we are.” said Ginny.

“Aw...monster...she just wants to make sure you're okay.” said Leroy with a sad look.

Sirius reached down and began to slightly rub Harry's stomach. “I know you and I ate almost our weight in pancakes, but are you hungry?”

“No.” said Harry softly.

“Well, it's easy to avoid feeling hungry when you do that.” said Sirius with a joking tone.
“No one in here but us hippogriffs.” said Fred.

“Well, to tell the truth, skiing’s not really my thing,” said Hermione.
“I'm not fond of broken legs and high speeds.” said Hermione.
“I should give it a shot then.” said Harry with a smile.
“Oh dear...” said Madam Pomfrey covering her eyes and hiding her smile.

“Don't let him fool you, I'm sure he was fascinated by it.” said Ginny.

“But you aren't at Hogwarts.” said Zacharias.

“Sure, you'll come with Hermione if she wants you to go somewhere.” said Ron.
“She'll hit me if I don't.” said Harry. “Remember Malfoy?”
“I loved that moment...” said Ron dreamily.

“What could she have done? Called you back?” asked Rudolph.
“Wouldn't quite put it past her.” snarled Sprout.
“Sadistic bitch...” muttered Charlie.

“That's real nice.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Uh oh, Harry...she's not going to bow out.” said Leroy gleefully.

“That's some bad aim then.” said Fred.

Several of the teachers, McGonagall included groaned and covered their eyes.

Hermione looked down shamefully, though she could see future Harry was acting like that, but now was not the time to say that out loud, especially when no one was chastising her.
“And despite what you know about me, what you read or what you hear...you'll never know what it's like on my end.” said Harry darkly.

Hermione made to open her mouth, but Ron clapped a hand over it quickly.

Dialogue line.

“My word, you can go from someone who has reasonable moods to a whacked out adolescent roller coaster.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a soft chuckle as he looked at Harry.

Dialogue line.

“He's still in the same house, how do you lose someone?” asked Dr. Clark quietly.

“The doors lock from the inside.” said Sirius. “You can hide pretty well.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The hall was silent.

“Fair point, but Tom is assaulting him in a different manner than what he did to you.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Ooh...” said the twins.

“Run when you hear that tone.” said Fred.

“She gets right scary when that tone hits.” said George.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Nice how he means it with her.” said Fred.
“Then again, it's the smart way to go.” said George.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Half true.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not that painful, from what it sounds.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Apparating and Disapparating is not the only way of transporting a person from one place to another.” said Dumbledore. “Though they are the most common and I'm not aware if Tom even is aware of the other means.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Finally, he eats.” said Madam Pomfrey quietly.
Dialogue set.

“Wish you would, it might drown him out.” said Remus.

“You're so mean, Moony.” said Sirius with a pout.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“If I was in my animagus form, my tail would be just a wagging away.” said Sirius with a bright smile.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, third sentence.

“Yeah, I don't think I could recognize it either, mumsey didn't really care for holiday decorations that weren't all that dark and dignified.” said Sirius.

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Wow...pretty impressive.” said Remus with a smile. “Then again, you and James did help me decorate the school for the holidays.”

“With or without the enchanted snowballs forming outside and flinging themselves through the doors once someone opened them?” said McGonagall with a smirk.

“I will sometimes always admit to my pass pranking achievements, but that wasn't me.” said Sirius. “Or James, or Remus or even Peter...though we did want to find out who did that.”

“If memory serves me correctly. I do believe I caught a young Gryffindor Prefect enchanting the snow in front of the door to do something along that nature.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile. “Alas however, it backfired, she only wanted it to happen to one person, not everyone that attempted to leave the school.”

“Wait...you can't be talking about...” said Sirius aghast.

“Mom did that?” said Harry thunderstruck.

“She did indeed. She was hoping to knock James down and bury him under a small hill of snow...sadly, with little practice in the art of mischievous magic, it got away from her.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“He's got more relatives that...well...are introduced to him than you.” said Rudolph.
Hermione turned and put her hands on her hips.

“Sorry.” said Ron quickly.

“Just what you need...a nagging notebook.” said Terry.

“Oh good choice by us.” said Sirius brightly.

“I'd better write down how to put money in it.” said Hagrid scratching his head.

“Blimey, I wanna fly.” said Harry wistfully.

“Maybe this weekend.” said Sirius. “If it doesn't snow.”

Fred and George snorted quietly.
“Jerk.” muttered Charlie.

Percy blushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That might take a while.” said George.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, we see it.” said Fred.

“We won't let you live that down for a long time.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I'd like to dot their i's and cross their t's with my fist.” said Harry.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, fifth sentence.

“You kept checking it out from the library.” said Harry.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

A few of the adults chuckled warmly.

“Don't get a girl perfume, unless you're married to them.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“It would take more than just a quilt.” said Sirius.

“It's the warmest place in the house during the winter.” said Sirius.

“Not all House-elves have little dens like that. Some even have their own small rooms just off the kitchens.” said Leroy.

“I thought you said they didn't to eat?” asked a first year to Harry.

“I said they didn't need to.” said Harry.

“Note to self, I need to make sure to nick that back and stamp on it.” said Sirius darkly.
“Can't say I'd be missing him.” said Fred.

“Might have to talk to him, Black, make sure he doesn't try and interpret you saying that to mean that.” said Moody darkly.

“The little bugger isn't that imaginative.” said Sirius.

“I don't know if I would want that...” said Dr. Clark. “Not with everyone over for the holidays.”

“You don't know Kreacher personally, it would be a pleasant change.” said Sirius.

Mrs. Weasley looked scandalized. “I'm sure that I put my foot down and refused to let them get in.”

Mrs. Weasley stared at the book in horror.

“Well, honey, it is cold outside and Headquarters is a good long trek from St. Mungoes.” said Mr. Weasley softly.
Forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“It sounds absolutely lovely.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Wish our hospital could do that, they consider it to be unhygienic with too many things about.” said Dr. Clark.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“Ooh, might need something a bit more than tweezers to try and get it out.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“This won't be good.” said Bill with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Arthur...” said Mrs. Wealsy.

“I don’t' know what happened, honey...it hasn't happened yet.” said Mr. Weasley quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Must have gotten him something muggle then.” said Charlie.

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

Mr. Weasley looked excited, “How much longer till Christmas?”

End of forty-eighth paragraph.
“I've got a feeling something else happened and he doesn't want Mum to worry...” said George.

“Or he did something muggle to himself again, remember when he tried going to a muggle dentist?” said Fred. “Took the Healer hours to get the metal out of his mouth.”

“Oh, this won't end well...” said Bill.

“What are stitches?” asked Ron.

“Well, if there is a large wound on our bodies, and our skin can't quite seal itself up either at all or without a long time passing, we developed a way to sew our skin together, makes the skin heal at a faster time and without the threat of most infections.” said Dr. Clark.

“Like...needle and thread sewing?” said Ron flabberghasted.

“That's right...a different sort of needle and thread, but correct.” said Dr. Clark.

“That's nasty!” said Ron.

“That's what we got to do without magic, Harry's had stitches before, so has James and I.” said Dr. Clark. “Though, scars do pop up with the use of stitches.”

“It's hard at Christmas time...” said Lupin thoughtfully.

“Mate, you kept choosing to keep away.” said Sirius darkly.

“I had no where to go during your imprisonment.” said Remus.

“You were more than welcome at my house, and you know it.” said Bathilda Bagshot shaking her finger at the man.

“Wonder if we wanted to prank or we were just looking for escape.” said Fred.

“I'm thinking escape, he's hard to prank.” said George.
“No real shock there.” said Madam Pomfrey looking reproachfully at the man.

“Thanks for defending me, kids.” said Mr. Weasley.

“You're on your own.” said the Weasley children, Hermione and Harry.

While Ginny and Ron shook their heads, Fred and George clicked their tongues.

“You'd think you would have learned from us...” said George.

“As to what not to say to Mum.” said the twins together.

Mrs. Weasley gripped her husband's elbow tightly.

“Yeah...they can be a bit much.” said Neville, “They only talk to me like that when Gran isn't
around, if she's with me, they clam up.”

Several people looked at Neville sympathetically.

End of fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fred and George laughed heartily.

“He's talking about freckles..” said Officer McFinn. “You two have more than he does.”

They stopped quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I think I would prefer concealer.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“Thanks for the support.” said Ron.

“Hey, we could have been rolling on the floor laughing.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“Must be boring in there.” said Sirius.
“Please, please don't tell me...” said Remus covering his eyes.

“Don't let it be Dazzle Gums.” said Sirius looking up, his hands together, pleading.

“NOOO!!!!” howled Sirius and Remus.

“C'mon, once in these seven books is enough!” said Sirius.

“Does he still have memory damage?” asked Charlie.

“If I recollect, he does.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, than at least he won't be exacting his revenge on Harry and Ron.

“Good, don't be sympathetic to that nimrod.” said Tonks.

“...And we are so proud.” said Snape with a sneer.

“And in a straight-jacket?” muttered Harry.
Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“Get out of there...now.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue line.

“Why are you helping him remember?” asked Sirius.

“How the hell do I know? It hasn't happened yet.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“No, not at all.” said Remus.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Well, that should only have taken one afternoon.” said Remus.

“And that's with breaks.” said Sirius.

“Bloody hell, they're not letting off...” said Fred.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

“Can I be left out?” said Seamus raising his hand.

“Me too!” said Dean.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

“Oh...lord...tell me that the Healer is elderly, or that just got a little creepy.” said Bill with a snigger.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.
“He's who he is, that's what the problem is.” said Sirius.

“Lying already, he's off to a brand new start I see.” said McGonagall shaking her head.

“Well, that's just about right for his mentality state.” said Ernie.

“He was a danger to himself before this.” said Sprout softly.

“No kidding.” said Ginny.

“Don't leave us...please don't leave us.” said Ginny. “He'll start talking again.”

“Can you imagine what he would be like with his memory...I'd leap out of a window.” said Sirius.
“I’d prefer to throw him out of a window, myself.” said Snape.

**End of sixty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“We don't want you to know why.” said Remus.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Try something else.” said Dr. Clark.

**Sixty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Sixty-fourth paragraph.**

“Hope he's just busy today and not ashamed.” said Mrs. Weasley coldly.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“*Swaying tentacles?*” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

“Hmm...” said Lionus.

Harry looked over to the Rangers, and then back to the book thoughtfully.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Huh?” asked several students.

Neville turned a faint pink.

“Hey, Neville, you want everyone to take a walk for a while?” asked Harry quickly. “Just you me and Officer McFinn.”

“I'm...I'm not ashamed...” said Neville.

“Not what I asked.” said Harry.
Neville looked down to the floor. “Yeah...could they...I'm not ready.”

“Take a hike people.” said Harry gesturing over his shoulder.

It surprised Harry that no one grumbled or muttered, they only looked at Neville curiously and walked out slowly. Though Zacharias muttered to himself, but with a sharp look from every one of the teachers, (including Snape shockingly) he left the Great Hall.

“You can tell us when you're ready...c'mon Ron.” said Hermione, patting Neville's shoulder.

“I'm already half way to the door.” said Ron snatching one of the last biscuits from Harry's plate.

Neville pulled Luna back down into the seat she was leaving. “No...can you...”

“I can.” said Luna with a dreamy smile.

“Want anyone else to stay?” asked Harry.

“Just...well...maybe Professor Sprout and Professor McGonagall, Professor Dumbledore...and...uh...him...” said Neville pointing to Dr. Nicodemus.

“I think I know why I'm being held back...” said Dr. Nicodemus with a kind smile as he resumed his seat.

Soon, the only ones left were Neville, Professor Dumbledore, McGonagall, Sprout, Officer McFinn, Dr. Nicodemus, Luna, and Harry.

“Alright, Filius is keeping everyone away from eavesdropping at the door, are you ready Neville?” asked Dumbledore kindly.

Neville nodded numbly and Officer McFinn began reading again.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Luna gave Neville's hand a squeeze.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“I know this hasn't happened yet Harry, but thanks.” said Neville.

Harry shrugged with a smile.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“I don't ever expect anyone I know to be there.” said Neville. “Lockhart never recognized me so it
wasn't all that big of a deal.”

**Dialogue line.**

“He’s a curious little bugger isn’t he?” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-eighth paragraph.**

“I don’t rightly blame you, that was sprung on you quite suddenly.” said Dumbledore.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

Neville giggled softly.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I kinda hoped that you wouldn't meet her till we were adults...but...at least she's not saying anything embarrassing like Uncle Algie would.” said Neville.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Gran always does talk pretty good about them. Says they run a nice happy family.” said Neville.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Sixty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“It will come in it's own shape and form.” said McGonagall.

Neville turned a faint pink.
“One of these days, I'll find a way.” said Harry with a soft laugh.

McGonagall groaned.

“Yeah, but you gotta love him...” said Harry. “Cause it's illegal to kill him.”

Just turning around leaving wasn't an option it seems.” said Harry.

“Ugh...knock it off, Ron.” said Harry shaking his head.

Neville looked down, Luna sensing this wrapped her arms around Neville's shoulders and placed her head on his neck.

“It was a terrible thing...” said Professor Sprout wiping her eyes.

Dialogue set.
Neville looked sad.

“She'll get better, I'm sure of it, then she'll be just as lovely as ever.” said Professor McGonagall walking over and patting Neville on the shoulder.

End of seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

Harry looked at the floor, he hated the pitying looks that some people sent him, he imagined that Neville was too.

End of seventy-third paragraph.

Dr. Nicodemus looked thoughtfully at the book.

“Interesting...” said the Ranger doctor.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

“I know not even the twins would find something funny about that.” said Harry.

Neville looked down.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

“I keep them.” said Neville softly. “I've always kept them.”

“They're a present from your mother, of course you would.” said Luna.

“Is that her way...of giving you candy...?” said Harry looking between Neville and Dr. Nicodemus.

“I'm thinking that's what she's doing.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.
“Did they expect you to know?” asked Officer McFinn.

“It doesn't sound like I even pretended to gasp.” said Harry.

“Really want to go and smash her picture.” said Neville darkly.

“Don't blame you.” said Harry.

“Oh just be quiet.” said Sprout.

“Shall we let the students enjoy their break for a little longer?” said Dumbledore looking over to Neville.

“I'm okay...we can go on.” said Neville. “Unless...you have an idea about my parents...” he said looking up at Dr. Nicodemus.

Dr. Nicodemus looked over to the boy slowly, a frown on his face, but then it turned upwards into a smile. “Actually....”
“You mean there's a way to cure my parents?” said Neville excitedly. He had been wishing for this day to come for his entire life, was his prayer finally going to be answered?

“I'm just going by what I learned from this chapter, but I think I might have a way.” said Dr. Nicodemus, “But it will all depend on how strong your parent's mental strength is. If they're strong enough, then they'll make a recovery.”

Neville could hardly contain himself, tears of relief and joy began to fall down his face and he collapsed into the chair he was sitting on, Luna rubbing small circles on his back.

“I can send word to my comrades back at my Headquarters and they'll send over the right potions, but they'll still need to recover from the many years of being bed-ridden and not quite knowing what is going on.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Though, a few months at home and with some tender loving care, they should be fine.”

“Really?” said Neville, visually over joyed, his face was tear stained.

“But, we'll have to see for certain if what I think could a be an answer, will in fact work. I'm just going by what Potter has seen in the future, it could be something completely different altogether.” said Dr. Nicodemus, “Have hope, but don't go overboard with it.”

“It's more than what I've ever had.” said Neville wiping his eyes.

“The cure isn't for free, and it isn't cheap.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile over to Harry. Neville looked worriedly between Harry and Dr. Nicodemus, but sent pleading looks over to Harry.

“What do you guys want now?” asked Harry frowning slightly.

“I'll take a look at that black notebook of yours.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“What the hell for?” asked Harry in shock.
“There was a spell you had used a time or two, that I'd really like to see what I can do with it.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Harry frowned slightly, then his eyes opened slightly. “If it's the one I think, I don't recommend...”

“Have you developed it any further since then?” asked Dr. Nicodemus.

“It is that one then....A little but not too much...” said Harry. “But if you want it, I guess you're the best people to use it...but how did you know about it?”

“Don't underestimate us, Potter, we've been watching you for a long long time.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “For instance...the first Christmas you had with the McFinns....where did you think that pile of presents came from?”

Harry thought carefully.

“They came from you?” said Officer McFinn in shock. “I thought Sam did it!”

“No, it was not him, now about that book...I'll see to the evaluation and the cure, free of charge.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“I seem to be footing the bill for a lot of stuff around here.” grumbled Harry with a smile as he dug for the small book. “Here you go, but...I'd rather just copy it down for you.” he added taking out a roll of parchment and a quill.

“What spell is he talking about?” asked McGonagall.

“Something that would really go to waste here in a school, but we can utilize it to the fullest.” said Dr. Nicodemus as he took the parchment from Harry. The moment he scanned the parchment and it's contents, he snapped his finger and a small ball of light came from his forefinger and thumb and then flew up and out of the Great Hall.

“So...they're going to look at my parents?” asked Neville.
“That's right.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a kind smile.

Before Harry sat back down in the bowl, Neville rushed over and hugged him.

“Thanks...thank you so much...Harry...” said Neville tearfully.

“You're welcome Neville...” said Harry, trying not to let his own eyes water. “I hope that it does cure them. Should we get them all back in...or at least try to?”

The doors were opened and those who were waiting right beside the door came flooding back in. Ron and Hermione rushed over to them but stopped a few feet away from Neville.

“You alright, Nev?” asked Ron.

“I'm okay.” said Neville. “Thanks for...taking a walk.”

“It's fine Neville.” said Hermione with a smile.

“Are we going to move on?” asked Ron taking his seat.

“If Neville wants to.” said Officer McFinn.

Neville nodded, he was excited for the Christmas break, perhaps his parents would be healed by then!

“Alright, new chapter then.” said Officer McFinn taking the book and turning the page. “We got...Chapter Twenty-four

Snape and Dumbledore both sneaked a glance over to Harry.
Think we should check on him...?” said Remus.

“He hasn't left the house.” said Nightstrike. “I left one of our Privates there to keep an eye on the place.”

“Don't worry about me.” said Sirius pulling Harry over to himself.

“I'll worry if I wanna.” said Harry, settling against Sirius' shoulder.

“Hmm...sounds like what you were doing while I was happy.” said Sirius teasingly.

“We just seem to miss each other's positive moods.” said Harry.

“I'm going to pelt you with Cheering Charms.” said Remus.

“Only if you hit yourself up with some of them.” said Sirius.

“Aww...I knew you cared...” said Sirius hugging Harry.

“The alternative is a few more months with Umbridge, mutt.” sneered Snape.

“Killjoy.” muttered Sirius.

Sirius turned his head and pouted.

“Do you blame me?” asked Harry.

“Not really, but you could want to stay with me just because I'm your awesome godfather or something.” said Sirius.
“He's going to be hormonal again, isn't he?” groaned Snape.

“Stuff it.” snapped Sirius.

End of third paragraph.

“If Umbridge wasn't there and acting like a psychotic nut...I'd say that you should go back.” said Sirius. “Your education is important, but knowing she was there and if you had told me about your hand...I'd pull you out faster than Dumbledore could blink.”

“And if I had known, I would have pulled everyone out.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Fourth paragraph.

“You realized that Umbridge didn't get knocked off before the holidays ended?” asked Ron.

Dialogue set.

“That's never a good thing.” said the Gryffindor students.

“I'm sure it wasn't my choice to speak to him.” sneered Snape.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second dash.

“They just don't want to listen.” said Harry shaking his head.

“That's cause you're rubbish at chess...” said Ron slowly with a smirk on his face.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“So much for a nice happy holidays.” said Ginny quietly.
“That sounds kind of funny.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

“Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Mum...after all the crap we put up with him during the school year...” said Fred.

“It's Snape.” said George.

Snape sent a glare over to the twins who quickly quelled.

“Then again...” said the twins nervously.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He can't slam him with anything any other student did, no matter how paranoid he is.” said Tonks.

Dialogue set.

“Doubt it would be your fault if you did.” said Sirius.

“You'd be surprised the work he hands in.” said Snape waspishly.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, aren't we off to a great start?” asked Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.
“You can almost hear a fight about to break out.” said Remus.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I realize that this hasn't happened yet, Severus...Sirius....please put aside these differences...” said McGonagall rubbing her eyes.

“Easier said than done...” said Sirius and Snape together.

“They seemed to get along just fine when I got covered in Stinksap.” muttered Harry.

Sirius and Snape smirked and snickered into their hands.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Let it go, Padfoot...please tell me you let it go.” said Remus looking up.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

“Really, did you really expect a fifth year to know about Occlumency?” asked Rivers.

“My Snakes know about it.” said Snape proudly.

“Only because you told them.” said Flitwick.

Dialogue line.

“It is, but if you aren't compatible with it, you'll need another sort of branch.” said Harry.

“Another branch?” asked Dumbledore.
“Thought organization, all you do is put up some walls and keep intruders from getting to the more vital thoughts. They can get to some simpler thoughts, but with some practice you block them all off.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a slightly smile over to Harry.

“I'm still shaky at it it seems. He shouldn't have been able to get as far as he has...” said Harry.

“Sounds fascinating.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Problem is, I get a might ticked off at times.” said Harry. “Cause I'll just be focusing on one thing and it'll just sit there and simmer.”

“Hopefully Glacier will aid in that endeavor.” said Lionus.

Twelfth paragraph.

“Not any of the adults.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Don't need to tell me that twice.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh crap.” said Charlie.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“I've got nothing.” said Officer McFinn with a smile.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Due to my misconceptions, I must have appointed Severus the task for Harry's safety.” said Dumbledore, he then looked over to the Potions Master, “Not that I do not trust you.”

“Harry's safety and Snape are two things I don't normally put together.” muttered Sirius darkly.

Dialogue set.

“This has become the year where your emotional and mental well-being is getting hit with fatal blows.” said Lionus.

“And people wonder why I’m angst ridden.” said Harry he then added in a mutter. “And depressed.”

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Just once, hit him...” whispered Ron.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Don't push it...” said Remus with a groan.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“I don't know who to root for.” said a first year Slytherin. “They're both pretty cool.”

Snape, who heard his first year, turned a faint pink.

Dialogue line.
Dumbledore groaned and covered his eyes.

Remus slapped the back of Sirius's head.  
“This hasn't happened yet!” shouted Sirius.  
“I don't care.”

“Don't get in between those two when they start to fight.” said Tonks covering her ears.

“At least you're trying to get him out of there.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“That would be awesome to see.” said Fred and George with a gleeful smile.

“Just a lover's quarrel.” said Nightstrike snicker. He only waved innocently as the two wizards sent
him murderous glares.

Twenty-first paragraph, third sentence.

“Finally.” said Emmeline Vance.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“If that’s school friends, I'd hate to see enemies.” said Leroy.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Several adults smiled at the two Weasleys.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“Shocker.” said Snape.

Twenty-third paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon, third comma.

Sirius gave Harry a one armed hug and smiled. “Thanks for caring.”

Twenty-third paragraph, end of second sentence.

“I'd listen to you, I'd never shout at you...well..unless you do something like what you did in the
first three years of school here.” said Sirius.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Just wish that I didn't have to have extra classes with Professor Snape.” mumbled Harry.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Oh, you know it was a good conversation if they stop it as you walk in the door.” said Ginny.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, fist dash.

Sirius looked down to Harry, who was gripping his hand tightly.

“I learned to listen to those feelings.” said Harry, his face pale.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, end of third sentence.

“As long as Remus is there to lock the door, I won't go anywhere.” said Sirius.

End of twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I suck at wrapping, so sue me.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I should have given it to him before school started.” said Sirius.

“Wonder what it is.” said Ernie quietly.
“Oh that's nice.” said Sirius.

“I'll be alright.” said Sirius.

“I hope you take that as a joke in the future...” said Mr. Weasley covering his eyes.

“Would it kill you to use two arms?” sneered Harry.

“That would show you too much affection.” said Sirius with a laugh. “Don't want to spoil you now.”

“Now I'm the one pulling you from him.” said Tonks looking sad.

“This hasn't happened yet, and I'm hugging him enough to make up for it all.” said Sirius with a smile.

“It's getting kind of sappy over here.” said Harry.

“Being nervous keeps you alive.” said Tonks.
Moody smiled proudly, though it was a small smile.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Hey Stan!” said the students together.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Keep that fool quiet!” snarled Moody.

Dialogue line.

“Blimey, where's the accident, clumsy cousin I used to tease and love?” said Sirius, the sides of his mouth twitched.

Dialogue line.

“No you don't.” said Harry.

Thirty-first paragraph.

“I'd chuck the custard creams if I were you, especially if the frog spawn and the cockroaches got all over them.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.
“Not a lot of people have sneaking skills.” said Theodore Nott with a snicker.

Thirty-third paragraph, second sentence.

“He does kinda fancy you.” said Ron with a slight blush to Hermione.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I not all that excited to ride that bus now.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

The students stared at the book.

“He's dumber than a box of flobberworms isn't he?” said Terry.

Thirty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“He's more of a nut then anyone else I know.” said Tonks. “At least he's completely harmless.”

End of thirty-fourth paragraph.

“I'm not fond of thrill rides.” said Hermione.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Maybe now that I'm prepared, I won't mind it.” said Ron.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“Like money tip?” asked Neville.

“Or a 'swift kick where the sun doesn't sun shine' sort of tip.” said Tonks.

End of dialogue set.

“She's never feeling the best when she gets on the Knight Bus.” said Madam Bones.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“She should really take a motion sickness potion before getting on there.” said a sixth year Hufflepuff.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph.

“Nosy parkers.” said Fred clicking his tongue.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dumbledore smiled at Remus.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

“After hearing that, I'm glad to not be on the bus.” said Hermione.

Forty-second paragraph.
“Don't use Snape's excuse.” said Sirius.

“Punch him!” said the twins.

“Oi!” said Zacharias hotly.

“Kick him, then!” said the twins.

“Awesome, Ron!” said a few third years.

Zacharias growled.

“Uh oh...Ron's there...” said Parvati.

“Don't mention Quidditch!” said Padma.

“Good going, Granger. Give Potter a decent chance now...well...not that you aren't a good choice...” said Dr. Nicodemus looking over to Ginny.

Hermione smiled, happy that perhaps the Rangers were going to go easy on her at last.
“Never really care about the notice board for the most part.” said Harry.

“Oh...future you is so adorable.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

“You are way too precious.” said Leroy.

“Thank goodness Mother isn't here to hear that, she'd be strangling you in a hug right about now.” said Rudolph.

The people in the Great Hall chuckled amongst themselves, even Ginny giggled.

“Yeah, positive moments tend to bite it once you get down there.” said Lee.
Forty-eighth paragraph.

Forty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, second dash.

Snape chuckled in spite of himself.

Forty-ninth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

“That would be mine, Potter, and you had better keep your curiosity to yourself.” said Snape with a dark look.

“Hey, this hasn't happened yet. I don't have any plans to go in there.” said Harry.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph, first sentence.

Snape's eyes flashed open wider than normal.

“Well...at least we know this didn't happen in Lockhart's office.” said Remus. “Snape wouldn't do that.”

“I much prefer to hex those that would attempt...that sort of criminal activity.” muttered Snape with a growl towards no one in particular.

End of fiftieth paragraph.

“And I'm sure Potter was fixing me with a similar look.” said Snape.

Dialogue line.

“Bite me.” muttered Sirius.

Remus nudged him in the ribs.

Dialogue line.
“I won't bet money on it.” said Mr. Weasley quietly.

“Arthur!” scolded Mrs. Weasley. “What did I say about betting?”

“She's mad about that?” asked Charlie. “He wasn't going to.”

Fifty-first paragraph.

“I would have worked that out, if the text books up to this point had mentioned this kind of magic.” said Harry.

“Have you heard of Occlumency or Legilimency?” asked Hermione.

“I've heard of it, but never really used it or pursued it.” said Harry. “I pretty much already organized my thoughts when I came to Hogwarts, hadn't really given the magical way of defensive thinking much thought.”

Dialogue line.

“Don't get snippy.” said Remus carefully.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“More than you think, obviously.” said Dean looking at the book.

End of dialogue set.

“I want you to go all out on a potion, please...for me...” said Ron.

Harry shrugged.
“What was future you thinking?’ asked Sirius looking at Dumbledore.

“My senses must have taken their leave that holiday season.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

“Now it’s my turn to say it, bite me.” said Harry turning and looking at Snape.

“Harry...” said Remus covering his eyes, while Sirius howling with laughter.

“Hmm...he said almost.” said a first year.

“It would have to be almost, Snape's a double agent, isn't he?” said another first year.

Dr. Nicodemus and Lionus snickered amongst themselves.

“Sad thing is, you need to know at least Occlumency or some form of it in your case.” said Chief Hawkeye. “There are great exceptions, but it's better to have that skill than not.”

“Than explain the thing with the snake.” muttered Alicia.
“Why...are you doing that?” asked Sirius.

“This hasn't happened Black, I'm not aware of my future reasons.” said Snape sourly.

Dialogue set.

“Then how about teaching him and getting on with it?” said Bill.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“It's a double edged sword, dear lad...you are much more important than the knowledge of Voldemort's emotional state.” said Dumbledore.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Well, that sucks.” said Seamus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“He's not the one I would be seeking a fight with.” said Remus. “Out of all the people you don't like in Hogwarts, he's not the one to go up against.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Make up your minds, do you want me to say his name or not?” said Harry.

“No.” said Snape.

“Yes.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, that answers that.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Still a nut for letting that happen.” said Charlie. “I'm not fond of when I get burned and I deal with dragons for a living.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“At least he's answering your questions.” said Sirius quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“He's more than welcome to my feeling of pissed off, maybe it will alleviate some of it.” said Harry.

“We can only hope.” said Ron with a quiet chortle.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Don't...bother...asking...” said Snape looking at the students.

Dumbledore frowned slightly and looked at Snape.

“I gave ample time.” said Snape. “There was a pause...”

“Bullshit.” muttered Sirius.

“I'll give them something to laugh at.” muttered Sirius.

“Bet that knocked unsuspecting future you for a loop.” sneered Sirius.

“Honestly, can't you shut up for five minutes?” groaned Snape.

Hermione blushed.

“Well, that won't go well, he'll know about the potion then.” said Ron.

“I already know about it now.” said Snape.
“Can't you shut up for five minutes?” said Sirius.

End of sixty-second paragraph.

“Oh boy...” said a few of the boys together. “Don't want him seeing that.”

Cho blushed.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“What?” asked Dr. Clark.

End of sixty-third paragraph.

“Whatever you did, I totally approve.” said Sirius quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not if you're going to send another one back at me.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore took a deep breath. “It hasn't happened, it won't happened.” he said with his eyes closed.

Snape looked to the side. “Though it has not happened, I...I apologize Potter.”

“Memorize this moment.” said Sirius.

“Shut up, mutt.” snarled Snape.
“I don't think he knew he was shouting.” said Flitwick looking sternly over to Snape. He was trying to remember that these events had yet to happen, but really, this was a little hard to hear, though he had to admit, Snape praised the lad...for an instant.

“You're not telling him how!” said Dean.

“And you told him to use his wand!” said Seamus.

“Good lad.” said Moody.

Several people chuckled.

“Perhaps a phial of calming draught?” said Dr. Clark.

“He needs to be able to do it without the aid of a potion.” said not Snape, but Dumbledore.

“There you go...” said Dumbledore leaning forward.

“But it doesn't mention that he succeeded.” said Snape.
Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Leroy stood up and walked behind the bowl. He reached forward and began to massage Harry's scalp. “Can't wait till summer, Monster, nice peace and quiet for you.”

Dialogue line.

“Freaking teach me to defend myself then!” snapped Harry.

“Breathe, Harry...just breathe...” said Leroy soothingly.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I'm a hormonally driven person in his teens, what the hell do you expect?” said Harry settling back into the bowl.

“It's okay...it's alright.” said Rudolph coming up to stand behind him and rubbing his shoulder.

Dialogue set, third sentence, second dash.

“Jerk.” said muttered Angelina.

“Girls find guys that wear their hearts on their sleeves worth going after.” said Alicia.

“So...if you want to be a lifelong bachelor...go for it.” said Katie.

The boys who were listening looked at each other.

“Should we start crying at the drop of a hat?” said the twins with mischievous smiles.

“Hearts on their sleeves, not faucets for eyes.” said Angelina.

End of dialogue set.
“I’d pay good money to see that.” said Ron quietly yet gleefully.

“What, what, what?” said Neville startled. Officer McFinn noticed a few people were becoming a bit lax and decided to jolt them back to alertness by shouting the last two words.

“Sorry, kiddo.” said Officer McFinn laughing loudly.

“Yeah, being triumphant when it clearly wasn't going right doesn't make much sense.” said Hermione.

“Remember, don't lie to him.” said Bill.

“You and your epiphanies.” said Ron.
“Way to confuse the man.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

The Rangers smirked. “It's a nice feeling, isn't it?”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Blatant curiosity?” said Colin with a hopeful smile.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Well, he's not denying it.” said Charlie.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Sirius snickered into his hand.

Dialogue line.

“That's a lie right there.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Snape, and Dumbledore both looked firmly at the Ranger Doctor.

“What?” asked Ron. Hermione looked between Harry, Dumbledore and Snape.
“Good luck with that.” said Remus. “He's now got a lot to think about and pushing his buttons certainly won’t help.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

A few of the students looked confused.

“Don't...bother...” said Snape looking at Draco out of the corner of his eye.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

“She even snapped at me once!” said Mrs. McFinn. “I was just looking at a cook book and writing down a few things I wanted to try. She thought I was writing inside the book!”

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

“Get yourself to bed.” said the teachers together.

“But clear your mind first.” said Snape in a bored tone.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“That this year sucks and you should have just stayed home with me?” said Sirius with a slight smile.

“That too.” said Harry.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.
“What?” said Lavender.

“Huh...good point.” said Parvarti.

“Imperius curse.” said Fred.

“That has to be it.” said George.

“Good thinking.” said Flitwick with a proud smile.

“Not necessarily.” said one of the Unspeakables. They were a little unnerved that one of rooms could hold something Voldemort wanted, and they were feeling a little anxious without Speckerton there to reassure them that everything was going to be fine. He was still resting after allowing Officer McFinn's spirit a bit of physical time.

“That's an understatement.” said Hermione and Ron.
Mrs. Weasley glared over to her twin sons.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-second paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Oh, that's real nice, that is.” said Fred.

End of eighty-second paragraph.

Eighty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“They are two of my more ingenious students.” said Flitwick proudly.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Hard to forget Umbridge's homework.” said Ron.

“Future me wants you to use the Homework Planner, though...I'm seeing that maybe I should get you two something else.” said Hermione.

“It's fine, Hermione. It's the thought that counts.” said Remus.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If you are planning to get us something different, how about something that doesn't insult us.” said Ron with a cheeky grin.
“What was future me thinking?” said George dramatically, throwing an arm over his eyes.

“That he might want a laugh?” asked Fred.

“That could be it.” said George.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry fearfully.

“Hand me that blanket.” said Sirius reaching over to grab the phoenix quilt.

“I'm fine.” grumbled Harry as Sirius waved his wand and the blanket wrapped itself tightly around Harry.

“You will be.” said Sirius.
“I'd appreciate it.” said Ron.

“The short run kind of sucks right now.” said Harry as he struggled under the blanket. “I can't move.”

“You don't need to move.” said Sirius.

“I don't really want to think about it.” said Neville nervously.

“Feel up to another chapter?” asked Officer McFinn.

“Well, I can't exactly get up and go anywhere right now.” said Harry.
“Next chapter is Chapter Twenty-five.” said Officer McFinn.

“Why are we bringing Skeeter back in?” asked Ron. “I liked her better when we didn't hear from her and didn't have to see her.”

First paragraph.

“That's not going to be good, if the news knocks her over.” said Ernie.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

First picture and crime description.

Mrs. Weasley paled and her eyes began to water as the other Weasley growled darkly.

Second picture and crime description.

Third paragraph.

Third picture and crime description.

Neville twitched unpleasantly.

Fourth paragraph.

Article title, fourth word.

The people in the Great Hall gasped loudly.

Madam Bones was dumbfounded as was Kingsley, Moody, Tonks and the Unspeakables. Without a passing moment, Madam Bones took off and out of the Great Hall, no doubt racing to send an owl to her Aurors to secure the prison.

“How is that possible? I can see how Black got out, but they aren't animagi.” said Moody scowling at the book.

“I'm betting that the Dark Lord will have a hand in it somewhere.” said Rudolph darkly.
“Bullocks.” said Sirius with a snort.

“They're idiots.” said Leroy rubbing his eyes.

And they blame it on me? If I had wanted any other person escaping with me, I would have done it long ago.” said Sirius dismissing it with a wave of his hand.

“You're a stupid fool.” said Tempest shaking her mane.

“Sure, if there was someone else that was railroaded without a trail and were innocent.” said Sirius. “Otherwise they can rot in there for all I care.”

“There's a much more powerful leader than what I can be, and I would turn them in in a heartbeat.” said Sirius.
“Booming idiot doesn't have anyone else to blame it on.” said Nightstrike.

**Dialogue set.**

“How much do you want to bet that he still had to do some major backtracking to sound like he wasn't just spinning his wheels.” said Dr. Clark.

“Spinning his what?” asked Sirius. “What does that mean?”

“Never mind.” said Dr. Clark.

**Fifth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Poor naive fools.” said Fred shaking his head.

**End of fifth paragraph.**

“They won't be joining the ranks now.” said Lionus with a smirk.

**Sixth paragraph, third sentence.**

“No jocularity being spread from up there.” said Officer McFinn.

**End of sixth paragraph.**

“Hey, they didn't make your precious Minister foul up so badly.” said Charlie.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Article title.**

*Article, first paragraph, first sentence, second comma.*

A few of the Unspeakables gave a terrified gasp.
“How do you get strangled by a potted plant.” said Hannah.

“Perhaps someone didn't want him to get better?” said Dr. Clark.

“Don't be swaying over into my territory, Sam.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk. “You don't want your patients coming to me for medical care.”

“More like funeral needs.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh, but then he faltered.

“Enough with the pussy footing around, it was funny.” said Officer McFinn waving it off.

“Devil's Snare makes another appearance.” said a second year Ravenclaw. “Wonder if anything from Harry's first year is going to make a comeback too?”

Leroy groaned, “They making light of a tragic death, there are plenty of words to use other than throttle.”

“That's creepy, when you see the thing that's going to kill someone being delivered.” said a first year trembling slightly.
“Good, don't let him blame himself.” said Emmeline Vance.

“No one sells cuts of that plant.” said Snape with a snort, “No one outside Knockturn Alley.”

“That it was.” said Moody nodding appreciateively towards the girl. She was thinking the right way.

“Fingerprints?” asked Dr. Clark.

“They don't use that.” said Officer McFinn.

“Well, that's just stupid.” said Dr. Clark looking at the Aurors with confusion.

“Seriously, learn to forget something.” said Zacharias.

“What...no moment of realization?” asked Fred.

“They're slacking.” said George.
“What?” asked Ginny.

“I must be talking about Rita Skeeter.” said Hermione with slight smirk.

“But it wouldn't be as dramatic.” said Alicia.

“Keep it up and we'll wrap you up in bubble-wrap.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Wha's that?” asked Hagrid.

“That's stuff fun!” said Mr. Weasley excitedly.

“That damned bitch.” muttered Leroy.

“I agree.” said Sirius.

“Why can't I swear?” asked Harry from his cocoon of blankets.

“They're adults, and too big to have their mouths washed out.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Don't bother with that now.” said Snape with a sneer.
Dialogue set, third sentence, first pause.

“We heard.” said the students softly.

End of dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph.

“Seriously, someone should have sent you home to be with me for a little while.” said Sirius.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“They're just stupid little kids that don't know a good friend from a bad friend.” said Rudolph dismissing the rest of the school with a hand. “Though...now you all seem to see what he's really like and aren't stupid little kids anymore...well, not most of you anyway.”

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence.

A few of the students shifted guiltily.

“You don't need to worry yet, he's not...gone...” said Hermione carefully.

“You're right, there, and he's now being watched.” said Chief Hawkeye.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“Please, they wouldn't even dare to do that with Dumbledore here.” said Sirius scoffing loudly.

“You did.” said Percy.

“He's an idiot.” said Snape.

“I was innocent.” said Sirius loudly.

“He was a partially innocent, complete idiot.” said Snape.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“That's only the tip of the iceberg.” said Remus softly.
Dialogue set.

“I don’t stand it.” said Harry. “I just don't think about it mostly.”

Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Finally!” said Harry looking up at the ceiling.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

“F*cking finally!” said Harry removing his arms from the blankets and throwing his hands into the air.

“POTTER!” said McGonagall scandalized while Sirius and quite a few other people laughed loudly.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Oh she found that the entire room would empty out when she came in.” said Sprout with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That's terrible.” said Rivers shaking his head.

Educational Decree Number Twenty-six.

“What the bloody hell?” said Rivers in horror.

“I'm glad I don't have to live through that now.” said Flitwick.

Eighteenth paragraph.
“Hah! It only took me a long time to come up with a loophole in those darn things.” said Lee.

Lee rubbed the back of his hand absently, there was no mark, but just the thought of it being there made his skin crawl.

Chief Hawkeye and the rest of the Rangers snickered.

“What's so funny?” asked Angelina.

“She no longer has any control over anything?” said Chief Hawkeye.

“What do you mean?” asked Hermione.

“I made a slight change in her imprisonment orders and sent her to level seven.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“What's on level seven? “ asked Ron.

“Let's just say, it's a living hell for those with the need to be in control.” said Lionus.

“Wonder if she'll choose with a coin toss.” said Flitwick in a whisper.

“Knew we should have put the finishing touches on those Snackboxes.” said Fred.

“And how would she know what the right answer is?” asked Lavender stiffly.
Sirius couldn’t stifle his laughter through coughing completely and was nudged by a smiling Remus.

“Thanks, Harry.” said Hagrid with a smile.

“Boring but safe, Hagrid.” said Flitwick who heard Hagrid mutter.

“Should just pick her up and toss her in the Dark forest.” said Fred.

“It could be either the Death Eaters lurking about or Umbridge.” said Remus.

“Finally, they follow the rules.” said Snape looking up at the ceiling and clasping his hands together.

Sirius placed a gentle hand on Harry's shoulder.

“That's a shock all in itself.” said Hannah with a mutter.
Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.
Neville blushed.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.
The adults in the room, minus the Rangers and Snape, looked at Neville with pride in their eyes. The Rangers looked at Neville with an almost appraising look and Snape shifted his gaze to an unoccupied area of the Hall.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.
Ron, Harry and Hermione smiled proudly.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.
The hand that lay on Harry's shoulder tensed slightly, but then began to almost massage the body part underneath.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.
“We sure he's trying to help?” muttered Sirius darkly.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, third sentence.
“Unfortunately it doesn't seem to be beneficial on the surface.” said Dumbledore.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“I don't think I'll live that long.” said Harry.
“Shh...” said Sirius flinching and covering Harry's mouth carefully.
“He'd do just fine if he had an actual teacher, not just someone who's enjoying pushing his way through his mind.” said Fred.

“Settle down, Missy.” said Dr. Nicodemus looking at the book.

“For the final time, I'm not out to attack him.” said Snape with a bored voice.

“You have a funny way of showing it.” George said quietly.

“Take it easy, Hermione, he's just trying to help.” said Ginny.

Mrs. Weasley looked angrily at Hermione, but she took a deep breath and closed her eyes. “It hasn't happened yet, it hasn't happened yet.”

“I think future her, was talking about when has future Ron been right about Severus being the culprit dear.” said Mr. Weasley patting his wife's arm.
“We trusted Peter and he was part of the Order, how far do you think that statement will hold up.” snapped Sirius harshly. “And if you think about it, Voldemort (the room rippled with a collected flinch) trusts him and he's a Death Eater.”

Snape rolled his eyes.

“Doesn't hurt to think beyond your leaders.” said Chief Hawkeye. “I know for one thing, if they hadn't decided to think beyond their highest leader, America surely would not haven been created.”

“All this crazy stuff happened just in January?” asked Fred.

“What a nasty month.” asked George.

“Funny, I couldn't stop thinking about my first date.” said Sirius.

“Bet you can't even remember who it was with.” said Remus.

“Bollucks, I can remember.” said Sirius. “It was Marlene McKinnon.”

“Wrong.” said Remus.

“I am not!” said Sirius.

“You went with Marlene in your sixth year. You went on a date with Alice before she was going with Frank in your forth year.” said Remus.

Sirius blushed.

“You dated my mum?” asked Neville.

“Of he dated almost everyone's mom.” said Rudolph with a smirk. “Then they found the men of their dreams and ditched the playboy.”

Sirius frowned.
“How do you remember?” asked Hermione.

“He wouldn't shut up about the dates he went on beforehand. Though he was enough of a gentleman to not talk about the date afterwards.” said Remus.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, first sentence.

“Isn't that adorable.” said Tonks with a giggle.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“How come I feel like she's planning something?” asked Charlie.

Dialogue line.

“He's got a date!” said Terry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Hermione bowed her head and covered her face in her hands.

Dialogue line.

“No...don't do that.” said Sirius covering his eyes. “If I learned anything...is that you don't plan to meet up another girl the same day you have a date with another girl.”

“Even you had standards mutt?” asked Snape.

“I still have a bruise.” said Sirius rubbing his back.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.
“Don’t need more players going off on me.” said Angelina.

“Man they’re all eating at each other.” said Ernie.

“It’s Umrbidge’s fault.” said Harry, Ron and Hermione.

“Give it up.” said Rudolph with a smile.

“I’m sure future you looked just fine.” said Mrs. McFinn dabbing the corners of her eyes. “Oh, my little boy is growing up.”

Harry blushed, though he had a smile on his face.

“It's like not breathing.” said Harry softly.
“Good thing he didn't often leave the goalposts, he’d be a royal terror if he had to go after other fliers.” said Katie.

“Yeah, when I sloshed water all down my front.” said Harry.

“Crud...” said Alicia, “she's not going to shut up.”

Mrs. Diggory and Mr. Diggory looked at Pansy with an indignant look.

“Vicious little...” said Mrs. Diggory.

Harry and Ginny blushed slightly.

“What's up with that smile?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Harry had the whole day planned for us.” said Ginny with a smile.
“Just don't be foolish to go after them yourselves.” said Kingsley.

“They must have lost control...” said a seventh year Hufflepuff student.

“Future Fudge must be almost sick with anger.” said Charlie. “Dumbledore's prediction about the Dementors going about their own business is coming true.”

“No thanks, not unless they have a bunch of cream and sugar to go with that.” said Harry.

“It's not really a place that guys go to hang out.” said Terry.

“I'm not fond of that place now.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.
“It's Lockhart's Valentine's Day thing all over again.” said Ron.

“Just what I need to do, cough up another little confetti heart.” said Harry.

“I love you.” said Leroy leaning forward and smiling gleefully.

Fred and George began gagging.

Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark and Officer McFinn laughed and giggled softly.

“What's so funny?” asked Remus.

“Oh...just...steaming up a window...in a small confined area...is something that's pretty popular on a date in the our world.” said Dr. Clark.

Sirius snorted loudly.

“What a pleasant date.” said Bill.
“I don't wanna know...if anything I hope it's just the slurping of coffee.” said Leroy.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Shouldn't have mentioned that.” said Harry covering his eyes. “Boy, I am stupid in the future.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Don't blame future me one bit.” said Cho.

“Me either.” said Padma.

“Can't see I'm proud of future me.” said Harry still covering his eyes.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“That's a girl, not a ball.” said Sirius with a snicker.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Oooh...” said a few of the boys, wincing.

“Tough luck mate.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

“Jealousy card...won't work on him.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“How do you know?” asked Cho.

“Cause I know him.” said Mrs. McFinn reaching over Sirius to ruffle Harry's hair.
“Whoosh, right over his head.” said Dr. Clark bringing up a hand and swooping it over his head.

Cho looked away, guilt and rejection for a future that was no not even a remote possibility with Ginny dating him was gripping at her.

“S-Sorry.” said Cho.

Harry looked to the side, away from everyone's gaze.

“I dunno if changing the subject will help with this matter.” said Remus.

“You don't want her crying...don't blame you there.” said Sirius.
Dialogue set.
“Get your own therapist, I don't want to talk about it.” said Harry thickly.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.
“Time to leave.” said Sirius.
“Yeah, time to check out.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
“What is with people thinking you and I are an item.” said Harry.
Hermione shrugged.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“At least in the Three Broomsticks, you can't tell who's having a bad time or not. Not with all the laughing.” said a sixth year Slytherin.

Dialogue set, third sentence.
“Future you asked him...sort of...and he didn't really say 'Hey Hermione, let's go to the pub after my date.' He let's other people string him along.” said Susan.
He's more of a passive leader.” said Luna dreamily.

End of dialogue set.
Cho blushed furiously. “I am so sorry.”
“Don't be.” said Harry shaking his head.
“I guess I was just happy to finally understand what she was trying to do.” said Harry.

“Maybe you should go to an all boys school...less drama.” said Dr. Clark.

Hermione wanted to cut your date in half.” Sirius said softly.

“It was just bad luck that she could only get Skeeter there that day.” said Remus. “Besides, a date lasting a half hour isn't the shortest one on record.”

“It isn't?” asked Ron.

“Nah, James' first date (that wasn't Lily) lasted...oh...about five minutes. He transfigured his date's hair color to red...that Hufflepuff girl wasn't stupid enough not to figure out who he was trying to get her to look like.” said Sirius. “Stupid twat didn't see anything wrong with that.”

The boys and even a few girls shrugged. They had no idea either.

“I hope that we learn why you're getting hurt soon.” said Lee.
“Oh brother.” groaned Zacharias.

“What?” asked Fred.

“He’s not covered in battle scars...” said George.

“Battle scar yes, but not scars.” said Fred.

“Life would have been different if all the good people hadn't been ripped from this world, and if all the bad people had blown away.” said Nightstrike. “But the sad thing is, you cannot save the world, not even us.”

“You think very strangely here.” said Sirius looking at Harry.

“Stuff it.” said Harry.

“Somehow, I don't think he's going to be told.” said a third year Ravenclaw.
“The ones on your face.” said Draco.

“Unless you have a herd of Manticores sitting outside your hut now, then it shouldn't be that bad.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Yay...more Skeeter...” said Ron rolling his eyes.

“I'd stand there and blink a few times too.” Ron.

“Well, it would have, if you didn't mention me.” said Hermione quietly.

“'You sure like to mention that stuff.” said Sirius with a smirk.
People started to laugh, finding the woman just as irritating as Hermione, Ron and Harry.

“And she'll slam you for slander and you'll be reduced to writing your little stories by hand.” said Leroy.

“Bull, you started all the crap.” said Rudolph.

“Disappointed in the stupidity of some adults, especially the person that wrote the damned thing.” said Harry.

“Why did future you call her again?” asked Ron with a groan looking at Hermione.
“Is she still here, can we give her a swift kick?” asked Bill.

“She's long gone.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“What?” asked the students together.

“What drink were you having with an onion?” asked Neville.

“Butterbeer.” said Luna.

Neville blinked.

“You know, you guys still jump when you hear his name too.” said Harry as the students snickered.

“Well, that's disheartening.” said a seventh year.

“Please let me remind you that I have done a complete overhaul of the Daily Prophet.” said Leroy covering his eyes. This woman was quickly killing the number of future subscribers the paper was going to have.
“Not necessarily, it just means that the government will do anything to keep the people nice and ignorant.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

“Sad how people prefer known lies than the actual truth.” said Rudolph. “Books are one thing, but the newspaper?”

“Well, I hope they like denying his existence while he's cursing them into oblivion.” said Tempest sternly.

“Partially right, but ideally, we're there to keep the people informed.” said Leroy.

“Sorry.” said Luna softly. “My future self doesn't know what she's saying.”

“He just doesn't know I'm an investor in his paper.” said Leroy with a bright smile.

“There's some animosity between the two papers, I won't lie.” said Leroy.
“She's not a nice woman.” said Luna coldly.

“Well, they're certainly not getting the truth from the Daily Prophet.” said Rudolph. “No offense.”

“None taken.” said Leroy.

“You won't get slapped with a lawsuit.” said Rudolph. “Well, at least one of the ones that comes to mind.”

“It's either that or unemployed with no chance of ever seeing your name in print again.” said Hermione.

Lionus smiled and clapped. “Atta girl!”

Hermione smiled happily.
End of chapter

“I can't wait till I don't have to hear about some idiots not believing me anymore.” said Harry running a hand down his face.

“Yeah, that'll be nice.” said Sirius with a smile and giving Harry a hug.

Harry stretched his long frame and sighed.

“Want to call it a day?” asked Sirius.

“We'll never get the books done if we keep cutting the days short.” said Harry.

“You need to rest.” said Sirius firmly. “Come on, how about we go flying?”

Harry's face brightened.
Fleeing

Voldemort scowled fiercely, he was currently under siege in Little Hangleton, having fled the Malfoy Manor due to the Rangers flocking in and out of the house and nearly discovering him deep within the recesses of the house.

He had known about the Rangers for quite some time, and even had a spy amongst their ranks. He had attempted to get a few more people to spy on their goings on, but the only way he could actually utilize their members was if they had already joined the Rangers. A Ranger that wished to join them, had to undergo a thoroughly rigorous background check, aptitude, behavioral test and an almost indecent mental scan, nothing was left to chance.

The only way that he managed to get a spy within the Rangers was due in fact to Ranger corporal had been complacent and not taken him seriously and was too confident in his own abilities. Voldemort, himself hadn't figured that the Rangers would be so strong, the corporal he had faced was on par with Mad-Eye Moody, an Auror that not even the great Lord Voldemort was willing to toy with in a magical duel. Moody had always been an Auror that he would want to kill himself, or at least send ten of his best Death Eaters to take down. Just to remove the long present thorn in his side.

Those Rangers were like a vulture, hovering over him, poised to strike at any moment....many fools said that Albus Dumbledore was the only man that he feared; they were wrong. There was an entire organization that caused him concern, and the only thing that gave him relief, was that they figured he was not worth their time. He wasn't foolish enough to be indignant about that, he considered it a blessing that they seemed too important to handle affairs dealing with him. He knew that if they took him seriously, it would be all over.

But something happened that attracted their attention, and whatever it was, he was feeling the white hot gaze of the Rangers. They were now bent on trying to find him and capture him, if they had sent a lieutenant or higher, he would have a very difficult time of getting away.

Instead of the grand Malfoy Manor, he was now holed up in the house where the sires of his father lived. It was as dark and cold as it was when he and Pettigrew arrived the year prior, it wasn't the ideal place to hide, if Dumbledore was in on the Ranger's involvement, then he would have been told by Potter the general area, but with all the protective spells that he had ordered on the house...it was as safe as he could possibly get at the moment.

“My lord, why did you leave Malfoy Manor?” came the quivering voice of Peter Pettigrew, who had caught onto the Dark Lord's robes and was apparated along with him.
“That is none of your concern Pettigrew.” hissed Voldemort. He sorely wished that one of the other Death Eaters came with him, Pettigrew was a fool on the best of days...what Black and Potter saw in him was beyond him.

He had plans this year and with the Rangers now hovering over him, there was no chance of them coming to bloom. He'd have to find a way out of this mess and get back on track.

Viper stood on the taller branches of a large oak tree just outside the Riddle House. He preferred being out and about, instead of in the cold walls of the Ministry, and handling all that aggravating paperwork. Though he, as a lieutenant was at the level where he could arrest anyone without real concrete evidence, there was a still a mountain of paperwork to do, even more so if they decide to kill the criminal in the field. And each criminal had a different form that they had assigned to them. For example: a serial killer that had qualified to have the Rangers after them: Name, Alias, Last Address, How many victims, Method of killing, Civilian knowledge, etc, etc.

Then they would have to fill out a bit more paperwork: They would have to answer if the regular or magical law enforcement agents knew of their existence, then there was a whole other stack of paperwork as to why they had to step in and take over.

They were told when they were mere Privates that they could not just swoop in and solve all the crimes that the common Police and Aurors could not solve or did not have the capabilities of keeping the criminal behind bars.

Thankfully, as this was a direct order from Chief Hawkeye, there would be no paperwork to worry about later. All he would have to do was make sure to keep the so-called Dark Lord here and away from his remaining minions.

This may not entail paperwork, but this sure was becoming quite dull.

He looked down out of the tree and noticed a large dark snake slithering towards the house languidly. He had been warned about this particular snake, in a flash he signaled one of the other nearby Rangers and in a bright flash of silver, the snake was gone.

This man was not going to have even his pet with him for comfort, the man was to be kept isolated and away from anyone.
Back at the school, Harry had enjoyed a stress relieving day of flying. Mrs. McFinn had to cover her eyes halfway through as he took one daredevil dive after another, but she wasn't the only one, Sirius had to cover his eyes a few times and Mrs. Weasley had almost fainted twice.

Harry hadn't been in the air for so long, and he was relishing every moment of it, the wind on his face and in his hair (which was now much longer than the last time he was on his broom). The exhilaration of acceleration...he missed it so much and if they weren't careful, he would never come down out of the sky.

Suddenly, there was a streak of red and white that came screaming up from the ground. Charlie stopped just a few feet higher and smiled down to him.

“Feels good, doesn't it?” said Charlie with a bright smile. “I think I would be going nuts without my broom, even I go flying once a weekend...granted we're usually dodging dragons in midair.”

“I don't think I want to ever go down to the ground.” said Harry flipping around on his broom and laying down on the handle.

“Show off...it's getting late and they want you down to eat something.” said Charlie.

Harry looked up and saw the sun beginning to set, it felt as if he had just gotten into air. Time really does fly when you're having fun. He followed Charlie down to the ground, doing a lazy spiral pattern to string out the time on his broomstick.

The moment he hit the ground, Mrs. McFinn ran over to him and placed her hands on both sides of his face.

“You scared the living daylights out of me!” said Mrs. McFinn with a nervous giggle.

“I was fine.” said Harry with a smile, “Having the time of my life too.”

“You weren't doing that stuff in your third year.” said Sirius with a weak smile.
“Well of course not, there's no practical reason to do that during a game.” said Harry as he stretched his arms and moaned in pleasure. “That was great...now I wanna cook.”

Remus chuckled. “Getting all your stress relievers done in one day?”

“I'm not running all over the place...so I'm missing out on one.” said Harry over his shoulder.

Sirius laughed and followed behind Harry. His gaze trailed down to the ends of his hair and an even bigger smile blossomed on his face. The hair that was turning gray at the ends, was now darkening, he was getting rest.

As they entered the Great Hall, they saw a group of people swarmed around a tall man dressed all in white, Glacier. The students were pelting him with different questions and he was dismissing them with a cold gaze.

Harry looked at the man inquisitively, and when the man caught Harry's gaze, he smiled.

“Hello Harry, thought I would come out and stretch my legs a bit.” said Glacier with a smile. “The rooms they had me in was nice, but I thought I would go and explore this school.”

“So you didn't go to school here?” asked a first year.

“Do I sound like an English person to you?” asked Glacier with a quirked brow.

“Well, no...” said the now blushing first year.

“Hmm...well, I decided to come down and meander, see what makes you tick on a day to day basis.” said Glacier, “I saw you fly earlier, I recommend doing that no less than three times a week...you seemed to thoroughly enjoy it.”

“I like that prescription.” said Harry with a smile.

“So you're the person Harry's been talking to?” asked Hermione looking at the man with interest.
That I am, and you must be Hermione.” said Glacier. “And you must be Ron.” he added looking over at Ron.

Ron nodded, dumbfounded and sent a weak smile over to Harry.

“How did you know who we are?” asked Hermione.

“The way Harry described you.” said Glacier simply. “Now, Harry...”

“Am I right when I think Harry...” began Hermione.

“I'm not answering any questions about Harry, not here, not to you, not to anyone that isn't a qualified Healer and who doesn't have any real business knowing.” said Glacier quietly in Hermione's ear. “Let it go.”

Hermione blushed. “I just wanted to know if I was right if Harry needed some stress relieving potions or something?”

“Once again, I'm not answering that.” said Glacier. “That's an area where you should not be going unless he instigates the conversation. Is that fair?”

“Y-Yes sir.” said Hermione.

Glacier looked down at the bushy haired girl and sighed. He was at first a little hesitant about becoming Potter's personal therapist, but he was seeing a change, he was seeing improvement...and he would have to make sure this progress was not hindered by anything.

“I want to have a word with you young lady, later.” said Glacier softly.

“What about sir?” asked Hermione.
“Just the way you phrase things, and the times when things should never be spoken.” said Glacier.
“For example, mentioning Krum around Ron.”

Hermione blushed even darker.

“You may bring whomever you like to sit with you on your side.” said Glacier.

Harry watched the exchange wand caught snippets of it when he moved closer, he tugged on the sleeve of the Ranger therapist and pulled him aside.

“What’s going on?” asked Harry.

“That session will be between me and Miss Granger, as yours are between yourself and I.” said Glacier.

Harry frowned. “Hey, everyone has been taking the mickey out of Hermione lately, lay off.”

“I will not be taking the proverbial mickey out of her, I can assure you of that.” said Glacier, “Now, calm down and go enjoy your dinner. I will be expecting you afterwards.”

He waved a long crystal wand a large plate of a different array of food piled high upon it and he took it out of the Great Hall.

The students and staff watched as he left and the younger years turned and stared at Harry in awe.

“He’s the one you’re talking to everyday?” asked a first year Slytherin.

“He was like Professor Snape, only dressed all in white!” said another Slytherin first year.

“I wouldn’t want to go into a therapy session with Snape in charge.” muttered a fifth year Hufflepuff.
Chief Hawkeye waited in the suite for Glacier to come back, he had something to tell him about Potter's case that was better to let him know right away rather than waiting. Glacier was a good man and a good healer, though it wasn't often that they would give him someone to do therapy or hands on healing with. The man was in charge of the basic medicinal needs of the Rangers, and he had his hands full already. In comparison, Dr. Nicodemus was strictly special needs or enhancement surgeries for men and women in the Ranger corp and he was hands on a large portion of the time.

The healers in the Rangers were easily the best, but Glacier was the second best Healer they had, like his name implied, he was cold, but if you could get him to melt a bit, he would be a superb ally.

The man in question came in the door, noticed his Chief and lay the plate down on the table.

“What can I do for you, sir?” asked Glacier.

“Just letting you know that we've got that Dark Lord guy in Little Hangleton, if you want to tell the boy that, you are more than welcome to.” said Chief Hawkeye. “He might relax a bit more when he's told.”

“I'll tell him tonight, withholding information seems to have a negative effect on him. I won't be holding this knowledge from him for long.” said Glacier as he poured himself a glass of wine.

Chief Hawkeye nodded and watched as Glacier took a forkful of pork into his mouth. “I haven't eaten here yet, how's the food?”

“Not as good as Last Meal, but close...and it's safe sir.” said Glacier with a slight smirk. The Chief was known to be the original paranoid, before Mad-Eye Moody.

“Nicodemus has been chastising me for not eating, better placate the man before he decides to give me an in-depth physical.” said Hawkeye. “You're at least gentler with your administrations. Too bad he get's first dibs on all surgically enhanced Rangers.”

“Doesn't want anyone meddling with his work I suppose.” said Glacier as he sipped his wine. “Even I have to answer to him when it comes to be my time.”
The Chief laughed loudly.
Alright, now there is something going on, I'm going to post what it is on the Facebook page I have, just type in the penname I have.

Harry sat in silence after what Glacier had told him. He wasn't sure what to feel as of that moment: he was feeling relief that Voldemort was now somewhere isolated and being monitored, he was angry that all this crap could have been avoided if they were to step in and take him out of the equation before anyone was hurt, and he was happy that soon, Lord Voldemort was going to get his comeuppance.

“Harry?” asked Glacier. “Talk to me, tell me what's going on in your mind.”

Harry didn't say anything.

Glacier sighed, he expected something like this. The boy was having a roller coaster of emotions and wasn't too sure which one was the one that he should be feeling. The Rangers' policy of not getting involved in the affairs of people who have the tools to help themselves and haven't gone out of control is not really accepted by those who feel that things have gone out of control or if they think they need the extra help.

But sadly, if they would come in and handle every problem that came across, that people would cry out for help and demand them to come and solve it, humans as a species would just become dependent on them and never fend for themselves.

They needed to train and strengthen themselves, to learn what they need to learn in order to function and take care of themselves. Rangers hid in the shadows and were a far cry from being layabouts, there were some people that crept up the criminal ranks and became so dangerous that they had to step in and remove them from society. Most permanently.

However, there were not just criminals that were removed from society, but a few scientists as well. These men had inadvertently discovered or built things that were deemed harmful to the populace by the Rangers' own scientists, an example would be such as a self-proclaimed clean energy was in fact a more toxic and potent version of radiation.
They scientists were handled much more kindly then their fellow criminal occupants. They were pulled from their labs respectfully and instead of putting them in Hell's Garden with the criminal element, they had placed them in an entirely separate environment. This place was a large brick building, much like a university and they would converse with other like minds and fellow scholars and spend the rest of their days pouring over tomes of various themes and experiment and study an assortment of different things, with full funding by the Rangers. They would be allowed to visit their families whenever they choose but they would be searched so they didn't release any harmful information into the world, but they would be able to publish the things they learned in magazines, books and request patents for things they've invented while in Ranger custody. As long as it didn't have any harmful side effects they would be allowed to share their discoveries with the world.

A few of the scientists were conflicted about how things were done in the Rangers, hindering the progress of mankind, despite how harmful it could be to the environment or to themselves, but when they were shown the clean energy device that one of them had developed turned on and the outcome that happened to a bunch of lab mice, they refrained from further complaints.

The Rangers had their fingers in a lot of pies, but none of them really solved the problems that the young man before him was experiencing right now.

“What would you like to be done with him?” asked Glacier.

Harry looked up.

“You can choose whenever you'd like to face up against him, or...we can take care of it ourselves, with what has been discovered, we can take him out...you only need to help a little bit....” said Glacier.

“Do I have decide now?” asked Harry.

“Not now, no, but somewhere down the line, you'll need to make the decision. Do you want to take on the role you were destined to take, or do you want to let others handle it.” said Glacier.

“Destiny...” snorted Harry. “I'm going to hate that term, especially with these books...can I wait till after the books to make a decision?”

“You can, but remember, since the books have been introduced, well, since Umbridge has ordered
the books be made...the future isn't set in stone anymore, now that we are seeing these, actions are going to either happen or not, and words may or may not be spoken.” said Glacier.

Harry looked down once again and they sat in silence.

That night, Harry and Rudolph sat in the living room and took quills in hand to lower the mountain of paper even if it was by a small amount.

“My arm is falling off.” groaned Harry as he rotated his arm slowly.

“Here is the stack of Christmas lists that the family wants.” said Rudolph handing his Great-Nephew the thick stack of papers.

“I just said my arm is about to fall off.” said Harry with a slight pout.

“Roll up your sleeves, I've got some cooling lotion here...I figured that you'd be needing this after a while.” said Rudolph rubbing some peppermint smelling lotion on his nephew's upper arms.

“There you go, that should make it feel a bit better. Now, these are things that people want, whether they've really earned it this year or not...you don't have to get them what they want, you can give them whatever you want.”

“Let's take a look here.” said Harry as he adjusted his square framed glasses. “Uncle Sylvester...”

“Still lives at home with Mum.” said Rudolph absently. “Though...he is an official brewer of St. Mungos, he just takes the potions in from home...has his own potions lab down in the dungeons completely stocked. What does he want this year, though I can hazard a guess...”

“Oh...he wants a set of silver scales...” said Harry. “I know those have more precise measurements than the brass ones, but he doesn't have a set of his own already...being a potion brewer?”

“He probably blew his up again.” said Leroy.
“What?” asked Harry.

“He's a very good brewer, but...he tends to handle some volatile ingredients.” said Rudolph. “And he's got jittery hands at times.”

Harry smiled, and chuckled. “Merry Christmas, Uncle Sylvester, you're getting a new set of scales, should we get him multiple sets?”

“Mother and the rest of them tend to get him a new set, he generally gets about twenty or so every year.” said Rudolph.

“So...should I get him something else?” asked Harry.

“Are you talking about Sylvester? With all those scales he's perfectly set for an entire year, take even one away and he'll have to go out and buy it before the year is up...and he puts off his shopping till the very last minute. Nah, keep him stocked up.” said Leroy coming in and sitting down in a nearby chair.

“Alright, so one set of silver scales for Uncle Sylvester.” said Harry writing it down on a separate piece of parchment. “Who's next? Aunt Agatha, wasn't she the one that didn't think you were working down in Africa?”

“She was one of them.” said Rudolph. “What does she want?”

Harry read down the long flowery letter from his Great Aunt. “She wants...oh for the love of Merlin...a silver fox cloak. I may be over thinking it, but doesn't everyone in a castle have a fur coat of some sort?” said Harry looking at the list of possessions each person in the castle has.

Rudolph looked up into the ceiling thoughtfully. “If memory serves me, she was wearing a mink stole when she came with Mother...so yeah, I'm thinking that she's got more than just that one, you'll have to ask that mirror on that one.”

The rest of the paperwork for the approaching holidays seemed to go along the same lines, Harry read what that particular person wanted for Christmas, asked for the mirror if they already had one, see if they just wanted to resell it for the money, or if there was something that they had done in the past year to warrant them getting something something smaller or better that year. Rudolph
also helped with telling him a little bit about each family member and what they liked, either
giving Harry the notion of giving them something else as more of a surprise or placating the family

For the most part, every member of the family was going to get at the very least one of the things
they wanted for Christmas, a few family members were given something on a much smaller scale
due to them trying to pillage the family castle, but what they did receive, as an extra present from
the new Patriarch of the family, wasn't a cheap trinket to show that they needed to live a bit more
frugally.

What they each received was something that Harry put quite a bit of thought into it: each person
received a glass leaf. It was in a crystal dome, suspended in midair and spinning slowly around
within the case. Every member of the family received different types of leaves, oak, maple, ginkgo,
elm, etc and a small passage in Harry's handwriting and embossed into the glass in ruby red.

_A cutting from the Potter Family Tree._

Along with the leaf that each member of the family, young, old, senior and toddler received, they
received a personal note from Harry (which almost caused Harry's hand to nearly fall off till he
thought to use a dictating quill.) and addressed them individually.

Rudolph and Leroy thought the idea was sweet and charming, but they didn't understand what the
“cutting” part meant. Then they saw what Harry had in mind for the Matriarch. She was to receive
a large crystal elm tree and it was to be placed in the large Entrance Hall of the Potter family
castle, Paradise. The leaves that tinkled softly against each other with each breath of a breeze had
elegant writing on them, naming each member of the family.

He had utilized Dumbledore's assistance (and the constant guilt the old man felt towards the young
wizard) and had him conjure the tree and all the leaves so that all Harry had to do was give him a
list of all the members of the Potter family. And with this present, he was really all set. Rudolph
said that the Patriarch normally gave everyone a small present as well as one thing they would ask
for. He figured that this would be the biggest thing he was going to do, unless another idea came to
mind, but if his family members were all going to be this needy, then perhaps Harry would take it
down a few pegs.

He walked through all the bills and whatnot for the family members living in Paradise castle and
saw that since he had taken responsibility the family was saving on average about one hundred
galleons per person, per day. They no longer had grand feasts every night but a structured meal
consisted of one appetizer, one salad, one main dish, and a dessert. The House-elves were under
strict instructions from him, (he had summoned all of them to Hogwarts and met with each one), to
follow his set plans for meals, no more waste of food.
His aunts and uncles have told the House-elves to back to the way things were, but they had, proudly his Great-grandmother had written to him, stood up before them and said they could not. It seemed they also didn't like the wasting of food without any real reason. The House-elves there at the school had to make a lot of food for so many different children that actually, by the end of the evening, there was little leftovers to be had.

Any leftovers that the students had amassed, mostly large pieces of chicken or beef, were diced or carved up to make sandwiches the next day. Though, Harry sincerely doubted that the slightly prissy family he now had to look after would now lower themselves to eating sandwiches.

How they eat up the leftovers was beyond him, and at the moment he didn't rightly care. As long as they learned that despite living in a castle and all that entails, if they were unwilling to do anything with their lives than they didn't deserve all the glorious banquets that they seemed to love to have.

The moment that they decided to do something constructive, than he would reward them. He felt a little bad at how he was treating them for a while, but then he read a few of his second cousins letters (those around his age) and their complaining about losing their evening feasts. After that, he decided to keep on the course, just to see if they'll either adapt or go out and see if they can't work to get back what they used to have.

Sirius stood in the door frame as he watched Harry flit through several papers, writing down figures and tallying them up on an abacus. He had never seen Harry this focused, and yet relaxed before, as if he were just working at a job he had had for a few months. He wondered how Harry would be as a patriarch, his father, Orion Black, was the Black Patriarch and he could be labeled as a borderline tyrant with how he ruled the family with an iron fist.

Not only did he demand respect from everyone in the family, didn't matter how old they were, they had to pay a tribute money as well as the Potter family loan repayment. If someone had married into another Pureblood family that was on the same social status, than a whole new set of rules came with which family was to get the tribute money.

Thankfully, Sirius was the last remaining Black, so many conjoined families to the Black family (while he was incarcerated) didn't have to pay the monthly tribute. Lucius had tried to have his wife assume the title of Matriarch, but ancient family artifacts didn't accept her, not while Sirius was alive at any rate. He had a bunch of paperwork he himself had to do once these books were over, but if Harry could handle the vast, powerful, and influential Potter family at the tender age of fifteen, than he himself could handle the last Black stragglers.
Harry looked up and met Sirius’ eyes. “What’s up?” asked Harry.

“Just seeing how you're doing, you know.” said Sirius with a roguish smile. “Since we've started these things, it's not often I'm far away from you for very long.”

Harry smiled softly. “Getting lonely without me?”

“Just getting bored out of my skull, Remus is slowly becoming back to who he used to be, but he's still as entertaining as an old cauldron.” said Sirius.

“I heard that.” said Remus smacking the back of Sirius' head. “Almost done with your work for the night?”

Harry looked down at the paperwork before him. He had been putting it off for a while and only doing a little of it at a time, but he should really do a bit more before turning in.

“I'm got a few more to do, why? What's up?” asked Harry again as he took another roll of parchment from the towering pyramid of scrolls.

“No reason, just checking on you.” said Remus. “Want something to drink?”

Harry unfurled a long list of demands from one of his Great-Aunts. “I think a stiff scotch, just to deal with this one.”

“All out, can I offer you a cup of tea or hot chocolate?” said Sirius with a straight face as Remus snickered.

“I'll take hot chocolate.” said Harry as he scribbled something down and placed the parchment in a basket where other parchments were safely tucked away.

As Sirius walked away to get the drink, Remus sat in a chair beside Harry. “So what do you think of the family? Are they as high maintenance as James said they were?”
“Yup.” said Harry as he took another scroll out, “Well, wait, what did he he say?”

“Best you don't know.” said Remus with a smile. “If you want to be unbiased.”

“Let him be biased, a few of them deserve to have the snarky attitude snatched out of them.” said Sirius bringing in three steaming cups.

Harry smiled softly. “I've got a few that aren't happy with me.”

“Well, they can be unhappy all they want, there's nothing more that can be done, and frankly, they'd probably get the same treatment as Rudolph with him being the head of the family.” said Sirius. “Though, he's a nice guy and knows the quirks of some of the Potter family members…”

“Well, I'll be able to figure out some of them, when we go to see them over the summer.” said Harry.

“I just hope that you want to come back to Night's Rest after visiting Paradise, from what James says...the name fits.”
The next morning, Harry walked down to the kitchens and prepared making a selection of different morning pastries. He was whipping a large bowl of icing when someone he hadn't talked to in a while came in.

“Hey, son.” said Lionus with a smile. “I thought I smelled something good coming from down here.”

“You still following me?” asked Harry as he waved the spoon of icing over a tray of turnovers, drizzling the white icing on the pastries.

“Better believe it, just because we have the Dark Lord in seclusion, doesn't mean that we're just going to drop everything security wise.” said Lionus.

Harry shrugged and went back to what he was doing.

“I'm amazed you're not screaming about people tailing you...” said Lionus. “Like you were in the books.”

“When I'm down here, I leave a specific plates of stuff out and they seem to disappear over time.” said Harry as he gestured to an empty plate. “I know I'm being followed now, and there is a reason that I can understand.”

“Explains a few crumbs I saw on one of my Ranger's front.” said Lionus looking up into the ceiling. “Anyway, I'm going to be updating you a bit further on Voldemort and I need to set one firm ground rule. I'm going to tell you where he's at, but you aren't to go off and meet him, I don't care how much you've been holding back and how much you are itching to do away with him permanently, you don't leave the castle without a damn good reason. You have no magic to speak of and I don't want you sending or bring someone with you to where he's at.”

“Alright.” said Harry, his gaze fixed on the Ranger. Glacier hadn't told him where Voldemort was but just told him that they had him in a sort of “custody”.

“He's in Little Hangelton. The Riddle house.” said Lionus, looking at Harry closely.

Harry blinked and looked off to the side.

“Don't make me have a Ranger become your personal bodyguard and have him or her stand right beside you in the Great Hall. I'll do it, just to stop an incident that seems to happen at the end of every one of your school years.” said Lionus shaking his finger at the young lad.

Harry smiled in spite of himself. “Yes sir.”

An hour later, they all gathered in the Great Hall and settled down for another set of chapters.

“What's going on this weekend?” asked an excited first year.

“As far as I'm aware, it will be much like the first weekend we experienced since we started these books.” said Dumbledore. “I don't believe there is anything significant going on. Christmas isn't for
a good six weeks.”

“Oh...I can't wait for that! Do you think we'll be here?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“I sure hope so, I think Albus said we'd be able to see it regardless if the books are still going.” said Dr. Clark.

“I hope the books are still going...I'd like one more Christmas...” said Mrs. McFinn looking longingly at Officer McFinn.

“Yeah, I'd like that too.” said Dr. Clark. “I still owe him for that tennis racquet.”

“Learn to actually swing the bloody thing, that'll get me back.” said Officer McFinn with a laugh. 

He cleared his throat and read the chapter title: “Chapter Twenty-six”

“Something tells me that this has got Trelawney all over it.” said a sixth year Slytherin.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, of course, that's gotta come first.” said Fred.

“The truth and vindication of a fellow student...” said George.

“That's got to wait in line.” said Fred.

“The public just has to know where the Snorkack is at.” said George.

End of first paragraph.

“They make very good articles.” said Chief Hawkeye with a kind smile. “Still don't know if I buy the existence of such a creature.”

Luna looked over to the Chief thoughtfully, while Hermione had a slight smile.

“But we have verified the existence of one of those creatures, so there just might be the chance that a Crumple-Horned Snorkack does exist.” said Chief Hawkeye honestly.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“I know this hasn't happened, but good for you.” said Sirius.

End of second paragraph.

“I'd be whacking out personally.” said Tonks.
“You...whack out...when you can't find your favorite fizzy drink.” said Moody with a gruff chuckle.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Oh, god...I don't want to think about what's she's going to do.” said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“She tried getting you jealous and then freaked out. But then again, perhaps future you shouldn't have mentioned Hermione. Though, once again, how were you supposed to phrase that?” said
“Well, you should have picked a better day than Valentines' Day.” muttered a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“So sue me for being an upfront guy on a date.” said Harry throwing up his hands.

“I thought you were very pretty romantic.” said Ginny.

“That's without a chore coming afterward.” said Harry.

Hermione looked down, but she had a slight smile and a blush.

“Where do I rank?” asked Ginny playfully.

“Perfect first ever date material.” said Harry with a smile. “And every other date after that.” he added quietly.

“If normal people are supposed to think that, then I guess I'm socially inept.” said Harry throwing his hands up in defeat once more.

“You learn those techniques, but only after lots of practice.” said Sirius and Dr. Clark. They both looked at each other, a stunned look on their faces. “You and I are going to have a long talk later.” they said in unison.

“Oh sweet Merlin...no...” said Remus covering his eyes and shaking his head.

Mrs. McFinn giggled.
“They both try, but Harry is more...receptive...” said Hermione.

“Cause you and him have girl talk sometimes?” asked Ginny with a giggle.

Hermione smiled.

End of dialogue set.

“That would be way too easy and would make way too much sense.” said all the boys and men in unison.

“Oh, you think you men and boys are easy to figure out do you?” asked Angelina with her hands on her hips.

“Sure we are, you mention the five favorites and you'll have our undivided attention.” said Sirius.

“Five favorites?” asked Katie.

“Yeah, Quidditch, food, brooms, liquor, and sex.” said Sirius ticking them off his fingers.

“Sirius!” said Molly in a scandalized voice.

“She said guys were hard to understand. You lot have a lot more to be worried about, let's see....uh...hair, skin, nails, weight, shoes, clothes, music, wrinkles, getting married...the list goes on.” said Sirius. “We blokes, are easy.”

A few of the males in the room nodded.

“Write a book, Hermione, even I would buy it.” said Rudolph.
“Being covered in mud, I can see it being a nightmare.” said Leroy.

“I'd say something, but you're right, we need you three.” said Angelina. “Ginny would be a dynamite seeker, but the Beaters we had...”

Said Beaters blushed.

“You touched Bertha? I'm insulted.” said Fred.

“Seriously, you named your broomstick?” asked Hermione. (“Bertha?” said Sirius staring at Fred)

“Sure...why not?” asked George.

“Charlie named his.” said Fred.

“He named his Drago.” said George.

Charlie blushed.

Ron looked over and stared at Hermione.

“This was future me. I didn't say it.” said Hermione quickly.
Ron blushed.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry nodded.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“The not really what we care about, we've got our lives all planned out, N.E.W.T.s don't have much weigh in on that.” said Fred with a shrug.

Dialogue set.

Lee smiled and sent a wink over to Harry.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Kill him, more like.” said George.

Dialogue line.

“Aww!” said Fred and George together as they enveloped each other in a hug.

“That's creepy, that is.” said a first year Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.

“It's either a way to vent our frustrations and go completely mad at the games that stops us from *killing* each other or just up and killing and hexing each other. I think that's inter-house unity, the
act of not beating the snot out of each other at odd random times.” said Charlie.

**Twelfth paragraph.**

“You sad, sad little girl.” said Fred.

“We should really let her take a swing at one of those bludgers, she'd change her tune.” said George.

“Or break her arm mid-swing.” said Fred.

“We'll we'd have to get one of the practice bludgers, those are softer.” said George.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Our happiness doesn't revolve around that.” said Fred.

“It's whether Smith can shut his mouth and keep it shut.” said George.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

Hermione smiled and laughed softly.

**Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence, first colon, first comma.**

The Gryffindor students groaned.

**Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence, first colon, second comma.**

Angelina covered her mouth with her hand.

**Fourteenth paragraph, end of second sentence.**

“Oh for pity's sake.” said Sirius covering his eyes.
“Pretty brave to catch it right in front of someone's nose.” said Harry.

“Oh, that's nasty.” said Leroy.

“And now she's gone! Doin' the happy dance!” said Harry weaving back and forth with a smile. “Did you take something that Dr. Nicodemus gave you, again?” asked Remus.

“And you do, you just need to buck up and suck it up.” said Angelina.

“Nice.” said Ron. “Hey, you want it bad enough, you'll stop asking to resign.” said Harry.

“Really, really think that leaving is the best for us, if we have to endure that.” said Fred quietly, so as his mother didn't hear.
Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Can't save it now, we didn't see it.” said Fred.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Ron blushed. “Don't snore that loud.”

“Bull.” said the boys in his dorm.

Twentieth paragraph, third sentence.

Harry looked down at the ground.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“Should have spilt his drink on her, call it an accident.” said Fred.

“Not many drinks are there at the games.” said George.

“Could have brought one.” said Fred.

“Like grape juice...that stuff never comes off.” said George.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

“Well, so much for clearing his mind, he certainly isn't going to succeed with that.” said Flitwick.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.
“Yeah, not the start to pleasant dreams.” said Fred.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph, first sentence.

Sirius started to laugh softly. “Wh...what?”

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Oh, no...not this again...” said Remus.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Several people began to lean forward in their chairs.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“Oh, come on!” said Dennis.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

“I can't time them.” said Ron defensively.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.

“Well, don't we seem on the ball.” said Tonks.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Has that happened often?” asked Dr. Clark.
“Only with older owls, they tend to get a bit confused and land in front of the wrong person.” said Bill.

“I've had to redeliver maybe thirteen letters since my first year.” said Harry.

“Sixteen for me.” said Blaise.

“Pushy little buggers.” said Ron. “What's with all the owls?”

“The article must have been published earlier than expected.” said Dumbledore.

“That's brave.” said a fifth year Hufflepuff. “You could lose a finger in all those beaks.”

“Wonder if the photo is impromptu or not.” whispered Leroy.

“Oh boy...better have more than just yourself reading those.” said Rudolph. “Lee gets really agitated when he reads stuff sent by readers of the Prophet.”
“Well, don't you two sound excited.” said Remus with a smile.

“Burn that one, obviously a delusional nut.” said Fred.

Dr. Clark stared. “Tell me that your hospital doesn't have those.” he said looking fearful at the Headmaster.

“They do.” said Snape plainly.

He turned and leaned forward. “I don't give any sort of damn, you are not allowed to set foot in one of those.” he looked furious and leaned back into the bowl. “Sadistic....backwards....medieval mother....” he muttered darkly.

“Are there benefits to those spells?” asked Harry leaning away from the cursing doctor.

“No, there are a few people that feel that that particular form of 'healing' should be removed. However, they still hold fast to that it can be beneficial, not that it's used all that often.” said Dumbledore.

Harry looked thoughtful, then turned to look over at his Great Uncles. “Hey, Uncle Rudolph, do I have any...leverage over St. Mungos itself?”

“Well, we own the buildings, fund the hospitals and pay the staff....yeah...in the swing of things, we've got complete control over it. I think you can find time to fix a few things in there.” said Rudolph smiling gleefully. “Wonder why my Father never tried, or your Grandfather...as far as I know, they were against it too.”

“Hey, if people are having fun, we want in.” said George.
“Yay, no more stupidity.” said Harry looking up and smiling.

“Wonder if that's a good 'wow', or a bad 'wow'.” said Ron.

“Crud bunnies.” said Harry.

Sirius looked over to Harry and chuckled. “What?”

“Can't swear, so...what else can I say?” said Harry with a shrug.

“I'm just a very popular person, when was the last time you didn't get a letter that wasn't Ministry orientated.” said Fred.

“My mail is none of your damn business.” said Harry.

Mrs. McFinn looked over.

“Sorry.” said Harry sheepishly.

“And say hello to a few new detentions.” snarled Remus to the book.
Thirty-third paragraph.

“Way to support me, future you.” said Harry folding his arms.

Dumbledore hung his head.

Dialogue line.

“Do...you...speak....English...?” said Nightstrike slowly and loudly.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“I don't know if I should be worried or fall over laughing.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Why did future me tell her that?” said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

“You sick, twisted...” said Mrs. Weasley trembling with rage.

“She's completely delusional.” said Tempest. “She honestly believes that she's doing what's right.”

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“She can't do that!” said Rivers angrily. “You can't stop someone from reading the paper!”
He then glared up at the ex-Minister. “Like I said before, I'm going to be thoroughly inspecting anyone you have positioned in your Department of Education and anyone else you placed in a teaching post. I won't be having this!”

“I think, Fudge, you've successfully put yourself on the pedestal of worst Minister in the history of Great Britain.” Lionus said with a sneer.

“Not the world?” asked George.

“Oh no...there were a few that were even worse than him.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I'm amazed you two don't just explode from how confusing she can be.” said a second year Slytherin.

“We solve that by looking at each other and thinking 'it's just her, we're reasonably normal'.” said Harry with a smile.

“You two are far from normal” said Hermione with a pout.

“Three of a kind.” said Snape with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“Got to admit, we were all gung ho about rebelling for a while, before all this.” said Lee.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“Too much information, too much information.” said Ron shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

“And all it really cost me was more nights of digging into my hand with a sharp quill.” said Harry flexing his scarred hand slightly.

Fortieth paragraph, second sentence.

Flitwick and a few of the other teachers looked happy and excited.
Professor Sprout blushed slightly.

“I would have given him thirty.” said Flitwick with a smile.

“Sugar and Ice mice are my particular favorite treat.” said Flitwick with a smile.

“I think I'd cut off at three, personally.” said Harry. “And I'd rather not become Minister of Magic.”

“Girls are nuts.” whispered Colin.

“Well, my knee doesn't want to hear it.” said Fred.

“You can talk to my hand, he'll hear you out.” said George.

“Not my fault your dads made dumbass life choices.” said Harry.

Nott and Draco looked uncomfortable while Crabbe and Goyle ate their snacks greedily.
“Harry.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Sorry.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Not much of a surprise.” said Hermione quietly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Future you started it!” said Fred.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

“I would have snapped in twenty minutes, if I had to recount every little detail.” said Sirius.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“You didn't clear your mind...” groaned Snape.

“Can't seem to.” groaned Harry in response.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Uh oh...” said Katie quivering slightly.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
Dumbledore leaned forward slightly.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“How is he talking in the third person?” asked Dean.

“Shh!” said Neville quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Thank goodness that's over.” said Hermione looking fearfully over to Harry.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Way to reassure him, Ron. Great bedside manner.” said Sirius throwing his arm around Harry's shoulders and pulling him towards himself.
Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“I'm glad I don't see this, I'd be terrified.” said Ron softly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Madam Bones stood up quickly, but the Ranger doctor held his hand up.

“Don't worry, my dear, I've got a Healer on her way to St. Mungos and a nice squad of Rangers accompanying her.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Bet that unnerves him.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“And I haven't got anyone to tell.” said Harry. “Even before this, I couldn't send a letter to Sirius without it being intercepted, McGonagall's had got her hands full with trying to stop different students from pranking Umbridge and getting expelled and Dumbledore wasn't looking at me.” said Harry.

“There were students trying to prank Umbridge, despite the detentions?” asked Remus in shock.

“Well, they were getting to be pretty vengeful and a bit offensive on our end.” said Harry.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

“Serve the bastard right.” growled Moody.

Sixtieth paragraph.

“This hasn't happened yet!” said Fred.

“Wait, it doesn't sound like we were doing anything wrong this time.” said George.

“Oh...never mind.” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

The Aurors and even the Rangers looked at her approvingly.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Sounds exactly what happened.” said Dumbledore.

“That it does.” said Lionus.

Hermione smiled, the Rangers were no longer trying to berate her anymore!

Sixty-first paragraph.
“True, but it's a good thing we did.” said Harry.

“Make up your mind, Granger.” said Snape rubbing his eyes.

Well, that didn't last long. thought Hermione. But this is Professor Snape, nothing new there.

“What? Oh my god!” said Nightstrike groaning and throwing a hand over his eyes. “He just got verification about the innocence of a man and the reason behind another man's death and future you wants him to forget it?”

Hermione looked away, she didn't feel too bad, that Ranger did say 'future you'.

“That's sad when you can't speak openly to your friends.” said Luna.

“None of your damn business.” said Sirius.
Sirius held Harry even closer to himself.

“Oh boy...” said Ernie. “This won't end well.”

“Don't blame me, blame him.” said Harry nodding over to Dumbledore.

“You okay?” asked Remus.

“Fine, just...tired...” said Harry.

“Want to stop for the day?” asked Sirius.

“No...just tired.” said Harry.

Sirius levitated Harry's legs up and held him in his arms. “Want to go back to sleep?”

Harry shrugged.
bloody mouth, he'd calm the hell down and clear his mind!” said Sirius.

“This hasn't happened, mutt!” snapped Snape.

“You saying that you'd act differently now? Doubt it.” scoffed Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I hope future me kicks his ass.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“Easy Holly...easy...” said Dr. Clark holding Mrs. McFinn back.

“I'll show him, not special or unimportant...” hissed Mrs. McFinn. Snape leaned back slightly and quick look of fear flashed across his face.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

“One satisfied in what way, I wonder?” asked Madam Hooch.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Seventieth paragraph.

“Yes!” said Dumbledore out loud, but when he saw others staring, he coughed softly into his hand and sat back.
Officer McFinn looked around quickly and with a look of great physical exertion, a flash of light went around the room.

“What was that?” asked Fred and George together.

Harry stared at the book, likewise all the other adults. The children including Bill, Charlie, and Tonks were looked around confusedly.

“What’s he saying?” asked Ron.

“I don't know, his mouth looks like it's moving but nothing coming out, even his lips looked blurred.” said Hermione.

Snape didn't look at anyone, especially not anyone from the bowl, he knew that there wasn't anything in their eyes but pity. He went years without pity and even the word made him sick to his stomach. He didn't want their emotional garbage. He sent a glare over to the bowl, but was staggered when he saw.

Harry, Sirius, Remus, Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn looked at Snape, pity not in their eyes, or sympathy, but understanding.

“You don't sound all that happy about it.” said Bill. He didn't know why that the Potions master and the people in the bowl were staring at each other, but it was quite unnerving, was it really bad what they had heard? Did they hear about what Snape was like in his Death Eater days? What was said?
“I don’t remember you telling him a spell of any sort.” said Mr. Weasley quietly.

“Ah, not that light again.” said Lee.

“And back to sound.” said Lee throwing up his hands.

“Finally!” yelled a few of the students.

“You put me there, and I finally got through the damn door.” said Ernie.
“Well, if I had someone to actually walk me through clearing my mind, other than the person that really pisses me off normally...” said Sirius with a weak growl.

“I'm a fifteen year old KID” said Harry sternly. “I'm not the one whose supposed to fight, I'm supposed to be lazy and sloppy.”

“What is going on now?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Unusual like walking suits of armor, ghosts floating about the place and the occasional random magic thing? No...‘bout as normal as Hyde Park.” said Dr. Clark.

“And that takes A LOT! “said Sirius, Remus, Fred and George.
“I think she was sacked.” said Angelina.

“It shouldn't happen publicly.” muttered Rivers angrily.

Dialogue set.

“Sick, twisted...” said Hermione with a growl of her own.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“He can't countersign!” shouted Rivers. He stood up and stormed out of the room.

“He might be a while.” said Lionus, he flitted his eyes upwards, and then towards the door. He then settled back to listen to the reading.

End of dialogue set.

“The only one that's embarrassing us, is you, toad.” said Hannah.

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“As much as I don't like her, I wouldn't want to see her leave.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Got to admit, you've got style.” said Lionus.

Eighty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.

“Style to spare.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a chuckle.
“Funny thing is, *she* was the first to be sacked.” said Katie.

“Wonder why?” asked Blaise.

The rest of the staff smiled at McGonagall who was determined to not look at any of them.

“They don't need her lodgings, have you *seen* how many rooms this place has?” said Dr. Clark.

“She really likes those brand new laws doesn't she?” said Micheal.

“I think with Rivers' enthusiastic cooperation, those laws will be removed quite quickly.” said Chief Hawkeye.
Dialogue set.

“Wonder who they got?” asked Lavender.

End of chapter.

“I? I was your Divination successor?” said Firenze.

“So it seems, but I think that perhaps, something happened in the forest to prolong your herd to have altercations with you,” said Dumbledore.

Firenze looked thoughtful. “The stars are altering quite a bit for these books.”
“Wonder how Firenze is as a teacher...” said Fred.

“Might be kind of interesting.” said George.

“Betting that Umrbidge wasn't so fond of the idea.” said Lee.

“Let's see...the Chapter Twenty-seven,” said Officer McFinn.

Tempest and Firenze exchange looks.

Hermione blinked but then smiled to herself in a sort of vicious sort of way.

“What's going on with her?” asked Sirius.

“I don't think I want to know.” said Harry.

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Parvati blushed.

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Tempest looked over to the young witch with disdain, said witch was blushing furiously.

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Firenze and Tempest looked affronted while Hermione buried her hands in her face. “This hasn't happened yet.” she said in a weak voice.

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“Oh sweet lord...” said Remus shaking his head.
Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Tempest...I'm with you one hundred percent, but she's a child...and this hasn't happened yet.” said Dr. Nicodemus slowly. He was a little put off the young girl, but starting up a feud with Tempest would only get the young lady killed.

The female centaur was looking at Hermione coldly. Hermione was trying to sink into her and Ron's seat and hide from sight.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I think they're funny, they brighten my day.” said Professor Sprout.

Dialogue line.

“Too nice all the bloody time...” muttered Zacharias.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Are you defending her?” asked Ron.

“I don't know, Ronald, this hasn't happened yet.” snapped Hermione.

“Miss Granger...” said McGonagall in a warning tone.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Firenze looked away and placed a gentle hand on Tempest' shoulder. “She'll learn, she has never had much interaction with the my herd.”

End of dialogue set.
Third paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Fourth paragraph.
“Why does everyone hate me?” said Ron looking up.
“Oh, we love you Ronnie...” said Fred in a cutesy voice.
“Can't you tell by our hostility towards you?” said George.

Dialogue line.
Fifth paragraph.
“We can accommodate quite a variety of different people of various races.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

Dialogue line.
Sixth paragraph.
“First time seeing him in a long time, I'll warrant, but you being you, he'll remember you.” said Sirius with a slight nudge.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Firenze smiled softly.

Dialogue line.
“Though...when it did not quite specify.” said Firenze.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.
Firenze touched his chest absently. The bruise had long since faded, thanks to Tempest's healer friend, but it was still shameful the way his herd had treated those they should consider their allies.
“Not nearly as intimidating as Tempest is.” said Fred quietly.

**Eighth paragraph.**

Dialogue set.

“I do miss it.” said Firenze.

“If you’d like, I will accompany you to the herd, give them a 'talking' to.” said Tempest.

“Perhaps someday soon.” said Firenze softly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Not that deep, there's some...creatures in there that're difficult to get on friendly terms.” said Hagrid.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

Lavender blushed.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Honestly, do you think there is only one of us in each forest of the world?” said Tempest rolling her eyes.

**Dialogue line.**

“I am so sorry.” said Dean turning pale and slowly turning around to hide behind his chair.
“This chapter is downright awkward.” said Charlie rubbing his eyes.

“Hmm...they banished me for speaking in defense of the school...it seems that something had caused them to escalate their anger.” said Firenze.

Speckerton, the Unspeakable in charge of the books looked thoughtful. “These are future events, but it is a little strange that the differences all because of the presence of these books.”

“No doubt the unaltered future Bane would have, but this in this instance, it was Ronan.” said Firenze. “Bane had fired one of his arrows.”

“Ah, I'd love to have a class like that.” said Sirius stretching his arms.

“And our translations are more accurate than the divination you human children are taught.” said Tempest.
Lionus, Nightstrike and Dr. Nicodemus snickered.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That lost a few of your admirers.” said Tempest with a whinnying laugh.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Sounds like future you doesn't right care about that.” said Leroy.

“Don't really.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“Well, nothing immediate to worry about then.” said Ron.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I'd be shocked if the war hadn't already have started.” said Sirius.

“This is still the calm before the storm.” said Firenze.

“That does not make me feel better.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

“I seem to portray a very poor teacher indeed...” said Firenze.
“Well, that's...blatantly honest...” said Terry.

“You sound to be a wise enough teacher.” said Flitwick with a smile.

Firenze looked down, a slightly pleased smile on his face.

“Would rather not burden foals with a stallion's knowledge.” said Firenze, then he looked over to Tempest. “And a mare's knowledge.”

“Hmm...can't even say it's a new record.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Not often that I get to hear what's going on.” said Ron.

Silence stretched across the hall.

“What the...?” asked a sixth year Gryffindor.

Hagrid looked uneasy.
“Those can end in very bloody results.” said Tempest.

“Don't rightly recollect doin' anything of importance to yeh.” said Hagrid thoughtfully.

“You are a good friend.” said Firenze with a smile. “That alone is good enough for me to render what little aid I can, and I believe I am referring to when you ceased the herd from attempting to kill me the first time.”

“Still don't know why you went back...” said Harid gruffly.

“Well, no matter with that, Hagrid will tell us anything, if we ask sweetly enough...and if we ask him repeatedly.” said Harry.

“You should really bottle that up...” said Fred somberly.

“You know, keep it fresh.” said George.

Sirius pulled Harry closer to himself and held him. “Poor sweet baby...” said Sirius.

“That's right, get all the cuddling out of your system. Cause I'm going to be a sullen teen come summer.” said Harry.

“Bull, you may let me now, but I'm going to cuddle you your entire life, even when you're a little old man.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“And what do you think you'll be?” said Harry with a raise of his brow.

“I'm going to stay young forever, didn't you know that? It's my good looks, I'm not losing them to
“Age for anything.” said Sirius.

**Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence.**

“Guess you couldn't even see him during the free period or the weekends.” said a second year Ravenclaw.

“Knowing Umbridge, I was either in detention or studying for the O.W.L’s.”

“But didn't you already take them?” asked Hermione remembering that Harry was to take his M.A.G.I.C’s test.

“All I took was the Assessment Test, I didn't take my O.W.L's yet, I can skip them if I want, but I didn't take them yet.” said Harry.

**End of twenty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“And he won't tell you, will he?” said Dean.

“Not right then anyway.” said Seamus, “They'll have to wait a month or two.”

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Just don't want him kicked out.” said Harry.

**Twenty-second paragraph.**

“Thank god this hasn't happened yet...” said Dr. Nicodemus. “He'd be sinking into the muck of depression.”

**Twenty-third paragraph.**

Hannah blushed.

“Don't worry about that.” said Lee.

“We had someone threaten to set themselves on fire...” said George.
“...if they failed one of their O.W.L's” finished Fred.

“McGonagall didn't quite like it when we asked if we could bring marshmallows.” said George.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

Dr. Nicodemus looked over, an etching of worry in his old face. There was another pit of depression he could have fell into?

Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

Dumbledore smiled softly over to Harry, knowing full well that these events hadn't happened yet, but the young Gryffindor was discovering the joys of teaching.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Here's hoping she doesn't try and take credit.” said Lionus.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“So you guys didn't get to Patronuses yet?” asked first year.

“Well, no...not yet, though we were trying...” said Fred.

“And it's hard trying to get up the motivation to find a Boggart and bring it into the classroom, I don't want to tackle one anytime soon.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Cho looked excited.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Several boys and teachers rolled their eyes.
“It shouldn't be that hard, you didn't live with the Dursleys.” said Harry.

“Stuff it, you.” said Harry nudging Sirius.

“That's not good.” said Fred.

“That's really not good.” said George.
“Umbridge...” said Moody with a snarl.

“Oh...no...” said Ron.

“Move it, you idiots!” shouted Fred.

“You should really ask to hire Dobby away from Dumbledore, he seems to be completely loyal to you.” said Rudolph.
“Shit!”

“Arthur!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“Out of all the ones that must have went past him? He was probably waiting to see if he could get Harry.” said Charlie.

Leroy began muttering so darkly that his husband leaned away slightly.

“Oh, the only thing that makes me happy right now is daydreaming about what she's going through right now.” said Sirius.

“Oh, it's not as dramatic as you may think, but it's probably devastating to her.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“All those months, wasted if they were caught...” said Harry.

“I like how you aren't even thinking about the repercussions if you were caught.” said Sirius.

“Eh, I could make a living in the muggle world...” said Harry.

“But with Voldemort...” said Moody.

“Let the adults handle it.” said Harry with a smile.
“Should have given her the wrong password.” said Remus.

“It had passed our mind to do that.” said Sprout.

End of dialogue set.

“Run or beg for forgiveness.” said Lee sagely.

“Forget running, that just makes it worse.” said Sirius.

“Smug son of a...” muttered Bill.

“This didn't happen!” said Percy quickly.

“It's Dazzle Gums all over again.” said Sirius groaning.

Before anyone said anything, Harry held up his hands. “I don't know, this hasn't happened yet.”
“It isn't curfew yet, it was perfectly legitimate.” said Flitwick.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Sick...” said Mrs. McFinn.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Cornered nothing, he managed to trip him.” said Nightstrike.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Fudge, the only thing that is stopping me from lashing out at you, regardless of the time when this happens is a whim. I won't show intense violence in front of these toddlers.” said Hawkeye extending his hand to the students around the Great Hall. “If they weren't here, I'd have you reduced to a smear on the wall.”

Fudge cringed.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Forty-seventh paragraph.**

“It'd be more satisfying to say 'Yes'.” said Lee.

**Forty-eighth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Keep begging, I won't give it.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
“Any interaction is a good thing.” said Harry.

Several students smirked.

“I'm a doctor and all, but I hope you have a non-lethal heart attack.” said Dr. Clark to Fudge.

“We need to get you into believing the tall tales you tell to teachers.” said Sirius.

“Please no.” said McGonagall.

“Need to work on that.” said Harry.

“Wonder who squealed?” asked Bill.

“I'm betting Smith.” said the twins together.
“How could you?” said Cho.

“This hasn't happened...” said Marietta.

“But you were against this, always trying to come up with an excuse to not go!” said Cho. “You would have done this!”

“Well, I'm glad future you was ashamed.” said Cho in a hurt voice.

“Oh, she's not hiding cause she's ashamed.” said Hermione in sing-song voice, with a smug look on her face.

“That's when you know you did something wrong.” said Hannah.

“Traitor.” said a few of the D.A members sourly.

Marietta flinched slightly, but regained her composure.

Ginny gagged. Marietta scowled.

Marietta looked confused at the book.

“Oh, you earned it, and it was good.” said Officer McFinn.
Fifty-second paragraph.

The students stared at the book, then Marietta, and then to Hermione.

“So...when we signed that...we agreed to not tell Umbridge and the results were we'd have some purple thing on our face if we did?” said Lee.

“You have so much potential, Hermione.” said Fred.

“It's a shame that you use it for normal, contemporary things...” said George shaking his head.

“It breaks our hearts.” said Fred somberly.

Dialogue line.

“I wouldn't move them.” said Katie.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Oh yeah, she'll be your friend if you squeal on your friends.” said Angelina. “See what that would have gotten you if you had gone down this path? Though, right now, I certainly won't talking candidly around you anymore.”

Marietta gave an indignant huff and stormed out of the Great Hall.

“Going after her?” asked Terry looking at Cho.

“I will.” said Percy standing up. “I...well...I'd rather avoid this...” he hurried out of the Great Hall.

“I have a bad feeling that it won't go well for me.”

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Nothing wrong with a meeting, it could be to just talk about recent events, perhaps have a discussion about relaxing despite the upcoming exams.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

End of dialogue set.

Hermione smiled.
Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Cue the gag reflex.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

“It was to do the job your stupid bint of a secretary was supposed to do.”

“Molly!” said Mr. Weasley.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Hermione smiled even brighter.

Cho however, looked less than impressed.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Cho turned and sent a tiny hurt look towards Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Mundungus should have set his bandages on fire.” said Tonks.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Oh, we already talked about that.” said Hawkeye with a cruel sneer to the ex-Minister.
Fudge looked away. “How else are we supposed to use informants?”

“There is a way to use them, you help them get better and you have them take a neutral standpoint.” said Madam Bones hotly. “I've got several, even more since I've moved on from being an Auror. I use them but if they break the law, I still bring them in and punish them. I go no easier on them than I do with anyone else, and they know it.”

“TO SAVE THEIR LIVES YOU STUPID BITCH!” shouted Leroy.

“Calm down, Lee.” said Rudolph.

“Ah, you have no faith in me, dear lad.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Someone deflate this popinjay.” said Dr. Clark.

“To placate you and give what you want to avoid jail time? Yeah, that would be a good motivation.” said Fred.

“Can you imagine a twin for Harry?” asked Fred.

“We wouldn't be novel anymore.” said George.
“That didn't happen then you moron.” said Alicia.

“Thank goodness he stepped out, I would have slapped him.” said Bill.

“Never mind, I'd do what Harry would.” said Bill. “Slap is too good for him.”

“Gotta love the loopholes.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

“Take that you prat.” said Neville.

“Gotcha there.” said Remus wincing slightly.
“That's what Marietta's there for.” said Ernie pointing to the door that she walked out of.

Sirius laughed gleefully. “Future you did something!”

Kingsley only smiled. “If the opportunity presented itself, I'm sure I would have done something...”

“We'll she's going to spill her guts then...” said Draco. “If she's already come that far...”

“Not unless Kingsley did something...” said Sirius.

“Memory charm.” said Harry and Dr. Nicodemus quietly.

“Sounded pretty clear to me.” said Charlie throwing his hands up. “She can't tell you anything!”
“She finally have a conscience?” asked Colin.

“Potter did no such thing, that was Granger.” said Harry with a smile over to Hermione.

Several people laughed.

“Never knew you had it in you.” said Sirius clapping his hands.

The students looked fearful at each other and then subtly at Harry. If she did that to someone who was withholding information, what was she doing to Harry? What horrible part was Harry forced to forget?

“I will allow no one to hurt a child in my presence.” said Dumbledore. Then he looked over to Harry and something made him cringe and turn away.

“What's up with him?” asked Harry.

“I think he's remembering the first scroll.” said Sirius.
“That the very least of what she deserves.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

“With her level of skill with a wand, bringing on Dumbledore's wrath is detrimental to her health.” said McGonagall with a sneer.

Dialogue line.

“Abuse to a child, not even the Minister could sweep that under the rug.” said Kingsley. “Not that he wouldn't try.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

“She forgets herself a lot...” said Mrs. McFinn.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“Well, don't let them in on it.” said Tonks. “Keep your face plain.”

“Take your own advice...” said Moody with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fifth comma.

“Students that would sell out their own families for either a bit of gold or power.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first pause.

“Oh shit...” said Remus.

“Keep the damn list ELSEWHERE!” said Snape harshly.

“I...I don't bring the list to the meetings...it should be upstairs in my trunk...transfigured into a hairbrush...” said Hermione her face frantic.
Snape looked at the book while Hermione heaved a sigh. “I thought I screwed up there...but can the room actually do that?”

“If they want it bad enough...it seems it can.” said Dumbledore sorrowfully.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

“You must have brought it to the meeting.” said Ron.

“But...But why?” asked Hermione.

“It said it was Seamus' first night, he would have needed to sign it.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Bull...you've been skulking around trying to find out what we were doing for a long time.” said Ron. “It wasn't just a 'Oh, we found out just now...’”

Dialogue line.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Now the name comes back to bite us.” said Ron.

Seventieth paragraph, second sentence.

“I believe, future me that didn't know about the name of the organization, I was touched.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Wh...What?” said Dr. Clark looking stunned.
Seventy-first paragraph.

“Arrgh.” said Harry burying his face in a cushion.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It seems I was, and still am, willing to surrender a little to the Ministry to keep you in school.” said Dumbledore tugging slightly at the cushion to stop the lad from suffocating himself.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-second paragraph.

“Moron.” said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Fibber, fibber.” said Fred shaking his finger at the Headmaster.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-third paragraph.

“You're just handing him what he wanted.” said Moody shaking his head.

“If it stops the persecution of students merely trying to learn to defend themselves and procure proper grades in the exams, I will step down for a small time.” said Dumbledore.
Despite the tense situation, Mrs. McFinn couldn’t help but giggle.

“T'll take to life living as a muggle, but the students are safer with him here.” said Harry.

“Dear lad, you're forgetting...for first two years of your school life, you saved the school where I couldn't. The students are safe with you here, and you teaching them how to defend themselves.” said Dumbledore.

“You'll have to drag me out kicking and screaming.” said Harry.

Snape shook his head.

“I think he didn't get a damn thing and is elaborating, he tends to do that when he's excited.” said Charlie.

“Nice to know he thinks he's all powerful and that it's all about him.” said Madam Pomfrey sending a stern glare to the disgraced Minister.
“You great...” said a fifth year Ravenclaw.


“I can't see Azkaban doing much to him.” said Sirius.

“Future you has no intent on going to Azkaban per se, does he?” said Rudolph with a smile.

Several of the students looked horrified, and yet absolutely delighted.

“I LOVE you!” said Dr. Clark laughing loudly.

“You are so cool...” said Officer McFinn shaking with laughter.

“Better be faster on the draw if you are going to take him down.” said Moody.
“One of the better ones, but he doesn't know his limits.” said Moody.

“Go ahead and hurt him, maybe he'll wise up.” said Moody.

Most of the people in the Great Hall laughed heartily.

“Well, Dawlish seems to have lost his footing, Kingsley won't attack me on a serious level, Dolores will be quite simple as will you.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“AWESOME!” said Dr. Clark excitedly. “This totally should be made into a movie!”

“Can we see a Scattered Shot about this?” asked Fred eagerly.

“Those take a lot out of me.” said Officer McFinn with a sympathetic look. “Maybe another time.”

“Oh yes I will.” said Dumbledore sternly.

“Dawlish! Shacklebolt!” said Fred.

“Good luck!” said George.

“While I hide behind the bookcase till it's over.” said Lee.
“Well...that wasn't as dramatic as I had hoped.” said Hawkeye.

“At least no one used Potter or Marietta as a hostage.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “You'd be facing Hell's Garden once again, only this time, for a lifetime's membership.” he said looking at Fudge.

“I'm thinking I wanted to see what happened and McGonagall was keeping me down.” said Harry.

“Easily repairable.” said Dumbledore.

“Good luck finding the time to do that.” said Ginny.

“They won't be happy about that.” said Mr. Weasley. “Being completely outclassed like that.”

“Sadly, they will have to...Mr. Lee, how did you put it? I heard once when I was strolling through the corridors...'suck it up.'...I believe that is the phrase I'm looking for.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

The students snickered.
“You are worth it, dear boy.” said Dumbledore.

End of eightieth paragraph.

“'It's not easy to just empty out your head every night.’ said Harry.

Eighty-first paragraph.

“After ignoring you, I'd smack him, but nothing else really.” said Sirius quietly.

Eighty-third paragraph.

“Long gone...” said Remus.

The students snorted in amusement. “Yeah, cause Dumbledore would be so anti-climatic as to run out of the school...”
“Yeah, keep telling yourself that.” said Blaise.

“Man, really wished I wasn't missing this.” said Harry with a chuckle.

“He's got style to burn.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“I think a spot of lunch would not go uneaten.” said Dumbledore summoning the table of food.

Harry remained seated as Sirius went to go and get Harry some food.

Dumbledore looked over to the boy. “How are you doing, today?”

“Fine.” said Harry simply. “Just fine. How are you?”

“Well enough for this pleasant fall day.” said Dumbledore. “The comforting thing is, this book is almost over, and hopefully we won't hear of you being forced to endure much more hardships.”

“Well, maybe if Peter is caught or captured reasonably soon, I'll really have Sirius in my life in these books. That'll make it easier, it kind of sucks when I can't write to him all that much in the future.”

“I hope that the end of this book will finally bring you some joy.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.
Once everyone had finished their lunch, Officer McFinn took the book in hand looked at the title chapter. He looked between Harry and Snape and then said aloud. “Chapter Twenty-eight.”

Harry looked up in confusion, and then looked over to Snape's pale face, yet tinged with pink. Harry remembered the last time that his book self had apparently peered into his mind and looked around the Great Hall.

“All right you lot, out.” said Harry nodding back to the door.

“What?” asked a seventh year Hufflepuff.

“Go find something else to do for the rest of this chapter. Go on.” said Harry.

A few of the students protested but with stern words from the other teachers, they left. A few of the teachers left, offering to go and watch the students, as well as Mrs. Weasley and her husband. All that were left were the Rangers, Rivers, the people in the bowl with Harry, McGonagall, Dumbledore, Flitwick, Sprout, Hagrid, Snape, Sprout and Firenze.

“Shall we then?” asked Officer McFinn.

“Let's get it over with.” said Harry.

Educational Decree Number Twenty-eight.

“Well, this is starting out really well, isn't it?” said Dr. Clark.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“I'm not all together confident that Harry had told them.” said Dumbledore with a smile towards McGonagall.

“I don't normally condone gossip, but I would have spread that little information like fiendfyre.” said McGonagall with a smug look on her face.

First paragraph, second sentence, end of parenthesis.

“Well...he was empty-headed already.” said Moody with a chuckle.

End of first paragraph.

“Great...I'm being accosted again.” said Harry shaking his head.
“Good luck with that.” said Rivers with a smile.

“Poor ugly baby.” said Remus gleefully.

“Oh, so many different ways to finish that sentence...” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

“What's it to you if she does or not?” asked Sirius shortly.

“Seems we don't need the children to hear infantile remarks.” smirked Snape.

“He most surely can't.” said Flitwick thinking of the young Malfoy with a frown.

“The what?” said Lionus.

“Somehow, I think the old toad deputized a few of the students.” said Chief Hawkeye.
“Of course he supports the 'Ministry.'” muttered Leroy.

End of dialogue set.

Snape turned in his seat and scowled at the floor.

“I'm sure he's wishing that the books said something nice about him.” said Flitwick.

“Perhaps he should do something pleasant, Potter would surely take notice of that.” said Snape darkly.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.

“He needs to read up on humor, if that's the best he's got.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

“Well, we all know that the Ministry never tries to undermine itself or others.” said Harry shaking his head.

Fifth paragraph.

“I can see us not being willing to give Slytherin many points, not if her little group was going around trying to whittle down every other house.” whispered Professor Sprout.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Looks like either a teacher caught an actual wrong doing, or some petty little fictional problem that those kids made up.” said Dr. Clark.
“Good boys.” said Sirius with a clap.

Seventh paragraph.

Officer McFinn shook his head, though the others didn't exactly know why.

End of dialogue set.

“They've always known when to draw the line.” said McGonagall.

“Thank goodness for that.” said Snape shaking his head.

Several teachers snicked.
“A hundred points to Gryffindor.” said Flitwick.

“That's low balling it, five hundred.” said Snape with a cruel smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“I'm honored.” said Dumbledore.

“I'm glad the two of them aren't hear...don't want them to get inspired.” said McGonagall.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I'm frightened.” said Hagrid with a chuckle.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“You may not have said this yet, but I love you.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Self-Preservation.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Ninth paragraph.
“And not for the better.” said McGonagall.

Dumbledore frowned.

“Cover his ears.” said Officer McFinn nodding to Harry.

Sirius whipped his hands over Harry's ears,

Dumbledore scowled angrily.

“Can you imagine if she had stayed her for the next fifteen years? The school would be empty.” said Sprout shaking her head. “No one would want their children to come here if they were going to be...you know what...” she added looking at Harry.

“Us too...there's a few that the twins didn't know.” said Remus. “I managed to catch them doing some little pranks and scared the daylights out of them.”

“We can let him hear again.” said Officer McFinn.

Sirius removed his hands from Harry's ears.
“That's all you get, not the office, but just a piece of wood that you had to make yourself.” said Dr. Clark with a slick smile.

Twelfth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“That's theft...withholding that property...” muttered Kingsley.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius slowly placed an arm around his godson's shoulder.

Dialogue line.

“Don't drink anything.” said Moody quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Don't drink anything.” said Moody again.

“We got it the first time.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Moody growled.
“Wish others were that clumsy with it.” snickered Moody.

“You mean the awesome way that Dumbledore handed all of your asses to you? Yeah, I'd like to talk about that...real laughs.” said Harry.

Mrs. McFinn couldn't find it in herself to tell him off.

“Not my brew.” said Harry.

“Amazing how you use something so insignificant to use it as a memory tool.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“No, there's just too much Veritaserum in this one, can I have another cup?” said Harry.

“Wouldn't matter if you had drank it, you don't know the answer to that.” said Remus.
“Don't drink up, don't drink up.” said Harry.

“Quit lying to yourself then.” said Tonks.

“My position is wanting to get the hell away from you.” said Harry.

“You're particularly funny today.” said Sirius with a teasing smile.

“I'm always funny, you just don't have a sense of humor.” said Harry.

“Uh oh, Indy.” said Dr. Clark.

“What?” asked Sirius.

“Never mind.” said Dr. Clark. “Just chalk that up to another bunch of movies you and I are going to watch.”

“Great...”

“None...of...your...business...” said Sirius.
“I don't think it gives you the right to use Veritiserum on a student without parental consent.” said McGonagall firmly.

“And it's too damn risky to use hers.” said Remus.

“And cue whatever Fred and George had planned.” said Leroy.

The adults chuckled warmly.

“Screw that, go after her and find out what happened.” said Rudolph.

“Good boy.” said Rudolph.
“Have to admit, they know how to make fireworks.” said Flitwick with a bright smile.

“Somehow, I don't think something so simple as a Stunning spell will work.” said Dumbledore with a twitching smile.

“Oooh!” said a few of the teachers cringing slightly.

“He can't.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Brooms are flammable, you idiot.” said Snape massaging his brow.

Snape covered his eyes and groaned as Sirius roared with laughter.

“If their fireworks display on the fifth wasn't prove enough of that.” said Professor Sprout.
“Well, that's something to keep in mind.” said Flitwick.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

Dialogue set.

“Ha ha! That's right, make the 'All Powerful Headmistress' take care of it all!” said Sirius clapping his hands. “I...am...impressed!”

“Don't let the twins know about this.” said Remus shaking his head.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

Dialogue set.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

Flitwick looked positively proud of his future self.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Oh dear, well, as long as they're used against Umbridge, I don't see anything wrong with it.” said McGonagall.

**Thirty-third paragraph.**

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Who are you and what have you done with 'Mione?” asked Harry.
“And...cue the weird dreams.” said Harry shaking his head.

Dumbledore leaned forward hanging on every word.

Dumbledore's eyes grew large.

“Do I want to know?” Mrs. McFinn shaking her head.

Sirius rubbed the back of his godson's neck.
Forty-seventh paragraph.

“And Snape's not going to be happy about the not being able to close one's mind.” said Nightstrike.

Forty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first colon.

“In future me's defense, there was a lot going on.” said Harry.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

“Nope.” said Snape.

Forty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

Harry rolled his eyes.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.

Fiftieth paragraph.

“I don't think that this is going to go well.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Rivers shook his head angrily.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Oh, crud...this really isn't going to go well.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
“That's a hefty mistake.” said Sirius. “Not one that a friend would do if their friend was part of a group.”

“Sort of reminds you of Peter...doesn't it?” said Remus softly.

“I really hate her now.” said Sirius with a scowl.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Only because a true friend came to your rescue.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Got her there.” said Lionus with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“Hey, we all promised that we wouldn't tell, she had to know that there were going to be some consequences.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Not that again...she's like my sister dammit!” said Harry shortly.

“Harry...” warned Mrs. McFinn.

“Sorry.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“And I don’t think future you is going to reconcile.” said Sirius.

“Fine by me.” said Harry softly.

“I got cornered by a emotionally wrought teen.” said Harry.

“I have my own, thank you very much.” muttered Snape.

“Liar.” smirked Snape.

“Can’t say I’ve ever had cause to say it, but thank goodness for that.” said Harry.
“Explain the wand pointed at me.” said Harry.

“You were being flippant at me again.” said Snape.

Harry looked down thoughtfully. “That might work.”

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“You just had to tell him that.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“Future him had to say something.” said Dr. Clark with a shrug.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Can't say I feel bad.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Goody.” muttered Sirius.

“Shut up mutt.” spat Snape.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

“Well, if you want to be an Auror,” said Tonks hopefully. “You'll need to be pretty good at those.”

Sixtieth paragraph.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph.
Snape glared at Harry.

“Lock the damn thing up in the future!”

“Harry!” said Mrs. McFinn.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“You don't like minding your own business, do you?” asked Sirius with a smile.

“Not even a little bit.” said Harry with a smirk.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Snape continued to scowl. “Blasted busybody.”

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“So don't do it!” said Rudolph looking between Snape and Harry.

End of sixty-seventh paragraph.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

“This...hasn't...happened...yet...” said Harry holding up his hands submissively.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Seventieth paragraph.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Snape rolled his eyes.
“He was one of the best students in the class.” said Remus.

Sirius rolled his eyes.

Sirius looked down at Harry, but then his face faltered...and he looked over to Remus worriedly.

“This won't go well.” muttered Remus.

Rudolph gave his Great Nephew a watery smile.

“Now...not so much.” said Remus reaching over and tugging Harry's long white locks.

“Scoping me out, eh?” said Sirius with a snicker.

“Wondering what happened from then to now.” said Harry.

Snape, despite his scowling, reared his head back and laughed loudly at the insulted and hurt look on the mutt's face.
“He notices.” said Remus.

“Why is everyone against me?” asked Sirius.

“You really have to ask?” asked Sirius with a snicker, trying to recover from the hurt pride and ego.

“He always did try to drag it out.” said Remus.

“I loved it when that happened.” whispered Leroy.

Snape resumed looking angry at the young teen.
“And you say that out loud?” said Moody shaking his head. “Idiots.”

“Take your own advice, lad.” muttered Moody.

“Not much of a shock there, there wasn’t a year that he didn’t take something out of somewhere he shouldn’t and return it months later.” said McGonagall shaking her head.

“It’s the same tree you climbed the one time I came to get you.” said Sirius.

“My favorite tree?” said Harry.

“That was ours too.” said Sirius smiling with glee.
“You are scoping me out!” said Sirius with a smile.

“You're going to just keep asking for it.” said Remus shaking his head.

“Wondering where the ugly stick was that hit you.” said Harry.

“I'm going to kick your ass.” said Sirius trying hard not to laugh.

Ninetieth paragraph, sixth sentence.

“Yeah, he did like the spotlight, your dad.” said Remus looking uncomfortable.

Ninetieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, I only stopped for him too.” said Sirius softly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-second paragraph.

“Do you indeed?” said McGonagall.

“I paid attention in your class.” said Sirius with a charming smile.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-fourth paragraph.

Ninety-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Ah...yeah...um...I'm going to sit over here.” said Sirius as he got up and walked over to the abandoned love seat.
“Me too...I think.” said Remus.

Ninety-fifth paragraph, third sentence.
“I should have stopped you, I should have.” said Remus.
“We wouldn't have listened to you.” said Sirius patting Remus' back slightly.

End of ninety-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-sixth paragraph, first sentence, first colon.
“Oh, the detentions I gave James and you two for making Severus so nervous.” said Flitwick shaking his finger at the two graduated wizards.

End of ninety-sixth paragraph.

Ninety-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-eighth paragraph.

Harry's eyes widened and looked away, sickened with the very thought, Snape stopped his glowering and stared confusedly at the youth.

Ninety-ninth paragraph.

“Never realized how much of a sadist Peter was...” said Remus thoughtfully as Sirius cringed heavily under the disapproving gaze.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Harry sent a stern look over the the two men now on Ron and Hermione's loveseat, the two men shifted uncomfortably.
Mrs. McFinn took the opportunity to scold the two men shamelessly for what they had done.

“Do we need another talk?” said Dumbledore, his face looking angry.

“No, sir...we...” said Remus.

“We regret this...” said Sirius looking down at the ground.

Snape looked down in shame.

“Mature is something that Potter was not acting up to that point.” said Sprout.

“We got better, after Hogwarts.” said Sirius. “Not Sni...Severus and I, but we got better.”
“Wow...he’s a charmer.” said Officer McFinn shaking his head.

Harry shook his head, shame etched on his face.

“How...” said Dumbledore looking at the youth concernedly.

“This is a lot to take...” said Harry.

“So the giant squid is my dad?” asked Harry with a nervous twitching smile.

“If it was, you’d be better looking.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

“Earned it.” said Harry.

Snape stared.

Harry shook his head. “He earned more than a gash now. I would have kicked his ass.”
“Get 'em mom.” said Harry darkly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You're lucky we weren't there.” said McGonagall looking angrily over at the duo.

Dialogue line.

Snape flinched horribly, he didn't want to relive this, not with all of them there, but at least Potter had removed the students...his pride didn't take that mortal of a wound.

One hundred and twelfth paragraph.

Snape buried his hands in his face.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Just as bad, even if he didn't call her that name.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set.

One hundred and thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Sprout scoffed “‘Reading between the lines’?”

Dialogue line.

One hundred and fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry retched right then and there.

“Oh sweetheart...” said Mrs. McFinn as she rubbed small circles over Harry's back.

Harry gasped and held his hand over his mouth.

“Harry...what’s wrong?” asked Sirius coming over and kneeling before him, dismissing the sick with his wand.

Harry panted and looked up at Sirius slowly, fury in his eyes.

“You said...I was just like my dad...” said Harry.

“What he became, not what he was, we were all right little bastards, you are so much better than what we were when we were kids.” said Sirius quickly.

Harry took a great shuddering breath.

Sirius motioned for Officer McFinn to continue.

One hundred and sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“No..not really.” said Harry weakly.

One hundred and seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Don't blame you really, I shouldn't have looked into your memories.” said Harry as he flexed his arm, though the pain had never happened.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and eighteenth paragraph.
“He was a wretch.” said Harry darkly. Sirius buried his face in Harry's shoulder as he held the youth.

Snape looked firmly at the floor, the knuckles on his hand white.

“But he grew up in the end...he really did.” said Sirius softly.

“I think I've had enough for one day.” said Harry numbly pulling away from Sirius roughly. “I want to go...Is Glacier upstairs?”

“He is lad.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Harry stood up slowly and walked hurriedly towards the door, wrenching it open and taking off. Snape looked up at boy as he left, his eyes fixed firmly at the Harry's back.
Harry passed by several students lounging about in the corridors and made his way to the safety of the rooms he was staying in. With tears pouring down his face, all these years he had had a feeling, deep down that his dad had done...something...to Snape, that his father wasn't all that innocent, but he didn't want to think about it. He didn't want to even dwell on it, but if he was going to go talk to Glacier, he was going to have to talk about it or something like it.

He entered the room and there was Glacier, sitting in his chair and reading from a book and sipping a glass of red wine. Glacier looked up and quirked a smile.

“Well, that was a short day, how did it go?” asked Glacier.

Harry raked his hand through his hair, gave a low growl, but sighed heavily. “It went pretty bad.”

“Want to talk about it?” asked Glacier as he sat his book down on the small table beside him. “Or about something else, I'm not all that picky today.”

Harry sat down in one of the larger chairs and slouched. “I...just found out my dad was far less than perfect today, I knew he was, but it was sort of shoved down my throat.” said Harry.

“It always is, when you learn the less than stellar histories of our parents.” said Glacier, “Want to talk to me about what you learned that made him less than saintly?”

Harry frowned over to Glacier. “My dad was never a saint, and I never thought him to be that.” he sharply.

“Sorry.” said Glacier throwing his hands up in a soothing manner. “I should have phrased it differently.”

Harry looked off to the side. “He was just like my cousin...only skinnier and smarter...”

“What's your cousin like?” asked Glacier.
This was perhaps the first crack into the boy's home life that he could see and utilize. The lad needed to vent, he needed to let out the frustrations about the Dursleys that he could almost feel seething underneath the young man's calm exterior. The boy knew what they had done was wrong, but he simply accepted it and added it to his own cross to bear in life. He had to let go of some of it soon.

“Well, Dudley...”

Hours later, Glacier removed himself from the rooms as Harry took a nap. He sat in his own room nearby and smiled to himself. The lad finally vented, granted he had started only short while ago, but the boy was opening up.

As the boy described his family and shouted at odd intervals about a part of his history that came to his mind, he could see the hair, once white, was now becoming black and creeping up a fourth of the way up. The lad was finally healing, and from what he could see, it was happening quite quickly. Glacier himself couldn't be happier, not that he didn't have deep feelings for the lad, but the lad was finally on the road to recovery. Though with the track record that the boy was having, he wouldn't believe the boy was healing till after his entire head had turned back to it's jet black color.

And allowing Black, Lupin, Granger and Weasley hear those little bits and pieces of a particular previous outburst, would only help in the long run...it was a bit unorthodox...but a little brutal honesty is what was needed. He didn't tell the boy that he was heard by those four, figuring that, if those four were foolish enough to tell him that they heard him and accost him for it, then they shouldn't be allowed around him during these fragile times. He would do everything in his power to keep them away until he deemed Harry fit to deal with their crap.

But eavesdroppers aside, he had offered a suggestion to the family of his young patient that he take a change of venue and Night's Rest was as good a place as any.

The next morning, bright and early, Harry was shaken awake by Sirius.

“What the...what do you want?” mumbled Harry.

“Come on, I want to take you to Night's Rest, just learned we had a big snowstorm there a few
“Hours ago!” said Sirius eagerly.

“What’s so great about there being snow at your house?” asked Harry with a groan as he covered himself with a blanket.

“Our house.” corrected Sirius tugging at the blankets. “Now come, you'll see it when we get there!”

“Can I at least get dressed and eat something first?” said Harry thickly.

“Sure, can't have you wasting away.” said Sirius with a smile.

They had had a hurried breakfast and with Dumbledore's kind permission, apparated to Sirius' home. There was a thick blanket of snow on the ground, the roof of the house itself and lining the branches of the trees. The fountain in the front of the house was completely frozen, the spray of water had transformed into a large waterfall of ice. All in all, it looked as if the entire mansion of Night's Rest had been transformed into a realistic gingerbread house.

“I'll admit, this looks really pretty.” said Harry with a smile.

“It's not the outside that I wanted to show you.” said Sirius. “There's a special room that I want you to experience.”

“Couldn't we see it the first or second time I came?” asked Harry.

“You couldn't fully appreciate it before now.” said Sirius with a wink.

They went inside Night's Rest, and instantly Harry noticed that though it was much warmer inside than it was outside, it was still well around fifty degrees. Sirius led him to a room that was secluded down a dark corridor.

“Thank goodness, Umbridge never got down here...seems she was fluffing up the place one room at a time. Also doesn't hurt that I had placed some pranks down there waiting for James to stop by that next winter.” said Sirius. “She must have set them off.”
“What did they do?” asked Harry.

“Oh, just cause some rats and other little vermin to crawl out of a person's pockets.” said Sirius. “I would have sent James down by himself first, I wouldn't have done it with you in his arms, Lily would have killed me.”

They traveled down a little further and reached an oaken door with silver words etched into the wood.

*The Winter Den.*

“Why does this door have a title?” asked Harry.

“I put that on there for your mother. Lily had a horrible sense of direction when she got tired.” said Sirius.

“Or could it be that you get lost?” said Harry teasingly.

“Stuff it.” said Sirius shoving a smirking Harry.

Sirius opened the door to the and ushered Harry through it. Inside was a large fireplace with a roaring fire crackling merrily, large armchairs and sofas with plenty of large fluffy blankets and pillows. The walls were lined in dark warm wood, bookcases and a large liquor cabinet full of brandy and whiskey. On the one wall, there was a large picture window with a window seat that overlooked the western garden and the snow covered landscape. While the rest of the house wasn't really cold, the Winter's Den was just a pleasant place to while away the cold winter's days.

“This place is nice.” said Harry looking around the room and sat down on one of the sofas near the fireplace.

“Yeah, I loved this room when winter came around. I'd spend hours in here.” said Sirius.
“So what is there to do in here?” asked Harry.

“I've got books of all kinds, some chessboards...it's mostly just a place to come to keep all toasty and cozy.” said Sirius with a smile, “Your mum loved this room when she carrying you.”

Harry blushed slightly. He walked over to the sofa and sat down. Despite the traveling and being happy to be back at Night's Rest, he was still very tired. He pulled one of the softer blankets up over himself and settled down to watch the flames though it wasn't long till he fell asleep. Sirius took another blanket out of a wooden chest and draped it over Harry and took his glasses. He then walked over to the bookcase, selected a book and sat in the chair beside the fire. Content with just letting Harry sleep the day away.

Harry didn't remember the last time he was he was so comfortable wrapped up in all the blankets and sitting before a fire. It also didn't help that Sirius may or may not have spiked his morning tea with a delayed reacting sleeping potion. He noticed Sirius was flourishing his arms elaborately as he poured him his tea, normally Sirius was slightly stiff at the elbow when he poured the tea casually...this was a bit...much. Normally he would be ticked that he was slipped a mickey, but the sofa was too soft, the blankets too warm and the room itself just too cozy...

Sirius heard the door to the den open up and in came Remus, brushing the snow off his shoulders.

“How's it going?” asked Remus.

“That sleeping draught worked like a charm, look how peaceful he looks.” said Sirius with a smile.

“That's amazing, seeing as how it was just water in that phial.” said Remus chuckling softly.

“What?” said Sirius.

“Dr. Nicodemus gave you...what did he call it? A placebo...if Harry had some desire to sleep, then he'd crash.” said Remus. “Parently he needed a day just to sleep, to get back some of the peace he's lost.”
Sirius shook his head. “Can't wait till these are all over with, and Voldemort is taken care of...he needs a vacation.”

“Well, this is a good small vacation...” said Remus stretching his thin frame, “Mind if I take my usual seat?”

“Please do.” said Sirius, “You're favorite brandy is still in the cabinet.”

“Mmm...” said Remus walking over to the liquor cabinet, taking a bottle, a glass and then choosing a book from the bookcase. He went to a chair to the right of the fireplace and settled into the cushions. “I missed this...”

“Yeah, me too.” said Sirius mumbled softly as he turned the page. “I used to dream about all of us just sitting in here, doing nothing. Kept the dementors away for a little while.”

Remus looked up at Sirius, his friend's face was still the face that he could recognize in a crowd anywhere, but there was still that pinched, tortured look that crept up every so often. Guilt of disbelieving him for so long still gripped at his heart, but he knew that every day of freedom that Sirius had, was another day to show how sorry he was and how he would never doubt him the same way again.

Harry woke up hours later and looked around the room, he could see the blurred vision of the fire and saw his glasses reflecting the light on a nearby table. He reached over and put his glasses back on and saw Remus and Sirius sleeping quietly in chairs beside the fire.

He removed himself from the blankets and looked around, now that he was up and about, he didn't want to just sit in one spot. He had enough of that during the readings that he wanted to actually put his legs to some use. He dug around in the desk and located what he was looking for, a spare piece of parchment and a quill. He wrote a quick note and placed the glass that was held limply in Remus' hand on the parchment's corner.

*Went out to explore, won't go outside.*

Harry wrapped his cloak around himself, took a few sheets of parchment, quill and ink and some Spellotape and made his way out of the den. Figuring he could give Sirius a hand and giving each room a purpose or designating it for something, suggestions of course...though he had a feeling that
Sirius would listen.

For about an hour, he wandered down the corridors that had been blocked off by Sirius for being dangerous. When Dr. Clark stared at him, his eyes asking the silent question. Sirius said that he was becoming violently ill due to all the pink fully crap that was strung all over the place and he could only tackle it one room at a time.

Harry ducked under the tape and walked into a room that had a groan inducing sign.

*Sunday Tea room.*

“Well, wasn't she just being a stuck up bitch.” muttered Harry as he opened the room. “Why have tea in a different room every day?”

He opened the door and saw a very large room with an even larger window and patio doors that would have faced the morning sun if it was still morning. There was large sofas and coffee tables all over the place and pictures of various gardens. There were vases of...now dead and dried out...flowers on every table and every flat surface.

The room didn't look too bad, in fact he could see this being a nice sitting room for Mrs. McFinn. The room didn't seem to need all that much renovations, maybe a batch of new flowers and some family pictures on the walls along with the garden ones, get rid of the kitten plates and that should be all.

He exited the room and taped a bit of parchment over the sign that Umbridge had made.

*Mrs. McFinn's sitting room.*

On and on he went, he started taping up little signs every room he entered and looked over. A few he gave to Mrs. McFinn, a few to Dr. Clark, Sirius and Remus and a few for a community use room. He thought there was only a few rooms that hadn't been turned around, but it seems that there was even more rooms to the house that even Umbridge hadn't known about.

*It must be like the Burrow, thought Harry, there's rooms popping out of everywhere in that place.*
There was one room in particular that didn't have any sign on the door, but had a painting of a stag on one side of the door and a large vase of lilies on the other side. This had to be a room that had miraculously avoided Umbridge's presence, no other room had a picture of any other creature but kittens and a unicorn here and there, and the lilies were bright orange as opposed to the pale pink and white lilies in every arrangement. He entered the room, curious as to what could lay behind it.

It turned out to be a large cozy bedroom, there was a king size canopy bed against the wall, a window seat, a fireplace and a small red and gold baby bassinet. Harry walked over to the bassinet slowly and looked down into it. It was cushioned inside with a red baby blanket sitting inside.

“I made that for you.”

Harry turned around and saw Remus leaning against the door frame with a sad smile on his face. Sirius was standing in the hall, smiling softly as well.

“I had made it for your first birthday, but Bathilda had already made up one, light blue and it was already in your nursery. So James and Lily told me to bring it here so that they didn't have to drag it back and forth.” said Remus walking towards the young man. “You were never meant to be an only child, so that bassinet would have been used quite a few times.”

“I didn't need to hear that.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“I didn't either, visualizing James doing the nasty was a bit too much for me to stomach.” said Sirius with a false gag. “But it would have been awesome to have the next Marauders running all over this place.”

Harry looked down at the bassinet and smiled. “Mind if I use this for my kids?”

“I'd be honored.” said Remus his smile growing brighter.

“You and Ginny aren't talking about kids already, are you?” asked Sirius staring. Remus nudged him in the side.

“No, we haven't, but if I get a shot at a nice calm life and survive all this crap, I want a family of my own.” said Harry.
“I can't wait to see you as a daddy, you'd be awesome.” said Sirius with a bark-like laugh.

“Just don't let Sirius watch your kids alone, you'll be cleaning up a mess that will last for days.” said Remus with a chuckle.

“Hey, that was Lily's fault! Who needs to make that much pudding at one time anyway?”
The Trial

Wormtail crept slowly through the tall moonlit grass towards one of the bigger elm trees on the grounds of the Riddle House. He had been ordered by the Dark Lord to investigate the Rangers that were watching and patrolling the grounds, so almost every night, when the moon would be trapped behind the clouds, he would transform down in the basement and then crawl through the small holes in the stone to the outside world.

He had been sent out to spy on their captors for almost four days now, but there had been only one constant Ranger that he could recognize most of the time. Discovering the consistent Ranger was a lucky strike as the Dark Lord deemed it the one chink in their armor available to them. So on the orders of the Dark Lord he had to crawl up the same tree for four days, stay hidden in the same hole and watch the man every single night. He needed to study the man and see if the weakness went further than just having the same guard over and over.

On the fifth day, he nestled himself in the deep hole of the tree and waited for the man to show up. Almost right on schedule, the figure dropped carefully on the limb just in front of Wormtail. The Animagus looked over the man carefully, taking in all that he could, he saw what he had already known for a few days now. The man was tall, thin and pale, with oddly bright eyes hiding just underneath the mask he wore. So far...the only thing that Wormtail could tell the Dark Lord was that the man needed to eat a good meal and get some sun...he must normally have the night shift for the Rangers...

Tonight however, brought about a different thought, the man took out a flask from his hip and took a dip swig of it, a little of the contents dribbled down his chin and landed on the wood. After a few minutes, he leaped over to another tree and took watch there.

Wormtail waited a bit longer, and then crawled out of the hole, and inspected the drying liquid on the limb. If the Dark Lord heard that he passed up learning even the smallest detail of their captor, he would pay dearly for it. He sniffed the drying droplet on the bark...he knew that smell...it wasn't wine, water, or spirits...that was blood...the man was drinking blood.

That meant...the Ranger guarding them...was a vampire.

When Harry came back on Sunday, after relaxing sufficiently at Night's Rest, (Roasting marshmallows in the Winter's Den and sleeping peacefully on the large plush couch) he walked into the Great Hall and saw quite a few of the adults talking in the middle of the Great Hall. They turned towards him when he entered, their faces grave. Madam Bones walked over to him, a grim look on her face.
“Mr. Potter, I’ve done my absolute best to keep you out of it, to prevent you from any...discomfort, but I fear that I have no choice.” said Madam Bones with an exhausted sigh.

“What is it?” asked Harry quirking an eyebrow. Somehow he knew that this wasn't going to be good, whatever it was if she looked this put out.

“It's the Dursleys, it has finally come time for them to face the courts for what they have done to you in the past. These proceedings have been going on for the past three days, and let me just say this...it is becoming rather muddled. So we can get things back on the track they need to be, (finally disregarding all the showboating done by the defense) we will need your testimony to finally bring this to a close and have them adequately punished.” said Madam Bones polishing her monocle with a piece of fabric.

“What?” said Sirius as he came to stand behind him. “Is there someone contesting his word, is that what you're saying?”

“There is. They, the defense counsel, do not believe that Potter has been...innocent in all this, they believe that he might have instigated more than half of it.” replied Madam Bones with a sigh.

“What stupid conker believes that?” said Remus. Sirius stared at his friend.

“Arbuckle Smith.” said Madam Bones rolling her eyes. “He's the solicitor for the defense. Smith's a damned fool, but for some strange reason, he chose to defend the Muggles in this case. Perhaps he thinks this was going to be a high media case.”

“Which it's not...I told any reporter that any story with my nephew in it has to come by me.” said Leroy. “They know I'd kick them right out and where it counts if they tried to put it through. They've done enough in regards to him.”

“Well, that's a relief.” said Harry with a smile. “Nice to have the Prophet on my side for once.” He then looked at Madam Bones. “So...”

“So you will need to testify, it shouldn't take long, being a minor and the victim, the courts would rather not have you...traumatized any further.”
Harry looked at her and then nodded with a smile. “Yeah, I could do without that happening, but with my luck, I'll have to stay there the rest of the day. Do we go now or...?”

“It would be better to get this over and done with, dear. I will escort you to the Ministry and have you talk to one of the child advocates and a member of the Wizengamot, then you'll speak before the Wizengamot in it's entirety”

“Want me to come with?” asked Sirius taking a step forward. However Madam Bones held out her hand quickly.

“That would not be wise.” said Madam Bones shaking her head. “Despite that it has been proven that you are indeed innocent, and Prophet having spread the word far and wide, many people still seem to think that you need to pay for your crime of escape from Azkaban. It is not safe for you in the Ministry of Magic as of right now. There may be a vigilante hidden amongst them.”

Sirius crossed his arms, a frown on his face.

“I'll be fine, what's the worst that can happen?” said Harry. “I'll be surrounded by Ministry officials and there are Aurors all over the place.”

“I'd feel better...hang on...where did all the Rangers go?” said Sirius. “Even that Doctor of theirs is gone.”

Indeed, the students were there, as well as the adult guests, but the Rangers, their reassuring presence that made them all feel protected, was gone. Even Tempest was gone from Firenze's side, and if one were to look very closely, they could see that he was missing her company.

“It was quite strange, I was chatting quite amicably with their Chief and suddenly he placed a hand to his head and left.” said Dumbledore with a thoughtful frown. “I daresay, perhaps someone they had been looking for has come to light and they had been told through some unknown communicative means.”

“But aren't they on a furlough?” asked Ron confusedly. “Their seven year furlough?”

“Maybe it was someone they really wanted.” said Harry tapping his cheek carefully. “Ah, well..whatever...let's go and get this over with, but first...I want to take a quick detour, to two
“To where?” asked Madam Bones.

“To somewhere that will make Uncle Vernon sit up and take notice.” said Harry.

Hours later:

“Now my esteemed colleagues, surely after all that we've heard and learned of this boy...can we honestly say that he isn't *embellishing* these outlandish scenarios?” said a nasal toned voice.

Harry sat at the table on the right side of the room, this room was laid out differently then the one he had been in during the summer. Madam Bones explained to him that this was for the purpose of housing muggle trials. It would put them at ease and impress upon them the seriousness of the situation. It wasn't often that they would be used, mostly used for muggles who knew about the Magical world and had committed a crime, be it minor or abuse on a magical child in their care.

There was no one else in the room, save the Wizengamot, Court Scribe (Not Percy, he was considered biased and really had no business being on the panel during Harry's trial, but the Minister felt it was not a issue) Madam Bones, (who was standing before him, flipping through papers on a conjured up desk) the man Madam Bones said was Arbuckle Smith, Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon and of course Harry himself.

Arbuckle Smith was weedy looking man with a long pointed nose and a weak chin. He had a receding hairline of curly blonde hair and rather large ears that seemed to stick out even further with his curly hair. But Smith was not the one that attracted Harry's attention, that solely lay with his Aunt and Uncle.

Both of them had seen much better days in Harry's opinion. Aunt Petunia's hair was terribly awry, was quite pale, trembling and was wearing a plain gray robe as opposed to her normal blouse and skirt. Seeing her in a wearing a garment from the magical world was almost surreal, but while Harry felt a slight twinge of pity. She seemed to twitch nervously and looked about fearfully, and any glimpse she gave Harry was saturated with shame, Harry couldn’t help but feel a little pity for her, it was the look on Uncle Vernon's face that seemed to set him back a few paces.

Uncle Vernon was wearing a similar robe and was also pale and trembling, but unlike the almost regretful countenance that Aunt Petunia had, he was scowling and gnashing his teeth (though he
was looking firmly at his hands clasped tightly before him on the table). The most terrifying thing about Uncle Vernon's appearance, was the raw fury in his eyes, at least the part of his eyes that he could see.

Harry returned his focus to the court proceedings, the defense counsel was trying to rebuff the evidence that was at hand: the parchment from the diagnostic spell cast by Madam Pomfrey. They couldn't use the Memorial Books, as per law, but diagnostic spells were very well received in the courts, and Smith was having a hard time trying to dismiss it.

Madam Bones was the acting as Harry's Child Advocate counsel, as she was biased due to being at the readings. She was trying to keep the proceedings going accordingly without any dramatics from the defense. This wasn't Smith's first trial, but the man had never had such a case such as this, Memorial books, muggles guardians or parents abusing their magical child (sadly that was not all that rare), and Harry Potter, on top of that. It was proving to be a bit much for him to cope with alone and was getting lost in the throes of what was sure to be the trial of the century. The fool kept bringing up the instances in the Memorial books when they could not in fact be used, unless Harry himself were to reveal what had happened, inadvertently giving them a bit of a bye in the legal system unless the victim wanted to tell them themselves. Despite not being accepted as evidence, the Wizengamot was not going to be forgetting any of what was said, anytime soon, and Smith just kept bringing up more and more.

Madam Bones despised these two muggles in particular, but being the head of Magical Law Enforcement, she had a duty to ensure they got a fair trial.

“If the defense would be so kind as to remember, the Memorial books are not and will not be in evidence. I intend to have Mr. Potter testify to an example to the crime of child abuse, if it comes to that, which I hope it does not. Mr. Potter has been through enough.” said Madam Bones.

Before Smith could continue on, she pressed on. “If the Defense is questioning the...reliability of the diagnostic spell, I can assure that Madam Pomfrey, of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry has been used in several court cases involving children.”

“But why has she not seen anything before? According to the rumors, Potter has been in her care at least once a year.” said Smith.

“Mr. Potter, according to the Staff at Hogwarts and even a few of the students, never showed signs of his troubles at home. He kept it very much to himself for many years, even his best friends were unaware of the fact. In truth, when they discovered it, it caused quite the disturbance, even the notion of emotional abuse had cast Dumbledore into almost a severe heart attack, it terrified quite a few of the students.”
A few of the members sitting above them muttered, a few looked worried and scowled down to the two muggles sitting below them.

Things were not going well for the defense and Uncle Vernon knew it.

Sirius leaned back in a large armchair and dozed softly in it's warm comforting cushions. He was absolutely bored without Harry there to mull about and come up with something to do. Granted, it was a bloody sight better than being in that damnable house, but he still was bored without his godson.

Remus was currently laying on the sofa holding a book on his chest and reading, sipping from a teacup on the floor, he had a stack of books he wanted to browse through for old times' sake. Dumbledore was talking to Leroy and Rudolph over at the table and discussing their newly discovered plants and comparing thoughts on the subject of Herbology. Even Glacier was in the room, (he did not stray from the school, keeping available for Harry in case he had need of him) he did not discuss Harry's sessions with them, but had been subtly interrogating them and finding where their feelings for the boy lay and where their shortcomings were in regards to the boy.

Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark were having a day talking to Officer McFinn and planning out for the future, they had asked what was going to happen, but Officer McFinn couldn't tell them, but he did restate to the both of them his blessing if they wanted to go further on with their relationship than what they already had.

While Harry was in court, it seemed that everyone was going to just sit back and relax. However, that serenity was no where to be found two hours later.

As it neared afternoon tea time, a flash of green appeared out of the fireplace and Madam Bones' face appeared in the flames.

“Albus!”

Dumbledore turned his head and looked at the head of Magical Law Enforcement. “Amelia, what on earth is it? You sound very...”
“It's Potter's Uncle, he's completely lost his mind and has taken Potter hostage!” sad Madam Bones swiftly.

Sirius, Remus, Leroy, Rudolph and Dumbledore leapt to their feet and rushed to the fireplace. Glacier watched from the sofa but stood up and followed them to the floo.

“Step aside, we're coming through.” said Leroy.

“Black, I don't if you should...” said Madam Bones looking up at Sirius.

“I'm coming whether you or anyone else likes it or not. Harry needs me.” said Sirius.

“He needs anyone who can get him out of this.” said Remus as he took a handful of green powder, “But seeing as how he was used as a threat against Vernon, it might produce a bit of shock value.”

“You coming?” asked Rudolph to Glacier.

“As he is my patient and this could be detrimental to his recovery, consider me already there.” said Glacier striding forward, taking the powder and tossing it into the flames. Madam Bones just had enough time to back away from the fire before the six men came in through her fire grate.

“Where is he at?” asked Remus, brushing off the soot as he moved away from the fireplace to let Leroy through.

“Down this way, in our Muggle Hearing rooms. Quickly...we were able to keep Dursley in the room when I left.”

“How did it happen?

“Does he have a weapon?”

“Is he injured at all?”
“You don't have Dementors in there do you?”

They were all asking questions at the same time, and Madam Bones was having a difficult time trying to answer them all and lead them down to the Hearing.

“I won't understate, but Dursley was agitated the moment he was brought in today and from what I heard it was only getting worse as the hearings went on. He and his wife were quite quiet during the proceedings but he started to slam his fist down on the table after Potter produced a few bits of evidence he nor Smith expected.”

“What was that?” asked Leroy.

“We had stopped in the muggle...police...station and asked for copies of the pictures and observations made in that first altercation we saw, they were very accommodating, I was impressed. I should have a few of my Aurors follow a few them around and learn a thing or two. But I digress. The other bit was a signed paper from the Queen herself, I had never met her before but when I did...well, that's a tale for another time. The paper said that she herself believed that Harry was being abused and that she did what she could, but was blocked by her own laws from helping the lad. That in itself caused Mrs. Dursley to faint dead away.

When Smith had brought the copies of the papers and pictures over to the discuss to...I'm assuming to come up with a new defense, Dursley ripped the papers from his hands, grabbed a quill and rushed over to the Potter before anyone could stop him.” said Madam Bones leading them to the lifts.

“So that's a no to the weapon huh?” asked Sirius.

“We thought that as well, but that quill of Smith's, it's quite sharp, it's already drawn a bit of blood from Potter's neck.” said Madam Bones darkly. “And as for your question Lupin, no there are no dementors in there, with Potter still being a minor, and the muggles being muggles, we cannot allow them into the same room together.”

“But you allowed Dursley in the same room as him?” asked Sirius.

“Potter was there to offer testimony, and it would help his case if Dursley were to act...well...we didn't want him to act violently...we should have placed a shield spell around him, that's for
“certain.” said Madam Bones. “We didn't think he would be so foolish as to try something in open court.”

When they arrived, the scene before them caused them to freeze and stare. The Wizengamot were all standing along the wall near the door where they themselves stood. Petunia was conscious again, and wailing in the far back left corner wringing her hands in her robes. Their counsel, Smith, was in the far right corner, talking to a large man with a mustache, a quill in his large hand and Harry in his arms, his neck craned upwards with the point of the quill digging into his flesh over his Adam's apple threateningly.

Before anyone could make a move towards the two of them, to ease the situation, Glacier strode forward and stood before Vernon Dursley.

“Greetings.” said Glacier.

Harry's eyes widened slightly at the sight of the therapist.

“You one of them?” growled Uncle Vernon.

Glacier took a wand out of the pocket in his robes and without batting an eyelash, tossed it into the corner near where the Wizengamot stood. “Not now.”

Dumbledore watched in utter fascination as over the course of two hours the man seemed to coax the mentally disturbed muggle to lower the quill slowly and lessen his grip on the boy. Dumbledore wasn't sure this was testimony to how skilled a therapist he was or if all Rangers were trained in hostage negotiation, but the man was getting results very quickly.

Once Vernon had calmed down from his mania, he began to bargain for Harry's release; in exchange for leniency for his wife, he would let go of Harry. He knew that he wouldn't be able to get away Scott free with the room full of wizards, but he would try and get a bit of mercy for his wife.

Harry remained silent, he and his uncle did not have the most pleasant history and talking would only lead to something far far worse. He didn't want that quill sinking any deeper into his neck.

“Alright, I'll see to it that.” said Glacier.
“And you can do that, can you?” said Uncle Vernon looking skeptical, but with a slight glint of hope in his eyes.

“If I have to I can exert my authority, but I cannot do that with Harry being held hostage.” said Glacier.

“Take him then, I never wanted him.” said Vernon darkly and shoving Harry forward into Glacier's arms.

“Welcome back Harry. Now, Vernon, for safety's sake, put your hands behind your back.” said Glacier, pulling Harry behind him, and then taking a silver pair of cuffs out of a pocket in his robes and snapping them smartly behind Vernon's back.

The moment that Harry had been released and the cuffs were on, the Aurors came forward and led Vernon out of the room and a few of the female Aurors came over and took possession of Petunia, in her disturbed state, they were a bit gentler with her than they would have normally with a woman charged with child abuse.

Harry was passed from person to person, turning on his heels as they spun him to face a different person, and the moment he stopped in Sirius arms he was so dizzy and in shock that when he closed his eyes, his knees buckled and he fainted.
Harry didn't wake up till very late the next morning, most people had heard of what had transpired at the Hearing and when it was said that there was a chance that the readings might not happen for a day or two, they nodded in understanding and went to their small scattered discussion groups that were placed about the school.

Madam Bones discovered the reason why Arbuckle Smith couldn't seem to leave the memorial books alone, despite being told time and time again to leave the alone. His nephew was Zacharias Smith, and he had been pelting the Magical Solicitor with information about the books and what had transpired at the Dursleys. He didn't believe them to be completely innocent, to be completely honest, he would have been the first to suggest a good hex to use against them, but he wanted to ride high on the fame of being associated with the trial...when it was quieted in the press and hardly anyone had even known about the trial...it began to backfire on him.

Losing control of his client was the other part that caused this to fall into the worse decision of his life. He wasn't disbarred, but he was publicly humiliated and his legal practice took a huge dive.

In a last ditch effort to regain some positive noteriety, he sent a few letters to Zacharias, in attempt to get a meeting done between him and Harry, but Zacharias steadfastly refused. He was made a fool of thanks to Potter almost every day, he didn't want to plead with Potter to talk to his uncle.

Arbuckle Smith's once moderately respectable social standings was now almost whittled away in the professional world.

Harry was brought down to the readings around noon, wrapped in a fluffy red robe and instantly wrapped up in the phoenix quilt. His hair, once creeping up with the color of jet, was now stark white once more.

Harry convinced the others that he was fine, repeatedly, but it didn't stop the ones nearest to him to pulling his legs up into the bowl and wrap their arms tightly around him.

Officer McFinn waited for Harry to get settled and read began the day's readings.
“Oh yeah, I forgot that happened.” said Sirius giving Harry's arm a squeeze. “I hope he apologizes to you for flipping out like that.”

“I don't think this is starting out all that great.” said Hermione quietly.

Snape rolled his eyes. “When I want your opinion, Granger, I'll ask for it.”

“Future you is delusional.” said Fred.

“You don't just go up to him and ask him to start up where he thought he should leave off.” said George.

“That'll have him finishing you off.” said Fred.

“You're evil.” said Ron shaking his head, but smiling at the girl.

“Yeah, even in college, they tend to come up and bite you right on the behind.” said Dr. Clark.
“Gotta give him that...though we've been asked to not be here for a few things, so they must not have been all that good.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“Not the reaction one would expect.” said Charlie.

“Sorry dad.” said Ron quickly.

“For what? You didn’t say anything.” said Mr. Weasley with a kind smile.

“If he doesn't get petted, he'll find someone else.” said Hermione with a smile.

“And still the cat is allowed to walk around freely...” said Dr. Nicodemus quietly while rubbing his eyes.

“What else could you be thinking about?” asked Hermione.

Harry said nothing.
“I’d be ranting about her too...” said Katie.

“What happened in the Pensieve?” asked one of the third year Hufflepuffs.

“Nothing you need to worry about.” said Officer McFinn.

“But won't it tell us about it?” asked Fred.

“Unless that annoying loud beeping comes around again.” said George.

“And cue the beeping, there we go.” said Lee shaking his head.

Sirius cringed slightly in his chair.

Remus scratched the back of his head and looked firmly at the ground.

Snape looked at Harry, as if seeing him for the first time.
End of ninth paragraph.

Remus knew looked thoroughly ashamed of himself.

“Really makes you wish you could hear what the bloody hell was going on.” said Dean watching the adults look as if someone had died.

Tenth paragraph.

Snape’s eyes widened in shock, and Sirius turned swiftly around to face his godson.

“No, they loved each other! They just...it took him a long time to deflate his head.” said Sirius helplessly.

Eleventh paragraph.

“This is not helping my mood today.” said Harry darkly.

Twelfth paragraph, first sentence.

“Yay! Beeping over!” said Fred.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Parently not.” said Charlie.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That can't be good.” said Fred.

“Those bludgers can be nasty if you don't keep an eye on them.” said George.
Fred blinked.

“That's...not a normal injury...that happens to a Beater.” said George slowly.

End of dialogue set.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“That's...illegal...” said Rivers darkly. “What time era did she think this was?”

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Seriously, a nice long break is needed for you.” said Mrs. McFinn soothingly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not romance that's on his mind.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

“I've got more pressing problems than worrying about whether or not I talk to a girl and put aside an argument.” said Harry.

“Don't have that mentality forever, I want to bounce grandbabies on my knees...I miss that...” said Sirius nudging Harry.

“That's assuming that they're going to call you 'Grandpa.'” said Harry with a smirk.

“I'm your Godfather, if you have kids...I'm going to ask them to call me Grandpa.” said Sirius with a bright smile. “Whether you like it or not.”

“Sure you don't want to be called 'Old man'?” said Remus with a laugh.

“Don't push it.” said Sirius.
“That's right, I'll help sort you right out.” said Sirius with a hopeful smile.

“Like you did at Christmas time?” said Harry dully.

“Maybe I'll do better this time.” said Sirius with a hopeful smile.

“You just have to think outside the proverbial box.” said Fred, George, Sirius and Remus together.

“Talking helps.” said Dr. Nicodemus nodding approvingly.

“Oooh...never take food in there.” said Professor Flitwick covering his eyes.

“She barely likes it when you have a nice soothing cup of tea while reading her books.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“And I thought Mrs. Tibbons at my school was a devil incarnate with her books.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

*Career Advice bulletin*

“Of course you can always ask for advice in your third year, this just helps you see where you need to get stronger in before the exams hit and see what other options are open to you.” said Sirius.

**Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.**

“Lucky little cuss.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Wish I was lucky.” said Harry.

**End of twenty-second paragraph.**

***Dialogue set, first sentence.***

“It makes wonderful money though, Ronald.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Yeah, but I'm sure there's a reason why I don't like the idea.” said Ron quietly.

**End of dialogue set.**

Medicine is very important and they don't take slackers.” said Snape with a sneer.

“Harry could do it.” said Colin.

“No thanks, I'll pass.” said Harry plainly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“That's the place you should work in.” said Ron to Hermione. “You'd be brilliant at that.”

Hermione blushed slightly.
“That's what appealed to me!” said Mr. Weasley happily. “I have a blast every day I go to work!”

Dr. Clark couldn't help but laugh softly.

“Or when to threaten the overstuffed chicken.” said Officer McFinn darkly.

“Mum wasn't too thrilled on that one.” said Bill with a weak smile.

“It's not like you sit behind a counter and hand people their money, that's just in the Muggle World, in our world you face...uh...it's dead boring...” said Bill growing quiet as his mother looked at him firmly.

“Not many people do.” said Hagrid thoughtfully. “That might be kinda fun though.”

Harry, Ron and Hermione shared a look.

“When in doubt, get the twins.” said Ginny and Ron together.

The twins smiled happily.

“Cause if it all goes wrong, Mum knows who to blame.” said Ron and Ginny together sending teasing smiles over to their older brothers.
“Oi!” said Fred and George together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“This hasn't happened yet, this hasn't happened yet... “said Lionus rubbing his eyes, while Dr. Nicodemus muttered something about wanting to avert heavy depression and a mental breakdown.

End of dialogue set.

“Well, that sounds a little sicker than normal.” said Leroy leaning away from the book.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“Somehow, don't buy it.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Nice dad...real nice.” said Fred.

“Maybe we actually want little Ronnie to do well on the tests.” said George.

“Sure you do.” said Ron skeptically.

“No one believes us.” said Fred somberly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Don't go back in there!” said the students together in unison.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.
“I'm starting to think, yes.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“How wrong I am.” said Harry with a snicker.

“This is turning into one of those plans that he just doesn't tell anyone about and goes about it solo.” said Ron. “Scary when it works, but he doesn't explain anything in long lengthy detail.”

Hermione and Ron both blushed.

“Never ask, it makes it all the better surprise. That and it doesn't make you look guilty when you already expect something.” said Fred.
“Did something happen? Did something bad happen?” asked the students curiously.

“Once again with the beeping.” said a third year Gryffindor student.

Despite Harry's desire to sit away from Sirius, Sirius pulled him against himself and held on.

“How about you focus on one thing at a time.” muttered Zacharias.

“She's got a point there.” said Moody.

“But Harry's becoming severely depressed, someone should be noticing this and pulling him out of school.” said Sirius.

“You never know, he could bore you to death.” said Fred seriously.

Harry couldn't help but laugh.
Snape cringed slightly.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Chief Hawkeye groaned loudly. “Potter, I don't know nor care what your personal opinion is, but you are going to take a day off from reading, and spend it either relaxing or talking to Glacier.”

“Why sir?” asked Harry.

“I'm becoming depressed.” said Chief Hawkeye looking at the boy with a plain look.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That's why you don't do that till the bell rings.” said Snape sourly. “In case of accidents.”

“But that was an on-purpose, not an accident.” said Ron looking at Malfoy pointedly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“After that, I can see myself not having the heart to nag you.” said Hermione honestly.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“A year doesn't go by that I don't have at least five students miss because it is quite and unusual thing.” said Professor Sprout with a smile.
“Goddamn it.” said Remus darkly.

“Turn around and tell her to kiss your ass.” whispered Sirius.

“I'd love that.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Live.” said Harry. “That's something that will hopefully happen.”

“Not funny.” said Sirius.

“Never claimed it to be.” said Harry.

“Mmn, don't tell that to Umbridge, she can hinder you in every step of the way.” said Sirius.

Tonks looked smugly over to Nightstrike.

“Yeah, this is the future, and if it has something to do with Umbridge...it won't happen.” said Nightstrike with a smirk.

“She was the last one to be taken on.” said Kingsley nodding over to Tonks.

“Means I'm the best of the best.” said Tonks with a bright smile.

“Means we were desperate.” said Moody with a smirk.
“You were always my favorite.” said Remus with a warm smile to McGonagall.

“'You've got the patience of a saint, I would have snapped.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“A good power weekend of studying Transfiguration and you'll be fine.” said Sirius.

“Ouch.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

“His prerogative, though I don't see many students taking on N.E.W.T's potions.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “But those that do take the course, they are quite the potion brewers.”

“No, you can't, this was supposed to be a private meeting, what is she doing there? Also how much do you want to bet that she won't go to anyone else's meeting.” said Leroy.
“I've got the perfect temperament, provided I don't have to deal with you on a daily basis, than I may channel my inner psychopath.” said Harry.

“I'd pay good money to see that.” said an Unspeakable quietly.

“Not too sure what you'd be now with that assessment test in the equation.” said Professor Flitwick with thoughtful glance.

Lupin smiled to himself.

“T'm sure I looked at the one that had the most qualified and accurate marks.” said Professor McGonagall stonily.

Several of the students laughed loudly and applauded McGonagall. Sirius even went so far as to transfigure a large bouquet of red roses from one of the biscuits and gave them to her with a bow and flourish.

“You're going to want to keep making those flowers, it's going to get even better.” said Officer McFinn.
“Oh, please tell me that future McGonagall decks, her...I want to hear about that.” said Seamus. “I missed it when she did it a few weeks ago.”

“False hope nothing, she took grading from a legitimate teacher.” said Rivers darkly.

“Oh, she is not.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“That's not a class, that's a reading only from a book, and a very outdated book at that.” said Rivers.

The Great Hall took a collective gasp, and then a rousing cheer went through most of the students.

“Awesome!” said Ron clapping loudly.

“Oh...I think that got her a probation...I want to know what the Governors were doing with all these decrees,” said Emmeline Vance.

“How much do you want to bet that they were either paid off or threatened?” said Tonks.
“Nothing I'm sure you can't handle.” said Moody with a smile.

“The Rangers are along the same lines, but just a bit more intense at times.” said Nightstrike, “And the pay and benefits are infinitely better.”

“Sad how she cannot remember that he was found innocent of all charges...and being a minor, his record is sealed.” said Madam Bones with a roll of her eyes.

“Better than average chances, then.” said Professor Vector with a smile.

“Bitch, you're just a secretary, and in the grand scheme of things, that's all you're going to be.” said Harry plainly.

The people in the bowl turned and looked at Harry.

“Are you okay?” asked Sirius leaning away from his godson slightly.

“I'm sick and tired of her, can't wait till the next book.” said Harry with a sigh.

“Want to sleep for a bit?” asked Remus.

“I want to see if he mucks up his next chance.” said Harry nodding towards Sirius.
Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I think your career has now been chosen for you. Regardless of what you want.” said Sirius smiling broadly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence.

“Don't be a fool, Fudge was not popular enough to last the next reform.” said Professor Sinistra.

End of dialogue set.

“And take the pay cut and have to answer to anyone's beck and call? No thank you?” said Professor McGonagall. “There’s no honor in that job.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“I'd find a way to stick around and watch the fireworks.” said Sirius.

“You would.” said Remus.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“She doesn't have the personality to have a bad mood.” said Harry.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Fiftieth paragraph.
“So...out of loyalty to McGonagall, you aren't going to do it, or are you just going to do it and endure the guilt?” said Ernie.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-second paragraph.

“Can't say I'd want you to live with that...” said Remus looking ashamed of himself.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Sirius flinched.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“Speak too often of it, and someone is going to hear and he will get caught.” said Moody.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

“I think that's a bit obvious, someone going in the opposite direction that everyone else is going.” said Lionus.

“Guess future me isn't all that concerned about that.” said Harry.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“They can never tell when you're trying to be sneaky.” said Fred.
“First year, we were trying to hide from Filch, and they all turned and looked to where we were hiding behind the Paraclesus statue.” said George.

“They love to ruin hiding places, I swear.” said Fred shaking his head.

End of fifty-ninth paragraph.

“Sneak...” said Lee looking enviously at the book.

Sixtieth paragraph, second sentence.

“Okay, I didn't give you any instructions on how to use the knife, how did you know how to do that? It unlocks any lock, but still...it takes practice to feel when to raise and lower the damn thing.” said Sirius.

Harry smiled.

End of sixtieth paragraph.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Learned!” said Harry throwing up an arm.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Several students touched their heads.

Sixty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“Ugh, your whole head spins?” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.
Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“How do you get us mixed up, I have cool, long black hair, he's got that...whatever that is.” said Sirius gesturing towards Remus' hair.

“Least I don't have fleas.” said Remus shooting back.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“You are totally worth it.” said Sirius brushing his lips against Harry's temple.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

“Talking about one's parents...does not seem like much an emergency.” said Tempest.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

Seventieth paragraph.

“And that doesn't really help dad's case.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“And here's the beeping again.” said Lee.
“I think that's going to be a bit of normality for a short while.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-first paragraph.

“Oh my god.” said Remus covering his eyes.

Dialogue line.

“That's better.” said Remus looking up.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Every time he thought he did something brilliant, or when a particular red head came by, he'd ruff up his hair.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He was.” said McGonagall with a slight smile. “A trouble making idiot.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“More than apparently I could do.” said McGonagall with a shake of her head.
“She despised him, but after he made an effort to better himself for her she fell for him in the end.” said Sirius.

“Like ’bout seventy percent of his head.” said Sirius making motions of his head shrinking.

“I’d say no...not really...” said Harry softly.

“She would have castrated him.” said Sirius quietly. “Then we never would have had you.”

Snape looked to the side, he felt so humiliated, yet thankful that the man reading the book had stopped the other brats from learning about something they had no business knowing.
“I don't blame future me for shouting, choosing to just let you be completely vulnerable 'cause he can't hide the damn thing.” said Snape.

“I'm really confused.” said Fred.

“What was the big deal?” asked George.

“Not the answer I'm looking for.” said Harry.

“I'm not going back into that room without five other people with me.” said Harry.

“How about me not getting hit with a jar?” said Harry. “Full of something I don't want to know about.”
“Get back! Get back!” said Rudolph quickly.

“Oh, crap, he's the worst person to catch you in that room.” said Fred.
“Now that you mention it...yes.” said the twins together.

Mrs. Weasley gave a loud screech, clambered to her feet and wrapped her arms around her twin sons.

“Well, we don't want to be in your school, we want to be in Hogwarts.” said the students loudly.

“What are you two talking about? “said Mrs. Weasley looking at the sons in her arms. “Seems like we are taking our entrepreneurial path a little earlier than expected, Mum.” said Fred.

“I'm impressed. It takes considerable power to yank it right off the wall, chain and all.” said Flitwick with a proud smile.
“And how did you get the money for this?” said Mrs. Weasley. “A space in Diagon Alley should be terribly expensive!”

“We saved our money Mum.” said Fred.

“We've been planning this for years.” said George.

“I hope we planned on at least fifty percent.” said Fred.

“Oh dear...” said Professor Sprout.

“Heaven...help us...” said Sirius looking at the twins in shock. “Can you imagine...what he would do with that order?”

“Ohh! I'm sort of sad this won't happen now...I'd want pictures.” said Remus with a smile.

Chief Hawkeye looked at Officer McFinn, who nodded, then he leaned forward and looked at Harry. “You want to take the rest of the day off?”

Harry sighed and shook his head. “Nah, let's see if I can get four chapters done today.”

“Okay, we'll stop when you want us to.” said Chief Hawkeye. “But the moment you want to call it quits, sing out.”

“Count on it.” said Harry as he leaned back in the bowl, bracing himself for whatever was going to happen next.
“Okay, kids, the next chapter is called “Chapter Thirty” said Officer McFinn.

“What the heck is a Grawp?” said Lee.

“Beats us, Lee” said George.

“Maybe it's going to be a noise that the Toad says as Peeves goes all prank happy on her.” said Fred with a malicious smile.

“Sure you want to continue on for the day?” asked Sirius.

“If anything, I'll just take a nap or something.” said Harry dully.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Now I'm sorry we aren't going to do it.” said Fred.

“Maybe we could...” said George.

“Don't...you...dare...” hissed their mother and Head of House.

“Maybe we shouldn’t” amended George.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“Should have done that.” said Angelina.

End of first paragraph.

“I hope they were just talking about Umbridge's classes.” said Flitwick.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“Why should we? Give her a migraine.” said Fred proudly.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence.
“That damnable bitch.” muttered Tonks. “They didn't do anything wrong! It was all Fred and George.”

“Hopefully that meant that Filch was the one that had to go through it all darn day.” said Ron.

“And I'm sure that we the Prefects would have shown the younger students how to cast a water repelling charm on their cloaks and shoes, that way, only Filch would get wet.” said Hermione.

“There's a spell for that?” asked Ron in shock.

“Oh, Ronald.” said Hermione shaking her head.

End of second sentence.

“We've had many different pranksters in our school, we can handle the best of pranks.” said McGonagall with a smug look.

“Yeah, we could never get one over on her...though there was talk of one prank...no one knew who did it, but it had the teachers stumped.” said Sirius.

“I think we got blamed for that but we were in our second year so that didn't last long.” said Remus. “That was the one where all the clocks ran backwards and there was no real way to tell what time it was So it was either we were late for all our classes or early.”

“Every spell they tried, it didn't work...it wasn't till the prankster was done and over with whatever they were trying to achieve or they got bored with it did the clocks finally go back to normal.” said Sirius.

“No one knows who did that?” asked Ernie.

“There was strong suspicion.” said Dumbledore with a quick glance over Mrs. Weasley, who blushed slightly.

“Mum?” said the twins in shock.

“That's a story for another day, boys.” said Mr. Weasley with a bright smile as he kissed his wife's cheek.

“I want to know...as soon as possible.” said Charlie.

“Hypocrite!” said Fred and George together pointing at their mother dramatically.

“Do as I say, not as I do.” said Mrs. Weasley looking away with a smile.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“Why not just send the broom home?” said Ernie. “Surely she could have sent it back to...oh...never mind.”

“I'm glad future her didn't send it back, the Dursleys would have burnt it.” said Harry.
“Yes.” said Fred with a satisfied smile.

Fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oh, Merlin help us.” said Snape shaking his head and rubbing his eyes with his forefinger and thumb.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence.

Though Hagrid and Charlie normally disapproved using creatures in pranks, they applauded that excellent use of a niffler.

End of fourth paragraph.

“Poor Filch, can't do that can he?” said Katie.

“Right shame, that is.” said Alicia.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

The smiles went away in an instant, and Dumbledore had to down a phial of calming draught.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“Good.” said Remus quietly.

Fifth paragraph, third sentence.

“Nice.” said Sirius nodding approvingly.
End of fifth paragraph.
Pansy was furious while Hermione clapped along with the rest of the Gryffindors.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence.
“Wonder if there were any Slytherin students in there as well?” asked Harry with a smirk.

Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, seventh word.
Sirius reached over and rubbed the back of Harry's hand absently.

End of sixth paragraph.
“I can't think of a better use to use those Snackboxes on.” said Professor Sprout.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.
“This I want to hear.” said Sirius leaning forward eagerly.

Seventh paragraph, third sentence.
If someone were to blink they would have missed it, Remus did a little arm pump in support of Peeves' actions.

Seventh paragraph, fourth sentence, second comma.
“Little too far there, Peeves.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Seventh paragraph, fourth sentence, fourth comma, fourteenth word.
“I'd be passing on breakfast.” said Colin.
“Hope he found a lot of breaks.” said Fred.

McGonagall smiled to herself.

“Not our fault you're son's a git.” said Seamus.

“Do we know what happened to him? I don't remember.” said Harry with a straight face.

“So am I.” said Harry holding up his hand. “But no one gave future me a damn did they?”

Sirius snaked an arm around Harry's middle. “Settle there, your's is a horrible wound, but this is landing in the hospital.”

“Dear, I knew full well, that Percy was not going to be able to stop their shenanigans, and I...I'm
“I hardly thought that you would be able to stop them.” said Mrs. Weasley. “If you had, I would have fainted dead away, and your father and I would have gotten you a whole new set of robes.”

“Doesn’t mean Mum knows about it.” said the Weasley children together.

“You're not a very teacup friendly person.” said Luna with a serene smile.

“Nah, we may buy some...not so legal friendly items, but we certainly don't sell or steal stuff like that.” said Fred.

“My money, I can do whatever the hell I want with it, I certainly didn't want it.” said Harry with a frown.

“And you had every right.” said Remus patting Harry's knee.

“Way to throw me under the bus, love you too, mate.” said Harry shaking his head.
“How did I revert back to my first year self?” said Hermione burying her face in her hands.
“No clue.” said Ron.

“Well...what else is there to talk about?” said Neville.

“A week after never.” said Harry.

“That's why I never got married, I didn't want to hear that sort of thing day in and day out.” said Sirius.
“That and no girl would have you longer than two weeks.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Liar.” said the school together.

“Hey, I haven't said it yet.” said Harry indignantly.
“See!” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

Dumbledore leaned forward just a bit and looked at the book interestingly.

“Not what we were trying to accomplish with Occlumency lessons.” said Remus.

“He always tends to sneak up on you when you least expect it and throw you play into disarray.” said Angelina.

“Thank you everyone that didn't say that to my face.” said Ron.
“We didn't muck about with the games, or even the practices really.” said Fred.

“Yeah, we said some stuff, but we didn't say anything that was out of the ordinary for us, if we had been all sugary sweet...he would have thought we were taking the Mickey out of him.” said George.

“Kind of wondering why future you is just shoving Cho's name down Harry's throat?” said Katie.

“Maybe I wanted them to be together.” said Hermione quietly.

“After the two rows they had, they’re not a good match.” said Angelina.

“You jerks couldn't take me with you?” said Lee insulted.

“Means you're getting over her.” said Sirius quietly.

Sirius tried muffling his laughter. “Sorry, Ron...but I'm thinking that didn't go over very well with McGonagall.

Weasley is our King
“Sure, don't watch my game.” said Ron pouting slightly. “Though...if it's going as bad as it's starting, might as well hoof it out of there.”

“Never argue with an injured person.” said Dr. Clark. “Not unless you yourself know better.”

“If she's watching me while at a game, she's creepier than I thought.” said Harry.

“Yeah, cause a Ravenclaw and Gryffindor game always causes problems.” said Lee with a roll of his eyes. “You want fireworks? You watch and Slytherin and Gryffindor game.”

Hagrid covered his eyes with a groan.
“Not where we want to go.” said Hermione.

“Can' be too careful.” said Hagrid.

“Alas, it makes all the difference.” said Firenze shaking his head sadly.

“They have good reason to be upset, but to be violent towards others that have done nothing to them is going too far.” said Dumbledore looking disappointed.

“Tempest pawed at the ground angrily with her hoof, but Firenze took her hand lightly in his.

“It is alright, they did not follow through with the assault...” said Firenze softly.

“They might have gone through with it, but they did shoot you with an arrow, I remember that.”
said Tempest with a scowl.

Firenze only smiled softly.

Dialogue line.

“Didn't you see the hoof print on his chest?” said Dean. “Their legs aren't that flexible.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I can handle a herd all by meself.” said Hagrid with a proud sniff.

Dialogue set.

“I'm certain it was because you saved me that I was sending you the warnings, my friend.” said Firenze with an amused smile.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Especially when the other options is Aragog and his group.” said Colin with a shiver.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Some how, I'm not reassured.” said Dr. Clark with a worried look.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Thank goodness you're with Hagrid, you could easily get lost in there without him.” said Professor Sprout.
“Yeah, I'm having flashbacks and I wasn't even there in person.” said Sirius.

“Ooh, and Hermione's got longer hair, that's got to be painful if that also got caught.” said Ginny wincing slightly.

“Your scratches? Better get him out of there, Hagrid!” said Madam Pomfrey.

“It wasn't the scratches.” said Officer McFinn shaking his head.

“Here's hoping that something even worse is out there hiding.” said Parvati nervously.

“Hagrid...” said Dumbledore looking at the book inquisitively.
“Not much of a shock, she's been out for you for quite a while.” said Flitwick, “I'm ama...err...impressed...that you stayed on that long.”

“I can't see you using a niffler against anyone.” said Charlie.

“I wouldn't blame you, personally.” said Harry with a shrug.

“I can't see her having the figurative 'bollocks' to do that.” said Bill.

“We don't want her, we want you.” said Harry sincerely, daring anyone else with a glare to rebuff him.

“Oh no...” said Mr. Weasley quietly.

“You need to say once in a while, 'I'm a fifteen year old boy...find an adult to help you.'” said Sirius.
Forty-first paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn giggled softly.

Dialogue set.

“I'd be more afraid of giant spiders, random dark creatures...than nettles...all you need for that is that gold colored soap.” said Dr. Clark.

“What...really?” asked Fred.

“Yeah...my grandmother brought some back from America...Dial soap I think it was called, worked miracles on nettle stings.” said Dr. Clark.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Not good at all...” said Remus.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“What's sleeping?” asked Dennis.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Several students chuckled softly.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.
“A giant?” came the squeak of a first year.

“There's a giant in the forest?” asked another first year.

A cascade of murmuring of the nature of the giant and the what could be the personality traits of said giant ran through the students till Officer McFinn cleared his throat.

“How do you bring a giant that doesn't want to come? Doesn't he go where the heck he wants to whether you like it or not?” said Lee.

“And that's how you got all those injuries? Those lessons?” asked Draco staring at the half-giant.

“Well, bully...” said Leroy deadpanned. “That's great news.”

“A giant mound of giant is small?” said Fred.

“I can see it, being much smaller than the normal giants...they would be very much willing to injure someone smaller than themselves.” said Dumbledore.

The school was silent.
“You have got to be kidding me.” said Zacharias.

“Wow...really?” said Tonks staring at Hagrid.

“I'm...shocked...” said Kingsley.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“No other definition...” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Only?” said Mrs. McFinn. “Oof, I'd get a crick in my neck from looking up that high.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, relatives have a way of mucking through with your romance.” said Bill sending Charlie a pointed look.

“Hey, if I hadn't of flew through that bush, you may be sidling up to that Thrunton girl as opposed to Fleur.” said Charlie with a mischievous smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Don't quite know why, gettin' beat up an' all.” said Hagrid.

“So...despite coming back early...you still managed to bring him?” said Terry.

“Aye, strange though...even when I don't visit all that often, he's pretty calm and has learned quite a bit...” said Hagrid.
Chief Hawkeye smiled to himself.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Not with track record he's got so far.” said Madam Hooch quietly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

“Either scared them off, or ate them.” said Hannah quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Check, please.” said George after a moment of silence.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“Can you blame us Hagrid, if Grawp can leave wounds on you, imagine what he could do to us?” said Hermione.

“I know...guess I'm desperate.” said Hagrid looking apologetically.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Somehow, I think just feeding him would be easier.” said Ron.
Fifty-second paragraph.

“Well, hopefully he's better looking than the other giants.” said Lavender.

Dialogue set.

“Must not have gone swimmingly.” said Rivers with a weak smile.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Least then we could dodge the fire...” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, before you go, please introduce them, tell them that you're friends.” said Sirius. “So that he doesn't attack them later.”

Dialogue line.

“YES! INTRODUCE YOURSELVES!” said the Rangers together.

“You don't want to be viewed as a threat to him. 'Kill, just to simplify things' remember?” said Nightstrike.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“Don't wake him like that! Now's he's going to be in a foul mood.” said Remus covering his eyes.
Fifty-fifth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“He did, till you woke him up with the stick!” said Leroy.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, sixth sentence.
“Okay...not so great to look at.” said Lavender quietly.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Fifty-seventh paragraph, third sentence, first dash.
“Can't quite see many birds willing to stay in the nest like that.” said Sirius.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.
Dialogue set.
Fifty-eighth paragraph.
“Must be bored, I can understand that.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.
Fifty-ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Sixtieth paragraph.
“I don't want his attention on them.” said Mrs. Weasley weakly.

Dialogue line.
“I’d be more worried about him grabbing her.” said Professor McGonagall her face pale. She and the rest of the teachers had been silent since the revelation and were highly worried about the future selves of two of their students.

“Oh shit, what happened?” said Rudolph frantically.

“Thank Merlin for your reflexes.” said Flitwick wiping his brow with a handkerchief.

“At least he didn't pursue her...I don't think the ropes would have held him in place for long.” said Professor Vector.

“Hermione won't be back, I think that firmly traumatized her.” said Mrs. McFinn looking at the girl worriedly.

“Good idea.” said the teachers together.
Sixty-sixth paragraph, sixth sentence, first comma, sixth word.

Officer McFinn glanced over to Hagrid and tapped his foot.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.

What Hagrid heard was “Befriend what others called monsters and be so optimistic that Grawp would ever be fit to mix with humans”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“Well, crap.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If they harm, one hair on either of Hermione or Harry's head.” said Dumbledore coldly. “Future or not, I will have something to say about that.”

Several of the adults pulled away slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Murder is murder...no matter what people you are a part of.” said Tempest with a disdainful snort.
“I have not entered into servitude, either now or in the future...I help my allies.” said Firenze stiffly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I share no secrets.” said Firenze. “I have Centaur pride.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That forest is open to everyone, both Centaur and human alike, as well as the creatures that inhabit it. We signed a treaty and while it is unfortunate that the Ministry is being biased, we certainly do not patrol the forest to make sure they stay on their side.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Good as!” said Hagrid sternly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Them nags will thank me years from now that I didn't let them do that.” said Hagrid angrily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“I’d love to see them try and remove him, or hurt him.” said Hagrid with a dark chuckle. “They can't even get a scratch on him.”

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I don't think a wrecking ball could move you.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Worth a shot.” said Hermione.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If Ravenclaw won, I'm leaving for the day.” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Except it sounds like they look like they just bathed a cat in the woods.” said Rudolph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“No I won't.” said Hermione placing her hands on her hips.
Dialogue set.

Hagrid shifted uncomfortably.

Dialogue set.

“It's going to happen.” said Dr. Clark. “Hate to say it, but with Umbridge in charge, he's going to get sacked.”

Dialogue set.

Hermione screamed softly, her hands covering her face and turned horror filled eyes towards Hagrid. “I didn't say that! I didn't' say that!”

“I...I...understand.” said Hagrid trying to sound unhurt.

Seventy-second sentence.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Nice to know Harry can reel her in when she goes too, too far.” said Rudolph quietly.

End of dialogue set.

“You just don't know your own strength Hagrid.” said McGonagall patting Hagrid's arm.

“I promise, I won't put them in danger...I won't.” said Hagrid taking out a handkerchief and dabbing his eyes.

Dialogue line.

*Weasley is our King.*

“Oh, not that song again.” said Fred shaking his head.
“Hold on...it didn't sound like all the other times we've heard it.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Weasley is our King.

“Does that song imply something that I think it does?” said Sirius with a happy smile.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Weasley is our King.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And shit, we weren't there.” said Harry shaking his head. “That would have been an awesome game to watch...”

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph, first semi-colon, first comma.

“That's what you get for being tall.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of chapter.

“I think a little chat between Miss Granger and Hagrid would not go amiss, we will reconvene when that is done.” said Dumbledore standing up.

Hermione went over to Hagrid and wrapped her arms around Hagrid' middle as best she could as he was seated and cried. Hagrid looked down, but patted her gently on the back.

“I'm going to go cook something.” said Harry.

“I'll go with you sweetheart.” said Mrs. McFinn. “I just adore that kitchen.”

“Looks like we may just take the rest of the day off.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
In the Great Hall, Hermione was crying softly and begging Hagrid to forgive her, even though he said he did over and over again.

“Hagrid! I'm so sorry, I didn't mean...this hasn't happened...” sobbed Hermione as she buried her face in her hands.

Hagrid looked down at the sobbing girl and brought her gently towards him, hugging her gently. “It's all right. I was askin' a lot of yeh three...”

“I don't want you fired, I never want you fired!” she said wrapping her arms around him the best she could.

“And I don' want yeh lot bein' expelled...I was just desperate I suppose.” said Hagrid softly. “I know that nothin' that's in these future books is gonna happen.”

Hermione hiccuped as she wiped her eyes and blew her nose. “I'm still sorry...”

“I forgive yeh.” said Hagrid.

When Harry thought it was only going to take a few minutes for Hermione and Hagrid to talk it all out, it soon became a few hours...not that he was complaining. He and Mrs. McFinn got to hang out in the kitchen and trade off different recipes and cook to their heart's content. Once they were done with one treat in particular, they were placed on the table where they got their lunch and it was transported up to the Great Hall for anyone to enjoy.

Mrs. McFinn took a cluster of grapes and then, after asking some from a passing elf, rolled the grapes around in a cherry gelatin powder and then with the help of yet another elf, froze them.

“What in the world are you doing?” asked Harry.
“I used to do this with my girlfriends, you need to try them when they're...oh already?” said Mrs. McFinn taking the bowl from the elf.

“Magic, Miss Holly, magic.” said Harry with a smile as he took one of the grapes. She smiled brightly as her “cooking buddy” groaned. “Oh sweet Merlin this is good!”

“I thought you'd like it.” said Mrs. McFinn with a laugh. “What's that that you're making?”

Harry looked down at the pastries he was filling with light brown meat, tomatoes, cheese and lettuce.

“I'm making something new, taco pockets.” said Harry with a crooked smile.

Mrs. McFinn looked a little confused. “Tacos, where did you learn how to make tacos?”

“Well, one year when Dudley came back from Smeltings, he said they had a Cultural Fair, there was clothes, products and food from all over the world. He said he liked the tacos...and while he could eat a bus, he knows good food.” said Harry. “I found the recipe at the local library, thought I'd give it a shot...I made tacos for Dudley once, he liked them...Uncle Vernon wasn't quite sold though.”

“Have you heard anything about him lately?” asked Mrs. McFinn, ignoring the odious man, but focusing on his unfortunate offspring. “Does he know his family has been arrested?”

“Well, I heard that he was taken out of school and put in foster care. Then he kind of got into some big trouble and not a lot of foster care people are willing to take him in. Inspector Homes stepped in and took over housing him. He's still fighting with him, but the Inspector says that he can see him breaking down.” said Harry after a moment of silence.

“He just needs to be in the right environment. I believe...no matter how a child acts, if they can be put in a place where they need to be, then they can turn out alright. A child needs...to know love, kindness, and respect. Now a days, and from all stories of parents that James had told me, you don't hear much of it.” said Mrs. McFinn softly.
“That means a majority of families are doing a good job, if Officer McFinn didn't have to respond to them.” said Harry with a smile as he took her hand.

Hours later, they went back up to resume the readings, Hermione looked to be in better spirits and a few of the students wanted to know what the pastry things were.

“Did you like them?” asked Harry.

“A few of us did, and then a few started to nearly drown themselves with pitchers of water.” said Fred, but then his face turned serious. “You are never allowed...to make those again.”


“I was one of the people drowning themselves...George ate ten of them...didn't feel a thing.” said Fred. “We've never...understand...never...not agreed on anything in the ways of food.”

Harry chuckled slightly. “Alright, I'll make them for him, when you...never mind, you'll always be around.”

“Damn straight skippy.” said Fred with a bright smile.

“Alright, the next chapter is Chapter Thirty-One

“Oh no, hey wait, will we get answers to the tests?” said Dean excitedly.

“No likely.” said Sirius with a laugh. “And besides, you kids won't remember them, better keep up with studying.”

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Yeah, it takes a while for that particular 'high' to wear off.” said Charlie with a wink over to his youngest brother.

First paragraph, second sentence.
“Yeah, that could have been a bit painful.” said Nightstrike with a snicker. “Better ease into it.”

End of first paragraph.

Ron blushed happily.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Maybe cause you finally woke up and knew you could do this?” said Fred.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“But thankfully you don't fall down that rabbit hole.” said Harry darkly.

Sirius and Remus flinched.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, that'll reveal that you weren't there.” said Dr. Clark trying to lighten the mood.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Future me won't like that.” said Ron shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“This hasn't even happened yet, and I'm already feeling bad.” said Harry.

“Well, I feel better now.” said Ron.

Hagrid shuffled his feet, a guilty smile on his face.

Dumbledore chuckled warmly.

Hermione flashed Hagrid a worried look, but Hagrid only waved her anguish away.
“Well, we got to meet Charlie's mates...and we learned that Hagrid didn't open the chambers.” said Harry honestly.

“Compared to the life and death situation you were in, in your second year...his friends would have to have saved your life a thousand times to make it worth while.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Somehow, I don't think that hope lasts.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

Seventh paragraph.

“Well...I'm glad it's not leading up to anything dangerous this year...no final task...no 'murderous criminal' out on the grounds, no chamber...no stone...almost peaceful...” said Dr. Clark with a weak smile.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“At least they don't just drop you off and have you study the things that won't come up on the test.” said Sirius.

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.

Remus shook his head softly, but he could understand where Snape was coming from. Harry had discovered his most hated memory and as he believed that Harry would tell everyone in site about what he saw...he thought the news was all over the school...granted, that didn't give him the right to leave bruises on the boy and they had all had a talk about that. Future be damned, no teacher was allowed to lay their hands on a student...and the memory of him putting tape on Harry's mouth made him cringe in horror. Harry had forgiven him and it was discovered that he was having a bad reaction to a potion that Dr. Nicodemus gave him, but that didn't excuse what he did.

End of eighth paragraph.

The fifth years looked quite nervous at this information, if Hermione was getting overworked...what in the world was it going to be like for them?
“Oh sweet Merlin, we had someone like that.” said Sirius loudly. “Barnabas McQuacken, that guy...he was in Ravenclaw and for both O.W.L.s and N.E.W.T.s he would skulk about and insist on knowing what your schedule was for studying. If you said anything less nine...he would call you a slacker.”

“Then he would pat you on the back and say he would be more than generous with his tips when you'd come by to bus his table at the Leaky Cauldron.” said Remus. “It really hurt him when he didn't get higher scores than us.”

“How many hours did you say you did?” asked Hermione curiously.

“Two.” said Sirius.

“Two a night?” said Hermione looking scandalized.

“Two a week.” said Remus with a smile. “We actually did do about two a night, but it was casual, not intense study.”

“Oh, he laughed and said 'Mark my words'...I kinda forgot what he said after that...anytime someone says that, I instinctively find something else to occupy my time.” said Sirius. “I do remember when he asked us for our scores and we showed him the papers...never saw someone tear out their hair like that and cry...”

“Do more than eight and you'll become sleep deprived.” said Fred.

“Maybe that's what happened to McQuacken.” said Sirius thoughtfully.

“You'll be fine, just study the things you don't know a bit more and review occasionally the stuff you do know.” said Sirius.
“True, but you didn't even know what you wanted to do with your life, any grade you would have gotten, you would have molded your life around that.” said Remus.

Sirius shrugged. “I'm one of the lucky ones, I don't rightly care.”

**Eleventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Somehow...I can't see her giving a bye on a very important test.” said Flitwick. “She takes her job very seriously.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I wouldn't mention them either...no offense.” said Rudolph looking at his husband.

“None taken.” said Leroy.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“No nonsense then.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Oh, I'm sure you will be just fine.” said McGonagall with a proud look.

**Twelfth paragraph.**

**Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Nothing new.” said every adult in the room minus Dr. Clark, Officer McFinn and Mrs. McFinn.
“Why the hell am I getting that?” asked Harry.

“The real question is, why is he selling it?” said Flitwick looking over to Carmichael sternly.

“You don't need that stuff Ron...” said Mrs. Weasley with a soft smile and her husband nodded happily. “And if I hear that you have taken anything of the sort in the future, I'll paddle your behind.” said Mrs. Weasley all of a sudden stern, her husband did a double take and looked at her.

“Good girl, who knows what that could have been.” said Remus.

“I remember one seventh year Gryffindor student tried to sell a bottle of something that looked and smelled like dragon piss, said it boosted his mentality for two whole weeks...” said Sirius thoughtfully. “Didn't help his case when he was already dumb as a box of rock cakes.”

“Oh shit...that's stuff's illegal...” said Charlie scanning the crowd trying to sniff out this Harold Dingle, who was slouching in his chair, trying to avoid being seen. “That stuff is great for the brain and all, but if you take too much...your brain is fried and you're going to have to be hand-fed your entire life.”

“Well, for the most part, that stuff does, the talismans not so much, but it's highly unlikely that students can get their hands on stuff like that, or brew the potions that do the stuff they want.” said Bill honestly. “Like that brain elixir, that stuff works, and it's really great. I take it when I have a puzzling curse to work out in a few of the tombs I go into, but that stuff's expensive, like thirty galleons a phial.”

“I took some of that dragon claw stuff once or twice, at first I thought that stuff was awesome, but then I almost...well...there's a reason why it's illegal....I took it in a legal environment, mum.” said
Charlie quickly as his mother began to swell with anger.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Now that stuff can mess you up.” said Sirius and Remus together.

“Words of experience?” asked Harry.

“Peter took some, wanted an edge on the tests, someone used the same scam...he's lucky he didn't take all of it and we could get him some help.” said Remus.

“Fool recovered right before the tests started.” said Sirius.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“Good.” said the adults together.

“ Took it away from us too.” said the rest of the students under fifth year.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“Come on, that's a given.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.

“Not that they help.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Watch, it'll be someone in Slytherin and Umbrdige will defend them.” said a fifth year Hufflepuff.
“Except for anyone in her Inquisitorial Squad.” said the same Hufflepuff.

“Too bad you all can't fail it on purpose.” said Sirius.

“And we won't be sending our kids here, that's for damn certain...not if she was there.” said a sixth year Gryffindor.

“Yeah, Peter said that he was sitting by the kitchen window every day...” said Sirius rolling his eyes.

“Don't be depressing.” said Leroy with a teasing smile.

“Ooh, and that's a hefty book.” said Flitwick wincing.

“Can't focus with noise around me.” said Ron with a tint of pink in his cheek.
“I should hope so, she didn't get a very good grade from them.” said Rivers with a smirk.

“She and I do enjoy a friendly game of cribbage from time to time, though I have yet to pay her the two galleons I owe her from the last set.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Dumbledore chuckled warmly.

“How old is that woman?” said Lee in shock.

Madam Hooch scoffed, “They know exactly where the staffroom is at.”
“With Umbridge harping in Fudge's ear, there's no way I'd make it in.” said Harry.

Dr. Clark groaned softly and rubbed his eyes. “That sounds painful after a while.”

Sirius threw his arms around his godson and pulled him close, “Sounds like future you did just fine.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“As long as it pertains to the question, you'd get a few extra points, if you just deviate from the question completely then it may hurt you instead of help you.”

“Well, of course not, they don't want them shouting the answers to the others.” said Remus.

“And how do you remember that?” asked Hermione with her hands on her hips.
Ron blushed.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

Dialogue set, first sentence,

“Who's nervous, I'm trying not to laugh.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Fred took his hands and shaped the size of a rat and expanded it to the size of a badger. “Taking your time?”

“Future me probably is probably faking it...” said Harry. “I hope.”

End of dialogue set.

Mrs. Weasley laughed softly at that and smiled over at her son. “Oh Ron...the stories I could tell...”

“Bout what?” asked Ron.

“You're Uncle Gideon transfigured his doily into candy floss during his O.W.L.s, for years he could not figure out how that happened, and he tried recreate it time and time again.” said Mrs. Weasley with a watery smile.

**Thirty-third paragraph.**

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Hannah blushed.

“That's actually kind of impressive, multiplication and transfiguring...pretty awesome.” said Sirius.
“Passed with an 'O', I'm assuming, it sounds like you're doing pretty well.” said Remus.

“All the DA students are the only ones to pass with excellent grades, I'll bet.” said Ernie with a small smile.

“Favoritism.” said Sirius nudging him.

“After all the crap I've put up with this year? I'm entitled.” said Harry.

Several of the teachers chuckled.

“That's a happy thought as ever I've heard one.” said Tonks.

“Hate to say it, but you should care.” said Lionus.
“Just don't take too long a break, you'll crash and never recover.” said Charlie. “That's what happened to Abigail Cribbane, she took a six hour break, lost her groove and failed her Muggle Studies class horrifically.”

End of fortieth paragraph.

“Oh dear...” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Not one missed translation.” said Bill.

End of dialogue set.

“Good.” said the students together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh...” said the students.

“Not so good.” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“Forgive me for thinking adult would act like adults.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of dialogue set.
“Is it wrong that I love wizard chess?” asked Mrs. McFinn quietly to Dr. Clark.

“No, I love playing it.” said Dr. Clark with a chuckle. “I love seeing them smash the hell out of each other.”

“Yeah, experience makes tests so much easier.” said Tonks with a giggle.

The teachers looked slowly over to Snape.

“Somehow, I doubt that was a planned effort.” said Madam Sprout.

“Amazing how you're a much better brewer without him breathing down your neck.” said Sirius.

“You've lost your mind.” said Ron in awe. “You love tests.”

It took about ten minutes for people to stop laughing for Officer McFinn to continue.

“Ooh, way to do a 'Percy'.” said Ginny wincing slightly.
“Like I said, a hedgehog with manic paranoia.” said Dr. Clark smiling.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“You must have done it alright then...” said Sirius.

Forty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

Dumbledore covered his mouth his hands to stifle the laughter.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Rudolph laughed loudly. “Oh my god...sounds like your Grandpa's. He did the exact same thing, only he was confused as to why the examiner was still alive. He honestly thought he had a gift.”

Dialogue set.

Kingsley hissed in sympathy. “Not good.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Pavarti and Lavender frown over to the two of them.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Nice to know that you're afraid of me.” said Hermione.

“You hit.” said Harry with a pout.
Hermione blushed.

“T've got a bad feeling...” said Tonks nervously.

“Oh no...” said Fred looking over to Hagrid worriedly.

“You don't think...” said George.

“I do.” said Fred.

“She wouldn't...she can't fire him at night!” said Rivers angrily.

“She can't do a lot of stuff, but she seems to think she can.” said Moody.

“How the hell can you, with something roaring at you somewhere in the dark?” said Blaise.
“What could they have done to have Hagrid attack them?” asked Sprout. “He wouldn't hurt anyone on purpose.”

“How much do you want to bet that Umbridge told him he was going to Azkaban?” muttered Colin darkly.

“Get 'em future Hagrid!” shouted the twins.

“The idiot can't remember stunning spells doesn't work on him.” said Moody shaking his head.

“NO!” shouted a few of the students together.

“Note to self, don't piss him off.” said George quietly.

“I can't quite see them worrying about the test now, there's is unadulterated violence just down on the grounds.” said Mr. Weasley with a quiet snicker.
“Oh! They're in trouble now!” said Remus chuckling warmly.

“She's going to ream them a new one.” said Sirius brightly.

Officer McFinn sent a brief look over to McGonagall and sighed, this was not going to be pretty...

“Wait...what?” said Charlie looking at the book. “They would have cheered, not screamed...”

The entire Great Hall was silent. Professor Sprout and Professor Flitwick reached over and each took one of McGonagall's pale, clammy hands in their own, Professor Snape sat, his eyes wide in shock. Hagrid was trembling with rage and snapped the armrests of his chair once again.

Dumbledore was slamming back Calming Draught after Calming Draught and Madam Pomfrey was checking his pulse, but her face was also pale and her eyes tight with fury. The rest of the teachers were looking horrified at the book and sending quick looks over to McGonagall.

The students were sitting in silent shock and horror, no one was looking other than the book and McGonagall and the only movement and sound other than weeping and whimpers, came from Remus, Bill and Charlie, who was holding down or back the very vocal Sirius, Lee and the twins. They were shouting or grunting about getting the whoever the Aurors are that had sent the Stunning spells, they knew one of their targets and they weren't going to let him get away with it.

“It hasn't happened yet! She's okay!” said Remus with a grunt as he wrestled Sirius to the ground. He also had fury in his eyes but he had to push it down slightly to keep Sirius from doing something stupid.

“I'll kill him, I don't a f#cking damn, I'll kill him!” shouted Sirius under his friend's weight.

“Get in line!” said Fred and George together. “No one touches McGonagall, not while we're around!”

Mrs. McFinn had come over to Sirius' vacant seat and wrapped her arms around Harry, who was staring at the book in Officer McFinn's hands, his eyes wide, face stony and tears streaking down his cheeks. “She's okay sweetheart, she's just fine right now, and I'm sure that the book version of
her is alright as well.”

Chief Hawkeye took a sip of tea and looked over to Lionus. “I want...an intense retraining...of every Auror in that Ministry. That was overexcessive...”

Lionus nodded, and so did Tonks, Moody and Kingsely.

“I trained those two.” said Moody pointing to Kingsley and Tonks. “And I know they don't do anything like that, but it'd be nice to know they don't have to make sure their own mates don't endanger them.”

Ron was holding Hermione as she clutched at his shirt and cried.

“I don't want to hear these books anymore...” said Hermione thickly. “They're horrible.”

“I don't blame you, but we've got to be here, for Harry...” said Ron. “We can't just leave him...”

“No...you're right...” said Hermione hiccuping.

“They did it completely wrong, but on a Muggle Police Officer's side, Hagrid, and McGonagall aren't completely innocent either, only about Ninety-eight percent.”

He held up his hand as the students and even a few adults shouted indignantly. “Hey, I heard your opinions for a long time, my turn now. In the Muggle world: If an arrest is happening, don't get between the person being arrested, falsely or otherwise and the arresting officers. You'll only elevate the situation, get yourself arrested or get yourself hurt.

While we here in Great Britain don't have quick access to guns, the Officers in America for example do. So many people in that country's history has been hurt because of other citizens getting involved in the arrest, acting as vigilantes, or coming to the quote-unquote criminal's aide. If you're not being arrested, you should keep back, watch the scene, take pictures or videos and offer your eyewitness statement to the appropriate solicitors.” said Officer McFinn. “But that's just in the Muggle World, your laws may be different, but you shouldn't be putting yourself in harm's way like that, regardless of your skill.

“Hagrid on the other, yes you were being falsely arrested by a power hungry bitch, but...I saw who they were when these books were first shown to me, they didn't have anything to do with you being arrested, she used her position to force their hand. You didn't need to be so violent, you could have went calmly and with dignity. By attacking them, you only solidified their...once again, quote-unquote, justification of arresting you.

“I'm not condoning the way they arrested you, or their reasons, hell in my world, they would be sacked before the month was up, but it would work better in your favor if you go quietly, compliantly, and then in the court of law, slam them if they've done wrong with all sorts of evidence. Every time something goes amiss and a police officer is either too...aggressive, biased, or on the take, it gives every other officer a figurative black eye. We are all then labeled with a negative image it takes A LOT to recover from that. Better to go civilized and settle things calmly, than to go completely mad and then both sides are held accountable.” said Officer McFinn wisely. “And I completely understand and see that the Ministry of Magic has to be have a severe overhaul and to relearn what the hell they are there for.”

The Great Hall was quiet and slightly in awe, till Dr. Clark snorted. “Are you reciting bits of that old American show 'Dragnet'?”

“Shut up, that show was one of the reason I wanted to be a police officer.” said Officer McFinn
picking up the book and ignoring his friend.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“Good.” said Fred and George, who were still being sat on by their older brothers. They heard what Officer McFinn said, but their steadfast loyalty to McGonagall was not going to go away that easily.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.

“Poor McGonagall and Fang.” said Angelina. “I really hope she comes out okay.”

Dialogue set.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

“Can't...even give them the minutes they lost back to them...that's not fair.” said Lee shakily trying to calm down, and prove that Charlie can remove his hand from his back that was keeping him down on the ground. If he didn't believe the man handled dragons on a daily basis, he did now. Charlie was keeping a firm hold on both George, Lee and even had a foot on Fred to help Bill from losing his grip.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Harry wiped his eyes and looked at the book grimly. “Excited? We were bloody excited about McGonagall getting hurt? What the BLOODY HELL?” shouted Harry.

“Easy sweetheart, easy.” said Mrs. McFinn holding Harry back and looking horrified as she watched the white color of his hair, that was receding, was creeping down to the ends of his hair right before her eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Now we show concern?” screeched Hermione angrily at her book self.

“Oh, god...thank goodness that we're not going to go through this...” said Ernie quietly.

“Now they've only got Flitwick, Sprout and the other teachers...McGonagall was the one teacher that stood up to her in a very obvious sense.” said a third year Ravenclaw student.

“Maybe Umbridge gave the order to stun her the moment they saw her on the grounds.” said Luna, her usually dream-like voice sharp. “To stop her from interfering in what Umbridge wanted to do.”

“And why aren't we addressing our Head of House being assaulted?” said Katie in anguish.

“That's one way around a locked door.” said Flitwick.
"I had better not fail." said Madam Pomfrey looking worriedly over to the Head of Gryffindor.

Seventy-first paragraph.

“And it doesn't sound like I gave McGonagall a blinking thought.” said Harry darkly.

“You did...” said Officer McFinn. “You did the same thing that Dumbledore did just a few moments ago.”

“What?” asked Harry looking at Dumbledore.

“He gulped down Calming Draughts like they were shots of whiskey.” said Officer. “You calmed down enough to not go out and kill Umbridge, but you still wanted to get back at her.”

Seventy-second paragraph.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

“Yeah, the smallest things tend to just bug the daylights out of you...quit kicking me.” said Charlie looking down at his brother who was still under him.

“Get off me...” said George with a groan.

Seventy-fifth paragraph, second sentence.

“Come on, future Harry...that one’s a given...it's your opinion, they can't mark it incorrect!” said Sirius as he continued to struggle under Remus. “Get off me.”

“I will, when I can trust that you won't go off your nut.” said Remus.

End of seventy-fifth paragraph.

Remus smiled. “None that I'm aware of.”
“You're thinking of werewolves, kiddo.” said Nightstrike.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

Exam Question.

Dialogue set.

“There comes the hard part of remembering the notes.” said Fred. “Seriously, I'm calm now, you can get off.”

“Sitting on you is giving us something to do, so you're staying there.” said Bill.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Parvati blushed heavily.

Exam Question.

Seventy-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“That part is right; he had proposed that trolls be allowed a large amount of area to wander about without continuously hunted. That and give them a few rights...nothing strenuous or politically damming, just common social rights...unfortunately...it so happened that the Minister of Liechtenstein's vacation home was in that area, and they never talked to him about letting the trolls in the area. His daughter nearly got clubbed to death by one that happened to wander through their garden hedges.” said Remus.

“Also it didn't help that the troll didn't just happen across the house on accident, that troll was part of a troupe that had just demolished four churches, a pub and twelve houses.” said Rivers.

End of seventy-eighth paragraph.

“You're assuming that she knows the answer.” said Lavender with a giggle.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

“Can't please everyone.” said Sirius accepting help from Remus' arm as he stood up.
“Half of them are doodling, bet you three sickles.” said Lionus with a laugh.

“But...you're not even asleep...” said Hermione worriedly.

Sirius pulled Harry closer to himself, speaking soothing words that it was alright, despite it not having happened yet...but that didn't stop the horrible foreboding that gripped his chest.

“Lord...You-Know-Who can kiss my...”

“Charlie!” shouted Mrs. Weasley.
Sirius felt Harry go rigid, he looked at his godson's face and saw that all the red color that painted his son's face was now completely gone and his eyes were almost pinpricks. He seemed to have stopped breathing as well, he could not remember the last time he had seen the boy so scared before.

The Hall was covered in a muffled silence, as if someone had just pulled the plug on his ears, Harry was drowning in it, he wanted someone to say something...anything, a whimper, a shout, even crack a joke...anything was better than this hellish silence with everyone staring at him.

“Harry...Harry are you alright?” came a voice near his ear.

Harry looked at Sirius out of the corner of his eye, Sirius was staring at him, but flickered his gaze to something at the back of his head and then to the top of his scalp. Harry shook his head and made to stand, but his legs were not going to work for him very well at the moment. Perhaps he could wait a bit, but no, he didn't want to hear anymore today. If he had stayed there, they would continue on, and he could not bear it...first Hagrid, then McGonagall, then Sirius, he couldn't take any more...he had to get out...he had to get away...he didn't care where...as long as it wasn't the Great Hall.

Harry didn't even hear the others call him back, he just left and he had no intention of opening his mouth...not if he wanted to keep the food he had eaten that day down.

He fled from the Great Hall and didn't look back.

Okay, before you all jump down my throat for what I had Officer McFinn say. I'm sure that is what a legitimate officer would say to someone who had leaped into the fray of an arrest. I will never condone (despite it being fictonal) what the Ministry did to Hagrid and McGonagall. But it would have showed up Umbitch that Hagrid is more level headed than she was and if they had started to attack him first and then attack McGonagall they all would have been arrested for assault once all the nonsense was over with.
Harry didn't know where he wanted to go or where he was going currently, he just wanted out of that room, out of the castle. He didn't want to go in there other than to eat ever again. He hated these books again, he didn't want to know the future, if it meant that he almost had to count down the days till someone he loved was ripped from him...again...

Calm down, breathe...just because that it says what it says in the books doesn't mean that it'll happen.

Of course it will happen!

No, no it won't, think about it, McGonagall was attacked because of Umbridge. Umbridge is gone, and if the Rangers arrested her, there is no way in hell that she's going to get out. Fudge is pretty much removed from office, he can't do anything else stupid again. And you're forgetting one very important thing...

What the hell could that be?

In regards to Sirius, Voldemort's in pretty much Ranger custody, there's nothing that can happen now. Sirius is safe, Voldemort can't get his hands on him.

Well, there was that, he took a deep breath and sighed. At the part where everything became the future, he had to remember that nothing like that had happened and it wasn't going to. Didn't help that still everything about his personal life was still being picked at and exposed and now it didn't just keep to him, it was starting (well, it had done so for a while) to branch out and affect everyone else around him.

Now Harry had to pretty much protect Snape from being ridiculed by the other students by what his father did. Though...as to why he hated the term Mudblood was a bit unknown to him. He saw for his own “future” eyes that he used the term...what caused him to hate the term now? Was it because it alienated the one person in the crowd that was willing to stand up for him and defend him? That's some pretty deep thinking for a fifteen year old. Then again...here he was having a mental debate about the reality that now lay before them thanks to these books, and Snape did prove to be a very brilliant student.

“Potter?” came a voice from behind him.
He turned, noticing that he was heading down to the kitchens, well...that worked out pretty well, but Snape was standing behind him. There was no ever present sneer on his face or even a look of disdain. Harry couldn't quite place his finger on what the expression the Potion's Master was fixing him with.

“Where are you going?” asked the Potions Master with a quirked brow.

“Back down to the kitchens sir...I thought I'd spend some more time down there, take the rest of the day off.” said Harry nodding to the painting hanging behind.

“You should tell people where you are going? The...mutt...is currently searching the grounds for you.” said Snape. “They had expected you to go to your rooms...”

“I just needed to walk about and think, sir.” said Harry. “I just want to cook something now.”

Snape unsheathed his wand and sent a bright stream of light down the corridor, “Until the appropriate parties arrive, I will keep an eye on you. The way you left, it was ease their minds if you did not disappear again.” said Snape.

And that was how it came to be that Snape was kept in the kitchen with Harry, tapping his foot, waiting for someone to come and relieve him of Potter Watching.

“What is taking them so long to get down here?” muttered Snape.

“Maybe they're giving us time to talk.” said Harry as he stirred a the contents of a skillet. “You know, I'm always amazed at what the kitchens normally stock...”

“I'm glad for you.” said Snape in a bored tone, but then he gave a disdainful sniff and started slightly taking in the aroma. “What on earth are you cooking?”

“Some shrimp...would you like some?” asked Harry absently. “I've made enough for two. I thought Sirius would be down here...”
“So tell me again why we aren't downstairs getting Harry? Snape found him, and while I'm thankful to him, Harry needs me.” said Sirius.

“What Harry needs right now, is someone who can talk to him on the same intellectual level, and not...coddle him as we are fond of doing.” said Dumbledore. “If Harry doesn't already see it, he needs to realize that the future events that are showing themselves, are indeed events, but with the main players in this drama in Ranger custody, they will not happen.”

“And you think that Snape is going to help him?” said Sirius with a disbelieving snort.

“They are both very clever young men, I think they can find their common ground.” said Dumbledore.

Whatever common ground there was to be discovered, slipped past them completely. After Harry had inadvertently made Snape a three course meal, Snape had taken him up to their suite and left him in Mrs. McFinn's care. They were a bit better than they used to be, but as the old saying went, Rome was not built in a day.

The next day however took a bit of coaxing to get Harry out of bed and down into the Great Hall, while the logical side of his mind convinced him that in the grand scheme of things, what was transpiring in the books was not his fault and also these things would not happen, it was a bit hard to hear.

“Do you want to bow out today? Take a sleeping draught and just rest?” asked Dr. Clark softly.

“I'd really like too, but...” Harry sighed. “I shouldn't hide behind that stuff.”

After a hearty breakfast, though Harry only nibbled at a pastry, dreading what today was going to bring, Officer McFinn started. Chapter Thirty-two

“Shouldn't it be ‘Out of the frying pan, into the fire?’” said Fred weakly.
“Don't argue with adults in wanting to take you to the Hospital Wing.” said Dr. Clark lightly.

Everyone was walking on eggshells since yesterday. They had noticed that Harry's hair was now stark white and any further distress was only going to make things worse. They were unsure how to handle the day and were hoping to refrain from making any ill-advised comments.

“Happened to me, but then again, I never did care for Muggle Studies, not that there's anything wrong with the class, but with how much my family has dealings with them financial wise, I knew most of the course book by heart and didn't figure the test would be that hard.” said Rudolph.

“And was it?” asked a fifth year Hufflepuff.

“While the test itself wasn't all that hard, I stayed up too late the night prior having a good time...fell asleep right at the desk. Told my father that I was just nervous about my Transfiguration test...”

“Why would you tell him that?” asked Hermione.

“It was the only way I could explain why I went two years of getting 'O''s in Muggle Studies to a weak 'A' on my O.W.L.s.”

“Don't bother...” muttered Fred.

“I'll have a lie down once I find out if Sirius' has been captured or not.” said Harry.
“Somehow, I don't think it's going to be an emergency need of her help.” said Hannah.

Harry covered his eyes. “I'm so glad that I'm so concerned about her.” muttered Harry, angry with himself.

McGonagall gave the floor a soft smile.

“That in itself would shut the school down.” said Rivers. “One can always take a night to find a substitute teacher, without a healer...school would have to close for a bit. You can't have all those kids, that far away from St. Mungos without a nurse of some sort on hand.”

“I'm sick with worry, is that close enough?” muttered Harry.

Dialogue line.
“Only one person can know for sure Granger.” said Moody.

The Hall was silent, all the stuff that had happened, Harry hadn't had to crash into a chair like that since Voldemort's return...he must have been shaken up something awful to garner that reaction.

“Don't go!” said Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“Cause you sort of are.” said Charlie honestly.

“Yeah I know.” said Harry. “But I at least tried to go to a teacher first.”

“With Lucius having pretty much the run of the place, not to mention Rookwood, they know the ins and outs of the Ministry.” said Bill.
“And remember what we said about the front door, they'll let anyone in there, and if Dumbledore can make himself invisible without a cloak, then You-Know-Who can as well...no offense sir.” said Fred.

“No offense taken.” said Dumbledore coming from behind the bowl and grasping Harry's shoulder.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“That is, if the Ministry isn't wasting their efforts trying to find Dumbledore and Hagrid. I'm sure that they put those two on the top priority, seeing as how they don't think that Voldemort is back.” said Cheif Hawkeye with a smirk. “Especially if Fudge is paranoid about being 'usurped'. Also since they discovered that Sirius was still in England, they may be out chasing leads or something as well. While you did make fair points in the future, you seem to fall under the misconception that adults are infallible and can't be stupid when they get to a certain point.”

Hermione blushed slightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“They're not 'dreams', dreams do not do that, his dreams stopped once those corridors showed up.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“But Voldemort hasn't been in there either.” said Hermione

“Of course he has, remember the snake. Harry would not have channeled the thoughts of the snake without the Dark Lord being there as well. And how would he be able to know such intricate details of the corridors without seeing it for himself?” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Rookwood could have made a pensieve...” said Hermione.

“That would be impossible, Miss Granger,” said one of the Unspeakables. “the Department of Mysteries is one of the most...well, let's say that if you try to do that, you'll only drain your memories, and you'll never get them back.”

“So...Voldemort was going in and out of there at leisure?” asked Ron in horror.

“We don't know how, but there is some traces of dark magic all over that corridor.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“So...what your saying is, he should go and face him?” said Hermione getting defensive.

Lionus quirked a brow. “I'm going to have pensieve this moment, and find out where she got that conclusion from.”

“I'll sum it up for you young one.” said Tempest stamping her foot once. “They're not simple
dreams. While it is most surely a trap, what young Harry has been going through, are *no* dreams.”

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Easy there, Sport.” said Officer McFinn stretching his legs slightly.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“After everything else that happened in the past four years, nothing is unlikely anymore.” said Neville softly.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I've got more self control than that.” said Sirius.

Remus quirked a brow at the man, but didn't say anything, not wanting to further any discomfort to the young man sitting between them.

**Dialogue line.**

“I've got a lot of Dark Magic knowledge in this head of mine, just because I don't use it doesn't mean that I don't know any.” said Sirius tapping his head.

“He's got a point, the Black family had some dark magic discoveries in their past.” said Rudolph. “Quite a few of them are being studied further in the Department of Mysteries.”

“Then maybe one of those things are what he's after?” said a first year Gryffindor with a fearful squeak.

**Dialogue line.**

“The Dark Lord does not care if his followers get hurt or not, that is what they are there for and trained for.” said Snape quietly.
“Can’t quite see my brother giving me the time of day while he and I were on opposite sides like that.” said Sirius.

“Not the reason.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“There’s a point or two in there, but regardless, I hope that someone comes, so you don’t have to go.” said Flitwick worriedly.

“I wish we had been in the Order, we could put the boy’s mind at rest.” said Sprout softly.

“Somehow, it won’t go well.” said Fred.

Harry opened his mouth to shout, but then stopped himself. Did he have something like that? He did make it a point to save all he could, be did he really seem like that to other people? He looked around at the other people in the room, and he could see others nodding softly.

He looked up to Dumbledore who looked down at him with a soft smile. “Do I?”

“While...it’s more deep than the quite blunt way she put it, there are reasons as to why you do it.” said Dumbledore.

“So I don't just go and save everyone like a superhero?” said Harry with a slight smirk.

“No, no you do not...I recommend that you bring this up with Glacier.” said Dumbledore with a
kind smile. “He is the best person to talk to about that.”

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Don't bring up subjects you're not prepared to talk about.” said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

“Pardon me for believing that the worse was going to happen, in a tournament that never should have had me, an underage teenager take part in. They kicked me out to play 'Snatch-Away' with a dragon, I think it's completely plausible to have a good chance of someone dying down there.” said Harry sourly.

Twelfth paragraph.

“Future you thought it was a mistake!” said Hermione loudly pointing to the book and looking at Harry.

“Future me is holding back and letting all this shit happen!” said Harry sharply. “Future me is an idiot”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Get to explaining yourself young lady.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Before you lose a very good friend.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“But how would he have known that Harry would go down there?” asked Fred.

“Yeah, Ginny just played up the ‘Knight in shining armor’ thing that she was going through with Harry.” said George.
“That and if I remember right, that You-Know-Who, didn't know much about modern day You-
Know-Who.” said Fred.

“So...bye bye that reason.” said Fred.

**Dialogue set, end of second sentence.**

“I want to know how he got me out of there, if I'm even out of there.” said Sirius.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

Dr. Nicodemus groaned. “I've taken several calming enhancements, but she still gives me a
headache.”

“Guess you just don't mesh well with her.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“I have intellect and I respect others that think before they act, but when I hear someone go through
life like this, I just want to chuck her in an amusement park for a week. Show her what fun is,
without books...” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Not that this is fun or anything, just to let her see what life
itself is like...”

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first dash.**

“Not the reason, dear boy...” said Dumbledore carefully.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Don't drag me in between you two!” said Ron.

“Sucks doesn't it?” said Harry.
“I’d love to see you try and learn something like that from Umbridge.” said Harry. “It’d be a bit the same, if not less.”

Hermione looked down at the floor, she couldn't help but feel defensive. The only slight silver lining was that when Harry was arguing, he looked firmly at the book in Officer McFinn's arms.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Lupin said that, not Sirius.” said Dr. Clark honestly.

“How do you remember that?” asked Sirius.

“I can remember things a lot easier if they're told to me. I make a killing betting with people at karaoke.” said Dr. Clark with a soft laugh.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“If she's anything like mum, duck...cover...and run.” said Bill.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I have a feeling it only started.” said Harry, smiling in spite of himself at Luna's future self.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Yeah, she tends to make you rethink a bunch of stuff.” said Ginny with a quiet laugh.
“Good idea.” said Chief Hawkeye with a nod of approval.

“Dear, if you're scared...don't be ashamed of it.” said Emmeline Vance.

“The mirror...” said Sirius.

“What mirror?” asked a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“The one that he never opened.” said Sirius giving Harry a nudge.

“Not that again...please not that again...” said Remus covering his eyes.
“Don't be throwing plans in this mix.” said Officer McFinn with a chuckle. “He was going to walk there.”

Harry blushed while he laughed.

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, cause anything that anyone on that list of D.A members says, will be considered trustworthy and honest in her eyes.” said Leroy.

Dialogue set.

“Better have him do it, looks more authentic that way.” said Sirius, the voice of experience.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“At least we leave the school in good hands.” said Fred dramatically.

“Never said that I was going to do it.” said Ginny with a smile. “Besides, you guys are the only ones that know how much of that stuff doesn't really hurt anyone...I'm not confident I know how much is too much.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Calm down, they're just going to check, I would rather have you check to make sure it wasn't a trap, as opposed to just running off to Merlin knows where.” said Sirius looking at the book and patting Harry on the back.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Hermione blushed, as Harry smiled down at the floor.
“If I was being tortured, I wouldn't want the rescue party to come for me when it's more convenient for them.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Traditional...too bad it seems like you won't have fun doing that.” said Sirius.

“Black...Market...what?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“They have a half a shot of Ogden Old Firewhiskey in them.” said Sirius.

“What the...you want to double the amount in there? That'll get you sick...” said Sirius.

“Once again, voice of experience.” said Remus with a snicker.

“Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.
“I'll feel better if I can get Sirius out alive of this situation.” said Harry.

“I'm sure that I'm at the Headquarters, there's no reason for me to be out and about, cagey or not, I know it's not safe.” said Sirius.

“Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“I can't see no intelligent student standing there.” said Rivers rubbing his eyes. “Honestly...such grammar.”

“Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Who's to say she didn't, a good security doesn't have to be obvious.” said Harry leaning forward. “Should have went by myself...if we get caught...I'll never live it down.”

Thirtieth paragraph.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Thirty-second paragraph.


Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

‘Who’s to say she didn't, a good security doesn't have to be obvious.” said Harry leaning forward. ‘Should have went by myself...if we get caught...I'll never live it down.”
Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Oi! I'm not Lucius!” said Sirius quickly, throwing his hands up as Hermione glared at him. “I may not like that little toerag, but I don't punish him like that.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Gone out? I wouldn't have gone out!” said Sirius.

“Maybe Remus had an emergency and he needed you.” said Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

Remus looked at Sirius worriedly and Sirius looked back at him in turn.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Sirius pulled Harry tighter to himself. “I'm right here, this won't happen.”

“I know.” said Harry quietly. “I know.”

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“I'm going to...” said Sirius with a snarl.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
A few of the students gasped and gave startled shrieks.

“**You never showed that you were intelligent before.**” spat Dean.

“**Should put some hexes on that pocket, just in case someone other than you reaches in there, like in these cases.**” said Moody.

“**Never told me personally, I was sure that it was just a rumor.**” sneered Harry.

“**Who's to say I just don't like to stick my head in grates?**” said Harry.

Sirius rubbed the back of Harry's neck.

“**This psycho twit should never have been allowed around children. How did you pick her? I just want to know that.**” said Rivers looking at Fudge with a stunned expression.
“She...she had a background in education.” said Fudge.

“That tiny school of hers? That's the background you're going with? That poor excuse for an institution didn't last past five years, I shut it down...their third years weren't on the same level as a first year here.” said Rivers. “I had told her that she was not qualified, and you didn't even bother to see the large red flag marked on her file when you were obtaining her teaching license...”

**Forty-second paragraph.**

“Dumbledore...this weekend, we're all going to have a nice sit down chat together, just the Slytherin students, and we are going to talk.” said Chief Hawkeye.

The Slytherins in particular looked a bit nervous.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I prefer an Umbridge-free zone...less pink and that gag inducing perfume she wears.” said Ginny snarkily.

**Forty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence, third comma.**

“This hasn't happened yet.” said Draco holding up his hands.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Should have convinced him to help you.” said Remus shaking his head.

**Dialogue set.**

**Forty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.**

Chief Hawkey looked over to each of the Slytherin students. “Seriously, we are going to talk, if even a handful of you are that sick, future events be damned...”
Sprout shook her head. “Regardless of his feelings, he would not give away something like that...but...”

“Snape's a member of the Order...he can help!” said a first year Gryffindor excitedly.

“Not that you'd want to go and talk to him after the last time you and he had a 'discussion' about the Department of Mysteries.” said Nightstrike.

“Someone pull that gorilla off the lad.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Illegal as hell!” shouted Rivers stamping his foot angrily.

“She used it all.” said Fred gleefully.
“She has no idea how long that stuff takes does she?” said Sirius with a smirk. “You have to wait a month to make it, and then you have to wait six months on top of that, to have the license to have it. You need one license, per phial!”

Dialogue line.

“And that's if you just bypass the license and you just give it to her.” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Nice acting, normally you sound happy when he breaks the rules.” said Bill.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“He just told you that there isn't another phial of that stuff.” said Lee.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second dash.

Sirius pulled Harry closer to himself.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Pardon me for not foreseeing that you are going to blow through the fake Veritiserum that I no doubt gave you.” said Snape with a sneer.

End of dialogue set.
“He most likely knows, he most likely knows!” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“I can understand just fine.” said Snape.

Dialogue set.

“Well, that's as much concern as you can get.” said Fred.

“Don't kill him, I don't want to handle the paperwork and while I'm sure you won't go to jail or even suffer any consequences, I'm going to have to put that done on parchment if you ask me to be a reference for a job.” said George.

“What job...we have no idea.” said the twins together.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“I have a very bad feeling.” said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“Cover his ears again.” said Officer McFinn. Sirius slapped his hands over Harry's ears.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.
The students looked horrified as well as the adults.

Harry looked around at the horror filled eyes that glanced at him, what was going on? No...it was better if he didn't know about it.

“Perhaps it's better if he sleeps through this part.” said Officer McFinn.

“Do you want to nap during this part?” asked Sirius removing one of his hands.

Harry looked between Officer McFinn and Sirius. “No...I want to stay awake...I don't want to hide behind this...” he repeated

Officer McFinn gave him a slight smile and nodded. “Alright, but don't force yourself, if you want to bow out, just tell us.”

Harry swallowed loudly and nodded.

“Never leave evidence lying around...” said Lionus with a smirk.

“Sick bitch.”

“Arthur! While I wholeheartedly agree, be mindful of the children.” whispered Mrs. Weasley.

Several people shouted, but Officer McFinn held up his hand.

“Come on, Sirius' hands are going to get tired.” said Officer McFinn. “Let me get to a safe place for Harry to start listening again.”
“We should be good now.” said Officer McFinn. “You can let him listen now.”

“Harry! She's going to...well...never mind...” said Hermione.

“She's going to use the Cruciartus on me, isn't she?” said Harry.

Sirius looked fearful, but nothing happened, he didn't scream, writhe in agony...nothing...

“You okay?” asked Harry.

“I'm fine, are you?” said Sirius.

“Fine.” said Harry with a shrug.

“She must not like hot water.” whispered Ron, Hermione giggled.

“Good girl.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“Can't quite say much better, but at least you can't be arrested for harboring a murderous fugitive.” said Tonks.
“Oh I'm sure I slipped into the Hogs Head and the Three Broomsticks. I do have meet my Saturday luncheon friends and my Sunday morning tea companions.?” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Been meeting the same people for fifty years, I will not miss them unless for a very important reason.”

“If you cry loud enough, I'm not going to look for tears, I'll do whatever you want just to get you to stop.” said Sirius.

“What's ready?” asked Ron.

“It's like handing a present to them, all wrapped up. 'Here you go, all your paranoid fears are true!'” said Charlie.
“I'm more disappointed that she thinks kids are that stupid.” said Dr. Clark.

“Just cause I told you were it is with little to no resistance doesn't mean I'm going to lead you there.” said Fred.

“Psst, it's part of the plan to get her out and away.” said George in a stage whisper.

“Oh..uh...you're so authoritative that I have no choice to take you to the...weapon...that we have been...building to stomp the Ministry for not believing us.” said Fred speaking choppily.

“But I will show you, crazy psycho cat lady!” said Lee.

“And that's why you can't trust many children with power.” said Bill.

“Someone wants to see the weapon that doesn't exist!” said Ginny in a sing song voice.
“You can't handle the students when they're just using their wits.” said Rivers with a sneer. “It's too bad we can't see what they can do with their wands.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“And you just know they will.” said Harry with a smirk.

**End of chapter.**

“Please make her walk off a cliff, please make her walk off a cliff.” said Dr. Clark clapping his hands together.

“Without them doing it first, without them doing it first.” said Sirius doing the same thing.

“That's all for that chapter, feel up to another one?” asked Officer McFinn.

Harry nodded. “Yeah, that...that one wasn't all that bad...”
The Centaurs Retaliate

First paragraph.

Second paragraph.

“And there was you are, taking your crazy Headmistress for a walk.” said Rudolph.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Get away from me.” said Lee pretending to be Harry.

“Not unless it's Fang or his first attempt at cooking.” whispered Seamus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I think Hermione meant that his house is the perfect size for him and the stuff he needs, anything else and it's cluttered.” said Luna with a smile towards Hagrid.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Settle, Monster...settle.” said Leroy with a pat on his nephew's knee.

End of fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And...what was future you going to do in there?” said Dr. Nicodemus with a quirk in his brow.

“Showing her Grawp would not be a...desired plan.”

Dialogue line.
The Rangers started laughing loudly, as well as Kingsley, Tonks and the Unspeakables.

“Not in any shape or form, is her life more valuable than a child's.” said Nightstrike.

“Glad you realize that.” said Snape.

“Well, that was one of the few times that she was in there...where does she think she's going?” asked Fred.

“Ack! Go back 'Mione, go back!” said George.

“How do you remember what path goes where?” asked Dean looking at Harry.

“I didn't want to go back there, so remembering what path goes where helps a lot in that endeavor.” said Harry.

“No you aren't, keep it down!” said Bill.
“Like something with eight legs or more.” said Harry.

“I don't want us to be heard if we're going on that path.” said Harry. “I don't want to relive that night, I never want to relive that night.”

A gasp flew the Great Hall.

“Well...to be honest, that's the best outcome you can hope for in that forest...they won't eat you.” said Sirius.

“Screw you, I have a whole life to live you, you, you just have an empty house with a bunch of kitten plates'.” said George.

“I can think of a dozen of different emotions and facial expressions to use in this scenario...smiling in triumphant is not one of them.” said Mr. Weasley.
“Just talk to the children, you'll have more pleasant conversations.” said Firenze with a soft smile.

Dialogue line.

“Worst thing to say, that you are part of the Ministry.” said Moody shaking his head.

“If she can make the right choices in the conversation, she will get out alright, as well as the children.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Oooh...poor choice, very, very poor choice.” said Dumbledore wincing.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Someone take away the shovel before she buries herself and the kids.” said Remus.

Dialogue set.

“Hate to say it, but let's see them use an VCR recorder.” said Dr. Clark quietly.

Mrs. McFinn giggled. “I think only the children would be able to figure it out.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Wish they didn't have bows pointed at the kids, this would be hilarious.” said Sirius.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“That won't fix things...” said Tonks.

“It was funny when she dealt with politics at work, every time the Minister had to send her to delegate...one of the other Ministry heads would go and grab dad to put out the fires.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Twelfth paragraph.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Not the ground! There are hooves down there!” said Charlie.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Woo hoo! She can't use magic anymore!” said Fred.

“But Hermione and Harry are still out in the forest without magic to protect them.” said Charlie.

“Oh...well...maybe you could get a pointy stick or something.” said George hopefully.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Nearing and there are two different things!” said Mrs. Weasley.

Harry looked over to her, a stunned look and a blush on his face.

Dialogue line.

“Oh,” said Flitwick covering his eyes and groaning. “Oh, dear.”
“That...that's what you shouldn't say to them.” said Sprout covering her mouth.

Tempest stood up slowly and walked over to the frightened girl. Hermione blinked a few times up at her.

“I...I...this hasn't....”

“You and I will go talk, now.” said Tempest taking her by the arm and walking out of the Great Hall.

“Should we...” said Nightstrike.

“I see or hear of one bruise on that young lady, she'll have me to deal with.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Let her have her say.”

Lionus looked up at the ceiling and flicked his eyes towards the door, the Ranger he was locked eyes with instantly disappeared. It wasn't that he didn't trust Tempest, but he would rather err on the side of caution then allow a student to be injured right from under his nose.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Not what she meant...though...it's kind of the outcome she wanted...but she didn't mean it like that.” said Ron stammering slightly.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“You're kidding, we're going to try and block this from our memories, except for the horror that Umbridge felt...that was kind of memorable.” said Lee. “But we wouldn't be bragging about that part.”

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph.

“Oh no...” said Sirius.

“I hope someone there lets the kids go.” said Remus worriedly.
“Please have a soft spot for crying girls...please have a soft spot for crying girls.” said a Seventh year Hufflepuff boy crossing his fingers.

“I can't tell if that's going to be a good thing, or everything going to hell in a hand basket.” said Dr. Clark.

“What the?” asked Ron.

“You don't think...he's trying to say 'Hagrid'?” said Ginny.

“Somehow, I don't think he'll understand you if you use words bigger than two syllables.” said Sirius.

“T'm...shocked...and impressed that he remembered her after meeting her only that one time.” said Professor Flitwick.
“And if we could get him, Grawp would get Haggar.” said a third year Slytherin.

Hagrid looked horrified.

“Somehow...I'm okay with that.” said Sirius.

Firenze gazed in the direction of the forest and shook his head silently.

“You hope you don't run into acromantulas, centaurs, or anything else that can potentially harm you...maybe the Ford Anglia is still driving about.” said Sirius.
“And how did you guys get free of the Slytherins I wonder?” said Chief Hawkeye with a smile.

Ginny smiled brightly.

“I know, it's kind of staggering sometimes when she talks like that.” said Neville with a smile to Luna.

“You were too young when you faced him the first time, don't try pulling that card, though...I
would really prefer none of you going.” said Rudolph.

**Dialogue set.**

“Skilled as you are for that age, don't you go charging off to the Ministry, *any* of you!” said Mr. Weasley.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Ooh, can't fight that, sad to say...” said Leroy.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-fifth paragraph.**

“And what is wrong with us?” asked Ginny.

“Nothing, it's just...we don't want to lose you.” said Harry.

“I suppose that story's good enough to buy today.” said Ginny smugly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma, ninth word.**

“Can she?” asked Sprout.

“She can, much like Mr. Potter can, if not quite a bit better.” said Flitwick with a smile. “Though she doesn't do it often.”

“I like flying.” said Luna dreamily.

**End of dialogue set.**
“Creepy...” said Dean.

“I think the words 'skeletal horses' mean that they're not all that pleasant to look at.” said Ron.

“Mmm, so tactful.” said Percy who had just arrived back from escorting Marietta home. She could no longer handle the readings and decided to just leave till the books were done.

“Someday, we hope to learn how to count.” said Ron with a smirk.
“Thank goodness that it's just Grawp's blood, he's huge, it's probably like a nosebleed to us.” said Sirius.

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.
“‘You're not going to be able to get away.” said Tonks, “She'll latch on and keep you there.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not what you want to hear.” said Bill.

**End of chapter.**

“‘You'll have to do the picking for the ones that can't see them.” said Remus.

“‘That's it for that chapter.” said Officer.

“‘Seriously? It felt like it just started.” said George.

“I have the sinking feeling that the next few chapters are going to be long, painful...and maybe traumatic.” said Fred in a whisper.

The twins shared a look between themselves and looked over to Harry.

“He's going to need a lot help.” said George looking at Harry.

“Yeah.” said Fred.
“Okay, this chapter is called, 'Chapter Thirty-four.'” said Officer McFinn.

“Now we find out...” said Sirius.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“It's one thing to get on a broomstick, it's another thing to getting on a moving animal altogether.” said Chief Hawkeye.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“I've ridden them a time or two.” said Luna. “It's quite fun.”

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You don't want to all of a sudden see them.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

“I love awkward you.” said Leroy. “It's so cute.”
“His descriptions are getting dark again...” said Colin.

“I kind of want to fly one now.” said a third year quietly.

“That is why I prefer warming charms whilst flying at night.” said Dumbledore.

“I don't think I could handle that.” said Hannah.

“Well, if you can't see the head, you have no idea where you're going.” said Ron.

“They're one o' the better landers in the animal kingdom.” said Hagrid with a smile.
Several people laughed good-naturedly.

“What the hell, you remembered that number?” said Bill.

Harry smiled. “I realized it spelled out 'magic', made it easy to remember.”

“Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, Neville Longbottom, Ginny Weasley, and Luna Lovegood here for a rescue mission that is most likely a trap but because we couldn't seem to get help from adults once more...we're on a life threatening rescue mission.” said Harry.

“Nice how automated voices actually understand what you're saying.” said Dr. Clark sarcastically.
“Oh my god.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

“There is normally someone there at night, but there had been rumors about the payroll being cut. I suppose they can't pay someone to be night duty anymore.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“Good lad.” said Moody.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

discussion set.

“Didn't want to pay for security...” said Lionus. “Are you kidding me? Who's idea was that?”

“.Lucius...” said Fudge quietly.

“And look, the slimy git had a reason.” said Lionus shaking his head.

Twenty-third paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.

“And if there is anyone in the Ministry that shouldn't be, besides the kids, then Security was already taken out...and now the Death Eaters are well aware of where you are at.” said Remus his hands clasped together and his knuckles white.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Fair point, you kids don't have a way to communicate without shouting.” said Nightstrike.

“Not a good idea to do that at night!” said one of the Unspeakables quickly.

“Uh oh...they're not going to know the secret of getting about in there.” said another Unspeakable.

“Oh dear, well...at least they won't meet up with You-Know-Who if they're stuck in the Hub.” said Speckerton.
“I can't see Harry being stupid enough to go calling for him.” said Chief Hawkeye with a roll of his eyes.

“Wonder how her talk is going?” asked Ron nervously, looking at the door intently.

“Hmm...I don't think you want to be in there...not unless you want some nightmares later on.” said Speckerton.

“I still can't go in there without gagging.” said another Unspeakable.

“That is sick.” said Mrs. McFinn looking green.

“Honestly...I've never mapped out the place.” said Speckerton.

“It's about two miles wide.” said Lionus. “With a large array of different rooms.” The students stared.
“Holy...” said the twins with a whistle.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dr. Nicodemus applauded. “Alright, she's good...I've got to admit...”

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Okay, I know you kids aren't going to do this, but you stay the bloody hell away from that curtain.” said Speckerton.

“What is it?” asked Dennis.

“Never you mind, you just stay away from that thing.” said Speckerton and Lionus together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Listen to her, get out of there.” said Lionus.

Forty-first paragraph.

Harry felt two hands come rest on his shoulder, he looked up and saw Dumbledore holding him in his seat.
“If I have my way, and I will do everything in my power to make sure I do, you will *never* come to see that archway.” said Dumbledore, his voice and his hands shaking.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Not again with this.” said Sirius putting a hand on his godson's knee again.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“You are not allowed in there as well.” said Dumbledore quickly looking at Luna.

Dialogue set.
Forty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Forty-third paragraph.
“I don't want to know what's up with that veil, do I?” asked Dr. Clark.
“No.” said Officer McFinn, Dumbledore, the Rangers and the Unspeakables.

Forty-fourth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, second sentence.
“We know...no veil for us.” said Ginny quickly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That one's always locked don't bother.” said Speckerton.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Aww...took me four days to decide to get you that knife.” said Sirius.

“I still have it, it's not going to melt.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Yeah, but after a while, the ticking starts to drive you mad.” whispered an Unspeakable quietly.
“So did you.” said Harry with a soft smile.

“I'm getting nervous...if you can't hear them...then they're waiting for you...” said Katie worriedly.

Harry reached over and grabbed Sirius' hand.

“T'was sure I'm fine, I'm not even sure I'm there.” said Sirius.
“A trap, it was all a trap.” said Charlie.

“At least you told Snape, and hopefully he thinks that you went to the Ministry.” said Bill. “He'll get reinforcements.”

Harry then fell forward his head on his knees, Sirius rubbed his back soothingly, till he noticed that the remaining bit of hair that was black, was now turning snow white.

“I led them...I led them right into a trap...” muttered Harry.

“That's not the you that's going to happen to.” said Sirius soothingly.

“I wouldn't say that, I'd be going crazy if something like that had happened to my family.” said Ron. “And I went down into the Chamber when Riddle took Ginny.”
“Eh, we got rid of Umbridge, I'd say this was a successful mission.” said Fred.

“Don't touch it, leave it alone!” said Dumbledore suddenly.

“What is that?” asked Angelina.

“Initials.” said Luna serenely.

“Listen to Hermione.” said Dumbledore.
“Doesn't matter, leave it alone.” said Dumbledore still gripping Harry's shoulders.

“Son of a bitch.” said Sirius.

“And here, the shit hits the fan.” said Dr. Clark.

“Sirius, Dr. Clark!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“I'm taking the initiative and saying that is all for one day.” said Officer McFinn looking at Harry. “You need to keep your strength up, remember what happened the last end of the book?”

“Yeah...okay...” said Harry dully.

“Should we go out and find Hermione and Tempest?” asked Ron.

“I don't want to get in on that conversation...” said Lionus.
Dumbledore stayed behind as the rest of the students went up to their dormitories or dispensed to other parts of the castle. Tonight he did not go to his office and reflect on the discoveries in the books, tonight he had to talk to someone, someone he had yet to really have a sit down chat with.

“Officer McFinn, may I speak to you for a moment?” asked Dumbledore.

Officer McFinn looked up from the book on his lap and smiled over to the elderly wizard. Dumbledore was unsure as to what the man was thinking, being, well, deceased, he supposed that the man's thoughts were forever blocked from any outside force.

“Why, of course, what can I do for you?” said Officer McFinn with a slight smirk.

Dumbledore levitated the armchair that he frequented every day since the books started, over to where he stood. He sat down and sighed heavily.

“I wager you know what I want to discuss?” said Dumbledore.

Glacier sat across from Harry, silence reigning in the room. Harry hadn't spoken much since he had come into the room. All he did tonight was come sit in his usual seat and gazed fixedly at the floor. Glacier had noticed the stark white hair once more and sighed. It seemed that nothing was going to stop the mental crash that was imminent.

“I think I will be joining you tomorrow.” said Glacier sitting forwards and taking the glass of wine off the table.

Harry looked up. “What for?”

“I'm going to be giving you a very strong calming draught and I would prefer to sit in on the readings and maintain your health, as opposed to responding to an emergency.” said Glacier.
“Strong calming draught? Like the one that Dr. Nicodemus gave Ron? Or that potion that had me whacked out?” said Harry.

Glacier raised his brow. “We're going to avoid that particular brew...and the one that we gave your friend...it would be best if we didn't give you that one in case something drastic happens in the books.”

“Do you know...” said Harry quickly.

“I don't know anything...but I would rather be on erring the side of caution.” said Glacier. “Now, why not go...”

“I don't want to rest! I'm going to be doing that almost all day! I can just feel it! I want to get my mind off of...” shouted Harry.

“I was going to say, why not go and make something in the kitchen with your Uncle Leroy and Uncle Rudolph...” said Glacier with a plain look.

“...Oh...sorry...” said Harry, feeling terribly awkward.

“I have a horrible feeling that you will continue to stress out unless we get a cap on this, however, they're waiting downstairs for you.” said Glacier nodding over to the door. Before Harry could make it to the door, Glacier stopped him. “We'll work on learning to control those...furious outbursts, perhaps you need those...kitchen utensils in the Great Hall once more...it's too bad that it's now too cold to go flying.”

Harry smiled and left the room.

=-=-=-=-=-=-=-=-=

Back at the Riddle House, Voldemort drummed his fingers on the large winged back chair. He had been trapped in the house of his fathers for too long in his opinion. He wanted out, Rangers be damned.

But with the Rangers guarding him, especially the Vampire, they could not simply stroll out. They had figured that it was safe during the day, but when Wormtail went to go and see if the coast was
clear, they discovered him standing on the same limbs he did as he patrolled at night, defying the rays of the sun. That brought him some concern; how were they going to get past him if the biggest weakness was gone?

All that was left was to see if the more traditional means of dealing with vampires would work. He sent Wormtail out to gather the necessary items and store them in a hidden, safe place. Being a rat meant that he could come and go almost undetected, but if the Rangers happened to see a rat dragging a large sack of things...they would be caught and the wild card that Voldemort had would be captured and killed.

What could the Rangers want with him? They did nothing to him in the first war, what was new about now? Lucius had even said that the Minister and quite a few members of the Ministry had been away at Hogwarts for a very long period of time, and that his wife had heard rumors about some strange goings on at Hogwarts. Then the topper was that the Rangers have been going through the books, and architectural designs of the Ministry...any spy or on the take Ministry member that Voldemort had in the Ministry was now gone.

The Rangers most likely have some link to the school, but what is it about the school that is having Rangers take part in it personally?

All his well thought out plans were dissolving before his eyes.

He then heard the telltale footsteps coming up the stairs and perhaps Wormtail had completed at least a part of his mission...he was not in the mood to be disappointed.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I know that this is super short. And I mean SUPER short, but we are nearing what I call “The gates of everything going to hell in a bloody f*cking hand basket” . This book (and the movie) has to be my least favorite. My favorite character that isn't Harry and Dumbledore dies *Spoilers!* And frankly...in the case of the movies, the color scheme just turns steadily darker as you go through the movies.

Think about it:
First movie: Bright colors, whimsical feel
Second movie: Bright colors, but slightly darker, mysterious aura.
Third movie: Nuetral colors, grays more prominent, foreboding.
Fourth movie: Reds and Greens more noticeable, danger around every corner.
Fifth movie: Darker colors, depressed and angst prominent.
Sixth movie: Continuously darker colors, bright moments few and far between.
Seventh movie(s): Dark colors, stone colors forefront. Rush of danger.
The next day, the weather seemed to take a bitter turn. The sky pelted the school with harsh flakes of snow at an alarming speed and the wind bit and stung at any exposed skin. The lake, that had some open water in parts, was now a thick sheet of ice.

Inside however, there were fires lit all throughout the castle and no more so than in the dorms themselves and the Great Hall. Every fireplace in the hall were lit and crackling merrily emitting warmth and promoting a chance for the students to walk over and toast various food and treats over the flames.

Hermione and Tempest had returned to the Great Hall for the next day of reading, but before she could even sit down, Hermione was whisked away by both Madam Pomfrey and Dr. Nicodemus. Who did not get a chance to see her the night prior.

“Not that I don't trust you Tempest dear...but...I would rather be cautious and not completely ignore what you do for a living,” said Dr. Nicodemus curtly.

“We only discussed a few things about species sensitivity.” said Tempest with a roll of her eyes. “In fact, it was quite a cordial conversation.”

“You're not the one of the more ruthless Jailers at Hell's Garden because you are stingy with your keys, my dear.” said Dr. Nicodemus absently.

Harry however was not free to go over and toast anything, or even talk to Hermione once she got back. He was currently buried beneath a mountain of blankets.

“I can't move...” said Harry.

“Just relax, maybe sleep today.” said Sirius.

“I think I'd like that, but I'm not able to just fall asleep at the drop of a hat.” said Harry.

Officer McFinn looked between Dumbledore and Harry and sighed. “Alright, we start today at
Chapter Thirty-five” said Officer McFinn.

“Oh...no...” said one of the Unspeakables.

First paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley gripped her husband's arm, whimpering loudly.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

“I can guess who the hell that is.” muttered Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius wrapped an arm around Harry's chest and pulled him closer to himself. “I might need a Calming Draught myself if I have to hear her talk anymore.”

“Who?” asked Ron.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Sirius held out his hand towards the Dumbledore. “Hit me.”

The Headmaster placed in his hand two phials, and gave a slight nod in Harry's direction.
Moody's hands were clenching and unclenching. Why had none of the Order been sent to the school after Dumbledore left? They were down the equivalent of three wizards after he left and even after McGonagall left they were down to only one...that's not enough in case the Dark Lord posted an attack on the school. Granted, his gaze was fixed elsewhere, but if he had subtly stormed the castle, it wouldn't have taken much for him to get a hold of Potter. Who's to say that Snape would warn them in time?

Though...Potter was taking things fairly well, but they were still outnumbered and only kids...they were doomed.

Harry snorted “I just am able to rebound from shock.”

Harry sat up in the bowl and ran his hands over his face, taking note that his skin felt horribly clammy.
“Good boy...” said Chief Hawkeye.

Sirius clutched at Harry, a murmur of praise in his ear for being so quick.

“This hasn't happened yet, this hasn't happened yet.” said Harry muttering to mostly himself.

“Not my daughter, you bitch!” shrieked Mrs. Weasley.

Mr. Weasley had to restrain her from lunging at the book and tried to calm her down.

Dr. Clark reached over and placed a hand on Harry's knee.

“That's not good.” said Ron.
“It's quicker to say his name than the other way.” said Harry darkly.

“He's a half-blood too, or has he been proclaiming that he's pure blood?” sneered Sirius.

“I'll say this much, you guys need to have really good accuracy when doing that.” said Dr. Clark.

“Sadly...Lucius does have pinpoint accuracy with hexes.” said Dumbledore.

“So...she's calling her boss 'filthy'?” said Fred.

“That's real nice.” said George.

“Bawled?” said Charlie with a light chuckle.
Moody and Lionus leaned forward, wondering what was going to happen.

“I've got a plan to save us, but we'll need to communicate with our feet.” said Lee.

“Focus, Book Harry, focus.” said Neville hands on his head.

“Simple...but effective I'll bet.” said Lionus.

Dr. Nicodemus looked shocked. “Well...then I was mistaken for a good part, he would have to have seen what it was...and his magical signature is down there...” he said thoughtfully.

“Thank goodness I'm curious to only a certain degree.” said Harry.
“He’s forgetting you act on your feet.” said Remus with a relieved smile.

“All the time, but I’m not about to sneak into the Ministry at night to find out why.” said Harry. “I’ll wait till daylight where I can have Ministry workers have me sign it in and out. For stuff like that, I don’t need to do anything illegal.”

“And I’m forgetting the plan...” said Harry shaking his head.

“But he had...” said Dr. Nicodemus, “I checked the signatures myself over the weekend, he had been in there...”

“Remember, these books are sort of incorrect as of now.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“He doesn't even know the half of it.” said Rivers with a smirk.
“This is getting intense again.” said Bill.

“Excellent.” said Professor Flitwick weakly.

Tonks looked fearful at the students in turn. “Please let help come, please let help come.”

“Oh my god, what is taking the Order so damn long to get there! They were in the forest for who the hell knows how long, and then they flew all the way there, that takes a good hour or so on Thestral back and then as you kids were going down!” said Emmeline Vance worriedly.
“Crap.” said Sirius weakly.

Mrs. McFinn's hand flew to her mouth.

“Not a good idea!” said Tonks in horror.

“Crap!” said a seventh year wincing.

“I kind of want to see that now.” said one of the Unspeakables softly.

“His head?” said Speckerton confusedly.

“Oh, this ought to be interesting.” said an Unspeakable.
“Oh my god...” said Katie grabbing her head absently.

“Fascinating.” said Speckerton as the other Unspeakables nodded.

“Oh no! The others!” said Angelina.

“No! Don't shout!” said Moody sharply.

“Baby nothing, only the head is a baby!” shouted Dean.

“Should have thought of that before you shouted.” said Moody.
“Shit!” muttered Lionus.

“Now stun the other one and get the hell out of there.” said Nightstrike.

“No...no way...” said Ron quietly. Without looking away from staring at the book in horror, he reached over and wrapped his arm around her shoulder, bringing her close to him. Hermione was also staring in shock and wrapped her arms around his middle.

Harry on the other hand was being force fed calming draught by Dr. Nicodemus.

“Oh no...Nevillie's wand is busted.” said Dr. Clark weakly.

Mrs. Weasley was shaking furiously, muttering dark curses under her breath.
Forty-sixth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Forty-seventh paragraph.
“It’s Dolohov’s fault, not yours.” said a first year with a whimper.

Dialogue line.
Forty-eighth paragraph.
Forty-ninth paragraph.
Fiftieth paragraph.
“Now get them both out of there.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Fifty-first paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Thank Merlin.” said Ron softly.

Fifty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Fifty-third paragraph.
Dialogue set.
“Good plan, but what about you?” asked Sirius.
“Miss Granger needs medical attention, someone needs to get her out of there.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“You don't even have a wand.” said Fred.

“Why am I not picking those up?” asked Neville quietly.

“There's a time limit on that, but one wouldn't think that all this took the time span of forty minutes.” said Flitwick worriedly.
“What the heck happened to Ron?” asked Lee.

**Fifty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“I’m starting to think we should at least lock a few more of the doors...” said one of the Unspeakables.

**Dialogue line.**

“Not that joke again.” said Remus.

**Sixty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He’s lost his damn mind.” said Ernie.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“They all need medical attention.” said Madam Pomfrey worriedly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.**

“Not the time to be tough, shortcake.” said Charlie.
“Lock all the doors quickly!” said Kingsley.

“I'm getting really really scared here...now Harry's the only one that's not hurt.” said Hannah.
“Don’t touch them!” shouted all the Unspeakables together.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And the Death Eaters are just standing there, watching it happen?” asked Leroy in horror.

“Easier to have the brains kill him, so they can focus on Harry.” said Rudolph shakily.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

“No, no, no, no, no...” said Dumbledore. His face was pale and his grip on the armrests of the chair he sat in was so tight that he was in danger of breaking them.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“He taught me not to give up.” said Harry trying to escape from the cocoon of blankets.
“Get back to Ron and save him, then get the others out of there somehow.” said Harry quickly.

“Bastard, damn slimy bastard.” muttered Mr. Weasley.

Sirius picked him up and rocked him. “I'm sure we're coming.”

“Not you! You stay back!” said Harry angrily.

“If something were to happen to you and I had stayed behind, I would never be able to live with myself.” said Sirius quietly in Harry's ears.

Neville paled horribly.
Eighty-fourth paragraph.

“Dammit! Why the hell are you there!” shouted Harry.

“I told you, I would not be able to handle it, if something were to happen to you and I wasn't there to help you.” said Sirius.

“And if something were to happen to you because I did something incredibly stupid like this?” said Harry, his eyes wide.

Dumbledore knew what was coming, and he prepared himself...there was no stopping what the book was going to say...all they could do was try and head it off.

“Perhaps you should sleep for this next part...” said Dumbledore softly.

“No...I can't...I won't...” said Harry.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

“Shit!” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

Sirius whimpered and held Harry tighter. “Please, let me see and stop it, please let me see and stop it.”

End of eighty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“That works.” said Remus.
“Yeah, I'm one of the better duelers in the Order...I've made the difference between us living or dying a few times.” said Sirius with a hint of pride.

“Oh god...tell me someone just knocked it out.” said Tonks. “Tell me nothing really bad happened.”

Tonks stood up quickly and wrapped her arms around her mentor's neck.

“What the devil do you think you're doing?” grumbled Moody.

“Shut up, you old goat.” said Tonks keeping her hold on the old Auror.

“Tell me this is almost over!” said Alicia.

“Yeah, saved the day.” said Sirius relieving a bit of stress by nuzzling into Harry's hair.
Moody, this time, reached up and grasped Tonks’ arm, keeping her in place.

“People really like talking in my ear.” said Harry.

“At least we’re watching their backs.” said Remus.

“Why am I not using the countercurse for that.” said Harry.
“All that hard work,” said George after a moment of silence. “all that pain and suffering, and it breaks....and it's all who sent that dancing curse at Neville?”

“Dolohov, maybe...the same guy that attacked Hermione.” said Fred.

“So it's all his fault.” said George.

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Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

One hundred and third paragraph, second sentence.

“Thank god, we're all going to live.” sighed Harry with relief.

---

End of one hundred and third paragraph.

One hundred and fourth paragraph, second comma.

“You better find those thoughts young man and get the bloody hell out of there!” said Mrs. McFinn scolding at the book.

Officer McFinn, Dr. Clark and Harry stared at her.

One hundred and fourth paragraph, second sentence.

The students were now cheering loudly and shouts of “Get 'em Headmaster!” and “Now you're going to get it!” could be heard all over the Great Hall.

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End of one hundred and fourth paragraph.

One hundred and fifth paragraph.

One hundred and sixth paragraph.
“That said 'red' right?” asked Harry quickly.

The school was now dead silent, the Unspeakables looked in horror at the book, then to Sirius and then to Harry.

“Oh no...Harry...” said Speckerton quietly.

Remus bowed his head.

“What's going on, where did you go?” asked Harry looking at Sirius worriedly.

End of Chapter

A gasp went through the the school. Was Sirius gone as in gone?

Hours later, the students sat in their dormitories in silence. the event that caused the ceasing of the readings for the day, would forever go down in Hogwarts history...as possibly one of the most horrifying thing to ever happen in the school.
Harry held a hand over his mouth and leaned forward in his chair, closing his eyes. How did this happen? How could he let this happen? He went there to save him, turned out to be a trap and Sirius died anyways. What was he going to do? What's going to happen now?

His head began to pound and his chest began to ache.

What had he done? He had led his friends to what could still be their deaths, not just them, but the members of the Order...Just because he couldn't be bothered to close his mind, especially the way that worked for him!

Had he simply just become complacent where it concerned the Dark Lord? Sure he worried about what would be the end result between the two of them, but really, since the beginning of the school year, did he give him more than just a passing thought as he dealt with Umbridge and the unjust way he was portrayed by the Ministry?

Did he just think himself far superior to any other wizard around? He already wholeheartedly believe that he was one of the smartest student in the school, after having taken that assessment...from the look on the teacher's faces, he was at least in the top ten, (some of those Ravenclaws could be horrifyingly smart, and they share their knowledge very infrequently with the students outside their house) Going right into an obvious trap, was he really all that smart?

How did he become like this? What drove him to being this way?

It was till just that moment that Harry realized that he wasn't breathing, his head felt swimmy and his arms and legs grew heavy. He was dying, this wasn't the same almost peaceful revelation as in his second year, but this had to be him dying, there was no other explanation...and he was doing it right in front of everyone...the students, the faculty, members of the Ministry, the Rangers and his family...

“Well, that's not all that terrible,” said a horrifyingly calm voice in his head. “If I'm not around, no one will get hurt.”
What was that? Where did that come from? But wait, was that voice right? No one would be hurt anymore...it always seemed to be his fault that all this was happening. Mrs. Weasley wouldn't have to worry about her children anymore if he wasn't in the picture, and Hermione would totally be dedicated to her studies and not getting into trouble.

“Just let go...that's all you have to do, let go.” said the calm voice. “Let go and it will all be over, and everyone will be safe…”

“This hasn't happened yet!” came a harsh, loud voice in his head. “This won't happen! You know what is there and the Rangers certainly won't let anyone in front of them die like that!”

But...Ron...Hermione...

“The feud between Lucius Malfoy and Mr. Weasley was going on way before you came on the scene, and if you hadn't been friends with Ron then it's likely that his sister would never have been...”

“Thrown down in the Chamber of Secrets and nearly had been killed.” said calm voice smoothly.

“...Found, she wouldn't have been found, and Peter would still be Ron's pet, lying in wait to kill the entire family if Voldemort came back on his own.” said the harsh voice sternly. “As for Hermione, she would have just been stuck in her books and wouldn't have the friends she does if you and Ron hadn't welcomed her into your group...granted...after a lot of trials and suffering...”

But...he expected to hear the the calm voice come up again and argue it's side, but nothing came...

“No buts! Wake the hell up! You don't want this happening? Then quit holding back and get ready to end this once and for all!” shouted the voice.

“Wake up! Wake up!...Wake up...wake up...please...”

Wait, who was that last voice? It didn't sound like that harsh voice he'd been shouted at by.
“Please, Harry, wake up...“

“...Wake up for your old Sirius.”

Wait....that's....

Harry's eyes fluttered open and he looked up. There was a red gossamer curtain draping down around bed, shielding the rest of the room from his gaze. Harry was confused, he didn't know where he was for certain at first. This wasn't the Great Hall, as it was way too silent for that, this wasn't the same kind of bed that was in the Hospital Wing, or the bed in the room that he shared with Sirius, but it was sort of like the one in the Gryffindor dorm. Though there was a big difference, as in the size of the bed, the one in the dorm was at least a full size bed, this bed was a king size. He made to sit up or even get out of the bed, but found his arms and legs strangely restrained. He looked down and saw thick belts holding him down onto the bed, and taking away the liberty of free movement.

“Wha'...wha's goin' on?” he asked thickly.

Suddenly, the curtains were parted aside and a very disheveled Sirius, Leroy, and Dr. Clark stood over him. The rest of the room then came into view, the mystery was solved, he was at Night's Rest.

“Harry!” said Sirius joyfully. He made to reach down and remove the belt restraints when Dr. Clark stopped him.

“Hold up, Sirius, Harry...do you know who he is?” asked Dr. Clark pointing to Leroy.

Harry blinked a few times, looked at Leroy and then looked up at Dr. Clark. “That's Uncle Leroy...uh...he's married to Uncle Rudolph...you're married right?” asked Harry.

Leroy broke into a wide smile. “Well, we had to go to a different country for that, but yes! He remembers me again! Thank Merlin!”

“That's a relief, for a few days there, you had no clue who he was.” said Sirius with a nervous laugh as he made to remove the leg and arm restraints. “Let's get you sitting up...”
“Think you can set up a...bubble or something, so he can't get out of the bed, but he can at least sit up?” said Dr. Clark.

“That may be a good thing, especially after what nearly happened.” said Sirius as he waved his wand and conjured a large pink bubble to surround the bed itself, they could reach in and remove the belts, but Harry was trapped inside.

Harry looked between them as Sirius helped him into a sitting position against the cushions in his bed. “A few days? Wait, I didn't wake up before...did I? And what are you talking about 'nearly happened'? What nearly happened?”

“Well, not in a certain aspect.” said Leroy uncomfortably as he looked at the others. “And...it wasn't pretty.”

“I, Glacier and Dr. Nicodemus all came to the consensus that you had a mental breakdown, a BIG mental breakdown.” said Dr. Clark uneasily. “You were...”

“Remember Dumbledore's heart attack?” Ten times worse.” interjected Sirius. “No one could get to you, even that Lionus bloke was knocked back. Your therapist Glacier managed to come up with the idea to get to you and Dumbledore managed to break through to you. When all the carnage stopped, there you were, fast asleep in his arms. The bad thing that happened was two days ago, after the whole screaming vortex.”

Harry stared. “What happened, how did I...what carnage are you talking about?”

“Glacier wants you to see what happened, via pensieve. He said you would see something we didn't at the time, being...well...shocked as we were and all, and as for the incident...he'll tell you about that...I think. But that'll wait till later.” said Sirius. “First you need to just relax, Leroy...go get Nicodemus, he's already going to be pissed that we waited in telling him that you woke up.”

“Don't bother, I knew you boys weren't going to be able to remember to get me.” said a voice coming from the other side of the door.

“Old goat...” muttered Sirius.

“Young idiot.” said Dr. Nicodemus as he came into the room, he walked straight over to the bed
and took out a long white wand. “Now, let's see what we have here...”

“Sirius mentioned Glacier...” said Harry softly as he complied with Dr. Nicodemus's orders of twisting in the bed following the tip of his wand with his eyes.

“He's coming lad, we just need to make some changes in the what was going on lately.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Changes?” asked Harry. “What changes?”

Dr. Nicodemus took a deep breath and sat down. “We decided to...ask you if you would honestly prefer to...limit the people who would be privy to the readings.”

“Limit? What good would limiting the people hearing all this do?” asked Harry.

“They'd fit better in here.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Night's Rest anyway.”

“Here?” said Harry looking at the man in disbelief. “You mean to tell me that everyone is going to come in here?

“Well, maybe one of the more comfortable rooms here, but...” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“The more the merrier!” said Sirius happily.

“No.” said Harry plainly.

Sirius turned and stared at Harry. “Why not?”

“Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn were excited to see what Christmas was like at Hogwarts...I don't want to take that from them. They'd have to wait a whole year for that.” said Harry.
“This isn't about us,” said Dr. Clark. “This is about you and you being comfortable, and healthy in both body and mind.”

Harry clenched and unclenched his hands on the sheets. “You want me to be mentally stable, then let's get this book over with, and give me plenty of Calming Draughts to get through it.”

“I think I will come and listen to all this as well.” said a soothing, cool voice.

Harry looked to his left and there was Glacier, looking down at Harry. “I'm glad you're awake, and very happy that you are back in your normal mental capacity, you had everyone here and at school very worried.” He looked up at the rest of the people in the room. “I would like to talk to him privately, if you all would go outside?” he added as he conjured a large basin out of thin air and took a phial from his inner pocket.

“Do you think that's wise, he's just woken up.” said Dr. Clark holding up a hand.

“I'll be right beside him, we need to talk about what happened.” said Glacier.

“I know that, but...” said Dr. Clark.

“I fully believe that he will benefit from this, but if he can trust me, than he should be fine.” said Glacier looking over at Dr. Clark and then back to Harry. “Do you trust me?”

Harry looked up at the man, and nodded.

Moments later, they were both deposited in the Great Hall of days past.

“Now..watch.” said Glacier pointing to where Harry was sitting with his head buried in his hands.

Harry watched in silence as he saw his past self continue to stay frozen in place and then suddenly the bowl was blasted backwards, sending the occupants flying. The past version went tumbling till he nearly made it to the doors, now instead of silent, he was crying loudly.
“Please Sirius! Please don't leave me!” moaned Harry. “I can't lose you!”

“This is disturbing...” said Harry looking up at Glacier. “I understand it, but...it's still hard to watch.”

“And unfortunately, it won't get any easier, lad.” said Glacier.

Then a mysterious wind began to swirl around Harry, picking up stray bits of dust from the floor and causing a tornado effect. The howling of the wind began to grow louder and louder, so loud in fact that anything other than the scattered screams of the students were inaudible.

Harry couldn't get closer to himself to see what was going on, as Glacier held him back. “You don't need to go any further than here. Here is what I want to show you.”

“What? Me losing my mind? I'll say that is a pretty big incentive to not do what I'm doing right now.” said Harry extending his hand towards his past self.

“That's not what I want you to look at, look at the scene again.” said Glacier. “You're brilliant, lad, tell me what you see.”

Harry looked once more, from the swirling wind all the way to the back of the room where the students were staying huddled together.

“What is it that you see?” pressed Glacier after a few moments.

Harry stared fixedly at the scene before him. The teachers, the Ministry workers, Sirius, Remus, the Weasleys, Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark and even Officer McFinn are trying to calm him down. The students were torn between trying to get away and trying to help, Ron and Hermione are being held back by Tonks. Harry was writhing on the ground and clutching his face and hair, as if he were trying to either tear the hair from his scalp or rip the flesh from his skull.

“And what does that scene tell you?” asked Glacier.
“...That...they want to help me.” said Harry slowly.

“They would do *anything* to help you. You are a massive part of their world, even those who haven't known you for longer than a few months are pretty much putting you on a permanent Christmas card list.” said Glacier. “Without you, there would be a large hole in their lives that can never be filled by another.”

Harry looked at the therapist. “I know that...”

“You may know it, but you don't believe that *you* are deserving of such affection.” said Glacier. “While you do realize what the Dursleys did was wrong, you still have the lingering emotional damage done to you by them. Though...what is happening here, is what anyone with enough magical power would be doing with the loss of a short lived parental figure. Much like what you did with Officer McFinn when he was cut down in the line of duty.”

Harry was silent.

“There is another theory of what is going on in that mind of yours. I believe also that when you were younger, you made yourself a promise that you were never going to let anyone else that you loved, die.” said Glacier.

This time Harry turned and looked at Glacier, his eyes wide.

“Seems that is the better notion.” said Glacier quietly as he took in Harry's reaction. “While it's admirable that you would prefer that no one got hurt, the world is a dangerous place and you are in possibly the most hostile country in the magical world right now. And unfortunately, you being you, the danger would follow you to anywhere you go. The only thing you can do is bring it to an end before it lasts too long. And with these books, it will all happen at a much faster pace.”

“Sirius won't die like it says he does in the books...” said Harry.

“I fully believe that no one will die like they will in these books, I think that once they are over, and Voldemort has been thoroughly dealt with, everyone will finally have some peace in their lives.” said Glacier. “And their future will be an unknown wonder, as it should be.”

“Then lets end this, now, you have Voldemort, why not just...finish him now?” asked Harry.
“You are aware of what is within you still?” said Glacier looking over at Harry, carefully placing a hand over Harry’s heart. “Despite having immense knowledge in the science and magic of healing, even we are hard pressed to meddle with the soul.”

“So how do we get rid of it?” asked Harry.

“We will find a way.” said Glacier. “I swear we will.”

“So what happened that made them restrain me like they did?” asked Harry.

“You had slipped out of the Hospital Wing and had attempted to leap from one of the towers, in fact, you were halfway down to the ground before Tempest had caught you.” said Glacier. “So we brought you away from the castle, away from the pull of the high towers and restrained you in the bed.”

“I...jumped from the towers?” said Harry in shock.

“You did, and you even screamed that you would attempt it, again and again, until you were finally at peace.” said Glacier.

“I...I don't remember that...” said Harry.

“No, I would have been amazed if you had. While we had you secured, we placed a few of your more scattered and turmoil filled thoughts in a pensive, that was this morning.” said Glacier.

“So...that's where it went.” said Harry.

“Where what went?” said Glacier with a quirk of his brow.

“Nothing.” said Harry quickly.
Glacier looked unimpressed. “Hmm...perhaps we'll talk about this 'it', after you've rested. You've had a terrifying few days, and I personally would recommend that you rest.”
It took the entire weekend for Harry to be released from Night's Rest. Madam Pomfrey and Dr. Nicodemus were a little hesitant about letting him halt the soothing rest he was getting at his new home. They however couldn't argue that the sooner the books were done the sooner he could actually rest for longer than a few days.

Thus, he was ordered to take part in the same regimen of Calming Draughts that Dumbledore was on and maintain a strict four chapter a day.

When Harry got to the Great Hall, he noticed that while a majority of the students were still present, there were a few that were missing. Zacharias Smith, Pansy Parkinson, and Marietta Edgecombe were gone. Though, he was sure that Marietta had been gone for a while, it was only now that he realized it.

"Some people jump ship?" asked Harry.

"We sort of took the liberty of removing Zacharias...he's off with Professor Sinistra. We were going to send him home, but his parents had decided to take a second honeymoon...and to avoid the scandal with Arbuckle." said Sirius.

Officer McFinn motioned Harry over to him and he went over to talk to the ghostly figure.

"How are you holding up?" asked Officer McFinn.

Harry shrugged. "Can't wait for this to all be over....not that I want to say goodbye to you again."

Officer McFinn stood up and wrapped him in an embrace, kissing his brow. "I don't want to leave you either...but just think...you'll be able to have a better life than what is stated in these last few books...though I hope the part I'm looking forward too still happens."

"And that part is?" asked Harry.

"Not saying." said Officer McFinn with a teasing smile.

"You know, reading these last few books seem a bit pointless now." said Harry.

"Yeah, it does seem like it, but the information in those books are paramount to you surviving." said Officer McFinn. "Shall we continue on...get this book over with finally?"

"I'd love that." said Harry, he walked back to Sirius and sat down in the bowl.

Officer McFinn picked the book up off the pedastal and turned to the new chapter to be read that day. "First chapter of the day is The Only Man He Feared"

"The only one who feared?" asked Fred.

"I hope it's You-Know-Who...he's the one I would vote to be afraid of someone." said George.

Dialogue line.
Sirius stood up and brought Harry over to him, he sat down and pulled Harry onto his lap and wrapped his arms around him. “I'm right here, I'm right here.” he said soothingly.

“First dose.” said Madam Pomfrey hurrying over and handing him a phial.

Sirius gave him an extra squeeze when he felt Harry tense up.

“I don't care what you do, you're not allowed to go there.” said Harry.

“Only if you don't.” said Sirius.

Sirius gave him an extra squeeze when he felt Harry tense up.

“I don't like this book...” whimpered a first year.

“I knew you cared...” said Tonks trying to raise a bit of levity.

Moody rolled his eye, but patted her hand softly.

“End of fifth paragraph.”

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.
“Not a friend...” muttered Harry. “Family...”

Sirius shushed Harry softly. “It’s alright.”

Seventh paragraph.
Dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph.
“T'd miss you to mate.” said Sirius reaching over and grasping his friend's hand.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“As...pleased as I am that I mean that much to you...please don't kill anyone...” said Sirius.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence.
“T's Voldemort's second best dueler...you're only a fifth year...” said Bill worriedly.

End of tenth paragraph.

Eleventh paragraph, sixth sentence.
“Lucky that Bella didn't kill them on the way out.” whispered Rudolph.

End of eleventh paragraph.
“Tell me someone is racing after you...please...tell me someone is coming after you to stop you.” pleaded Mrs. McFinn.
Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“And that there is how you get about in there.” said one of the Unspeakables.

Lee looked slightly put out. “All they had to do was say where they wanted to go? Son of a banshee...”

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“I know something horrible just happened...but I'm kind of curious as to what was going on in that lift as it slowly rose.” said Charlie quietly.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Good boy.” muttered Moody and Lionus.

Dialogue set.

“Doesn't mean that I'm going to just step out and let you kill me.” said Harry shortly.

“One more time.” said Sirius taking a phial off a small table and handing it to his godson.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I hope that we get to kick her ass in the future.” said Fred darkly.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“NO!” shouted the group in the Great Hall.

Harry stared. “What have I done?”

“Nothing that I wouldn’t have done if she had killed you...or hurt you...” said Sirius.
“I can’t believe...I can’t believe that I would do that...” said Harry horrified.

“Well, the plus side is...though not in this case, is that you don’t have the right feeling in order to use that curse.” said Lionus. “Hopefully, you never know what feeling you have to have.”

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Hopefully that got her to shut up.” said Bill.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“So much for that wish.” muttered Bill.

End of dialogue set.

“Don’t take any lesson with her.” whispered Sirius.

“Don’t plan on it.” said Harry.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I don’t hope to learn any of them, thank you very much.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“Hmm, looks like that statue was going to get trashed whether we did it or not.” said Lionus with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

“Which is Death Eater speak for, ‘I’m going to kill you either way, save me some time finding it.’” said Tonks.
“That can't be good.” said Hannah worriedly.

“No Death Eater is foolish enough to think they are above punishment.” said Snape absently.

Dr. Clark reached over and rubbed where the scar was, causing Harry to close his eyes with pleasure.

“So violent...” said Luna. “I wonder what made her that way.”

“She was that violent when I knew her.” said Leroy.

“That won't work...” said Sirius as he began rocking Harry back and forth softly.

“You don't need...” said Harry.

“Yeah I do.” said Sirius.
Ginny cursed softly, and while Mrs. Weasley heard it, she was much too preoccupied to scold her.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“Shit, don't freeze.” muttered Tonks.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Shows what he knows.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

“They're not going to be breathing much longer after that.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

“I may be able to forgive you if you have the right excuse, but I cannot see him having the ability to forgive.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

“Not much in the way of perks if you're his 'most loyal Death Eater'. ” said Ginny.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Get away!” shouted a few second years.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.
“Picked a bad time to freeze up...” Dr. Nicodemus wincing slightly.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Thank goodness someone came after you.” said Sirius.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Style to burn.” said Sirius with a smirk.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Yeah...” said Rudolph clapping loudly.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I really can’t see any of our Aurors being able to take him on, Bellatrix perhaps, but not You-Know-Who.” said Madam Bones.

Dialogue line.

“Threat would hold more weight if you would actually hit him.” said Lionus.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

Quite a few of the students grinned excitedly at the duel that was going on between their headmaster and the Dark Lord. They had all read about the duel between Dumbledore and Grindewald, but this was way better.
“He's not you.” said Harry quietly.

“Well, that's a bit of dark turn.” said Ron slowly.

“Wrong.” said Harry.

“Doesn't stop you from shouting...does it?” asked Lee.

“Somehow, I think that he wanted to leap out and distract the Dark Lord.” said Nightstrike.

“Idiot boy.” said Snape. “That would have only gotten him killed.”

“Oh no.” said Ernie anxiously.

“Oh no! Not Fawkes!” screamed Katie.

“Wait, he's a phoenix, maybe he'll be alright...” said Bill.
“Death by drowning, not a great way to go.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Oh, hell, that's not a good thing.” said Sirius clutching at Harry a little tighter.

Harry was now wrapped in not only Sirius' arms, but everyone else in the bowl had wrapped their arms around him.

The rest of the students and even a few of the Rangers turned to look at him with shocked gazes.

“Guess he's got a limit.” whispered Dennis quietly.

Mrs. McFinn laid her head on his back, hot tears falling on his spine.

“Oh, god.” gasped Dr. Clark horrified.
“Oh...no...” whispered McGonagall her hand flying to her mouth.

“Oh god no...” said Mrs. McFinn, holding Harry a little tighter.

Sirius rubbed foreheads with Harry. “I don't want you to follow me so soon after I go.”

“Wait...what made him let him go?” asked a sixth year Slytherin.

“Maybe Dumbledore did something.” said a fifth year Ravenclaw.

“I would greatly like to not relive your first year.” said Dumbledore taking another phial of Calming Draught and drinking it.

“Finally! It's freaking over!” Neville shouted, stunning a few people. “They'll finally stop being so stupid!”
“We've been telling you for months you stupid son of a kneazel!” shouted Charlie.

“Regardless, don't leave him.” said Madam Pomfrey shaking her finger at the man.

“I won't, I won't.” said Dumbledore leaning back into the chair and closing his eyes.

“Something they should have been doing months ago.” said Remus.

“Get some mental help.” said Tempest looking at the man.

“Someone finally smashed the damned thing.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Trying save someone that ended up dying anyway.” said Harry darkly.

“Shh...I'm right here.” said Sirius quietly.
“Send me someone who knows more than I do about what's going on and what is acceptable.” said George trying to imitate Dumbeldore's voice.

A few students stifled a giggle.

“That's being generous. I wouldn't give him three.” said Angelina.

“Sort of makes hunting for him all worthless now, they could have just owled him a letter.” said Dr. Clark with a snicker.

Madam Pomfrey pushed a phial of Calming Draught in Harry's hand.

Harry heaved a great sigh and leaned against Sirius' arms.

“It's alright, it'll be okay.” said Sirius.
“It will here, but not so much in the books.”
“Do you want to do another chapter today?” asked Sirius. “No shame in calling it quits for today.”

“I’m okay, well...think you can get that kitchen up here, give me a bit of therapy cooking?” asked Harry.

“Sure thing.” said Sirius. Dumbledore waved his wand and the kitchen reappeared in the Great Hall. Without missing a beat, Harry stood up and began to pull bowls, knives, spoons and ingredients out of the cabinets and the cupboard of food.

Officer McFinn waited till Harry gathered up all the things he wanted before he started.

“Thirty Seventh chapter.”

“Maybe we'll finally get some answers.” said Justin.

“You mean Harry'll finally get some answers?” said Hannah with a frown.

“Uh...yeah, I meant Harry.” said Justin quickly.

First paragraph.

“Safest place in the castle for you, no one can get in there besides the Headmaster.” said Flitwick.

“Here's hoping a fire doesn't start, if he's the only one that can get to him, then he would be trapped.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Second paragraph.

“Worst...night...of...my...life.” said Harry as he pounded a thick steak with a wooden mallet. “And I haven't even lived it yet.”

Third paragraph, second sentence.

Rudolph stood up and placed his hands on Harry's shoulders.

“What?” asked Harry.

“Nothing, I'm just going to stand here.” said Rudolph tapping his forehead against the back of Harry's head.

End of third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph.
“Shh...” said Rudolph wrapping his arms around Harry's chest, Harry had just slammed a bowl down and shattered it on contact. He took out his wand and tapped the bowl and repaired it, and conjured a bandage to cover the small cut on his hand.

Fifth paragraph.

“Come on, come back to chair.” said Rudolph coaxing Harry back to the bowl. Harry felt his arms go limp as he allowed himself to be taken back. Leroy waved his wand and the food that was in the process of being used was wrapped up in preservation charms and the kitchen disappeared.

Sixth paragraph.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Several people winced horribly.

“Phineas...” groaned Dumbledore.

Eighth paragraph.

Ninth paragraph.

Tenth paragraph.

“Good thing too...” said Harry quietly as he was covered by the quilt.

“Why?” asked Dr. Clark.

Despite being so close, Sirius and Dr. Clark didn't quite catch what Harry mumbled, something about one of the towers. However, Remus heard what he had said and reached over to grasp Harry's knee.

“Please...don't think that.” said Remus quietly.

Harry only burrowed further into blankets.

“After this chapter, end of the day.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

“Bet they're wondering why you're trying to leave the office after you just arrived.” said Sirius quietly.

Dialogue line.
“Not the time he wants to feel proud.” said Leroy looking sadly over to Harry.

Sirius ran his fingers through the top of Harry's hair. “I'm sure 'Book you' will get better.”

“I only wished I was returning after happier circumstances.” said Dumbledore sending Harry a sympathetic look.

The subtle implication of Dumbledore's words went unsaid, as Harry at the time really didn't need to hear it and Dumbledore was already looking a bit uncomfortable.

“I want a Calming Draught, or a sleeping potion, I don't care which.” mumbled Harry.

“Here.” said Sirius handing Harry one of Dumbledore's phials. He took it back once Harry had downed it's contents.

Harry buried his face with the blankets, he didn't want to hear this, and covered his ears. He could feel the potion taking the edge off of his raging emotions, but if he could not hear what was going on, the effects would quicken.
“Shut up, you old coot!” shouted the student body.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“You were better.” said Sirius ducking his head under the covers to look at Harry's tear stained face. While above the covers it looked like Harry was merely sleeping or trying to achieve some rest, it seemed that he was an emotional wreck and the potion was only able to do a minimal amount of help. “It's okay, I'm going to be with you for quite a few more decades, I'm not going anywhere.”

“Doesn't change that this would have happened, this all would have happened!” hiccuped Harry.

“Exactly, would have, it won't happen now.” said Sirius. “Now come on, why not just rest...?”

Harry turned over in the bowl, and wrapped his arms around Sirius' middle, not caring what anyone else would say. But he heard a dull groan come from around his feet.

“What was that?” asked Harry looking up at Sirius.

“You accidentally nailed Sam.” said Sirius with a twitching smile.

Dialogue set.

“I'm not sure 'bout that...I would prefer not to lose my loved ones.” said George.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“I know what it's like to be on one end of Harry's grief...” said Dr. Clark.

“Yeah, I remember...” said Remus looking down at the floor.

Dialogue set.

“Being over a hundred years old, he has more than seen his share of funerals.” said Bathilda Bagshot softly.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Then I'd rather not feel it...” muttered Harry.
“If the option is you being like Voldemort?” said Sirius.

“Why can't I just be emotionally distant without being like Voldemort?” said Harry.

“Expressing grief is healthier.” said Dr. Clark reaching over and giving Harry's shoulder a squeeze.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

A few of the students stared at the book.

“Easy there, Nellie.” said Lionus with a smirk. “Though, if you have to throw it, aim for Dumbledore, see if ducks fast enough.”

“I do believe that I would have dodged it, with or without magic.” said Dumbledore with a slight frown.

**End of dialogue set.**

“I'd be throwing stuff too, if someone was trying to sound calm...I think I did that at Azkaban now that I think about it. They kept talking to me about Lily and James in a calm tone, I think I broke through the bars the first time...then I got moved up to the more secure parts of the prison.” said Sirius thinking back.

**Dialogue set.**

“Kind of sounds a bit better than what he went through a few days ago...doesn't it?” said Hermione quietly.

“I still would not want to be in his shoes...I don't think I could stand losing anyone in my family.” said Ron.

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Things can be replaced, he cannot.” said Dumbledore looking over at the mound of fabric.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Don't mention bleeding and death so soon...” said Dr. Clark and Dr. Nicodemus quietly.

**Dialogue set.**

“I would not blame you, though I don't think you would even go through with that.” said Dumbledore, a slight smile on his face.
“I’d just break your stuff.” said Harry’s voice, muffled through the thick quilt.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“After hearing what he said, I don’t recommend letting him out.” said Remus quietly.

Dialogue line.

“And it seems I am also worried about what he may do.” said Dumbledore.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Don't know if he's giving you the green light or not.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Can't quite blame him, he's wanted to talk to Dumbledore for months, and now he wants to talk to him?” said Lionus quietly.

“Easy there.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

“So...you're telling him to hit you?” said Bill.
“Can't tell if that's supposed to make him feel better...or not.” said Ernie.

“He's saying that it's mostly his, and partially Bellatrix's.” said Luna serenely.

Harry began to thrash under the covers, trying to pull the quilt off himself, but Officer McFinn held out his hand. “Calm down, he didn't finish.” he said quietly.

The thrashing stopped and the moving quilt covered lumps settled down.

“Now...he cares?” said Sirius quirking a brow. “Now he shows that he cares? What a bastard.”

“That's sad...” said Luna looking sympathetically at the book.

“Says the man that still goes out for a run every other morning at eight o' five.” said Madam Pomfrey looking sternly at the Headmaster.

“You go out and run?” said Justin looking at the Headmaster in shock.
“That’s one hell of a guess.” murmured Harry from under the covers.

“That’s some hearing you've got.” said Sirius patting Harry's shoulder.

“Something I would really rather forget.” said Mrs. Weasley gripping the arm of her husband.

“Figured you had enough on your plate with Fudge, the Wizengamot, Umbridge and Voldemort.” said Harry thickly.

“The simple word, “is”, sent a blossom of joy through Dumbledore's chest. He had feared that despite most of the things that had happened in this latest book had surely removed any connection the two of them had, but it seemed the lad was willing to put aside his righteous feeling of betrayal. He couldn't help but feel so grateful to his forgiving nature.

“There's no safer place than right next to you.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“I've been telling him that for months.” said McGonagall.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“And that is something that I would never do, no matter to what end.” said Dumbledore. “If anything, I would have contained the both of you, and then scoured every tome I could get my hands on to cure you and protect your mind from him.”

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Sirius ran his hand up and down Harry's covered arm, his heart was breaking with how devastated Harry was over losing him. Though, there was still that cold dread that was in the back of his mind if he had been subjected to the same loss, only in his case, the loss of his godson...he knew that he would have to be strapped to a bed in St. Mungos, there would be no recovery for him. Harry was young, and smart...he would recover, even book self that was actually living through this, he would be alright.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Ha, future me listened and I ran to Dumbledore...” said Sirius lightly.

“Thanks for coming back and telling me that you told him.” said Harry darkly.

“Well, no one is perfect.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

“Not a great plan.” said Remus.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“So, he only mentally traveled there?” asked Hermione.

“But the Rangers said that they picked up his magical signature...” said Ron. “So he had to have been there in some way or another. Maybe something changed between here and the book version.”

Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash.

“Which would have been easier, as he was already in the Ministry. What would have stopped him
from going down the lifts?” said Tonks.

“If we could fathom what goes through that deranged mind, he would have been captured long before now.” said Moody.

“You mean you don't already try and think like them?” said Tonks with a smile.

“He’s on a whole other level of dark than what I can understand normally.” said Moody.

“Never thought I would hear you admit you can't do something.” said Tonks.

“Never thought I would hear about you being able to take on an actual Death Eater.” said Moody gesturing towards the book.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Harry began to shake his head to try and rid himself of the guilt, but Sirius' hand came down and nestled on top of his head.

“I'm okay, you're okay...we're all okay.” said Sirius softly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I'm going to kill him!” growled Sirius darkly. “I don't care anymore!”

“Take it easy, you'll jostle Harry if you don't calm down.” said Remus.

“That little toerag sent Harry and his friends into danger, he'll be lucky if I just kill him!” hissed Sirius.

“I'm okay, you're okay...we're all okay.” came the muffled voice from under the covers.

Sirius looked down and continued his ministrations. “Still going to thrash the little bastard...”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

It was now Sirius' turn to seethe with anger, muttering about giving Kreacher concrete orders and never letting him near any of the children again and looked over to Mrs. Weasley with a frown.
“Tiny bit of humor there, I suppose.” said Dr. Clark with a quiet chuckle.

The students turned and stared at the Potions Master, who had kept his gaze firmly at his feet, a threatening snarl on his face for anyone to make a comment.

“He's not going to have any honorable job like that again.” spat Sirius.

“He never liked me, always beside my mother's knee and believed all the crap she spewed out. I think she had a crush on her at some point...way too devoted.” said Sirius.

“Not that your devotion to him is trivial.” said Dumbledore.

“Nah, I just thought they knew that already and didn't bother blocking it.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“He's a bigger idiot than I thought if he didn't even know that beforehand.” said Harry.
Now both Sirius and Hagrid were mumbling darkly.

“Vicious little...”

“Beaky never did nuthin' to 'im.”

“I want to know 'persuasion' you used on him.” said Sirius. “See if I can do it as well.”

“This hasn't happened...” said Hermione, though she herself was taken aback and horrified at the treachery of the house-elf, it didn't stop her from fearing for him.

“Oh, I'll make damn sure that he doesn't do anything.” said Sirius.

“So you're saying that all this is my fault? The little toerag was delusional when we got there, all the kindness and respect in the world wouldn't have made a dent of difference!” said Sirius.

“My future self did not say that, nor would I ever, as I said, the blame lies mostly with myself.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, I can't wait for someone to come along and show me how I should have treated the psychotic little bastard. Cause you,” said Sirius pointing to Remus. “can't say I didn't try to be nice to him the first two months.”

Dumbledore looked at Remus, who nodded.

“He did try, Kreacher was really...addled, more so before everyone came and especially before the kids came. Sirius tried to keep him from Mrs. Black, as she was the one that seemed to instigate his madness and that seemed to help a bit.” said Remus. “When it was mentioned that we needed a safe place to meet, he and I went right there to see what we could do with the place, we didn't know about Kreacher at the time, thought he had died to be honest. What the kids saw in Kreacher, that skulking muttering figure...was a lot better when he and I both went there the first time. If he had more than just the few teeth he had, he would have bit us on top of scratch at us and try and attack us.”

“But elves can't attack their masters...” said Ernie.

“What about when they think their master is a painting?” said Sirius, “And as I was kicked off the family tapestry, so it took a lot of convincing to get him to listen to me.”
“So, we were in a house...with a psycho elf?” said Fred looking shocked.

“Or at least more psycho than we thought?” said George.

The twins looked at each other with stunned looks. “Wicked!”

“The moment he understood I was his master, I put in some very strict orders, he was not to touch the kids, harm the kids or even be in the same room alone with the kids. He only disobeyed that order once and he punished himself for it.” said Sirius. “And I at first, didn't want the kids there, I wasn't sure if it was safe, but Molly didn't want to leave the kids home alone while the meetings went on when Arthur couldn't make it. But we made a compromise, I would keep an eye on Kreacher, she would be the driving force behind the clean-up.”

“I didn't realize he was like that before we got there.” said Mrs. Weasley looking fearfully at her children.

“I told you about it!” said Sirius looking confused.

“Let's move on.” said Officer McFinn loudly before a fight could break out.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Physical danger was not what I had in mind.” said Dumbledore.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Yes...I...do...you didn't grow up with the little skirt licker.” ground out Sirius through clenched teeth.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

Sirius finished glowering at the Headmaster and ducked his head under the covers to see what Harry was doing, he hadn't heard anything out of the lad for a bit and he hadn't moved for a while. Turns out, Harry was asleep.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Yeah, being alone with a wizard painted portrait of my mother, and learning all my parent's nasty little ways.” said Sirius quietly.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“Dobby was pleasant, knew the difference between right and wrong...can't believe I'm saying this but he was in a better family than Kreacher was.” said Sirius.
“Thanks for giving me a shout out for all my hard work, you old codger.” muttered Sirius.

“You son of...” spat Sirius.

“I did not know.” said Dumbledore holding up his hands in a gesture of submission. “I apologize for the inaccuracy of my future self.”

Sirius tried to not show how touched he was, but was failing slightly as tears began to form.

“He was trying to not show that the message meant anything to Umbridge.” said Justin.

“So...Professor Snape is the last line of defense for us?” said one of the first year Hufflepuffs.

“He's so cool!” said a young Gryffindor happily.

Snape stared at the cheering students in disbelief.

“Yeah, I can understand that.” said Mrs. McFinn reaching over and giving Harry's ankle a squeeze.
“He would not have done that, he would never surrender Harry to the Dark Lord.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set.

“Damn straight.” muttered Snape.

“And we'll never know what they're going on about.” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

“I didn't hate him before, I hate him now.” said Sirius darkly.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Sirius turned and stared at the Headmaster. “I am two seconds away from kicking your ass, if he wasn't on my lap right now, I'd be dragging you out of here by your beard. If he was unworthy of much interest or notice, then I would not have kept him.”

End of dialogue set.

“I'll give you that one.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“And I suppose that's what it looked like to you, is it?” said Sirius with a frown.

“Well, you did rip a few of the Black family items out of his hands...” said Hermione.

“He kept becoming violent after having too much stuff, especially the pictures and things that belonged to my mother!” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius smiled as he patted Harry's shoulder, he felt the young man shift under the blanket, and the arms wrapped around his middle tightened.
Forty-second paragraph.

Dr. Clark reached over and rubbed Harry's back smoothly.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Best wake Harry up,” said Officer McFinn.

“Why?” asked Sirius.

“If he's going to let the students hear listen in on the remaining two books, he's going to need to know what they're going to know.” said Officer McFinn “And he's going to have to agree that they're going to know some pretty sensitive stuff.”

Sirius gave Harry a slight jostle and ducked under the covers. “Come on Cub, we'll need you to wake up.”

“I don' wanna.” said Harry thickly.

“We want to know if you want the rest of the school to know what the prophecy was about, or what it was that Dumbledore told you about.” said Sirius.

Harry sighed and sat up, “Let them know, I don't rightly care, hopefully with the Ranger's help it won't be long before everything is all squared away. Go on, then.”

“Alright, if you're sure,” said Officer McFinn.

“Why stop now?” asked Harry. “Besides, I've already been told about it.”

Forty-fourth paragraph, second sentence, fifth comma.

“Who's opinion?” said Harry dully.

“Not mine,” said Dumbledore.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

“Down the hatch, Albus,” said Flitwick hurrying over and handing Dumbledore phial after phial of Calming Draught.

“I did not, I swear I did not know the extent...” said Dumbledore, his face pale and his wizened old hands shaking.

“We know, we know, now take the potion,” said Flitwick soothingly.

“I knew about Petunia's feelings towards magic, but I thought...I thought that there was a chance she could overlook that...”
“Yes, yes, now take the potion.” said Flitwick.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Despite not having a lot of money, even we put our name forward...” said Arthur with a kind smile.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Hiding him was the best option I had.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence, third comma.

“Fifty years sounds a lot better than ten, or even twenty...” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“It would slow him down, that's got to account for something.” said Bill.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Doesn't do the people around me any good though, does it?” said Harry as he leaned heavily against Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Will he listen to that? Not really.” said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“And watched me be starved and beaten...yeah, she loves me.” said Harry shaking his head.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
“And I haven't called that place my home for years.” said Harry.

Dumbledore smiled softly.

“Uncle Vernon more than her.” said Harry.

“I didn't know, I didn't know.” mumbled Dumbledore.

“And scared out of my mind.” said Dumbledore.

“What flaw is he talking about?” asked Hannah.

“Yes.” said the entire student body.

“Not all that impressive when it all happened less than two months ago.” said Remus with a smile.
“Have to agree with him there, I wouldn't be all that keen on you knowing something about Voldemort that would promote deep depression.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Because you didn't want to...?” said Lee slowly.

“Traumatizing, nearly cause of death, night of triumph.” said Harry with a smirk.

The students were quiet.

“And that's a 'trap'?" said Sirius. “Then I'll fall into it again and again.”

“'I'm making up for all the years that you didn't have any love and affection?'” said a seventh year curiously.

“Then call me a fool.” said Mrs. Weasley with a frown.

“Not too sure how I feel about that.” said Harry with a light chuckle.
“Wow.” said Dr. Clark looking at Dumbledore.
“I know, I was impressed.” said Officer McFinn.

“I didn't want to ruin whatever childhood you had left.” said Dumbledore.

“I concur.” said Flitwick nodding. “My own years here seems like a proverbial cake walk.”

“Damn dramatic emphasis.” muttered a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“So it was the prophecy's fault...” said Ernie.
“Well, you got your answer.” said Fred looking at the Hufflepuff fifth year.

“Well, good thing he didn't get that.” said Neville, his face pale.

“Well, at least that meant that You-Know-Who won't be able to hear it either.” said Parvati.
“You mean a parrot listened in?” said Harry with a smirk.

Despite the tense situation between Dumbledore and Sirius they shared a hearty laugh.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence, second comma.**

“That's some memory…” said Dr. Clark.

“I would never forget that night, my heart just about stopped in that room.” said Dumbledore.

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“Why didn't you say no then?” said Ron throwing up his hands.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence, ninth word.**

“Is he reenacting this?” whispered a sixth year Gryffindor.

**Fifty-second paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma, sixth word.**

“Argh come on, more of that damn noise?” said Lee covering his ears.

**Fifty-second paragraph, third sentence, first comma.**

“Well, that was short lived.” said Fred.

**End of fifty-second paragraph.**

**Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“She made the prophecy?” said Hermione in shock.

**End of fifty-third paragraph.**

Officer McFinn stopped suddenly and looked over to Harry and then to the rest of the students. “I want you all to swear, that what you are about to hear, you won't leave this room and spread it to anyone else you are writing to and you will keep it here and to yourselves.”
The students nodded and some of them even the twins held up their right hands, their left hands over their hearts and swore in the most pompous voices they could come up with that they would rather eat dragon dung and then sleep in it than sell out Harry.

So, placated, he continued on.

*Prophecy.*

The students and even a few of the adults stared at the book.

“Holy crap...” said the twins looking between Harry and the book.

And that was all anyone could really say.

**Fifty-fourth paragraph.**

**Fifty-fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

Mrs. Weasley held a hand to her mouth and tried to hold back a sob.

**Dialogue set.**

**Fifty-sixth paragraph.**

Sirius held Harry close to him.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fifty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“What?” said Bill after a moment of silence.

**End of dialogue set.**

Neville's jaw fell to the floor. The rest of the student body looked between Harry and Neville and then back to the book.

“Well...uh...it's a good thing...uh...well...” said Neville looking nervous and uncomfortable at the same time. “N...Never mind.”
“Cause the noseless wonder went after you instead of him.” muttered George.

“GEORGE!” shrieked Mrs. Weasley fearfully.

Chief Hawkeye laughed loudly. “I like them.”

“Dream killer.” said Sirius with a slight mutter.

“I have yet to see the blessing part.” said Harry quietly.

Harry cringed.

“Unfortunately.” said Remus shaking his head.

“That would have been the smart thing to do, but he was desperate.” said Moody. “Easier to kill three young adult wizards and a baby rather then three adult wizards, two that have learned more defensive and offensive magic and a young wizard in his prime.”

“Thank goodness for small favors...I think.” said Nightstrike with a hint of uncertainty.
“I'm sort of relieved that my life doesn't have all this.” said a third year Slytherin.

“That's not the power anyone would want you to have.” said Dumbledore. “And you don't, you have a much stronger power than he could ever hope to have.”

The students waited for what the power could be, but the Headmaster did not elaborate.

The students looked amongst themselves in confusion.

“Oh, don't dwell on that dear, please...” pleaded Mrs. McFinn.

“I only meant, that that is what the prophecy meant, it is not what it actually has to happen.” said Dumbledore. “You choose your own destiny...but I have a feeling that my future self may splinter down a path I cannot fathom now that I know what I know.”

Sirius brushed his lips against his godson's head.

“Finally, an answer!” said Sirius. “That had been bugging me! He was perfect Prefect material! Smart, brave, not afraid to stand up for himself or his friends...”

“Shut up.” said Harry turning pink.

End of dialogue set.
Sirius blinked. “Oh...ah...well...okay...” said Sirius. “I guess, he would have been stressed out to the max.”

“Better believe it.” said Harry quietly.

End of chapter.

“That's it, end of the day, I don't care. I don't care where you go, but it had better be therapeutic somehow.” said Chief Hawkeye standing up and pulling Harry to his feet. “You need to recuperate from these last few chapters, and I don't mean you need to be in a comatose state.”

Harry looked off to the side, unsure of what he should say. Then the Ranger Chief placed a finger under his chin and lead his face to look at him eye to eye. The man was almost a foot and a half taller than he was, quite the intimidating figure, but he smiled down at him.

“Take the opportunity to rest as often as you can, I've seen people who have read the future based Memoir Books and have slipped into a unyielding depression. The books are a testament to the life that would have been, and several of the main character of those books have decided to cut their lives short, unable to face them. They blew through the readings, and after a while, they decided that they could not face it, disregarding their chance to change their destinies.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Harry tried to look away, but the finger did not move.

“Take it slow, don’t rush through this, all these people here, they want to know that you'll be alright and they are willing to put their lives on hold. And that's just your book version, they have all become emotionally invested and they want to see the real life you succeed. Now, how about you put forth a little effort on your part, and also make sure that you succeed. Rest often and have a clear head going forth.” said Chief Hawkeye. “You have the largest support system I have ever seen, you are not alone.”

Harry blinked, trying to force back the tears while Chief Hawkeye continued to smile down on him.

“Now, I remember that bathroom with that swimming pool they call a bath, I suggest you hop in there for a bit, if bubble bath can unwind a girl three days into her time of the month, imagine what it can do for a young man in a mental turmoil.” said Chief Hawkeye with a chuckle and he finally released Harry’s chin.

“Are you implying that we're unreasonable during that time?” said Mrs. McFinn dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief.

“No, I'm implying that you are all venom-spewing demon spawn during that time of the month.” said Chief Hawkeye with a wink.
“I swear to Merlin, you have to be cheating.” said Ron throwing down his cards and looking firmly over at his dorm mate who was pulling the large pile of candy towards himself. Neville's face alight with a smile as he looked down at the haul he had just acquired.

Harry had opted instead of the dip in the Prefect bath, (not that he wouldn't do that a bit before curfew) to having a bit of a poker night in his suite, with other students coming in and taking part in it as well. Thanks to all the people that wanted to get in and play, there was a new set of rules for such a large gathering:

First rule: It cost seven sickles to come in and play.

Second Rule: Only five people to the game. That way games could go pretty quickly.

Third Rule: After playing seven hands, you need to switch out with someone else who wants to play. This ensured that everyone got to play.

Fourth Rule: If you lose all your candy, you have to switch out with someone else who wants to play, regardless if your seven hands are done or not.

Fifth Rule: No cheating, if you're caught cheating, you're out, permanently. You're not allowed back into the game, if this becomes a normal thing.

Sixth Rule: Play nice, no being nasty, calling each other cheating and doing so in a teasing manner is one thing. Most swear words are acceptable, except the 'M' word. But say the accepted swearwords quietly so Professor Lupin doesn't hear.

The money to get into the game went straight to the purchase of sweets and even if someone went completely “broke” within two hands they would still leave with at least three sickles worth of candy. The rule was still the same as it had been when they were the only ones playing. The winner at the end of a set amount of games would keep half the pot, and then disperse the rest among himself and the other players, if they so desired, they could always be a miser and run off with the candy if they wanted.

There was the usual group of Harry, Ron, Neville, Seamus and Dean, and then there was the newer
group that once they heard the word 'Poker', they all came into the suite that Harry shared with Sirius and the rest of them. There was the Weasley children, Hermione, Parvati, Lavender, Luna, the Gryffindor Quidditch Team, the Creevy Brothers, a few Huffelpuff students and even a pair of Slytherin students had come by.

“Not my fault that you can't see through my bluff.” said Neville with a bright grin.

“I cannot believe I lost to a pair of Jacks.” moaned Draco covering his eyes.

“Oh, sometimes he bluffs, then he come sneaking up behind you and bite you right in the ass with a straight flush.” said Harry as he sipped a cup of tea.

“You're out Ron, my turn.” said Ginny happily.

“I'm not playing Poker against my sister.” said Charlie looking around the room.

“Fraid I'll kick your butt?” said Ginny with a laugh.

“You always win, it could be “Memory” and you still win!” said Charlie. “Can I at least take half my winnings and run? I'll pick up when her seven games are done.”

“Nope, you sit and take it, if that was allowed, Neville would never get a chance to play.” said Dean with a snicker. “How you doing Luna?”

“I think I'm catching on.” said Luna dreamily.

“Who's deal?” asked Seamus coming up and standing behind Neville.

“Mine, I think.” said Luna as she took the deck of cards and she looked over to Charlie. “I've never seen the way you shuffled the cards before.”

“How do you shuffle?” asked Charlie handing her the cards.
She smiled and then tossed all the cards in the air and with a wave of her wand, the cards began to swirl around in the air and then neatly placed themselves face down on top of each other.

“That's how my dad and I shuffle the cards.” said Luna with a soft smile. “Though, before I came to school I had to pick them up by hand.”

Draco stared slackjawed at the Ravenclaw girl and raised brows.


“This is fun.” said Luna fondly. “Are you having fun Draco?”

Draco blinked a few times and nodded. “Uh, yeah, yeah...I'm enjoying myself.”

“Sort of set us back a bit when you showed up.” said Fred with a smirk.

“Yeah Blaise too.” said George. “Really didn't expect you two to show.”

Indeed, it was quite a shock when a soft knock came upon the door and when Sirius went to go answer it, he looked down at the heir of the Malfoy family and Blaise Zabini. He was a bit curious as to why they were there, but he heard the mutter of a game of poker and let them in instantly. The room went quiet and no one had moved, the two Slytherin students were about to turn and walk out when Harry waved them over and told them to pull up a chair and warned them about the wait to play, as they only had enough cards to hold up to five people at once and with the number of people at the moment that came to play.

They paid their entrance fee and took a seat and a plate of snacks from Mrs. McFinn and a warm cup of cocoa. They, plus a good amount of others, did not know all the rules to poker, but the boys were more than happy to share with them the rules and even allow someone to pair up behind them to watch, though they weren't allowed to move around once they came to stand behind someone.

The adults were also taking part in a poker game as well, getting into the spirit of things after the children started. They were also using candy as well...especially since Mrs. Wealsey wasn't going to let any of her children or her husband take part in it if it involved money as a prize. Lionus,
Professor Flitwick, Dumbledore, and Hagrid had also joined in the small private party. Though Lionus and Dumbledore had to both swear to not use Legilimency in order to get a leg up on the game.

The children milled between watching the adults play their game and then chat amicably with their peers waiting to sit in on a hand or two. Neville still was able to walk away with a good chunk of the pot and stood up to wait his next turn. Percy took his chair and began put his designated candy out onto the table. He looked around at everyone and saw that despite Neville having almost cleaned them out, there was still a constant chance of restocking your own personal stash, and Harry was going around and filling up everyone's pile with candy of various worth. Seemed that no matter who left the game, there was still a big pot to win at the end.

“Your turn to deal Charlie.” said Luna.

“Thanks, I think I'll shuffle the way I feel comfortable, though you did do a great job of mixing in all the cards.” said Charlie with a laugh.

“So great that it was a lucky shot that Longbottom couldn't even get a baby straight. First time I won against him.” said Draco fiddling with his licorice wand. “Who knew he could gamble like that?”

“He's an enigma, alright.” said Charlie as he dealt out the cards.

“So, Harry...how are you holding up?” asked Katie from beside the fire towards where the young man was sitting, keeping an eye on the proceedings and how large the pot of candy was.

The entire room went quiet, even the adults were dispensing with their conversations to listen in.

“If...if you don't want to talk about...” said Katie quickly.

“No...I'm fine, and...” said Harry as he reached behind himself and picked up a tuft of his snow white hair, which had now a bit of black towards the ends. “it looks like I'm recuperating a bit. This helps...maybe we should get right back to playing? Continue on with the therapy.” he added with a cheeky smile.

Draco quirked his brow. “I don't think I've ever seen you smile this often.”
“I know, I think my face cracked.” said Harry.

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Hours went by, and then after everyone had take a bit of the pot (Harry was still pulling candy out of the enormous horde he had ordered from Honeydukes, even Draco and Blaise left with a large haul) Harry and the rest of the adults he shared the rooms with settled into a pleasant evening of rest.

“That was fun, though...I never knew that Arthur could almost foretell what the other people had in their hands.” said Sirius.

“That's why Molly doesn't let him play all that much, he started playing against some really...nasty folk that seemed nice on the surface. He took a little too much money from them...and was lucky enough to escape with his legs...and life.” said Remus.

“How did...” asked Harry.

“They thought he cheated, but Molly pleaded with them so much that they offered something else up, so they tied his hands behind his back and told him that if he could guess odd or even on a throw of the dice that they'd cover with a cup, they'd let him go. Molly said that someone had to be watching over him at that point, he won that little game...” said Remus. “If he had lost, they would have taken the Burrow.”

“So it was luck...that helped Arthur?” asked Sirius, he had not heard this story before.

“I asked Arthur, he gave me this whole thing about odds and the way the dice clicked, I tested him thirty-eight times...he got it right, every single time.” said Remus. “The man is a gambling prodigy, it's no wonder that his wife says he's not allowed to do it, he'd piss a lot of people off.”

“So...that meant that he let us win...a lot.” said Dr. Clark.

“Yep.” said Remus. “While you two were worried about Dumbledore and Lionus, I was having a bit of a battle with Arthur.”

“Well, I'm glad that everyone had a fun time, and you got some peace and rest.” said Mrs. McFinn
kissing Harry on the cheek.

“Weren't you going to go for a dip in the Prefect bathroom?” asked Leroy as he looked over to Harry. “Isn't that what that Chief Hawkeye told you to do?”

“I wanted to, but then I got sucked into that last hand...so...maybe another time.” said Harry.

“You could always use the tub in my bathroom.” said Mrs. McFinn. “I'm sure even those darling elves would be able to bring you somethings to relax you.”

“Those...'darling elves' don't come in there when you're bathing...do they?” said Harry with a quirked brow. He knew that Dobby could be a bit...unused to personal space...

“Oh, just the girl ones, they bring me anything that I happen to forget...after that first time, I didn't want to forget anything anymore.” said Mrs. McFinn with a blush.

“You sure...?” said Harry.

“Absolutely, a shower is one thing and a swim in a pool is another, but a bath is something that will just melt your cares away.” said Mrs. McFinn helping Harry to his feet and led him into her bathroom. When she opened the door she and Harry saw the bath had already been drawn, bubbles and foam were covering the surface of the steaming water, candles were burning along the wall giving off a soothing fragrance, a stack of books on Quidditch and defensive spells were to the side of the tub, along with a warming bottle of butterbeer and a large plate of snacks.

“Oh, well, it seems that they already took care of everything. Now, you just enjoy yourself and sing out if you need anything!” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“I'm not a girl.” said Harry with a blush.

“Oh, trust me, I know, but if you don't remember, whenever you had a very rough day at school or at the Dursleys, you always slipped right into the tub and I had to come and fish you out.” said Mrs. McFinn looking at him fondly. “Now I know you aren't that little boy anymore...goodness know's you're taller than I am now, but I still think I nice relaxing soak might do you some good.”
She closed the door and left him to it. He sighed heavily and began to strip from his clothes and then slip into the tub, sighing in relief at the warm that seemed to seep right down to his bones. As he closed his eyes in pleasure, his thoughts began to dwell on both the past and future. He wasn't all that keen on what was going to happen next in the books, as they most likely spelled out that he was going to lose even more of his friends and perhaps his extended family. At least his magical one anyway, seeing as how the books seemed to ignore Dr. Clark, Mrs. McFinn and even his Potter relations, he only had to worry about the people here at the school.

Well, that was sort of a relief, he was almost guaranteed to have someone to have his back, but was that a bad thing to think about his family like that...he supposed practical thinking was best left outside of grief...if the third book had anything to learn from.

He leaned against the back of the tub, allowing his long hair to drape down the outside, and sighed heavily. He had to admit, this felt really good.

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“Does he have a full bath tub in his suite at Night's Rest?” asked Mrs. McFinn as she came back into the living room.

“Let me see...” said Sirius as he reached down under the sofa and pulled out a hidden box of different leaflets and drawings. He flipped through the different pages and stopped at the bathroom. “Yeah, it's not in right now, but since that fourth book, I think I thought about giving him a large bathtub...but it's on the table.”

“Well, then knowing you, he'll have it.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“Better believe it, if anything I'll magic the darn thing in somehow.” said Sirius. “I'm going to spoil him...like I should have...”

The room was quiet, no one had anything to say.

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It was a half hour before Mrs. McFinn wondered if Harry had slipped out of the tub without them knowing. Remus offered to go and check, as Mrs. McFinn may bring about a serious case of embarrassment. He walked down to her bathroom and knocked softly and when he didn't hear any response on the other side, he knocked a little louder. Still nothing.

He entered the room cautiously and saw something that made Remus nearly sag in relief. Harry
had his head lollled back and a smile on his face, but that wasn't the thing that made him nearly go boneless in the doorway.

It was the fact that when Harry went into the bath, he had about four inches of black creeping up his back, but now...a whole foot and a half had become the new length.

This bath *really* helped, now they just had to find a way to keep the black going up.
The End of the Fifth

The next day, when everyone gathered back down at the Great Hall, the students were sort of milling together in groups, discussing what they thought the prophecy meant and perhaps a few loopholes in there. One of the most outlandish theories that flew about was that if Harry defeated You-Know-Who, then he may become immortal. It seemed to make a bit of sense when you looked at the words, but they sincerely hoped that wasn't true.

If it was, then he was going to lose every single person he had ever loved and cared for...and they couldn't bear that for him.

When everyone was settled in, Officer McFinn took the book in hand and looked up over at Harry. He had seen the ascending black color to his hair and smiled, hopefully today was not going to cause the white to fall back down again.

“Alright, last chapter for this book.” said Officer McFinn.

“Thank god! Here's hoping after this, we don't hear anymore about or from Umbridge and the Ministry wakes the hell up.” said Dr. Clark throwing up his hands.

**Article title.**

“You lot are a whole damn year late.” said Charlie.

**Article First paragraph.**

“Shocker!” said Lee waving his hands.

**Article Second paragraph.**

“Damn that Lord Thingy.” said Sirius with a snicker.

“I think once you take on a public office, you aren't allowed to say 'Thingy'.” said Dr. Clark.

**Article Third paragraph.**

“Something that should have been done a while ago! Regardless on how you feel!” said Rudolph.

**Article Fourth paragraph.**

“Can we say, career suicide?” said Harry with a smirk.
“Well, won't that spur anarchy?” said Madam Bones shaking her head.

“I want to see them apologize, but will they? Absolutely not.” said Leroy rolling his eyes.

“Must be something very interesting in that issue.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Such manners.” said Mrs. Weasley shaking her head.

“That stuff stinks.” said one of the Unspeakables quietly.

“They never do.” said Remus. “No offense.” he added looking over at Leroy.

“None taken.”

“I'm glad isn't going to happen.” said Hermione shakily.

“Why would I have an interview with them? I wouldn't give them the time of day.” said Harry.

“And I had enough to go on with.”
“A vacation sounds like a very good idea, provided you keep an eye on your surroundings.” said Bill.

“Aw, a testament to us.” said the twins smiling happily.

“At what, that we show that we care?” said George.

“Or that Flitwick made a monument to us?” said Fred.

“He better not have that opinion now.” said Dumbledore firmly.

“Let's us enjoy a few moments of silence without her, I'm pretty happy.” said Ron.
“Can she stay nervous, I like her this way.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.

“Lovely, I love it.” said Ernie clapping happily.

Eighth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Well, that sounds like that may be stepping on a few toes...or...hooves.” said Ginny.

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.

“You've already tossed the class, you can't now go back and take it.” said Seamus.

Ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

“Wonder why we aren't talking about Sirius, or do you think we had already had that talk and decided to not talk about him for Harry's sake.” said Ron as he looked at Hermione.

Dialogue line.

“I'm sure he doesn't want to talk about it.” said Bill.
“Yeah, his ‘little’ friend.” said Charlie with a snort.

Tenth paragraph.

Eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.

Mrs. McFinn stood up and wrapped her arms around Harry from behind the bowl. “I know the feeling, I felt the same way after James passed away.”

End of twelfth paragraph.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“This can't go well.” said Colin.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“Funny I seem to be breathing just fine.” said Harry with a smirk.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Harry grinned broadly.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Why?” asked Dennis.

“Cause his father had now been arrested.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

Dialogue line.

“He did that all to himself, I only made sure he that he came to term with the consequences of his actions.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“Ooh.” said a few of the students together.
“I think he just did.” said George.

“This is getting weird.” said George.

“And his image is ruined forever.” said Tonks.

Tonks giggled.

Moody began to applaud. “Good boy, good boy.”

“Oh, what now?” said Moody gruffly.

“How about now?” asked Remus quietly.

“It didn't happen and I sort of threw a wrench into his plan, so...maybe just a slight twinge.” said Harry.

“Defending myself.” said Harry.

“Don't be that honest.” said Sirius with a groan.
Nineteenth paragraph.

“Must have stunned him through that much honestly.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“Well, that wasn't much.” said Remus.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Cause the little Inquisitorial brats took them all away.” said Nightstrike coldly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Not where I think he was going.” said Mr. Weasley.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Thank god.” said Mrs. McFinn with a sigh of relief.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Get used to it boys, carrying luggage is pretty much the only thing you have the brains to do.” said Ron.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Several of the teachers snorted with laughter.

Dialogue line.
“Never argue with McGonagall.” said one of the seventh years Gryffindor students.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“I’m going to refrain from what I was just thinking.” said Mrs. McFinn quietly.

“What was that?” asked Dr. Clark.

“They’re rewarding them for going into dangerous situations...” said Mrs. McFinn in a whisper.

“I thought that too...” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Fickle...” muttered Ginny.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“That dog can bowl over a speeding truck and then lick the windshield clean.” said Harry with a laugh.

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Have a cup of what?” said Chief Hawkeye. “Who wants to drink weeds? You British are odd folk, I'll keep my Pepsi...”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh no.” said Professor Sprout.
“Oh sweet lord no...” said McGonagall covering her eyes. “Get him so that he can mingle outside the forest first, Hagrid.”

“I shouldn' have said tha’.” said Hagrid covering his own eyes. “Least not that one part.”

Harry allowed Sirius to rub the back of his neck.

Sirius pulled Harry closer to himself and rocked him back and forth.
“But that's what You-Know-Who wants, he wants you to feel isolated and alone, but you're not.” said Luna with a kind smile over to Harry.

“No fifteen year old should have to think about that.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Sometimes you just need a moment to try alone.” said Dr. Clark with a nudge.

“Thank you.” said Dr. Nicodemus massaging his eyes. “She should not be allowed to talk about the passing of a loved one till she can prove she knows how to think outside practicality.”

Hermione frowned and crossed her arms.

“There was no criminal to use as a threat anymore.” said Harry elbowing Sirius.

“Knew you loved me for me.” said Sirius reaching down to tickle Harry's knee.

“At least the right person saw her leave.” said Fred nodding approvingly.

“She'll get a proper send off.” said George.

“Yeah! Mindless violence!” said Lee clapping his hands wildly.
“Good on ya, Peeves.” said Remus.

“I always knew that he loved her more than any other teacher.” said Rudolph.

Forty-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.

“You need an escort to dinner?” asked Charlie.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“No, I could not see myself bringing you into the speech.” said Dumbledore. “Not after such a personal loss.”

Forty-fifth paragraph.
Forty-sixth paragraph.

“Now, you find it.” said Sirius. “But I really should have told you about the mirror beforehand.”

Forty-seventh paragraph
Forty-eighth paragraph.

*Letter from Sirius*

“I didn't even remember getting it, I still don't remember getting it.” said Harry.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Harry could feel Sirius' arms tighten around his chest.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Fifty-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Even if it had been on me, I don't think it would work where I went.” said Sirius.

Harry clenched his hand on the quilt, “I didn't even have a body to bury.” he said coldly.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“Hopefully that doesn't qualify as seven years bad luck.” said Mrs. McFinn. “You don't need anymore bad luck.”

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“Just be careful when you stick your hand in there.” said Mrs. Weasley softly.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“What?” asked Madam Bones.

“Is there a magical version of a pastor or something?” said Dr. Clark.

“Uh...no.” said Remus.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“Knowing him, he's not hungry.” said Leroy leaning against his husband.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Leroy raised his hand. “Called it.”

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

“Why do you want a ghost?” asked a first year Gryffindor.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.
“Not the time for subtle dead jokes.” said Blaise.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Oh.” said the Gryffindor student softly.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wow, I sound stupid.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Officer McFinn looked sympathetic to Harry, but continued on, choosing to get rid of this stress inducing book once and for all.
“That's not right, anyone can, it all depends on what you yourself want.” said Officer McFinn.

“What kind of double talk is that?” said Neville.

“I cannot see him doing that.” said Officer McFinn quietly.

“Gone on? You mean to Heaven?” asked a first year Hufflepuff.

“Someone is forgetting his Sunday school lessons.” said Mrs. McFinn with a watery smile.

“Got him there.” said Ernie.
The school was silent.

End of dialogue set.

The Unspeakables nodded.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Seventy-second paragraph.

Sirius waved his wand and summoned two large ottomans, levitated Harry's legs up onto one of them and pulled him even closer to himself.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, at least she's not forcing her company, she just said 'hi'.” said Ginny carefully.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

A few of the Ravenclaw students looked ashamed and stared at the floor.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn leaned over and kissed his temple. “No matter what, you still care about others.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I thought you said it was a term of endearment, if you want me to stop...” said Ginny.

“No, I want you to say it, others don't say it with quite the same amount of love.” said Luna with a slow dreamlike shrug.
“He could help,” said Neville. “I lose my stuff all the time.”

“I know losing someone you love hurts, but after a while, it just turns into a slow sort of burn...until it just...cools off...still there...but not as painful.” said Luna thoughtfully as she looked at the floor.

“It's strange where you can find common ground.” said Neville with a smile.

Neville gave Luna's hand a squeeze.

Dumbledore nodded slowly.

“So...it connects to Heaven?” asked a sixth year Slytherin.
“Wonder if the students hand it back, or the house-elves?” whispered one of the Unspeakables.

“Less is better than none.” said Flitwick.

Snape looked sideways at Malfoy who was squirming in his seat.

“Love the timing.” said Kingsley laughing.

“Beautiful.” said Sirius clapping happily.

“Make him eat something.” said Madam Pomfrey, Mrs. McFinn, and Mrs. Weasley.

The three ladies sighed in relief.

“Wonderful.” said Professor Sprout smiling proudly.
“Run, or a Patronus, you pick.” said Harry.

“Can't see him just taking a stroll.” said Harry.

“I guess I would have thought they would linger a bit, looking at each other...guess that bridge is broken.” said Ron.

“Not surprising, she's a very good looking girl.” said Sirius.

Another squeeze from Sirius' arm around Harry.

“You're crying.” said Harry looking up at the animagus, who was wiping his eyes.

“I'm crying because that despite not being around you all that much, I mean so much to you.” said the animagus.
Michael looked over at Cho excitedly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first sentence.

“That's the downside of dating someone outside your house, if you can get over it than that's great, but, it can put a damper on things.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Oi, there was nothing wrong with me.” said Michael. “Just didn't click...”

“Sure.” said Ron.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

“Make up your mind!” said Ginny. “Do you want me to date Harry or not?”

“He doesn't know what he wants till he doesn't have a choice anymore.” said Mrs. Weasley and Hermione.

Ron's eyes widened and stared at his mother and Hermione while his mother looked fondly at his father.

Dialogue line.

Dean's eyes widened as well, but he sent a small smile over to Ginny.

“Taken.” said Ginny.

“WHAT?” shouted Ron, upending the chessboard.

“I should learn, never mention guys around my brothers.” said Ginny shaking her head.

End of dialogue set.

“Doubt Pig was mad.” said Fred.

“Yeah, he only has two emotions that he knows about: 'Excited', and 'Really excited'.” said George.
“You'd be stunned and dragged off.” said Charlie. “I've seen it happen.”

“Should have taken your chances with the conductor, pleaded your case, I'm sure that he'd at least sympathize with you a bit.” said Bill.

“Nope, he doesn't give a damn, you get off at the station, one way or another.” said Charlie.

“Please don't let them be Death Eaters, please don't let them be Death Eaters.” said Dr. Clark.

“Yeah, that would be the best place to attack him, sure there are a bunch of adult wizards there, but they'd be more likely to grab their own kids and run with them.” said Moody.

“Please, don't share your ideas.” said McGonagall.

“The other muggles probably think that they're just a knock off of Twisted Sister.” said Dr. Clark.

“Who's that?” asked Ernie.

“I'll have to find a way to get a cassette here.” said Dr. Clark. “Shame some of my stuff may be gone, I had such a nice music library.”

“Does that word mean a good thing?” asked Fred.

“No.” said Flitwick.

“Hey!” said the twins looking hurt over to Harry.

“What you thought he wasn't going to be there?” asked Dean.
Charlie looked slowly over to the twins, who leaned away from their older brother. “We didn't buy them yet.”

“Better not buy them.” muttered Charlie.

“Giving you a little supportive welcome back to the Muggle World.” said Remus.

“Oh boy.” said Harry.

“It's not.” said Harry. “Especially what's mostly likely going to happen once you leave.”

“Oh this won't be good.” said Harry.

“You're forgetting, they haven't met Moody yet.” said Sirius.

“What are they going to do?” asked Hannah eagerly.

“Hard to forget the man that trashed their living room.” said Mrs. Weasley shaking her head.
“And we're heavily armed.” said Tonks with a giggle.

End of ninety-third paragraph.

“Love seeing that bully cringe.” said Ginny happily.

Dialogue line.

“This won't end well for me.” sighed Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Did someone finally see something?” said Hermione.

Ninety-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, I love you!” said Tonks throwing her arms around her mentor.

“Get off me.” said Moody with a growl but he didn't brush her off.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Whether Harry tells us or Mrs. Figg.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

“Telephone.” Mr. Weasley corrected himself.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-fifth paragraph.

“He'll be sorry!” chanted the students eagerly.
Dumbledore laughed heartily.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

The students cheered loudly.

“I vote we sic Moody on them, that'll make them quake in their shoes!” said Fred.

Ninety-sixth paragraph.

“Just in case they try and cut off his communications.” said Moody.

Ninety-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I don't want to leave him there for any longer than he has to.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninety-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

Harry couldn't help but brush the emotions off his cheeks, as they were starting to spring forth from his eyes.

End of chapter.

“Finally the book is done.” said Harry groaning loudly. “I don't think I could take much more of that.”

“Hopefully the next book doesn't have anything that's going to stress you out.” said Sirius.
“Well, shall we start on the next book right away?” asked Officer McFinn.

“Let's go for it.” said Harry waving his hand.

Officer McFinn reached over and picked up a new book in green leather.

“Let's see...Sixth Book Title

Snape looked up and stared.
“And the title of this book's first chapter is “First chapter” said Officer McFinn.

“Not another one.” said Harry groaning sending Fudge an exasperated look.

First paragraph.

“Typical politics.” said Dr. Clark shaking his head.

Second paragraph.

“Death Eaters.” said the adults together.

“Though Chorley may have some wizard ties.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“I wouldn't want to vote for him.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Third paragraph.

“Dementors.” said Madam Bones.

Fourth paragraph.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, isn't that creepy.” said Dr. Clark.

“It is a safer way of sending messages that won't be intercepted.” said Fudge quietly.
Seventh paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialog line.
“'I'm now frightened, like seriously frightened.’ said Dr. Clark looking at Mrs. McFinn with raised brows.
“I know I was a little miffed.” said Officer McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“'He's not all that happy to see you.’ said George.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.
“Maybe you should visit with him on a monthly basis, just to ensure that everything was alright...get him used to you.” said a second year Ravenclaw.

End of ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dumbledore had to cover his mouth to hide the smile on his face.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, second sentence, second pause.
Susan, Madam Bones and Emmeline gasped and looked at each other worriedly. Nightstrike
clenched his fist and moved his chair closer to Emmeline's.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Tenth paragraph.**

“No, we rationalize things we don't understand...well...some of us.” said Mrs. McFinn.

**Dialogue line.**

**Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.**

“Once again, let's see them take on a computer.” said Dr. Clark.

**End of eleventh paragraph.**

**Twelfth paragraph.**

**Thirteenth paragraph, third sentence.**

“Pretty much how I took the first time I heard of wizards and witches.” said Dr. Clark.

“Me too!” said Mrs. McFinn. “I thought my mother had finally driven me mad.”

**End of thirteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Too bad he didn't succeed.” said Fred in a whisper.

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixteenth paragraph.**
“You're not supposed to know.” said Seamus.

“You'd be carted off to a psych ward in a blink of an eye, and maybe there's a bit of vindictive pleasure thinking about how your replacement takes it.” said Sirius.

“Bet that stunned his wife when he came home with the gerbil.” said Fred.

“And the portrait was most likely right back up on the wall. “said George.

“Bet that confused the hell out of all of them.” said Remus.

“He must be very good at sitting still for a long period of time.” said Mrs. McFinn. “My mother taught me how to sit still or stand motionless for almost a complete hour, but after that, I would simply have to move.”

“Why would she do that?” asked Hermione.

“She wanted me to be the perfect social and trophy wife.” said Mrs. McFinn. “Always perfectly poised, and graceful. Now I get my hands dirty in the kitchen, all those years...wasted...and I love it.” said Mrs. McFinn joyfully.

End of nineteenth paragraph.
“And that children, is called 'denial'.” said Angelina.

**Twentieth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.**

“Nice.” said Sirisus as Officer McFinn spelled out the word “serious”.

**End of twentieth paragraph.**

“Not the Prime Minister I had met.” said Harry. “And I haven’t met with the Queen with the Prime Minister there to meet me. I pretty much only see her and the staff.”

**Dialogue set.**

“Did you bring your own whiskey or did you just help yourself?” said Lionus with a snicker.

Fudge looked down at the floor, his face red.

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

“So...who's whiskey did you use?” asked Dr. Clark.

“My...my own.” said Fudge. “Cannot believe you all thought I had just taken his...”

“Look at your track record.” said Harry.

**Twenty-second paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Get off his back.” said Dean.

**Dialogue line.**

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“You bloody hypocrite, you were willing to say that he was possibly out and about then, but then
you just disregard it when he *does* come back?” said Lionus.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Twenty-third paragraph.**

“I would need some sort of translator to tell me what the heck he just said. 'World Cup' was all I really got out of it.” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

**Dialogue set.**

“So what happened with you today, sweetheart?” said George in a high pitched voice.

“I don't want to talk about it, you would never believe me if I told you.” said Fred.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

Dr. Clark groaned. “And you spent your entire adult career in politics?”

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

“I'd be hating my job if that kept happening.” said Lee.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Thanks for the words of assurance.” said Alicia.

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He's got absurd things going on that cannot be explained.” said Katie.
“Wonder what happened to Chorely.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Charming evening, isn't it?” said a sixth year Ravenclaw student.

Harry leaned back in the bowl heavily.

“It's alright, he's just an idiot.” said Sirius.

“You had no evidence.” said Sirius.

“From the wrong angle.” said Remus quietly, there was still a hint of guilt in his face.
“Finger's crossed.” said George.

**Thirty-first paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“Knock on wood.” said Officer McFinn.

**End of thirty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“No, understatement.” said Bill.

**Dialogue set.**

“And at least you didn't, but all those lives...it has not happened yet and it was a hard decision to make.” said Dumbledore wisely.

**Dialogue set.**

“The only one's fault is Voldemort.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“You can't just catch Voldemort...well...not without any Ranger help.” said Harry.

“You don't have to catch him, there's another path you can take.” said Lionus.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Just claim it as an act of God, at least for the hurricane.” said Emmeline.
“Trust the man that knows...a bit of magic.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“They made their choice.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

“And it's only going to get worse, I fear.” said Professor Sprout.

Susan wrapped her arms around her aunt, who held her in her own arms and patted her back.

Susan began to weep loudly.

Susan began to cry loudly and grip at her aunt desperately. Madam Bones had decided to take her out to an adjacent room to try and calm her down.
Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Emmeline gasped and her face went pale.

“You aren't going to get killed by him, no matter what, no Death Eater will get close enough to you!” said Nightstrike taking her by the hands and looking in her eyes.

Chief Hawkeye and Lionus shared a slight smile.

Emmeline wiped her eyes with an offered tissue and gave him a watery smile.

“I won't leave your side, till he's gone and out of the picture for keeps.” said Nightstrike kissing her brow.

Tempest stared.

“Thank you.” hiccuped Emmeline.

“Well, never thought someone would pen him down.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“Looks like he's been tied up.” said Lionus quietly.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And he warned you.” said Bill nodding over to Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Mr. Weasley ran a hand down his face, he could feel his stomach plummet down to his feet.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He can't do anything on a good day.” said Ron quietly.
Dialogue set.

“We all united that we hate you.” said Harry.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Got to fix all the problems as fast and thoroughly as possible.” said Leroy.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“Well, he's off teh the same start.” said Hagrid shaking his head.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Wonder what for? If he was asking for help, I'm sure that Dumbledore would have given it.” said Ernie.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“What?” said Hermione.

“I'm thinking I'm the boy.” said Harry rolling his eyes. “And you would have to do a lot of talking to convince to do anything with you. After all the crap you pulled.”

End of dialogue set.

“Scrimgeour was the next Minister?” said Tonks. “Wonder what he's going to be like?”

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Rufus’?” said Dr. Clark, he had to stuff his fist in his mouth to stifle his laughter.

“That's what I named my first cat.” said Mrs. McFinn staring at the book, Dr. Clark couldn't contain it anymore and laughed loudly.

Dialogue set.

Forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“Yeah, got that impression when I met him the first time.” said Tonks.

Forty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“Death Eater shot a curse at his kneecap, shattered it on contact. St. Mungos healed it up, but he still can't run as fast as he used to.” said Moody. “Told him he should used CONSTANT VIGILANCE!”

The students had not heard it for a while, and were beginning to get used to it, but there were still a few that thought he was all done, squeaked and fell out of their chairs.

End of forty-second paragraph.

“Maybe having an Auror as the Minister in the times of war is a good thing, he'll have them on his mind first and foremost, keep the people safe.” said a third year Ravenclaw.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Bet he's wishing that we couldn't do that.” said Bill.

“But that probably answers the question of how Madam Bones' door was locked on the inside.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.
“Don't blame you.” said Hannah.

**Dialogue set.**

“I would have said top notch, being the Prime Minister, but right now...I'm seeing some gaping holes.” said Officer McFinn.

**Forty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

Several adults laughed, as well as a few students.

“Oh, my god...” said Sirius wiping his eyes. “That's beautiful.”

“Well, I know what I'm doing.” said Kingsley nodding, “Protecting the Prime Minister, I'm happy with that assignment.

**End of dialogue set.**

“No doubt.” said McGonagall, a hand covering her smile.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I thought he said I did good work.” said Kingsley with a smirk.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I hope his debating skills are a bit better.” said Hermione.
“I hope that he wants to be impersonating a duck.” said Sirius.

“Have to say, Scrimgeour is hilarious when he wants to be.” said Tonks.

“Well, at least it didn't succeed.” said Remus.

“Not being alone with Death Eaters will also help.” said Moody.

“Way to not offer any hope.” said Charlie.

“Offering false hope will only come back to bite you.” said Percy wisely.

“No...” groaned the students together, Fudge turned bright red.

Dumbledore had to shake his head, with a smile on his face.

“That's what they tell us too.” said Lionus.
“And that makes things a bit harder.” said Mr. Weasley nodding.

“And he’s really rethinking of a second stint as Prime Minister?” said Fred.

“Why does it mention the Minister?” asked Dennis. “What does that have to do with Harry?”

“Maybe Harry is hiding up in the room somewhere.” said Colin excidedly.

“No, he's not there.” said Officer McFinn.

“But then...” said the Creevey brothers together.

“Just to show that while there are big changes in the Ministry, something things will be hard to change.” said Officer McFinn.

“So far...not all that bad.” said Harry with a shrug. “Let's move on.”

“I agree.” came a cool voice from behind the bowl.

Harry turned in his seat and saw Glacier standing behind the seat. He was looking down at Harry with a slight smile and looked up when Cheif Hawkeye addressed him.

“Finally come down to the readings?”

“I think it would be beneficial for me to be on hand, and not all the way up in the suite. But I shall refrain from speaking and making any remark that may not be in Harry’s best interest.” said Glacier taking out a his white birch wand and summoned a crystalline chair with fur lining the seat and the back. He levitated the chair to the right side of the bowl, so that he had a clear view of everyone else in the room and Harry.

“Anyone else want to sit in? No? Good...let’s go.” said Sirius looking back towards the door and then smiled over to the spectral presence in the middle of the room.
“Well, let's see...Chapter Two is the next chapter title.” said Officer McFinn.

Snape spat out the tea he was drinking and stared in shock at the book in the Officer's hand.

First paragraph.

“Wonder what that place looks like in a more cheerful setting?” said Mrs. McFinn, “Like daylight.”

Second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

“That fox wasn't hurting anybody!” said Charlie angrily.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Cissy?” said Draco quietly.

Snape reached down slowly and patted Draco's hand.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Mrs. Malfoy?” asked a first year Slytherin.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Two guesses who that is,” said Sirius.

“Uh...Grawp?” said Fred pretending to think.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Snape rolled his eyes.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Snape snorted, as if the person doubting his trustworthiness was a better choice. Granted he was a spy for Dumbledore, and he was working against the both of them...but that was beside the point.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The students gasped.

“I thought we told them already,” said Sirius.

Dialogue set.

“What's got her so desperate?” asked Hermione.
“Not for that poor little fox.” said Charlie with a scowl.

The students all turned and stared at the Potions Master.

“Of course not, I'm normally here.” said Snape.

Sirius couldn't help but chuckle.

“He always loved eavesdropping on people.” said Remus.
“Bout the only thing he can be useful for, other than spying on people.” said Sirius.

“Bet he's backtracking now.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw with a snigger.

“What is that stuff compared to the other kinds of wine?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Not as good, but for those that want something that says it was definitely made in the magical world, that's pretty much it.” said Harry quickly.

The adults in the bowl and Mrs. Weasley turned and looked at him.

“I only had a sip.” said Harry quietly.

Harry made a show of pretending to spit on the floor, Sirius laughed and draped an arm around his godson's shoulders.
“Idiot.” said Mr. Weasley quietly.

“Knowing who's side he's on, please tell him.” muttered Remus.

“All questions he was prepared to answer for quite some time.” said Dumbledore.

“Never a good thing.” said Ron.
“Got her there.” said Harry.

“But you have...” said Draco looking up at his godfather.

“And he'd only have the crazy ass bitch in prison.” said Harry quietly.

“Harry!” whispered Remus.

“Let that one slide.” said Sirius waving his hand at Remus.

Neville tried not to snort with laughter.

Despite the sound that he was going to hand over all the information about Dumbledore to Voldemort, the students couldn't help but laugh.
“Well, you have pretty good answers going in.” said Lionus.

“Ah, good luck with that answer.” said Nightstrike.

“If he shares everything with you, I'm thinking that you're either delusional or his bedmate.” said Harry.

“Wow...you're sharptongued today.” said Sirius.

“I no longer care.” said Harry.

“If this is him venting, let him have it.” said Glacier firmly.

“Uh, oh.” said Draco.
“Mother doesn't like anyone disrespecting father.” said Draco covering his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Ooh.” snickered Sirius. “Oh, Merlin..”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, second comma.

Nightstrike made a motion to leap onto Snape, but held back after a quick look over to his Captain and Chief. He instead decided instead to wrap an arm around Emmeline and hold her close to his chest.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Sirius raised his hand in a toast as well, but his middle finger was jutting out.

“Sirius!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“His future self started this one.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Must not have let her in on many conversations.” said Ernie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“I would have been fired.” said Snape with a roll of his eyes. “At the very least.”
“...breathing at the very least.” said Dumbledore with a cold smile.
Snape's eyes widened and then he turned his gaze to the floor.

“Not unless they have a complete one-eighty in beliefs.” said Harry.

“Bite me.” whispered Harry.
“You're fun.” said Sirius with a bark like laugh.

“And now, your opinion?” said Mr. Weasley.
“He's still overly lucky and has moderately talented friends.” said Snape. “And still lazy.”
Harry smirked.

Dumbledore smiled warmly.

Harry turned and stared at the Headmaster in shock.
End of dialogue set.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Get on with it!” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Fine then, but move on!” said George.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Bet that's a slap to Bella's face.” said Ginny gleefully.

Dialogue line.

“High opinion of herself, doesn't she?” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Draco tensed and sat up in the chair, what did the Dark Lord want with him?

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Draco's looking paler than normal, isn't he?” said Dr. Clark as he looked over to the boy sitting next to the Potions Master.

**End of dialogue set.**

Draco began to shake his head nervously.

**Thirty-eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Wonder what I have to do?” said Draco in a hushed whisper.

“Something you do not have to worry about now.” said Snape.

**Dialogue line.**

**Fortieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

“And that can get you killed.” said Professor McGonagall.

**Dialogue line.**

**Forty-first paragraph.**

**Forty-second paragraph, second sentence.**
“Do what?” asked Draco looking worried. “What does he want to force me to do?”

End of forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Of course not, his Death Eaters are his slaves, nothing more than that.” said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“We'll thank god she can't procreate.” said Leroy.

Rudolph turned and stared.

“Barren as a wasteland, her aunt warned me that I would have to have a surrogate.” said Leroy.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He won't come to harm, unless he acts like the annoying little toerag he always does, then he'll get smacked by Hermione's fist.” said Dean with a snigger.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Oh no...” said Terry.

Snape rubbed his eyes and sighed. “I had hoped to go through my life without taking another such vow.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That book better not have the exact details how to do this!” said Mrs. Weasley looking worriedly at the students.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I love seeing her getting the mickey taken out of her.” said Leroy happily.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“Well, they don't mention the exact way to do it, but if I catch any student doing it, hearing of it or not, I will have the party suspended.” said McGonagall.

“And that doesn't sound like a horrible vow.” said Remus quietly, “He could have sworn to much worse.”
“Never mind.” said Remus.

“Oh damn...whatever it is.” said Bill.

“I'm sort of missing the fun chapters.” said Charlie looking at the book and leaning away.
“This is going to be a hard book to listen to again, isn't it?” asked Harry.

“Well, in part.” said Officer McFinn sending Hermione and Ron a quick glance. “Okay, this one is called Third Chapter.

“Now it just sounds like a spoiled toddler.” said Sirius.

First paragraph, first sentence.

Sirius laughed out loud. “You must have been exhausted if you are snoring! You are the complete opposite of your dad. You would think that trolls were sleeping in the room with how he roared in the night.”

First paragraph, second sentence.

“Oh, that's charming.” said Harry smiling as the other people in the room laughed.

End of first paragraph.

“You are getting some sun this summer. I'm going to lock you out of the house for two hours, just plant yourself by the pool or better yet, in the pool.” said Sirius.

Second paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

“Just like my old room!” said Tonks throwing her hands up into the air.

“And if you had locked your door, there still would be all that rubbish on the floor!” said Sirius throwing up his own hands. “You must have drove your mum insane with all that!”

End of second paragraph.

Article Title

“Yay, a new name.” groaned Harry with a roll of his eyes.
“Don't care, we know it already, and it's been confirmed!” said Fred.

“These books are starting to come back to bite us.” said Speckerton shaking his head.

“I have a stubborn streak to me.” said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling madly.

“Aw, Gran...” said Neville blushing furiously.

“Nice how you put important stories underneath the birdcage.” said Leroy.

“He must be tired.” said Ron. “He's a light sleeper normally.”

“Those of you who don't know who they are...” said Fred.

“Please crawl out from under the rock you've been living under and join the rest of society.” said
End of leaflet, first paragraph.

Leaflet second bullet point

“Unless you work the night shifts at various locations, then please sleep at your workplace and don't leave the lights on, hide under the sink and don't make any noise.” said Lee.

“That's not funny.” said Mrs. Weasley sternly.

End of leaflet

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Poor Harry.” said Hermione. “I wonder why he's not sleeping in the bed and just sleeping on the window.”

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.

Mr. Weasley looked happily over to Harry, finding a bit of a kindred spirit in the young man.

End of eighth paragraph.

Letter from Dumbledore.

“Yay! Harry can stay the summer again!” said Ron.

“Wonder what Dumbledore wants or needs Harry's help with?” asked a third year Gryffindor girl.

Ninth paragraph.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence.

All the levity that was in Dumbledore's eyes left abruptly and he bowed his head.

End of tenth paragraph.
“At least he's prepared for the worst.” said Moody.

Eleventh paragraph.
“I am highly punctual.” said Dumbledore, recovering with a smile.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.
“Well, aren't I having some awkward growing pains.” said Harry shaking his head with a smirk.

End of twelfth paragraph.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.
“Don't show Albus that, he'll rearrange it all...though he can do it with a flick of a wand, he still would want to take the time to fix that jumbled mess.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“Someone you have no hopes of bullying.” said Flitwick smiling happily.
“And knowing me, I didn't warn him that he was coming either.” said Harry grinning brightly.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence.
“Guess, I had a notion to.” said Harry.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

“Nope, he didn't.” said Hannah gleefully.

Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence.
Dumbledore flinched and turned his head away from the book.
Fifteenth paragraph, fourth sentence, fourth comma.

“Aunt Petunia bought that for him.” said Harry shaking his head. “Said it brings out his complexion...don't know who she's trying to fool.”

End of fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Several people laughed loudly.

“Guess we've finally come to a fun chapter.” said Charlie clapping his hands.

End of dialogue set.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Thereir what?” said George.

“It's a flower that sort of looks like a one of those fluffy dandelions only larger and purple.” said Neville quickly.

“Oh, sounds kind of neat.” said Fred. “Wasted on those two though.”

Seventeenth paragraph.

“I don't think I know of one man that has been able to bully him.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“Not Harry's problem you're blind.” said Ginny with a sneer.

Dialogue line.
“Ah, where were you when I had to talk to the overstuffed turkey!” laughed Officer McFinn.

“I’m liking this so far.” said Harry with a laugh.

“She refused to go into my room, for various reasons, one...it’s a disaster area in her opinion.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

Dumbledore only smiled.

“You sure are assuming a lot.” said Sirius chuckling.

“Whatever hospitality there was to start with anyway...” said Professor Flitwick.
“He does what he wants...when he wants it.” said McGonagall.

“For what?” asked Justin.

The room was silent.

“So...that's the wound?” asked Mrs. McFinn looking horrified at the Headmaster.

“Seems, I let my guard down at a very critical time.” said Dumbledore, almost completely unfazed by the the wound his future self received.

“You may be hurt pretty bad, but you sure still have style to burn.” said Rivers.

“So her mead is something that you've never had before?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Well, that's not all that shocking, she keeps that stuff under tight guard.” said Sirius.
“I suppose I was getting back for all the...well...I suppose for what I was willing to believe before these books came into play.” said Dumbledore.

“Oh no, Harry doesn't need to worry about anything other than classes.” said Mrs. McFinn looking at Harry. “Thought I know that you would be getting right into the thick of it at your first chance.”

Harry smiled.

“Not what I want to talk about.” said Harry.

“Meaning that I didn't want any part of it.” said Harry.

“Better you to have it than any other of my relatives.” said Sirius.

“Tact was never in his vocabulary.” said Harry.

“Sorry about that.” said Sirius. “But...hey...after all that work we put into it, I'll be damned if I hand it over to Bella or Narcissia.”

“Yeah, and it has nothing to do with you.” said Colin.
“I was of the same opinion.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

“After Kreacher's treachery, it's no wonder.” said Percy.

“I wouldn't put it past her.” said Sirius.

“Oh that would be awful!” said Angelina. “That foul woman doesn't deserve anything!”

Dumbledore smiled. “No, I am of the same opinion.”

“Not a wonderful test in this situation, if it's the test I think it is.” said Rudolph.
“Yay.” said Harry mimicking Luna's dream-like voice.

“Would have been better manners not to assault them with alcoholic beverages, but that's just nitpicking.” said Dr. Clark.

“Well, here's hoping that controlling him is easier for you than it was for me.” said Sirius.

“I want to hear what the Dursleys thought of him.” said Seamus smiling gleefully.

The students cheered loudly.

“And that's after Dudley had set a mud covered dog into the house when he was five.” said Harry.

“I want to see that as a Recollection Scroll!” said Ron quickly.

“No you don't, Harry was blamed for that.” said Officer McFinn darkly.

Ron paled.

“Not even as mad as Kreacher is, would he do that.” said Sirius. “Even he has some standards.”
“Normally, what happens to a house-elf that kills their master in some plot to have someone else become their new master?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“They're sentenced to death.” said Charlie with a firm look. “No questions asked.”

The students and the two muggles stared.

“It's conspiracy to commit murder, and I'm amazed that Dumbledore didn't hand him over to the Committee for the Disposal of Magical Creatures.” said Charlie.

“Perhaps we will find out what my reasons are.” said Dumbledore with a soft smile.

“He'd only be a constant reminder of what he did.” said Harry. “And I wouldn't be able to trust him.”

“Not just the fact of having an elf, just having him.” said Hermione.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Not a lot of options are available if this does not work, but never has it been said that I don't think outside the figurative box.” said Dumbledore.
“Thank goodness.” said Hannah.

“Yeah, he does nothing for your appearance.” said Fred.

“Clashes horribly with your shoes.” said George.

“And then they would in turn report to you if he were to leave...keeping a tight leash on him.” said Mr. Weasley.

“After being stuck in a house all this time, he'd be excited to get out and stretch his legs and wings.” said Sirius.

“Can't really see them all that concerned anyway.” said Tonks. “Not with more dangerous people out and about than a hippogriff that acted normally.”
“Yet still had some hope.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, first paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley clicked her tongue, but had a fond smile for Harry and all her boys.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“You didn't want to see him continue to mess with them?” said Bill laughing.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Am I a year younger than what I had thought?” said Harry curiously.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh my god, they remembered my birthday.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Glad they listened.” said Harry shaking his head.
Forty-second paragraph.

“They must have felt it too.” said Luna.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“And I did not even believe the worse half of the truth.” said Dumbledore burying his face in his hands.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Thank god.” said Harry and the teachers together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I have this sinking feeling that something is going to happen.” said Mrs. McFinn. “Something really bad.”

“What makes you say that so soon?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Couldn't this have been transpired in a letter directly to them? What made Dumbledore come to the house directly to face them with Harry right there...it's sort of like...final words...” said Mrs. McFinn quietly.

Forty-fourth paragraph, second sentence.

“Not in the same way as Harry, no.” said Dr. Clark.

End of forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“That can't be good.” said Remus.

**Forty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.**

Dumbledore chuckled warmly.

**Forty-fifth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“I'm still shocked how nicely that thing folds up.” said Sirius.

**Forty-fifth paragraph, third sentence.**

“Bet she didn't like that.” said Neville.

**End of chapter.**

“Flighty my butt, she keeps coming after me.” said Harry.

“That was four.” said Officer McFinn looking up from the book.

“You have to be kidding me, it's not even lunchtime yet!” said Ron.

“I think we can get away with one more chapter or so, they aren't all that bad yet.” said Harry.

“Are you sure?” said Glacier.

“Yeah, let's go.” said Harry.

“Remember, you don't have to...” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I know, but one more chapter isn't going to make that much of a difference. We'll have one more and then lunch, then we'll call it a day if it's bad.” said Harry.

“Alright then.” said Officer McFinn. “The next chapter is **Fourth Chapter**”

“Wow, what's Slughorn got to do with this book?” asked Sirius.

“Who is that?” asked Parvati.

“He was the Potion master before Snape.” said Remus. “He taught us potions and was the Head of Slytherin house.”

“So he's like Snape?” asked Neville quietly.
“Oh, no...almost complete opposite.” said Sirius. “Snape is cool compared to Slughorn, but Slughorn is infinitely nicer.”

Snape scoffed.
The New Teacher

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, you had never been alone with him other than in the Office of a teacher or his own, so...being outside school with the Headmaster may be a bit offsetting.” said Remus.

“I know, when he joined us for a drink at the Leaky Cauldron once, scared the magic out of me.” said Sirius.

End of first paragraph.

“Prized possessions can be replaced.” said Dumbledore. “And Reparo is a wonderful spell to have in one’s arsenal.”

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Mixed messages again.” said Harry throwing his hands up again.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“And no one would dare.” said Dumbledore, his voice all of a sudden growing cold.

“Potion time, Albus.” said Madam Pomfrey levitating a phial to the forefront of Dumbledore’s face.

End of dialogue set.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“And, no offense, I wouldn't want to touch it.” said Lee quietly.

“I threw up...no doubt about it, I threw up.” said Harry.

“Yeah, I'm not fond of Apparating either.” said Sirius.

“Why is it that you don't like any kind of travel other than brooms?” said Hermione.

“Cause all the other ones hurt.” said Harry.

“And you don't quite get the adrenaline rush any other way.” said George.

“Finally a reprieve.” said Harry as he rubbed his own scar.

“Has it been hurting?” asked Sirius.

“No, I've blocked him out.” said Harry. “But it still has a slow dull burn going on.”
Dumbledore smiled.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Several of the teachers and students snickered.

End of dialogue set.

“Slughorn?” said Remus. “But...he's not a Defense Teacher, he's a Potions Master.”

“He tried standing in for Defense, he can do counter curses and curses...but he was more in-tuned with potion making then wand work.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Sirius, Remus and Snape blinked but McGonagall nodded. “I see where you're going.”

End of dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“That's rude.” said Mrs. Weasley. “And it's commonplace to have spells on the house against people doing that.”

“Saves all the walking.” said Harry with a shrug.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh, you should have had more presence in the earlier books.” said Officer McFinn smiling.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“No point in telling her about the rules of myself allowing it or the lightning strikes.” said Dumbledore. “I know a few of the more risk taking students would attempt at gaining entry during a thunderstorm.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“If Horace is doing what he had done during the first war, then it is because I had just finally tracked him down.” said Dumbledore with a smile. The other students looked confused, but he did not elaborate.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Good in the sense that he is more towards the side of goodness than evil, or good in the sense that he will do an exceptional job as Minister?” said Dumbledore with a twitching smile.
“A vast improvement over the last Minister.” said Moody.

“Harry doesn't have the nerve?” said George in shock.

“The world has ended...it's official.” said Fred.

“Susan must be really shaken up, she hasn't come back yet.” said Hannah sympathetically.

“I've seen that...” said Dr. Clark softly. “Even if their hand is completely gone, people still use whatever's left...”

“Meaning, we won't know what happened till the end of the book.” said the students together.

“I'd say let's start up another betting pool...but I don't want to.” said Fred.

“Yeah, me either.” said George.
“Well that was a waste of a leaflet.” said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“How often do I get visitors.” said Harry shaking his head. “And since...I can't see myself leaving the house for very long.” he finished quietly.

End of dialogue set.

“Raspberry.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I'll be honest, I can't really see a Death Eater checking jams preferences...” said Moody shaking his head. “Now, tea preferences...yes.”

“What?” said Ron looking at Moody in disbelief.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Oh...god...that's terrible.” said Mrs. McFinn looking horrified.

“Wonder if that's where people got the inspirations for zombie flicks.” said Dr. Clark.

Dumbledore looked at Harry out of the corner of his eye and gave an involuntary shudder.

“What's wrong?” asked Sirius.

“Just...if Harry had been killed, I'm sure that Tom would not have hesitated in making Harry an Inferi.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Sirius clutched at Harry a bit tighter.
“Hold up...” said Dean as he mapped out the path they took in his head and hands. “There’s only three stone houses with gardens in that town....and roughly..you're at my aunt and uncle's house! What the hell are you doing there?”

“Easy mate, easy.” said Seamus trying to calm his best mate down. “Maybe they weren't home...or maybe you have the wrong directions.”

Dean looked stricken and was thrashing about in Seamus' arms.

“That was a family heirloom, it's over a hundred years old!” said Dean cringing in his seat.

“Wait, what?” said Dean snapping out of his anguish. “They don't have a piano...neither of them can play...”

“Maybe it's not their house...” said Seamus.
“Maybe...”

Twenty-second paragraph, fourth sentence.
“But they did have a crystal Tiffany chandelier.” whimpered Dean.

Twenty-second paragraph, sixth sentence.
Dean griped his throat. “Oh my god...”

End of twenty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dean buried his face in his hands.

Twenty-third paragraph.
Dialogue set.
Dean flinched. “What would this Slughorn bloke be doing at my aunt and uncle's house?”

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.
“What the?” asked Seamus as he patted Dean's back.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“What are you doing at my Aunt's house? Did he lead the Death Eaters there?” shouted Dean angrily at the book.

“Calm down son.” said Officer McFinn. “Your Aunt and Uncle are fine.”

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“How do you make yourself look like furniture?” said Mrs. McFinn coming back to the bowl after handing Dean a cup of tea.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“So...he faked the whole thing?” said Dean. “Where is my family?”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“That sounds kind of cool.” said Seamus weakly.

“He better damn well fix the grandfather clock AND the chandelier.” said Dean.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Good.” said Dean darkly. “I loved that clock.”

Dialogue line.
“And my that was my Aunt's family heirloom...she always praises that thing, every Sunday it's cleaning day.” said Dean.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Well, no shit, we're trying to limit how much the dragons have to stand still and get drained for it, they're not too fond of donating blood.” muttered Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Strain it in a blood sieve and it should be fine.” said Snape softly.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“If I didn't know Horace...I'd say he sounded a bit creepy.” said Sirius.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Now I'm concerned.” said Dr. Clark.

“It's not what you think.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Just don’t dent his head with the glasses.” said Harry.

Thirty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.
“Albus...you sneaky...” said Flitwick shaking his head.
“I am unsure as to what you mean.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, he has more than enough stamina.” said Sirius shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth partagraph.
“In my aunt’s house.” said Dean with a snarl. “What did he do with them?”

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
“Sounds like he brought half the stuff with him.” said Dean. “My aunt hates clutter.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph, first sentence.
Harry noticed Dumbledore had sat straight up in his chair, his eyes widened in shock. Something about that ring made him sit up and take notice, but the Headmaster was silent as to the reason behind his reaction.
“The precautions were for Death Eaters, the scene was for you.” said Lionus.

Dean heaved a sigh of relief. They had talked about a second honeymoon for about two years, glad they were out of the country, if all that stuff was going on...though he felt a little bit violated for them over their house being subjected to a squatter.

“That explains where the piano came from.” said Dean.

“Wow, talk about school loyalty.” said Terry.

“She's spewing lies...again.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Not a whole lot of people do.” said Emmeline.
“What a charming host.” said Fred.

“Absolutely delightful.” said George.

“Come back when you can't stay so long!” said the twins waving happily.

“Wait..what?” asked Colin.

“Anyone else shocked that he actually uses the bathroom? He's sort of a mystical, almost ethereal being...didn't think he'd have do.” said Dr. Clark quietly.

Mrs. McFinn giggled and nodded.

“You were just a stop along the way as far as I knew.” said Harry with a shrug.

“How about we focus on something other than my eyes.” said Harry shaking his head.

“But they're so pretty!” said a first year Hufflepuff, who blushed bright red when he turned and stared at her.
“Hmpf. Yes, well. You shouldn’t have favorites as a teacher, of course, Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.

“Everyone has favorites...and he had the biggest collection of favorites.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Harry's bored face slowly turned to something resembling a pleased expression as he turned to face the book.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“Oh, don't mention me, don't mention me.” said Sirius cringing.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Sirius placed a hand on Harry's neck and rubbed it slowly.

Dialogue set.

“Nice to know that I'm part of a Collector's plate set.” said Sirius.

Forty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

Sirius's smile nearly lit up the entire bowl and he threw his arms around his godson. “We think alike!”

“You'd better a few more sessions with Glacier if that's the case.” said Remus.

“Oi!”
“That's a quick defense.” said Ron grinning.

“Horace better be careful, he's never had a prize that so hard to get as Harry.” said Dumbledore. “And Harry is a prize worth holding onto.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Harry with a quirked brow.

“You'll find out, if he takes the job.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “And I'm sure that I will warn you about it very soon.”

“What would that be helpful towards?” asked Seamus.

“Investing.” said Bill. “What treasures they just found and certified...there's a bunch of different things.”

“Fired.” said Leroy. “Doesn't work for me anymore.”

“I wish I got a hamper of candy every year.” said a third year Slytherin.

“Wonder what he hopes to get out of me, if he tries to collect me?” said Harry. “He doesn't know
that I cook, so...he can't be thinking about a free meal at my restaurant.”

“Is that what you've decided?” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

“It's what I'm leaning a lot more towards.” said Harry.

Chief Hawkeye looked over to Lionus and Glacier with a sly smile.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“Apparently, the answer is no.” said Katie.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I'm not in the Order.” said Flitwick. “I would like to join if I may?”

Dumbledore nodded.

End of dialogue set.

“How about the survival rate after the Dark Lord is defeated, what's your position on that?” said Harry crossing his arms.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“We can't all be awesome like me.” said Sirius.

“Thank goodness.” said Snape rolling his eyes.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-third paragraph.
“That did it.” said Dumbledore smiling broadly.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“No offense, but I'd rather not depend on the Ministry to protect me.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“None taken.” said Madam Bones as she came back with Susan. Her niece seemed quite a bit calmer, but was gripping her hand tightly.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Mrs. McFinn blinked and then leaned over to look at the Headmaster in shock. Dumbledore only smiled.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You were trying to get rid of him just fifteen minutes ago!” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“No one twisted his arm...he made the decision on his own.” said Dumbledore.

“After you sent me in to do some psychological warfare.” said Harry.

“Never doubted he would ask for one.” said Dumbledore.

“He’s amusing, but not really one of my favorite people.” said Harry leaning back in the bowl.

Hermione blushed and smiled over to Harry.

“Sounds like a giant spider, tweaking each strand of his web.” said Harry.
Sixty-third paragraph.

Harry smiled in spite of himself.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Warning me about anyone...I tend to keep away from them.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“Makes me feel like a china doll.” said Harry.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

Dumbledore turned and stared at Harry.

End of sixty-fourth paragraph.

A sigh of relief escaped the Headmaster's lips, at least it was something that he was aware of.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley blushed happily.

“Where does our house rate?” asked Mrs. McFinn and Sirius together.

“Ah, third and fourth.” said Harry pointing to Sirius and Mrs. McFinn. “Number one is here.”

“Alright then.” said Sirius with a satisfied smile.

End of sixty-sixth paragraph.
“Even me?” said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry looked off to the side.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“It’s not like Skeeter’s interview.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

End of sixty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I am.” said Sirius holding onto Harry tightly, but Harry looked down.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And it will be.” said Sirius.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

The hand around Harry’s middle, tightened slightly.

Dialogue line.

Seventieth paragraph.

“Future you had better send him a few letters.” said Sirius looking over to Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

The adults in the room smiled, but inwardly hoped that he would not have to do so.
"Not the most pleasant of showers." said Dumbledore.

“They simply grasp at a desperate wish, but they do not know.” said Dumbledore.

“No offense meant, Arthur.” said Dumbledore.

“Just have a bad feeling what the conversations will entail.” said Harry.

“You're using bigger words.” said Sirius.

“Finally.” whispered McGonagall looking up. “Should have done that, the moment that You-Know-Who returned.”
“‘Bout damn time.” said Sirius.

“Thank Merlin.” said Harry and Snape together.

“Nightmare comes to mind.” said Harry.

“Cataclysm is my word of choice.” said Snape.

Dumbledore nodded. “In case you need to flee, your safety is paramount.”
“Only if I hop on a broom and do some dives...that's the only one thing I would do there.” said Harry.

End of chapter

“If Dumbledore is saying your thin, I want to know just how much you were weighing at the time.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Seven and a half stones*.” said Officer McFinn.

The room was silent.

“How much does he weigh now?” Snape asked, which was surprising.

“Eight and a half**.” said Officer McFinn. “That's with all the snacks and the extra food going on...and the not going to classes and burning up all the calories.”

“Well, let's continue on with that and have a good hearty lunch.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“And while that's going on,” said Sirius as the others walked over to the large table of food. “let's plan what we're going to do for the rest of the day.”

Harry shook his head.

*105 lbs

**119 lbs
Crash Courses

Today was the fateful day that the student's carefree school year came to an end. A foolish fifth year Hufflepuff mentioned what they were going to do for their O.W.L.s at the end of the year, and that caused the teachers present to gasp, (all but Snape) and realize that perhaps that their nightly discussions would most likely not be enough to get the students through their end of the year exams, especially those in fifth and seventh year.

So, it was decided that a firm four chapters a day rule was placed and that once they were done, the students would report to specially prepared remedial classes to make up for the almost two lost months. To aide in the process, Rivers summoned up a syllabus of what each year needed to learn and they were distributed among the adults that offered to help and were quickly assessed if they had the capabilities to teach.

McGonagall took care of the fifth years and up, to ensure that they were not going to go backwards with a new teacher at this crucial time, so that she could focus her attentions on making sure that Umbridge's actions would not hurt their futures with such important tests coming.

Dumbledore took his old position as Transfiguration teacher, but settled on the fourth years and under, and what was truly amazing, was that he did not need a roll of parchment to see what was age appropriate. It was like riding a broomstick, you never forget.

Professors Flitwick, and Sprout had decided to follow the same suit, minus using the Headmaster, as he was already taken.

Bathilda Bagshot, the author of A History of Magic, said she would take over the classes...strangely enough...for all the years. She would take an entire hour to lecture each year, all the houses together into the Great Hall and talk to them about the subject at hand, and she wasn't shy about saying she'd send a chalk piece at them if they nodded off.

Flitwick had asked Remus to assist him in Charms class, as the position for History of Magic teacher was taken by the woman that wrote the textbook.

At first, Professor Sprout was unsure who could help her with the classes...but she happened to see Leroy and Rudolph sitting there, talking to Harry...how could she possibly forget them? She hurried over and asked them both to assist her, without missing a beat they nodded and followed her over to Rivers to get the lesson plans she needed them to follow.
Snape had abstained from asking anyone to assist him, and walked down to his dungeons to await the students that were due. He didn't expect for Dr. Nicodemus to come down as well, merely to assist the students getting their ingredients and speed things along.

While all the other classes had been take care of and help had been distributed, there was one class that had no one to even turn and ask for help.

Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Rivers had taken it upon himself to teach the fifth years and up, to gauge just how prepared they were for their all important tests at the end of the year and as for the younger students, who better to teach a Defense class than an retired Auror? Moody was at first a bit hard pressed to get him to take on the position, but that all changed with Tonks sidled up to him and told him that he could teach all the students how to defend themselves from the Dark Arts...he was sold.

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“Alright fifth years, I want everyone to line up! Gryffindor I want you to face the Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws, face the Slytherins. I'm not going to be playing referee by having the Slytherins and the Gryffindors tear each other apart.” said Rivers.

Harry, Hermione and Ron grinned at each other.

“Now, I want to see where you all are at individually so I can see where we need to focus on. Once we figure that out, we'll move on. Potter, due to the assessment and your...condition... I'll just skip you this time. I have a base level at where you're at anyway.” said Rivers. “We'll start with the Gryffindors, the rest of you take a seat.”

He took an hour to assess where everyone was at, both practical and theory wise. It was just as he feared, they were a bit behind thanks to the continuous change of professors year in and year out. They had a good grasp on some of the curses, counter curses and quite a few of the creatures they would have a chance of meeting...but they were missing out on about twenty-five percent of what they should know almost like second nature.

However, for those in the D.A, he felt that they had picked up the slack just a bit and were only about ten percent behind. So he had planned on pairing up the D.A members with some of the lacking members...Goyle and Crabbe were exempt, they would have to have special remedial classes with Snape, the only teacher they really listened to. So that settled for the two brawn over brains students...
Now he just had to fix what that fool Gilderoy Lockhart ruined...damned fool and his damned books.

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That night, no one was going about the school, meeting with friends or toasting things in the fireplaces...everyone was working on homework, practicing spells and reading passages from textbooks.

Ron and Hermione were scrambling to get their own work down and help the younger years with their homework questions. Ron was there to answer any Care of Magical Creatures questions (as he seemed to find quite easy, minus the on hands dealing with the more dangerous creatures that Hagrid would have the habit of bringing out) and Hermione was there to answer...any other question.

Harry had decided to stop in and help Hermione with all the questions that the other Gryffindors had. Which turned into a bit of a blessing, despite the fact that he could not cast spells, he would tell them to adjust their grips or other slight difference to amplify the effectiveness of the spell.

While the others were huddled in their small study groups, Harry, Ron and Hermione gathered at their own table, relishing being together after being apart for so long.

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“Well, a few more sessions like we had done today, and perhaps we may be able to pick up where we were slacking off.” said Flitwick.

“I will admit, having the children interested in some potions is much better than the drooling brats I've had to deal with the past few years.” said Snape with a sip of his tea.

“What potions were they interested in?” asked Remus as he poured himself a cup.

“All the potions listed in Potter's books.” grumbled Snape. “All little hobgoblins, the lot of them. Hobgoblin see...hobgoblin do...”

“If it get's them interested, then I am all for it.” said McGonagall.

“Charlie an' me haven't had to worry 'bout a few of them much, seems they've been doin' some
readin' on their own...” said Hagrid proudly.

“I think with the proper time off from reading everyday, and if we keep this new system in place, we should have the students back up to snuff,” said Dumbledore with a bright smile. “How was Defense class, Rivers? You're awfully quiet.”

“Defense Against the Dark Arts class is going to be a bit of hassle, I suggest having the classes be a bit longer than the rest.” said Rivers somberly.

“And what, pray tell, would make Defense class more important than the rest of the classes?” said Snape quirking a brow.

“Lockhart never spent a year teaching your classes.” said Rivers darkly.

“That will do it.” said Professor Sprout shaking her head.

Snape rolled his eyes.

“I see no reason as to why we cannot allow the Defense classes to be twenty minutes longer at the most, we can all give up a few minutes to give him the allotted time he needs.” said Dumbledore with a smile to the teachers around the table.

Not one teacher, not even Snape was willing to disagree with the Headmaster, especially since Snape was still trying to escape the dreaded Seminar that he would have to face at the end of the school year.

“Now, we shall call it an evening and plan our next days lesson plans. Hopefully, the student don't stay up too late trying to get these long since due homework assignments done. Did we span them out across the week as we agreed?” said Dumbledore. “It would not due to have them forgo sleep, they are still growing children after all.”

“And Potter needs his rest.” said Madam Pomfrey quickly.

“I've told Harry to no longer hold back with the homework, we need to grade him accurately from
this point forward.” said McGonagall. “We told him that we would not shout out his grades, he can keep them to himself if he wishes.”

That night Harry had settled into bed, and gazed up at the ceiling. He was thinking about his homework that was completed and placed in his bag, he didn’t have to dumb down his thoughts or go through five different renditions of his homework, he just left it the way it was and was satisfied. He hoped that the teachers didn’t get whiplash looking at some of the answers that he had, as they were nothing like his homework answers of the past.

It was sort of...refreshing to let it all go, but at the same time, he was a bit apprehensive about it all. It had been...well, years since he let his mind spout out all the facts he had stored...what were the teachers going to say?

And for that matter, what was Snape going to think when he finally handed in that essay about Venomous Tentacula seeds in Blood Replenishing potions? He had gone far beyond what their rudimentary textbook said...would Snape be impressed, or would be just sneer or...or would he finally accept him for being himself...

Not that he really cared...
The next morning, the students came, no longer without anything on their backs or just in their casual clothes. They switched back to their school robes and instead of just chairs, there were small tables for them to write on so that if they desired to work on their homework, they were more than able to. Only a few brought out books and parchments, the rest still sat in their chairs and waited for the day's reading to start, deeming this the only time off they were going to get till further notice, they should enjoy it.

Officer McFinn took the book in hand and read the title: “Chapter five”

“Oh, does someone have a summer cold, you poor thing.” said Mrs. McFinn looking over to Harry with a kindly smile.

First paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It's just Father Christmas delivering a few late gifts.” said Fred with a snicker but fell silent as his mother glared at him.

“That's not funny, these are dark times!” hissed his mother.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Before morning yesterday, or morning today?” said George.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

“Brown, you haven't had brown hair since you were really small.” said Sirius. “Infant sized.”

Tonks looked at the book curiously.
“I like her hair,” said Luna with a smile. “It reminds me of Bumperfloofur.”

“Well, I'll take that as a compliment.” said Tonks with a smirk. “Whatever a 'bumperfloof' is...” she added with a mutter.

“She's never missed an opportunity to eat with Remus...” said Mr. Weasley thoughtfully.

“They must be having a bit of couple problems in the book.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“And you bleached your hair.” said Mrs. McFinn reaching over and running a hand through Harry's hair.
“He sure loves laps.” said Sirius.

“Soup and bread? That's it?” said Charlie.

“When we come home, you almost have a five course meal to have us plow through.” said Bill.

“Must have been pretty thin, she didn't want to risk him getting sick later.” said Dr. Clark.

“That, or she planned on him having a hearty breakfast after he slept for a bit.” said Ginny.

“That's what she has dad do when he works double overtime.” said Ron.

“Not that much, no.” said Harry.

“’Bout damn time.” said Chief Hawkeye as the Weasleys all smiled proudly at Mr. Weasley.

Mrs. Weasley blushed.
Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“No, he's just in pain.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

End of dialogue set.

“Sad thing is, that doesn't sound like a job that's going to be around forever.” said Mr. Weasley with a roll of his eyes. “But, it's an important job and it will help a lot of different people. I'm glad to have it for the time that I have it...in the future that is.”

“I like him.” said Chief Hawkeye smiling brightly over at the slightly balding man.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Sick bastards.” muttered Nightstrike.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Gotta inspect your Dark Detectors carefully, I check them every morning, noon and evening, make sure they're working and no one switched them on me.” said Moody with a scowl.

End of dialogue set.

“But I love my spark plugs and my sprockets.” said Mr. Weasley with a watery smile to his wife.

“I know you do dear, and I love every part of you.” said Mrs. Weasley leaning over and kissing her husband on the lips.

Fred and George pretended to gag behind their hands.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.
Several children shivered. They wondered where the hands were pointing to now?

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“I’ve never known any other family with a clock like yours.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Ask what question?” asked a third year Gryffindor.

“The security question!” said a second year Ravenclaw.

“Should we cover our ears?” asked Katie.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I'll get you a book and read it with you.” said Dr. Clark.

Mr. Weasley looked about ready to rush over to the muggle doctor and kiss him full on the lips.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“You're not alone together! You're not alone together!” shouted the twins covering their ears.
“I certainly don't want to know.” said Ron as he and the rest of his siblings covered their ears.

Several students also covered their ears, out of mortification and out of respect for Mrs. Weasley.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Safe now kids.” said Officer McFinn with a slight smile.

Nineteenth paragraph

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Not that she'll tell anyone at the Ministry about you not asking the Security Questions.” said Officer McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph, first sentence.

Dialogue set.

“Quite the deal...” said Remus, “provided they work.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sounds like something we would do, but we wouldn't be selling them to the public like that.” said Fred.

“Yeah, we let you know it's a prank.” said George. “We're in the business to make people laugh, not hurt people.”
“Not that we don't know how to do that...we just prefer to make people happy.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence, mum...” said Fred.

“Though, if it were just in school...and we didn't charge anyone...sure we'd do it.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, I hope we took everything out of there...” said Fred.

“Just in case, don't touch anything but the beds.” said George.

“Or under the beds...” said Fred.

“Or in the table beside the beds...” said George.

“Or under the pillows...” said Fred.

“Or in the pillows...” said George.

“Or the blue comforters...” said Fred.

“Oh, and stay clear of the striped sheets...” said George.

“WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU ALL HAVE IN THERE?” shouted Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“We always have.” said the twins, trying to look proud all the while cowering behind their chairs.

End of dialogue set.
“I would ask how you know what gunpowder smells like, but you used to watch as Sergent Flaggens clean all the weapons in the armory.” said Officer McFinn shaking his head. “And you did help that one year with Bonfire Night.”

“Sure don't hold it as a memorial of our fun-filled childhood.” said Fred.

“I'm sure I'm just putting all the dangerous things I've found in those boxes.” said Mrs. Weasley sending a stern look over to her twin sons, though there was a smile twitching at her lips.

“Aww...” said the students together.

“We told you not to touch the pillows!” said the twins.

“It's only a pastille.” said Ginny.

“Sure, but it could have been one of the ones that tend to explode...” said Fred.

“Not a big explosion, mum!” said George quickly seeing the look on his mother's face.

“Who woke him up?” said Mrs. Weasley, Mrs. McFinn and Madam Pomfrey looking firmly at the book.
“Yeah, Ron...don't hit me.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Aside from the newly acquired concussion, I'm fine.” said Dr. Clark.

“Liar, I've been better.” said Harry.

“Do they ever?” said Sirius darkly.

“I'm blind.” said Ron slapping a hand over his eyes.
“Wasn't that exciting.” said Harry.

Remus chuckled.

“That you we were out fighting the forces of darkness together?” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

“Don't tell me this is going to be the theme...them discussing you behind your back.” groaned Dr. Nicodemus.

Hermione blushed brightly. Though she did remember what the Ranger Healer had told her when he examined her after her talk with Tempest...

“Now, I know that I've been most likely your most vocal critic, but I want to let you know right now...at this point in the books, it's the Granger that hasn't come to terms with a third person's evaluation of the situation.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“So I shouldn't take it personal.” said Hermione finishing the thought.

“That's right, but still see it as a bit of a pre-correction. Potter and Weasley are both seeing what they should do...though not so much Weasley, while he's coarse at times, he's still a young man, we were all like that. It's mostly focused on you and Potter...and with the massive support Potter has,
it's falling on you for the most part. And for that we are sorry, though that doesn't stop me from getting a headache when you do something pretty insensitive.”

Hermione turned a faint pink.

He was a pleasant man for the most part, they weren't going to be great friends, but she could now see where he was coming from.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“No teacher is worse than Umbridge, at least Binns knew what he was talking about.” said Seamus.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“And who would that be?” asked Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Weasley looked confusedly at the girls and then the book. She didn't treat her daughter like she was three...maybe a bit younger than she really was (she didn't want to ever lose her little girl) but certainly not three.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“What's got into future Ginny and Hermione?” said Ron curiously.

Dialogue line.
“You're telling us.” said the Weasley children together.

“So modest.” said Fred.

“Such a dainty child.” said George with a snigger.

“Fleur, what's she doing at the Burrow?” asked Bill.

“I'm impressed that you can focus on someone else but her to be honest...” said Rudolph. “I'm not straight, but even I stop and stare at a half veela.”

“Aw, he's blushing!” said Dr. Clark with a laugh.

“You'd blush too, if she kissed you.” said Harry.

Ginny folded her arms and pursed her lips.
“I don’t think I can handle the both of them at the same time.” said Harry.

“I know, throw their mother in the pot and its a hard few hours to meet the family, well...at least at first. After a few times of meeting them, it's a bit easier.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Bill closed his eyes and covered his face in his hands. “This isn't going well, right off the bat.”

Dialogue line.

“She said 'Yes'!” said Bill smiling behind his hands.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph

“Lucky...” whispered Ron, just quiet enough for Hermione to not hear it.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I don’t hate her!” snapped Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

“Aw, mum.” said Bill.
“Ooh, better watch it, Ginny's going to be the head of your household if you're not careful.” said Sirius nudging his godson.

“If it's a married life like what the Weasley family has, I'll be more than happy.” said Harry with a wink over to Ginny.

“Do as we say, not as we do.” said Leroy with a laugh.

“Ginny!” shouted Bill.

“Sorry!” said Ginny, “but this isn't me saying it...yet...” she added sheepishly.

“I didn't and I don't call her that!” said Ginny quickly.

“Then it's a bit hard.” said Bill.
“It’s a magical beauty, Miss Granger.” said McGonagall. “Not everyone can cast off that sort of charm.”

Dialogue line.

“I will not, if Bill genuinely loves her, I will not stop it.” said Mrs. Weasley. “And I will stand all behind it and insist the wedding be held at the Burrow and let her use Aunt Muriel's tiara if she loves him just as much.”

The Weasley children stared at their mother. The wedding at the Burrow was a given, but the tiara? She was going to ask Aunt Muriel for The Tiara?

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh no I won’t, I know who she prefers.” said Mrs. Weasley sending a fond look to Remus.

“And Bill's not my type, too...tame.” said Tonks with a quiet giggle.

Remus, who heard what she had said, blushed bright red.

“What's with you?” asked Sirius looking at his longtime friend.

“N-Nothing.” said Remus nervously.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Tonks placed her hands on hips as Moody roared with laughter.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Why are you getting into that fight, stay out of it!” said Alicia. “It's better for you!”
“I think what I meant by that was...you're ah...sad.” said Ron hopelessly.

“Oh don't mention me!” said Sirius.

“We met!” said Sirius.

“Not her fault, not even slightly.” said Harry quietly.

“Not yours either.” said Sirius sternly.

Everyone turned and looked at Glacier who was sitting just a few feet away. He was looking at Harry and then he turned and saw everyone else (other than the Rangers) were gazing at him.

“What?” asked Glacier.

“What's your opinion?” asked Hermione.

“Honestly, you don't want my opinion, and frankly, without more information, I can't give an
opinion.” said Glacier. “I've only got your account and what you think it is, and with the track record you kids have, it's most likely something completely different, and it's none of your business.”

“Let's move on.” said Harry with a smirk.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“And normally that brings her out in smiles.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And if you're particularly devastated, it rebounds.” said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Fleur must be pissing mum off.” said Ron quietly.

Dialogue set.

Bill tried not to smile, but he was finding it very difficult.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph, second sentence.

“Don't look in there, trust us, don't look in there!” said George.
End of forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“This famous last words,” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Percy looked down.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore chuckled.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I had just woken up, we didn't really dwell on Dumbledore all that much,” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Hermione rolled her eyes.
“They remember.” said Tonks.

“Someone does.” said Harry.

“Hey, you interrupted him too.” said Ron.

“Cheerful morning meal.” said Dr. Clark.

“Ah, yeah, that was a prototype...never fixed that little sensitive button problem.” said George.
“Not compared to when I first had the feeling it was going to end like that.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Ron groaned and looked at the Headmaster through the space between his fingers.

“If he I thought he was a ‘goner’ I would not be thrusting him into this situation.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

The adults in the Great Hall smiled softly to themselves.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I just woke up, 'Mione!’” said Harry with a laugh.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“Nice, real nice.” said Sirius snickering behind his hand.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Fred and George would take it off, wouldn't you two?” said Mr. Weasley, his voice going uncharacteristically firm.

“Yes sir!” said Fred and George at once.

“Fifty-fourth paragraph.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It would be a disaster. I will faint right on the floor.” said Ron.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You freaked out that much? Or were you asking for Harry and Mine's benefit?” said Ron with a smirk.

Hermione didn't meet his eyes, it was entirely possible that she would ask for them.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.
“You can slam the doors and lock the windows, but those letters will get in.” said Harry with a smile over to Hagrid.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Sixtieth paragraph.

“Poor thing.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“The owl or Hermione?” said Dr. Clark.

Sixty-first paragraph.

O.W.L.s results.

“How you managed a 'P' is beyond me...” said Hermione. “For Divination, I mean. But still, if you hadn't had that...well...if you had managed to get through the History test, I'm sure you would have been given an A at the very least.”

Sixty-second paragraph.

“I'm so proud of...well, future you.” said Mrs. McFinn with a happy smile.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

“Eh, don't care, if I got at least one 'E', I'd be a happy Gryffindor.” said Ron waving his hand dismissively.
“Should we be jealous, Fred?” said George.

“I think we should, granted...we didn't really give it a shot, but still...we should have at least did better than what Ron did.” said Fred.

Ron smirked.

“Most likely realizing she freaked out for absolutely nothing.” said Leroy.

“Or she had too high of standards for herself and the tests.” said Remus.

“If they will let Peter get five O.W.L.s, anyone can pass the damn things.” said Sirius.

“Way to celebrate.” said Lee.

“Oh...that's right.” said Moody thinking back to the grades he had achieved. Snape was such a stickler for perfection in the classroom that he wouldn't take Potter, even though he earned a great grade...but...Slughorn was not a Defense teacher...

“Till I gave it a bit more thought.” said Harry.
End of chapter.

“That's just one job, not the whole thing.” said Tonks.

“Yeah, you've got to be led around by the nose by Umbridge.” said Ernie.

“Stuff it MacMillian.” said Tonks shortly. “I'd rather forget that part.”
Sorry I didn't post this on Friday like I promised...stuff happened.

“Alright, next chapter is 'Chapter Six’” said Officer McFinn.

Draco’s eyes widened, what was his future self going to be doing in this chapter...he had a bad feeling that it wasn't going to show him in a very good light, much like all the other chapters in these books.

First paragraph, second sentence, end of parenthesis.

“Nice, real nice.” said Ron with a smirk.

“Yeah.” said Hermione.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph.

“Someone needs a vacation.” said Leroy.

“Oh a shopping trip ending in a spa.” said Emmeline Vance.

“I could see him going for that.” sniggered Sirius.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Charming conversation over birthday cake.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That’s even better.” said Dr. Clark with a frown.
“Four days, nineteen hours and sixteen minutes...” said Sirius darkly. “I felt it happen...he was still my brother after all...”

“Oh no.” said Ron.

“Why would they go after a poor ice cream man?” said Hermione looking horrified.

“He does have some connections in the Ministry, a lot of the younger, up-and-coming wizards and witches think fondly of his shop when the years go by.” said Dumbledore with a somber look.

Dumbledore sat up and stared at the book. They had taken Ollivander? Dear lord...

“I can assure you, he would have gone voluntarily.” said Dumbledore leaning forward and threading his fingers together, deep in thought.

“What ever for?” asked Dr. Clark, “I thought Harry said...”

“To avoid damaging the wands...his life work. If I were in his shoes, I would leave without a fuss as well...I would suffer at Tom’s hands, no doubt, but wands that have been waiting for young wizard and witches hands...I would spare them their destruction and hope that the apprentices that I have can carry on where I had left off.” said Dumbledore.
“Does he have apprentices?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“I believe he has a fair number of them abroad, one of them being his Great-Granddaughter.” said Dumbledore. “But she has been out of the country for the past forty years.”

“Yeah, because the news of the kidnapping and possible death of a ice cream man and wandmaker is on par with using an exclusive bathroom.” said Dr. Nicodemus rolling his eyes.

“Hint much?” said George with a smile.

Mr. Weasley gave his wife's hand a squeeze.

“Don't take security lightly.” said Moody.

“Ooh...” said Ginny. “I can only imagine what she was trying to say to me all summer long.”
"Yeah, normally she just snaps, she doesn't go that far.” said Fred.

“She must be really nervous.” said George.

“That's my money.” said Harry with a slight smile.

“Yeah, if I was handing out money, I would have given you and Ginny bags of it first.” said Bill.

“That was not nice, William.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I think I'll just stick to my check book.” said Dr. Clark.

“I'm going to gag...” said Sirius holding his stomach.

“It's different when the girl's not fawning over you, isn't it?” said Remus with a smirk.

“Seems like he's warming up to Ginny at last.” said Charlie with a snicker.
“Yay for me.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“I would say that if it keeps you safe, I'm all for it, but...after the prior book...” said Dr. Clark shaking his head. “Not sure that I’m trusting the Ministry all that much.”

“Not just that alone, that was just an added safety net.” said Dumbledore.

“A bunch of kids finally getting out of the house and with school shopping on top of that? You're lucky to get out of there after five hours.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I'd be staring too, before I came here, I've never seen anyone that tall before.” said Dr. Clark.

“I'd love to see anyone try and get past him.” said Tonks with a smirk.

“Yeah, but if Potter decides to slip out of the surveillance with that cloak, it's all going to be for naught.” said Moody shaking his head.

“And knowing Potter, he did just that at some point.” said Snape with a sneer.
“Dark times can put a huge damper on business.” said Sirius.

“Ring his neck.” said Harry darkly.

“Oh, don't I wish.” said Mr. Weasley with a scowl.

“I don't want us to split up, not with all that is going on.” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

“Don't think I want to go to Diagon Alley, not if the atmosphere is going to be like that.” said Parvati.
Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Malfoy.” said the trio together simultaneously.

“And if she had left you to do your shopping alone, in those dark times, you would have been caught up by the Aurors and would have been sent back home, highly embarrassed.” said Snape plainly.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Quit moving and she won't be sticking you.” said Ron.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Draco cringed uncomfortably.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“If you're not careful, future Malfoy, you're going to have to go to school completely naked.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

“Oh, I think taking him down a peg would be pretty worth it.” said Ron quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Take five minutes out of your life and control your son for once.” muttered George.
Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And what sort of weight does your family have anymore?” smirked Dean.

“She's a Death Eater, I think she means she can kill you.” said a third year Hufflepuff.

Dialogue set.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Accuse nothing, her husband was caught red handed.” said Harry darkly.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

“Do not poke a sleeping dragon in the eye, dear boy.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Now that's a threat...” said Sirius, “Unbecoming of you Cissy.”

Draco, while he felt a bit uncomfortable with his words and the transgressions of his father, his hands were beginning to shake in anger. No one talked to his mother like that, regardless of what his father did.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Good, she doesn't deserve to have her name on your clothes.” said Ron.

“Poor stitchwork.” said Professor Sprout. “Frays after just a little bit of wear, and their service to those who aren't regulars is deplorable.”

“We aren't the ones with the marks on our arms.” said Ron stiffly. “We're not trying to get anyone killed.”

“Except yourselves.” said Snape coldly.

“That's insulting.” said Fred.

“Yeah, you have to spend at least twenty minutes.” said George.
Twenty-ninth paragraph, third sentence.
“Gloomy store fronts are so passe.” said Fred.
“You need something that 'pops' and draws your eyes.” said George.
“How long have you been planning this store?” asked Ginny.
“Six years.” said the twins together.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

U-NO-POO sign

While the students roared with laughter a few of the adults, including their mother, covered their faces and shook their heads.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I'm sure that we've set up some strong protective charms, mum...” said George.

Dialogue line.

And he and Harry led the way into the shop. It was packed with customers; Harry could not get near the shelves. He stared around, looking up at the boxes piled to the ceiling: Here were the Skiving Snackboxes that the twins had perfected during their last, unfinished year at Hogwarts; Harry noticed that the Nosebleed Nougat was most popular, with only one battered box left on the shelf. There were bins full of trick wands, the cheapest merely turning into rubber chickens or pairs of briefs when waved, the most expensive beating the unwary user around the head and neck, Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence, third comma.

“I like that one.” said Officer McFinn with a chuckle.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

“Ah...please no...” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her head.

Dialogue line.
“That's kind of cute.” said Hermione.

“Yeah, you thought we were all about pranks...we're researching toys and stuff like that.” said George.

“Wonder what it sort of changes into.” said Sirius thoughtfully.

“I'm going to say, you're not allowed to see those.” said Remus.

“Why he's going to old enough when those come out.” said Sirius looking over to Harry curiously.

“I'm talking about you.”

Hermione blushed slightly.

“Planned that too!” said Fred.

“Cause we don't want to hear mum or Harry yell at us.” said Fred.
“We use the term 'freak' as a term of endearment.” said George quickly.

Mr. Weasley chuckled.

“Why would you make something like that? Who wants to buy a bunch of nasty things that you know will make you ill when you eat them?” said Sirius. “You can't exactly trick someone to eat something like that.”

Fred and George beamed proudly. “We do have quite a few of them, perhaps we should tweak them a bit, make them a bit stronger.” said Fred.

“Yeah, maybe even make a few invisible or something, so they don't expect it.” said George excitedly.

“Yeah, George said that.” said Fred pointing towards George.
“Don't lie, you're George.” said George shoving Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Just be careful of who you sell it to.” said Moody darkly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

“Are you Mr. Weasley, or am I Mr. Weasley?” said Fred.

“You're Mr. Weasley, I'm Mr. Weasley.” said George.

“Ah, how soon I forget.” said Fred nodding.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, I would be yelling it from the rooftops.” said Harry.
“You’re sister and Hermione don’t need that.” said Mrs. Weasley chastising the twins.

“It’s all in good fun, mum.” said Fred.

“The kind we have right now wears off after a little while...provided you use it right away.” said George.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Five?” said Ginny putting her hands on her hips.

“Uh...maybe...we were misinformed.” said Fred cringing slightly.

“You were misinformed.” said Ginny sternly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Dean is one guy, not five.” said Seamus.

“Unless I have a bunch of people hiding in my clothes.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I want one!” said Ginny happily.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

Micheal blushed.

End of dialogue set.
“You're not a very good salesperson to her, are you?” said Bill with a laugh.

“Some discount.” said Ron with a pout.

“That won't get you any money knocked off.” said Dr. Clark.

“Since that rat, I'm a little hesitant about anything small and furry.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“Really?” said Ron looking at Hermione. “He just got done saying that he wanted to go shopping by himself.”

Moody nodded approvingly. “Good lad. Nothing that boy does has an innocent reason.”

Draco looked off to the side. “I...”

“They see only the negative side...” said Snape quietly.

“Stay where it's safe!” said Mrs. Weasley swiftly.

Snape quirked a brow, but that was the only reaction that he had given.

“Looks like Harry finally grew an inch.” said Ron with a gleeful smirk.
“Bite me.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“Pretty swift way of being apprehended by Aurors.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“This won't go well, I can just feel it.” said Lee.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wonder why it can't be moved?” said Tonks.

“Must be somewhere just perfect for his needs.” said Moody darkly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.
Harry flashed his eyes to Malfoy, waited for him to lock eyes with him and mouthed the words 'Dark Mark'. Draco flushed.

“And you just threatened him with a malicious werewolf...that's cause for arrest right there.” said Kingsley.

“Bet he's wishing he went into a different style of business.” said George.

“He didn't always cater exclusively to the Dark Arts.” said Dumbledore somberly.

“Something must have really shook him up.” said Ron.
“What are you doing in there?” said Dr. Nicodemus massaging his brow.

“Get out of there, this instant!” said Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn.

Hermione buried face in her hands.

“Oh, sweetie, it gets worse.” said Officer McFinn with a good natured smile.

“Oh for pity's sake.” said Kingsley. “Someone get her out of there.”

“A bit? Dudley could see right through that.” said Hermione shaking her head.
“Shocker.” said the entire school.

End of chapter

“Oh, really?” said Mrs. Weasley putting her hands on her hips.

“Now, mum...remember...this hasn't happened.” said Ron trying to placate her.
Harry stretched in the bowl as his head cascaded with a thousand different thoughts. What was it that Mrs. Malfoy wanted Snape's help with? What was Draco doing down in Borgin and Burkes? What sort of teacher was this Slughorn going to be? What sort of lessons was Dumbledore going to give his future self? What was this year going to bring? Why did he have this dark foreboding that seemed to enshroud Dumbledore? What was wrong with his hand?...

“What the heck is the Slug Club?” came Dr. Clark's voice.

Harry looked over to the rest of the people in the bowl, he didn't realize the readings had continued on and Officer McFinn had read the title chapter.

“Slug Club?” asked Harry.

“It's the group of students that Slughorn latches onto, gives them special treatments, throws dinner parties for them, introduces them to some of his more famous Slug Club members and some other things I suppose.” said Sirius. “I turned him down, so did James...Lily went to the gatherings though, he wouldn't let it go until she came, and she ended up having fun.”

First paragraph, second sentence.

Draco looked uncomfortable, he didn't know what future him was doing either, but he was feeling a bit...nervous about what it could be.

End of first paragraph.

Moody looked up to the ceiling and shook his head. “And Weasley thought about being an Auror?”

Ron blushed.

First paragraph.

“Nothing honest I can tell you.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Snape looked at Draco out of the corner of his eye. “I was not aware that you had that particular item.”

“I...how did they know I had that?” muttered Draco.
“I suggest you give it to me once lunchtime comes around.” said Snape with a frown.

“Better yet, give it to us, and I won't have to ask some tough questions of you.” said Lionus with a stern look to the Slytherin Prefect.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Kid, in these dark times the kids of known Death Eaters are ones you don't turn your back on and keep an eye on what they're doing.” said Nightstrike.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Tonks groaned.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Moody, in his ever sensitive nature, began to slowly clap.

“Thanks for coming up to speed.”

“Alastor!” scolded McGonagall.

Fourth paragraph.

“Age means nothing to the Dark Lord, he just wants as many followers and bodies to do his deeds.” said Snape darkly.
“It's more likely than anything else.” said Kingsley.

“This book is going to suck.” said Harry rubbing his eyes.

“I'm more shocked that you two seem to think that You-Know-Who cares about children.” said Mr. Weasley with an uncomfortable look.

Hermione and Ron looked down at the floor, quietly muttering about how this was future events and that there was no concrete proof.

“Wonder what happened this time...” said Hermione.
Dialogue set.

“Ooh...never mention something you think is negative about her little girl...” said Fred wisely.

“That will get you gutted and served for tea.” said George nodding.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So I let myself go, eh little Mademoiselle?” said Tonks with a snort.

“Bill, you'd better not have her ever mention that.” said Sirius. “If you like her pretty face without a black eye, cause Tonks doesn't do that pulling hair nonsense.”

Dialogue set.

“Like last year.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Ninth paragraph.

“Arnold?” said Fred.

“What part of a puffskien gives the vibe of a name like 'Arnold'?” asked George.

“Now, 'Cuddles', or 'Sugarpuff' I can understand.” said Fred. “But 'Arnold'? Poor thing's going to made fun of his whole life.”

“He'll have to wear glasses.” said George.*

“I always thought glasses were quite dashing.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue set.

“Just looking out for your best interest, big brother.” said Ginny.

Tenth paragraph.
“Careful, I'm 'delicate'.” said Harry with a cheeky grin.

“I would say that I hope that they be more supportive, but they're not doing a good job so far.” muttered Dr. Nicodemus.

“I don't think I've ever seen Dad blow up like Mum has blown up, he's gotten sort of close but not in the same way and to the same degree.” said George.

“Oh boy.” said Dean.

“I don't think we've been able to sneak away from dad for about ten years or so, not after the fiasco with the bakery in the village.” said Fred.
“They shouldn't leave out that powdered sugar out if they didn't want people to find a use for it.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I'm pretty cool about this.” said Mr. Weasley with a slight smile. “Might be freaking out on the inside, but at least I look like I'm holding it in well.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Tell me that he's not going to go down the same path Ron and Hermione are.” said Harry covering his eyes. “Tell me someone is going to listen to me.”

“Harry, you have to admit, there's no proof.” said Hermione. “And...I suppose we were remembering what had happened the year prior.”

Harry turned his head, suppressing a glare and a snarl.

“Harry...” said Hermione beginning to stand.

“That's enough, Miss Granger.” said Dumbledore.

“But, he doesn't see our side, well, our future's side, we don't want him to go running into danger like that again!” said Hermione quickly.

“After all these years, of going with him and even instigating a few of sneaking around...you're going to ditch him now?” said Sirius.

“We're not ditching him!” said Ron.

“That's what he's thinking.” said Glacier nodding over to Harry, whose head was still turned away. “Now that's enough on the subject, we'll find out who had the right idea and who doesn't in due time.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“I'm an idiot.” said Mr. Weasley slapping a hand to his forehead.

“Maybe they want you to keep some innocence and not think everyone is a Death Eater.” said Sirius quietly.

“I'd rather be on guard than dead from a knife wound in my back.” said Harry.

Moody clapped sincerely this time, “Finally, someone gets it.”

“Future me didn't say that it was in his house, did I?” said Harry angrily.

“It's okay.” said Remus soothingly, reaching over and squeezing his shoulder. “We'll find out, try to relax.”

“Heart that...” said Harry with a scowl, he was trying to settle down, but he had a feeling this book was going to be just as aggravating as the last one.
“Might have to really hope for that one.” said Ginny with a worried smile.

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

**Twenty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“And he's alone again.” said Sirius rolling his eyes. “You know for trying to keep him safe and whatnot, you lot sure do like to jump ship.”

Ron and Hermione looked shameful, but Ginny crossed her arms. “You do realize this hasn't happened yet and it now it won't, right?”

“She's dating Dean, not me, and they're not my keepers.” said Harry.

“Yeah, I know, but I'm just saying that they should be giving you some slack if they're going to go all negative on you.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

Harry and Ginny laughed softly.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Uh oh, Harry, you'd better run!” said Dr. Clark nudging Harry teasingly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**
“At least you have two friends to keep an eye on you.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Not that I recollect your dad doing anything insane like that.” said Remus. “He was more calm than anything else, now your mother on the other hand...”

“Oh, you get her and Lily...with their time of the months going at the same time and you are looking at the end of the world.” said Sirius. “They've made Filch cry!”

Neville smiled sheepishly, but looked quite pleased with himself.

“I love the free things you get in some magazines.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I do too!” said Mr. Weasley excitedly, “Especially the muggles ones!”

“Man, that's uncomfortable and awkward.” said Sirius wincing.

“Oh god, we are friends Luna!” groaned Harry with a fond smile.
“Uh oh.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“I'll just sit right here with my friends, thank you very much.” said Harry with a stern look at the book.

“That won't get her any brownie points.” said Hannah.

Luna giggled happily.

“Who's being nice, I'm stating facts.” said Harry with a smile.
Dialogue set.

“I don't think she'd want him, she'd have constant heart attacks from all the constant worry.” said Mrs. Weasley with a fond smile. “And I know that she wouldn't trade you for anything in the world.”

Twenty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Sadly, no.” said Sirius.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Neville shivered. “I don't think I'm strong enough to go through all that.”

“You're plenty tough, and think about it, you wouldn't have the Dursleys, so you'd have a leg up on me.” said Harry with a smirk. “I'm all sorts of screwed up.”

“You aren't screwed up...you're adorable...danger prone...but adorable.” said Sirius kissing the top of Harry's head.

“Teens don't want to hear that they're adorable.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Too morbid of a thought for a sixteen year old.” said Rivers shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Wrackspurt?” said Remus looking at the girl curiously.

“Future me will explain.” said Luna with a smile towards the book.

Dialogue line.
“Good thinking, thinking about something you know all about and are passionate about will drive them off...” said Luna with a dreamy smile.

“Wonder what he's doing that's playing Prefect Hooky?” said Sirius with a curious glint in his eye.

“And if you're curious, then so is Harry.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“How original.” said Lee rolling his eyes.

“Ronald!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“This hasn't happened yet, Mum.” said Ron quickly.

This time, Mr. Weasley laughed out loud despite his wife's indignant sputter.

“Yeah, like future him wouldn't take this opportunity to push people around, no matter how small.” said Charlie.
“Well, he didn't waste any time...did he?” said Sirius with a bark like laugh.

“Don't want to get on the wrong side of a teacher.” said Harry.

“Nah, he'd only think of you as hard to get, he'd step up his game...especially for Lily's sake. Remember what I said, he drove her nuts till she finally came to one of his parties.” said Sirius.

“Learn to blink, people.” said Harry under his breath.

Several of the D.A snickered quietly.

“Serves her right the backstabbing bitch.” whispered Angelina quietly.
Mr. Weasley looked over at his daughter, but then smiled proudly.

“So...do I want to know what I'm doing there?” said Ginny looking at the book and leaning back slightly.

“Hey.” said Blaise with a nod.

“Hey.” said Harry also with a nod.

“We've met.” said Harry and Blaise together, both trying hard not to smirk as the other students chuckled.

“Never met him before, no.” said Harry.

Cormac however puffed out his chest and grinned broadly, he didn't hear what Harry had said.

“No...haven't met either.” said Marcus.

“Sorry! He must have interrogated me.” said Ginny with a laugh.

“But crystallized pineapple? Dear me yes.” said Professor Flitwick with a smile.
“Way to put him on the spot when he's trying to eat cold pheasant.” said Sirius.

“Next time, wait.” said Remus.

“Well, he won't be inviting Belby to anything further.” said Flitwick with a frown. “Pity, he's quite ingenious with creating new, yet simple spells.”

Marcus blushed heavily.

“Oh, no, he's going to latch onto him...” said Sirius covering his eyes.

“Didn't want any anyway.” said Marcus with a disdainful sniff.
“He just doesn't know that Dad knows all sorts of influential people.” said Bill with a smirk. “Or he'd wet his pants.”

Blaise looked plainly before him, despite the curious gazes from the rest of the students.

“What was Slughorn hoping to get from that?” said Dr. Clark. “Never mind, I don't think I want to know.”

“I'm not liking him, tell me that I ignore him.” said Harry. “That or leave.”

“Oh, Dazzle Gums isn't the only creepy teacher now.” said Remus.

“Oh brother.” said Harry rolling his eyes.

“Never seen you turn that red before.” said Theodore Nott looking at his friend.
“Take our word for it.” said the Weasley boys.

_Forty-ninth paragraph._

“You're going to look like you've got bats on your face if you look at her like that for very long.” said Colin gleefully.

_Dialogue set, third sentence, first dash._

“Yeah, every other article.” said Harry with a sneer.

_End of dialogue set._

“Plus two others that you have there.” said Harry.

_Fiftieth paragraph._

_Dialogue set, first sentence, first dash._

“One of the reasons, perhaps.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

_End of dialogue set._

_Dialogue line._

“Guess there was though.” said Neville.

“I'd rather not let him know about it.” said Harry. “Especially a bunch of people that don't have any business knowing. That opinion has now changed but still...”

_Dialogue line._

Harry smiled over to Ginny.

_Dialogue line._
“Was he hoping that you were going to recount that horror filled night?” said Leroy.

“Nice, real nice.” said Rudolph.

“I know there were a few students that really wanted to be in his little club...nice to hear that there were others that didn't want to be bothered with it.” said Sirius.

“Thrilling read I'll bet.” said Ginny with a roll of her eyes.

“Yeah.” said Ron clapping happily.

“Seems a worthy reason.” said Fred.
“Oh no...” said Ron.

“Oh!” said Harry.

“Mate, this is the beginning of the year, and with the way these books go...the train ride never goes all that well...” said Ron. “Maybe except the first, and fourth year...but still...”

“Does this end well?” said Hermione covering her eyes worriedly.

“Not your best work, Potter.” said Moody shaking his head.

“He saw me. Dammit.” said Harry shaking his head.

“He’s laughing cause he saw you...or someone climb up there.” said Hannah worriedly.

“Ugh...son...with your looks, you can do better.” said Leroy shaking his head.

“I’m betrothed to her...” said Draco sullenly.
“I was betrothed too, but do you see that psycho bitch sitting next to me?” said Leroy gesturing to Rudolph.

“Leroy!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“Nice to know I'm not a psycho bitch.” said Rudolph with a snigger.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Pass...” said a few of the girls in the Great Hall.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“Probably wondering why he wasn't invited.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And you're a...”

“Ginny...” said Mr. Weasley in a warning tone.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Other than being the top Herbology student in his year? And quite a amicable young man?” said Professor McGonagall with a cross of her arms. “There's more than that, I can assure you.”

Blaise blushed once again.

“Not my type, I like them nice.” said Ginny with a frown.

“I'd say that's a little creepy...but I like it when Leroy braids my hair.” said Rudolph with a smile over to his husband.

“Explains why you never let me cut it.” said Leroy with a slight smile.

“Not with your dad being publicly labeled a Death Eater.” said Snape knowingly. “He'll put quite some distance between himself and them.”

“You did.” said Seamus.
Harry gestured wildly towards the book.

“Sixty-first paragraph.”

Dialogue line.

“Sixty-second paragraph.”

Dialogue set.

“We hear, Harry, we hear.” said Sirius taking a hold of Harry's wildly gesturing hand.

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

“Dialogue line.”

Hermione and Ron look questioningly at the book.

“Sixty-third paragraph.”

“I'd say gut-wrenching.” said Katie.

“Dialogue line.”

“Sixty-fourth paragraph.”

“Caught...caught...” said Moody shaking his head.

“Dialogue line.”

“Sixty-fifth paragraph.”

“Sixty-sixth paragraph.”

Dialogue line.

“Damn...” said Lionus.

“Dialogue line.”

“Sixty-seventh paragraph.”
Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Crap.” said groaned Bill.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-first paragraph.

“That'll teach me...” said Harry shaking his head. He quirked his brow as Sirius reached a hand around and rubbed his nose. “Get off me.”

“Oh, you mean I can't touch your nose?” said Sirius with a teasing smirk. “You'll let Malfoy but not me?”

“Let me touch your nose with my fist...how 'bout that?” said Harry.

End of chapter

“He's not that annoying little simple pest anymore...he got kind of dangerous.” said Dean.

“One more chapter I think for the day, then we'll have those classes again.” said Dumbledore.

“So much for days off...” said George.

*No offense meant to the people named Arnold.*
“Last chapter for the day, Eighth Chapter.” said Officer McFinn.

“Why am I already worried?” said Sirius.

Sirius cringed in the bowl and tightened his grip on Harry.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“He won't be making that mistake again...” said Moody.

“Can we stop talking about Harry's blood...please?” said Sirius closing his eyes tightly.

End of second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

“This is getting a mite depressing...and a bit dark...what if he owls home real quick that Harry is on the train, his mother could come and drag him off to You-Know-Who!” said a seventh year Hufflepuff in a horrified whisper.

Fourth paragraph.

“Yeah, can't do non-verbal very well.” said Harry.

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

Snape decided to spare the youth a sneer, he wasn't sure why.

End of fifth paragraph.
“Oh no!” said a few of the first years worriedly.

“Thank goodness for Tonks!” said Charlie with a sigh of relief.

“Well, not nearly as dramatic as your second year arrival...” said Dr. Clark with a weak chuckle.

“Yeah, that is embarrassing...” said Kingsley shaking his head sympathetically. “Rookie year...worse year of my life...”

“Don't know if you'd want her to fix your nose...seeing as how she's never had to do it for herself...” said Sirius.

“I'm good with medicinal charms!” said Tonks indignantly.

“I should certainly hope so.” said Madam Pomfrey.
“Please tell me that Snape is not going to be the one to come and get you.” said Sirius. “Please, for Merlin's sake that he doesn't.”

“I don't want to be the one to fetch him either, mutt...” said Snape coldly.

“Bet he won't be trying to get one up on Dumbledore again.” said Remus with a smile.

“That's future me's opinion, not mine.” said Harry quickly to the insulted look on the Auror's face.

“I'm sure that I would have loved to hear what you had to say.” said Tonks with a sad smile.
Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“One of your secret ways in?” said Remus with a smile.

“Maybe.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Damn...” groaned Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Damn...” groaned Sirius.

Dialogue set.

“Kiss my ass.” muttered Harry.

Remus looked over to Harry with an attempt at a stern look, but couldn't quite manage it that time.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Safe as a living potion ingredient that you need to disembowel?” muttered Ron.
“I'm well aware that this hasn't happened yet, Severus, but could you try to be a bit more...sociable?” said Professor Flitwick.

“Now he can kiss my ass.” said Tonks sticking her tongue out at the Potions Master.

“I'm sure he can, and perhaps that is why he is not speaking.” said Dumbledore, a slightly hopeful tone in his voice. “But then again...” he muttered silently to himself.

“I just brush them off and dish them right back on comments about his hair. You nearly getting killed was the big part that sent me out the door, I think. I would never be able to forgive myself if you had been even slightly injured and I had stayed at Headquarters.” said Sirius.

Snape kept his arms folded and looked down at the ground, not saying a word.

“How about putting the blame on the dumbass that...well..never mind, I earned that...” said Harry ruefully.
“Fine...give you that too...” said Harry grumbling.

Remus began chuckling.

“I know that is not the case.” said Snape tiredly looking over to where the Weasley family was sitting.

“Thank goodness this is the last chapter of the day.” said George rubbing his temple.

“At least it seems your nose is fine...nice to know that my dear cousin isn't without some medicinal skills.” said Sirius.

“As accident prone as she is, it's natural she can heal herself like that.” said Moody with a good-natured laugh.
“Oooh, tough luck, you’ll have to have pudding for dinner.” said Leroy with a false sympathetic look.

“Just means my dream will come true, I can finally have treacle tart for dinner.” said Harry with a grin.

“I prefer to have my students happily fed before I bore them.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

“We are trying to impress ourselves on the first years.” said Professor McGonagall shaking her head fondly.

“Right little bastard.” said Charlie.
“I'd give a lot to be an 'Unchosen'.” said Harry.

“Uh....thanks for the offer...” said George.

“Way to go Ron...” said Ginny.

“Well, that's going to be the talk of the castle for the entire year.” said one of the Unspeakables with a worried look over to the Headmaster.

“So much for the delusion that she can fix anything.” said Harry with a nervous smile.
Dialogue set, first sentence.

“How do you know what a...dead limb...looks like?” asked Ron.

“My Uncle Bartley has a...well...he's hadn't had circulation in two of his toes for a long time, the doctors want to remove them, but he won't let them.” said Hermione with a ill look.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Knew he loved us and our work.” said Fred wiping away a fake tear.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, yeah...I'm gone aren't I? Well, that's some big shoes to fill.” said Lee with a pleased smile.

Dialogue set.

“But...what is Professor Snape going to be doing?” said Hannah.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

The students were silent.

“Wow...so it finally happened?” said a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“Guess it did, he finally got the job...” said another Ravenclaw student.

“Explains the title.” said Terry.
Harry blushed.

Dumbledore smiled to himself.

Luna looked between Harry and Professor Snape, a look of pleased acknowledgment on her face, but she did not say a thing.

Harry groaned. “Oh...sorry...sorry...” said Harry quietly.

“Well, it wasn't any news to him, now was it?” said Ernie.

“Little note directed towards the three of you.” said Bill pointing to Ron, Hermione and Harry.
End of dialogue set.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Chief Hawkeye chuckled. “Finally got to hear some British man say that.”

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

“Something like that, I don't make fun of...” said Ron quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Gahhh...” groaned Harry burying his face in his hands.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Regrettin' ever tellin' him that name.” said Hagrid shaking his head sadly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Well, he's not tied down...” said Nightstrike.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Well, that'll be something to see, and he'd be a big help with moving some of the larger rocks.” said Charlie.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why the hell are we not?” said Harry.

Ron shrugged.

“Ignore this book Hagrid, we're not giving you up.” said Harry looking over to Hagrid quickly.

Hagrid had looked crushed, but then smiled slightly.

End of chapter

“I don't want to even think about it. I want to know what the hell future me was thinking.” said Harry grumbling.

“That is all for the day, I think we should resume our classes.” said Dumbledore with a smile as Officer McFinn closed the book with a snap.

The students began to grumble but they all gathered up their bags and meandered to the Great Hall doors.
Normal School Schedule VS New Curriculum

That night, the teachers all adjourned to their offices to grade the different papers that some of them had received. For those that weren't normal teachers, Rivers had given them the homework assignment to give to the students and gave them a key of acceptable answers and to take it up with their experienced counterparts.

While most of the teachers, (that were the standard for the first three years), only had three or so year students that required them to to grade papers or make sure they had done their required reading, the teachers that were specifically for third years or up had as few as two years of students and at the most (only in River's case) all seven years.

Rivers had collaborated with Dumbledore as to shorten the classes from the normal length down to almost less than half of the usual length to give Defense Against the Dark Arts class quite a bit more time. Rivers had to make up for the lack of substantial teaching for two and a half years and needed all the time he could get to getting the students up to snuff on their lessons.

For example, the first years only had four teachers give them homework from the day before, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Charms and History of Magic. Though they had it pretty easy, all except for Rivers' class, they only had to read bits out of their textbooks and then answer a short quiz in class the next day.

Rivers had asked them to practice several new spells and a short essay on what they use the spells for. While it wasn't all that hard, he had asked them to give him instances where the spells could be useful in. Though...quite a few of the first years had taken into account when Harry, Ron or Hermione had used the spells and wrote it down. While he gave them points, they didn't get full marks as to having their own notion of when and where to use it.

The second years had the same amount of classes that requested homework done of them, Charms, Potions, and Astronomy. They had to stay up a bit later than what the others years had to due to they being the first students to have Astronomy class since the starting of the readings.

The teachers had to admit, while it was a little odd having all the year students together for class in the largest classrooms that the castle had, they had to admit that it was a little faster to get them all the information, but the downside was that they couldn't dedicate their time to the students that needed them the most. They would have to rely on the Prefects and Headboy and Headgirl to assist the students if they asked for questions.

It was the consensus, they couldn't wait for the classes to get back to normal, so they can easily
Rivers was in one of the spare offices going through all the paperwork that he had acquired. While Moody had agreed to take on the more practical work of Defense for the fourth years and under, he still had to take on the quick assessment tests that he asked of all the students.

While he had given the staff a pretty quick look over on their skills, he still had to find out where he had to work the hardest at. It seemed that while he was worried about the fifth years, it was the seventh years that would really have the problems when it came to the N.E.W.T.s tests. Rivers would have to get some assistance with that if he was to get them through their end of the year tests and into the outside world.

Moody was a good teacher when it came to the practical, but when it came to the theory part of the classes...he was not as enthusiastic about it. He would do it, but he said that it wouldn't be his preference. Better to experience things first hand as opposed to take someone's misconceived opinion.

Harry stretched slowly on the sofa of the rooms he was staying in, working on his homework. The teachers remembered that he couldn't use magic, so he was working over time on the theoretical part of the homework and had much more paper homework than the rest of the other fifth years.

“How's your homework coming sweetie?” asked Mrs. McFinn putting down a cup of hot chocolate and some biscuits.

“Fine, though, I think I need to reread chapter Miss...er...Aunt Batty gave us today. I think I may have read or listened to a passage wrong.” said Harry. “I'm thinking that the Great Goblin Battle of 1387 didn't take place around Surrey...”

“Yeah, I think even we would have noticed something like that going on.” said Dr. Clark as he flipped through his copy of Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them. “Please promise me you won't go up against a leithfold till you have your wand handy.”

“I promise, not that I'm going to be leaving the castle any time soon. It's been a while since I've gone out for a run and Lionus isn't going to let me go anywhere without at least one Ranger tailing me.” said Harry. “I'm not even thinking about tackling on Puffskien.”
“I don't think I've seen one of those yet.” said Mrs. McFinn thoughtfully. She had been promised by Hagrid, Sprout and Flitwick to see an array of different magical creatures and plants and she had several different kinds. Flitwick promised her that she would see fairies when Christmas time came around and Professor Sprout had shown her her greenhouses, but it was Hagrid that was showing her all the creatures that he had caretaker tasks to do with. She was especially overjoyed to see the unicorns that he brought with him out of the forest and had them interact with her.

“Sure you did, it was that large brown clump of fuzz that Remus took out of the room four nights ago.” said Sirius as he poured himself a small glass of bourbon.

“You're kidding, I thought that was a large dust bunny!” said Mrs. McFinn.

Harry laughed.

“What did you do with it?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“I gave it to Hagrid, he'll either find the owner or take it to Diagon Alley the next time he goes.” said Remus.

“Aw, I wanted to see it.” said Mrs. McFinn with a slight pout.

“It was kind of dirty, it needed a bath.” said Sirius. “And didn't you say it snapped at you?”

“Poor thing was probably terrified.” whimpered Mrs. McFinn.

“It did, I'm sure we'll show you a nice friendly one at a later date.” said Remus flipping through the newspaper.

“What's it like teaching Charms class?” said Harry looking over to Remus as he sipped his hot chocolate. “Anything like Defense Against the Dark Arts?”

“Less chance of being assaulted by a creature, but the chance of you blowing up to a misfiring spell goes up.” said Remus with a light chuckle.
“I'm amazed that they didn't have you doing the Defense class....” said Sirius.

“I figured that with Rivers here, he could see where the kids needed help. Sort of makes you wonder how the past students are doing.” said Remus. “Especially if some of the Ministry workers don't know how to do a simple shield spell...”

“Pity dueling tournaments never took off.” said Sirius. “That would have instilled some need to learn some defensive spells.”

“Or they all could have been in the audience and watched the Aurors go after it.” said Harry.

“That too I suppose.” said Sirius. “I know they'd put on quite a show.”

A light knock came on the door and Dumbledore entered the room, a warm smile on his face. “I had forgotten how exhilarating grading Transfiguration papers could be. Seeing the workings of a young mind in a known field and where they take their thoughts...quite the experience.”

Sirius rolled his eyes and looked over at the headmaster, “No wonder you became a teacher, you must have loved homework.”

“No more than the next person, but I did love startling the teachers that taught me.” said Dumbledore accepting a cup of hot chocolate from Mrs. McFinn. “Now, how is your classes going? Are you keeping up, despite not...having the ability to cast spells?” he said looking at Harry.

“I'm doing alright, once I'm all better, I'm going to be able to practice all the spells I'll need...hopefully, I'll be able to use magic by the time the O.W.L.s come around.” said Harry.

“As long as you relax and get plenty of rest, you'll be just fine. And with you not having to do the same homework over and over again.” said Leroy from the table where he and Rudolph were playing chess.

“Why don't you call it a night, cub? Any leftover homework can be done during the readings tomorrow. I've seen a few students do that.”
“I’ve only got to read this passage for McGonagall,” said Harry.

“Professor McGonagall.” said Dumbledore lightly.

“Er...right.” said Harry sheepishly. “Then I just have to do a drawing of a chizpurfle for Hagrid.”

“I had forgotten that Hagrid had those. That would explain why Fawkes has not left my office for a spell.” said Dumbledore. “He quite dislikes having those lodged in his feathers.”

“How do you get them off?” asked Dr. Clark. “The book mentions a potion, but they don't go into more description than that.”

“It’s a special brew that you need to immerse them in.” said Dumbledore. “The downside is that the potion does my their skin a trifle irritable for a short while. Fawkes dislikes it to such a degree that he will accelerate his burning day just to burn them off. He has quite the vain nature that no one really sees.”

“He’s still a handsome bird.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

“That he is.” said Dumbledore. “I have not found another one like him, nor do I think I ever will.”

Peter came into the room where his master was sitting, an assortment of objects in his arms and phials of what looked like water.

“Master, I have...” said Peter.

“Be silent, fool! Who is to know if they can't hear in this place?” said Voldemort looking hurriedly at the window and around the dark corners.

Peter had never seen the Dark Lord so...agitated. The Dark Lord was without his Death Eaters to send out to find a way to liberate him, or even his pet snake Nagini. They were going to get out,
one way or another, either this frenzied plan of the Dark Lord's was going to work or he was finally going to kill Peter out of frustration.
The next morning brought more snow down on the grounds and the warming intensity of the fires in the Great Hall increased. Today, the students were given tables so that they could continue on with their homework while they listened to the readings.

Officer McFinn picked up the books and began to read: “Today’s chapter is Chapter Nine”

“Isn’t that the title of the book?” said Ernie.

“First paragraph.

“And knowing the flow of this book so far, they aren’t going to believe you.” said Leroy shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, not what I was expecting.” said Leroy.

“Me either.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Be nice, Ronald.” said Mrs. Weasley rubbing her eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
“Just because I confiscated it, doesn't mean that we get to keep, Ron.” said Hermione.

“Hey, I haven't done anything yet!” said Ron.

Second paragraph.

“Oh no...not again...” said Ginny.

“Only this time, it's with Ron.” said Harry.

“That's what you get when boys do something incredibly heroic and stupid all that the same time, and then they go through puberty...girls love that.” said Sirius.

Remus shook his head.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“We're going to continue! Our book selves have no idea what the hell they're talking about!” said Harry loudly and gesturing wildly. He stood up quickly and hurried over to the shaft of light. “Shove over.” he said to Officer McFinn.

“Huh?”

“I'm reading a bit...or passing on some stuff, I'm not picky.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“Get the feeling he's not going to read aloud?” said Ron, when silence crept on after Harry had sat down.

Fourth paragraph.

After reading a bit further Harry handed the book back to Officer McFinn and went back to the bowl.

Fifth paragraph.

Sixth paragraph, first sentence.
“Please remember to eat and sleep this year.” said Dr. Clark.

End of sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“At least she's breaking it to you gently, but really, if you can't take it in the O.W.L.s course, N.E.W.T.s would only be painful.” said Sirius.

“But at least you know now that you need to brush up on you Transfiguration work if you really want to continue on with the class.” said Remus.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Neville blushed.

“She does know her students.” said Professor Sprout.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first dash.

Neville blushed even redder.

End of dialogue set.

Ninth paragraph.

“She doesn't pay anyone a compliment that isn't a homework-holic.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Does she now?” said Professor Flitwick with a smirk.
Neville stared between Professor Flitwick and Professor McGonagall in shock.

Parvati blushed.

Dean sniggered.

“No Snape breathing down my neck, why not?” said Seamus quietly.

“I'm impressed, you passed most of the difficult classes.” said Bill.

“Doesn’t hurt that we gave up Hagrid's class.” said Ron guiltily.
“Smart kitty.” said Hannah.

“You wanted to take the class...wait...is she dissing homework?” said Fred.

“Duck and cover! The end of the world has come!” said George diving under the chair.

“Tell me that the pictures were going to change as the first years came in...” said Rivers rubbing his eyes.

Dr. Clark stared. “If you're trying...” he sighed and looked down. “You're starting out sounding like an idiot, and that's a candid opinion of someone who has been mentored and has mentored.”
“Helps when the teacher doesn't insult us and breathe down our necks.” said George.

“Seeing as how you misplaced the entire Kappa species...I'm not too sure you can keep up.” said Sirius with a sneer.

Snape snarled over to the animagus.

“I want to have a deep conversation with you, after today's reading.” said Rivers looking over at Snape. “We need to set some ground rules about what is acceptable, bullying right off the bat is not going to fly anymore.”

Snape rolled his eyes.

“Okay, that was interesting, keep doing that.” said Rivers.

“Maybe...not sounding like that though...” said Rivers.

“No mollycoddling there...” said Remus quietly.

“Can't even do one properly.” said Harry to himself.
“That's what you want to know though...” said Hermione quietly.

“It also helps a bit that there is a teacher that can tune into the way their minds work.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile. “Without a flexible mind, one cannot teach non-verbal spells very well.”

“Once again, you don't tell them how!” shouted Harry.

“Easy there...” said Sirius.

“I need to cook something.” said Harry standing up and getting away from Sirius' outstretched fingers, Sirius looked helpless as the boy made his way to the open area.

“Here you are.” said Glacier waving his wand and summoning the kitchen area for the young man.

“I'm getting a headache.” said Rivers rubbing his forehead.

“You weren't supposed to say anything, Potter.” said Snape.
“The last time someone aimed their wand at me, it didn't go well sir.” said Harry banging a pan on the stove.

**Twenty-seventh paragraph.**

“Good boy.” muttered Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oooh...” groaned the twins flinching away as Sirius howled with laughter. “Nice bit of cheek there.”

“But cheek...with Snape...”

“That'll get you killed.”

“Or pickled.”

“Whichever comes first.” said the twins together.

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“His temper hasn't changed much over the summer, but then who can blame him.” said a seventh year looking between Harry and Snape.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“We sound nothing alike!” hissed both Snape and Harry.

“Okay...I thought me and Malfoy doing that was creepy...that's just disturbing.” said Ron leaning
away in his love seat.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“This Why am I not arguing?” snarled Harry, missing Dumbledore's slight smile.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sloper blushed furiously.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Note from Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Knowing him, he'd only postpone it, he never completely disregards a detention, even if it's a tad unfair.” said Sirius. “Though...your cheek...kind of warrants a detention....not that I'm not completely proud of you...”

“I'm going to take your shovel away before you dig yourself even further in the hole.” said Officer McFinn.

Thirty-second paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“Hey, if they can play dirty, I don't know why we can't use a little gray area magic...” said Ron stubbornly.
“Wonder what he is going to be like?” said Dean.
“We'll find out in a moment.” said Seamus.

“Uh...I guess I could work on that...” said Ernie.
“Don't bother, you being you is just perfect for you.” said Luna with a smile.
Ernie looked at her with his mouth open, closed it and then looked off to the side looking thoughtful.

“Start talking your age son.” said Chief Hawkeye. “You'll live younger.”

Rudolph snorted.
“Something I'm missing?” said Leroy.
“I know this potion.” said Rudolph. “Don't even need to hear anything more about it. But I don't think he wants anyone to hear what he thinks is 'seductive'."
“Wait, what?” said George.

“Not...all that shocking...guess if we want to turn you on, just need to whip up a plate of treacle.” said Sirius.

Crack!

Harry shattered a plate against his forehead, trying to cover his face to shield the blush he had developed.
“Oh dear, you must be more careful!” said Madam Pomfrey, Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn coming over to see if he had done any damage to himself.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I don't think Snape would have ever done that...” said Fred.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Never saw it in a cauldron before.” said Harry as he stirred a pan of chocolate.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

“I do believe that Horace would have fainted dead away if he had heard that.” said Professor Sprout.
Hermione blushed furiously as she smiled to herself.

“Say hello to a dinner invite.” said Sirius nudging Remus.

“Oh boy...” said Charlie.

“There's a story there, but I don't think I want to know it.” said Rudolph.

Leroy cleared his throat and quirked his eyebrow.

“Oh...it's that story?” said Rudolph.
“And we were just talking about love...oh boy...” said Dr. Clark.

“What?” said Sirius.

“Ever heard of ‘getting lucky’?” said Dr. Clark in a whisper.

“No...” said Sirius.

“Well, I'm shocked.” said Dr. Clark.

Chief Hawkeye had to stifle a snicker into his hand.

“Cause you get sick, for starters.” said Remus.

“Don't want to know what he considers a lucky day.” said Neville.

“Never heard of a prize for a quiz or homework assignment...outside of Dazzle Gums.” said Ron.
“So...can't use it for sporting events, competitions, tests or elections? What the hell's the point then?” said a seventh year Hufflepuff student.

“Is Harry going to go all out?” said Colin excitedly.

“Probably not.” said Harry. “I don't think I ever do...”

“She's a talented potion brewer, I'll give her that.” muttered Snape quietly.

Dumbledore softly smiled to himself.

“Not the time to try and butter him up.” said Bill.

“Wait, did he die?” asked Leroy. “I didn't realize my father had died.”

“No not yet.” said Dumbledore. “But he has contracted Dragon Pox...”
Draco looked down, his face white. “I...I knew he had it...but I though that St. Mungos...”

“There is not much one can do for Dragon Pox for a man his age. All they can do is make the pain and the fire breathing sneezes more bearable.” said Snape.

“All that money that my family has given them....and they can't even cure him?” said Malfoy bitterly.

“All the money in the world means nothing when it comes down to it.” said Rudolph, he then looked at his husband. “You should really go talk to him.”

“Doubt he wants to see me...” said Leroy.

“I'm sure he wants to...deep down...” said Rudolph. “Not quite Vernon Dursley deep down, but deep down.”

“I've got to say, at least he loved me at one point...” said Leroy.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“Finally, something fair in that class.” said Neville quietly. “And I'm not there to see it.”

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

Snape smiled softly to himself, but steeled his face back to it's normal countenance. Potter was only copying his work, he wasn't discovering this on his own.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dumbledore sent Snape a twinkling wink, but Snape only looked down.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.
“What's Snape snickering about?” whispered Blaise.

“Well, at least this proves that he can follow directions pretty well when he doesn't think violent thoughts about the teacher.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“It was written in the book, it's free game.” said Harry.

“I want that book.” said a seventh year Slytherin, though he never gave it a thought that Snape was going to go through all the books and see if he could find it first before the classes started for the day.

“It wasn't orders, it was a potion recipe.” said Ginny shaking her head, “Though, I would be
freaking just a bit because of what had happened.”

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“‘It's just a textbook.’ said a first year.

“‘And it was just a blank diary.’ said Ginny with a growl.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If it were truly a dark object, that's the first thing that it's protected against.” said Snape with a roll of his eye.

“So it’s not a dark object?” said Hermione stiffly.

Snape made a special performance of groaning and rubbing his eyes.

End of chapter.

“And I'm going to freak.” said Ginny.

“If that book hurts me, even if it hasn't happened yet, you can say 'I told you so'.” said Harry.

“What about me?” said Hermione.

“We thought that little sentence would be getting a mite old to you.” said Ron and Harry together.
Once people got back from their first restroom break, Officer McFinn started up the readings once again.

“The House of Gaunt.” said Officer McFinn.

“If it's nothing like the Riddle House, I'll be happy.” said Harry absently as he poured the chocolate over top of a many layered cake.

“Going to share that cub?” asked Sirius looking over at the cake with interest.

'Unless I smash this thing with my fist if this chapter goes awry.” said Harry.

First paragraph, first sentence.

“Why is Snape looking like that?” asked Lee.

“When it comes to him, we don't ask his motives.” said Fred.

“Mostly because we don't want to bring about injury to ourselves.” said George.

First paragraph, second sentence.

Snape frowned. My handwriting is a thousand times better than that drunken, crab scrawl that Weasley tends to do.

End of first paragraph.

Dr. Nicodemus snickered.

Second paragraph.

Snape's eyes flashed wider.

Dialogue set.

A slight color of pink formed on Snape's cheeks.
“At least Ron was sort of trying to do his homework instead of picking fights.” said Charlie. “ Granted, it’s copying, but that’s just nitpicking.”

“Guess you just need to mention a lesson that doesn’t have anything to do with Potions and her mood will shoot right back up.” said Dean.

Mrs. McFinn giggled. “Yes it is.”

“If you mean already getting detention in the first Defense Against the Dark Art’s class just like the year before an enjoyable first week...then yeah...I'm having so much fun, I'm delirious.” said Harry.
“Think about who the detention is with, sir...” said Bill quietly.

“Called it.” said Sirius holding up his hand.

“Something tells me it's just going to be an information lesson, as opposed to something practical.” said Mr. Weasley.

“So now he's going to be adding more? So much for the definition of 'everything'.” said Harry with a sneer.

“About a certain subject, perhaps.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Chief Hawkeye reared his head back and laughed. “I always liked you.”
Lionus frowned and looked away.

End of dialogue set.

“Wait...what?” said Dr. Clark.

“Don't dwell on it.” said Sirius. “Worst idea...ever...”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Can say that again.” muttered Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not that I would take your survival all that lightly.” said Dumbledore reassuringly.

“Should we have some of the students...well..take a break...?” said Mrs. Weasley nervously.

“Let them stay...” said Harry. “Let's keep this going.”

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“He doesn't have much luck with those things...” said Hannah.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Quite unusual...” said Fliwtick with a warm smile.

“Always poking his nose where it doesn't belong.” muttered Snape.
“Ooh...that's got to hurt like the dickens...” said Dr. Clark with a sympathetic smile towards old Headmaster.

“And he can wait.” said Ron.

“I can't wait to see what outfit he chose.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Oh my god...” said Mrs. McFinn covering her eyes while Dr. Clark and Officer McFinn roared with laughter.

“I take it...that's not a good mix...” said Mr. Weasley with a weak chuckle.
Sixteenth paragraph.

“Hangleton again? Oh no...” said Neville.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence.

“Hmm...never mind, I was thinking that they heading to the town as well.” said Tonks.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“Well, you know this won't end all that well.” said Charlie.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Yeah...that's not disturbing at all.” said Hermione.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, it's not like the entire place looked all that welcoming any way.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw girl.

Twenty-third paragraph, second sentence.

Lavender and Parvati looked uncomfortable.

End of twenty-third paragraph.
“He's saying that you're not welcome, what part don't you get?” asked Ron.

“Ah, he must just be hissing then.” said Ron.

“Nasty.” said Terry.

“Sounds like the description Harry had for Salazar Slytherin.” said Luna with a smile.
“Against what? Granted I'd be a little leery about some bloke coming up the path dressed like that...but still...” said Dr. Clark.

“Well, it's self-defense if you use equal or lesser force, but if you've got the equivalent of a gun and also a bloodied knife, then you are a little bit outside.”

“Worry less about 'human filth' and worry more about the state of your home.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“I'm going to have nightmares...I just know it.” said a third year Ravenclaw student.

“Non of your damn business.” said a fifth year Hufflepuff.

“And I've seen scum like you on the bottom of my foot.” said Nightstrike coldly.
“What the bloody hell?” said Charlie.

“Charlie!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“I don't think I'd be willing to go into his house, if his son still has that wand and that knife.” said a first year Gryffindor.

“Someone had better save that adder...” said Charlie.

“Inbreeding, it'll happen every time.” said Sirius. “My uncle thought it was a blessing that my brother and I didn't have that happen to us.”

“That poor girl.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“Why don't you mend it!” shouted Ginny.

“If this bloke is still around, I vote that we send him a nice box of ton-tongue toffee.” said George.

“But he doesn't open mail.” said Lee.

“Who said anything about owl post, we'd put it directly in his house. Scatter them across the place.” said Fred. “And if we get that son of his as well, I'd call it a win-win.”

“And this old depraved hermit thinks he's above the law...doesn't he?” said Tonks.

“Duh!” said the school together.

“Though it was cool in your case,” said Colin nodding to Harry.

“But still very much illegal.” said Dumbledore with a firm tone.
“Someone with authority, and not some abusive pure-blood nutter.” said Ron.

“For the way you treat your daughter and raise your son...damn straight.” said Harry as he took out another set of bakeware.

“The crazy old man in the rundown shack?” supplied Dennis.

Dumbledore sat up suddenly and looked quite alert.

“Let her go!” said a few students angrily.

“Wow...really?” said the students falling silent quickly.

“So...You-Know-Who's grandfather is that guy?” said a sixth year Ravenclaw.

“Wonder if Morfin's his Pa, or if Merope is his mother?” said Seamus.

“I'm betting Morfin is his Pa, he's twisted enough.” said Dean.
“Yeah, Merope is too timid to be anything but You-Know-Who's aunt.” said Lavender.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Well, it's no wonder that his son is like he is...or the house...he's crazy.” said Dr. Clark.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Forty-first paragraph.

“Sick lunatic.” said Charlie. “Doing that to someone who can't defend themselves.” he then looked over at Harry. “But it was pretty funny when you did it.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Hope he likes walking on his spit, cause that's all it's really doing...coating the floor with saliva.” said Emmeline.

Dialogue set.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Forty-third paragraph.
“You’d think they'd find a different route to take if they don't like the house.” said Blaise, thinking of his own home and how the local muggles would steer clear of both him and his mother if they happened to go out for a walk, calling her a murderess and her son quite a few uncalled for names.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Several of the students looked confused for a moment.

“Well, I don't blame her for looking outside the home for a happier life.” said Hermione.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Big bully.” muttered a second year Ravenclaw.

End of dialogue set.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“This, can't possibly end well.” said Remus.

“It doesn't.” said Officer McFinn.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

“I think she had better run...or something.” said Colin.
“Oh god, not again!” said Mrs. McFinn covering her mouth in horror.

“He should have took some back up.” said Moody.

Dumbledore smiled fondly at Harry.

“Did he just say Marvolo?” came the whispers of the students across the hall.

“Like...You-Know-Who?”

“Morfin has to be his dad, I would never have named my kid after him if he did all that crap to me.” said Katie.

“The inheriting hateful practices doesn't help either.” said Fred.

“Wonder how Morfin had a kid?” said George.
“No...no I don't.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

“Horrible parent.” muttered Mrs. Weasley.

“You know, I kind of think you...like Ginny over us...just a bit more.” said Ron quietly without looking at his mother.

Mrs. Weasley stared, as did her husband and their only daughter.

“You've got to be kidding right? If anything, it's the twins that's her favorite!” said Ginny looking at her brother in shock. “She hasn't killed them yet.”

“Nuh uh!” said Fred.

“Percy all the way!” said George.

“I'm of the opinion that it was Charlie that was her preference.” said Percy looking at the Dragon keeper.

“Bill.” said Charlie plainly with a nod over to his older brother. “It's always been Bill.”

“No...Ron's the favorite, her little baby boy that loves to eat.” said Bill.

“I love all of you! I don't have a favorite!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Dad, who's the favorite?” said George.

“It's Percy...innit?” asked Fred.

Mr. Weasley took a long slow sip of his coffee and then smiled. “It's a tie...”

“Knew it.” said Ginny looking at the twins.

“A seven way tie.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

Dialogue line.

“You mean he even had a mother?” said Fred.

“I don't know if I should be relieved that Morfin wasn't his dad.” said George.

“Had the same vicious mentality...maybe not the brash way he does it...” said Lee.

Dialogue line.
“I'm all for love stories like that, but I can't quite seem to see that happening...not without a spell or two involved.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“And that's precisely what I believe had happened.” said Dumbledore.

“He's insane if he thought she would be still there.” said a seventh year Slytherin. “You wouldn't catch me there if I had a chance to get out.”

“I'm thinking he never learned to take care of himself.” said George.

“Before all this, I would be questioning the sanity of the young man.” said Dr. Clark.
“I don't think that that would happen.” said Mrs. McFinn. “An honorable man would...but that's this was a bit of a different set of circumstances.”

“And will you give me any outright answers?” said Fred.

“No, no outright answers.” said George. Dumbledore chuckled.
“And...?” said Dean.

“Are we...?” said Seamus.

“Probably not yet.” said Neville with a sigh.

“You give up too easily.” said Sirius. “Any chance on that cake?”


“Little early in the day...you should really have a meal...not just cake.” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“Eh...little dessert before dinner...never hurts sometimes...” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Mixed messages!” said Harry in a sing song voice.

“I'll mixed messages you....” said Sirius. “Now gimme that cake.”
“Last chapter of the day, kids.” said Officer McFinn looking at Harry's tense shoulders, and knowing what was going to happen during the chapter he was going to read.

“But it hasn't been four chapters yet?” groaned Dennis.

“Take my word for it, and you lot need to get some classes under your belts before the end of the term.” said Officer McFinn. “Now, this title is, Hermione's Helping Hand. And I'm going to say this right now, this didn't happen yet, so...no telling anyone off...”

“Well, doesn't that sound promising.” said Harry.

First paragraph, third sentence.

“Oh my god...” said Dean.

“I'm not looking forward to that!” said Seamus looking horrified.

End of first paragraph.

“And it used to be Defense Against the Dark Arts class...” said Sirius.

Second paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

Fred and George howled with laughter while their mother buried her face in her hands.

End of second paragraph.

“I love that rule.” said Sirius. “Cause when those things snatch you, you can't hold it in.”

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first word.

“You're going to want to come over for a bit.” said Officer McFinn calling over Harry.
“Yay, more silence...” grumbled Dean.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“That should be fine.” said Harry stepping away from reading over Officer McFinn's shoulder.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I can see why.” said Sirius. “Your first encounter was not the best.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“....ouch...” said Ron looking at Hermione, who was blushing furiously.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Mrs. McFinn giggled as Harry turned bright red.

Fourth paragraph.

“He's so adorable.” said Sirius fondly.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Oh boy...” said Charlie trying hard not to laugh.
“You've always been tall, stretch.” said Harry with a smirk.

“No way...just switch the covers.” said Ginny, though she was still a bit hesitant towards the book.

“Not much of a shock there.” said Ron.

Several of the adults groaned.

“I remember asking that...every time James got the paper before I could read it.” said Remus.

“That's depressing.” said Sirius.

“My fingers are crossed.” said Sirius.
“Mine too.” said Neville quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“What the hell?” said Tonks. “What nimrod arrested him?”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That might be the case, but still...he doesn't even have the brains to do that....You'd need to slip him a brain enhancing elixer in order to even be a basic Death Eater.” said Tonks.

Dialogue set.

“Oh please, he was just bragging.” said Tonks rolling her eyes.

“But in these dark times, it's not wise to do that out in public.” said Moody.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“If that's true, it backfired on them.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“But Hogwarts is the safest place for anyone.” said Neville curiously.

Dialogue line.
“Perhaps the Headmaster is inspecting the wards around the school?” said Flitwick.

Moody groaned. “It's war, Granger, of course it's serious.”

Hannah gave a high shriek and had to be held by Professor Sprout.

“Shh...shh...it'll be alright, this won't happen now dear...you'll see...you'll see...” said Professor Sprout rocking her student slowly.

Professor Sprout continued to rock her until she ceased her sobbing, after Madame Pomfrey gave her a calming draught.

Hermione rolled her eyes as Lavender giggled.

“Ooh, this is going to be an awkward book.” said Dean.

“Sluggy?” said Sirius wincing slightly. “What the hell kind of name is that?”
End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Cormac smirked broadly.

Dialogue line.

“Won...” said Cormac.

“Dumbass.” said George.

“Half a pound will win you a bet and not get you all that sick, a pound will get you hospitalized.” said Fred.

“And you two would know?” said Mrs. Weasley sternly.

“We made the bet with him. We only told him half a pound...but he wanted to upstage us.” said Fred.

“We were trying to slow down Ronnie's competition...” whispered George in Ginny's ear. “See, we're caring and nurturing brothers.”

“Yeah right.” said Ginny with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Hell, no, if I don't give Ron favors, I'm not going to give someone I had just met any.” said Harry.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“Ouch.” said Harry.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“They just came cause he was the Captain.” said Mrs. McFinn. “Have to say, I used to do that, watch the football Captains tryout the new players.”

“It's a lot of fun, isn't it?” said Tonks gleefully.
Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Oh brother.” groaned Harry.

“You're a celebrity again.” said Sirius.

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence, fourth comma.

“That'll happen.” said Lee.

Eighteenth paragraph, end of first sentence.

“Yeah! Knew I was good!” said Ginny dancing in her seat.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And being who he is, he most likely knows a few goodies.” said Fred.

Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence, first colon, first comma.

Harry swatted Sirius' hand away.

End of nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph.

“Takes a few games to get used to it.” said Charlie.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“How do you get confused on which way to go?” asked a first year.
Twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“Best two out of three, come on!” said Cormac.

“One shot and one shot only.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Cormac flushed.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Kiss my ass.” said Harry.

“Easy there.” said Remus.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
Dr. Nicodemus gave a nervous chuckle, stood up and went over to Officer McFinn reading over his shoulder at the last part. “Well...what do you know? I never would have guessed.”

Ron turned and stared at a blushing Hermione, while Cormac was cursing quietly about unfair sportsmanship.

“See, Hagrid's classes totally pay off.” said Harry.

“Wow, never thought that would happen.” said Dennis.

“Oh no!” said Hermione.
"Oh boy...Harry's getting pissed." said Lee.

"Put your heads between your knees..." said Fred.

"And kiss your bum goodbye." said George.
“I’ve seen me Granddad do that.” said a third year Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Maggots will do that.” said one of the Unspeakables.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Can't he get his own food, he's big enough?” said Ron.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Hagrid flushed.

End of dialogue set.

“Fifty plus years for an acromantula is a decent age, but there could still be a few decades to his life to go...” said Dr. Nicodemus.

Forty-second paragraph.

“We're not saying that there isn't good in those creatures, but...your size prevents most injury.” said Dumbledore.
“And that was when he was fine.” said Ron.

“And from our track record, they wouldn't trust us with it.” said Harry.

“Well, seeing as how they can now approach a Hippogriff safely, and that was your first class, I think you did a bang up job.” said Rivers.

Officer McFinn motioned Harry over and had Harry read a small part.

Harry walked back to the bowl.

“I must have taken a Bludger to the head or something.” said Cormac looking a bit pink, forgetting what the book had said about Hermione's subtle embarrassment.
“Oh, Miss Granger!” said McGonagall covering her eyes.

“I demand a rematch!” said Cormac loudly.

“This hasn't happened yet, you twit!” said Ron.

“Not your call.” said Snape.

“Finally! She breaks through the goody goody look!” said Dr. Nicodemus clapping.

“Harry's a goody goody.” said seventh year Slytherin.

“Have you been keeping up? Or were you just sleeping through all these?” said Harry looking confused.

“Oh, bloody hell, she's like my sister, Ron.” said Harry tiredly.

“Let the boy eat something!” said Madam Pomfrey.
“Pass.” said Harry quietly.

End of dialogue set.

“And an invitation to Ron...no? Not even the brother of the up and coming Prank store? Fine...see how we rate.” said the twins together.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Snape and Sirius scoffed.

“Yeah, that'll happen.” said Sirius.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He just doesn't know real quality when he sees it Ron.” said Mrs. Weasley kindly.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Merlin damn it.” said Remus quietly, “We had hoped that that would never have to happen again.”

“Yeah, but maybe now we'll finally have some peace.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.
“Who’s to say that it wasn't already here, someone could have sent it here last year!” said Harry.

“The last year.” repeated Harry. “Or a few years ago.”

“Forgive me for being protective.” said Harry with a frown.

“Not this again.” said Charlie burying his face.

The students collectively groaned.

“Why am I doing potion detentions when it's not a potions class?” said Harry.
“Just because I do not teach the subject anymore, does not mean that I have stopped brewing.” said Snape cooly.

**End of chapter**

“No thanks Demelza.” said Harry.

“That's all for the day, time to go off on your lessons.” said Officer McFinn as he closed the book with a small smile.

“Goodie goodie.” said Ron.
Chapter Notes

Sorry the chapter is on the short side, I sort of had an accident on Saturday and I was still sort of recovering, no muse visited me for a while, just pain.

“Bloody hell, I can't believe that we have to do all this work for Defense Against the Dark Arts, what the is that Rivers playing at?” said Ron as he threw his quill down on the table. “Doesn't he know that we have all this other work to do?”

“They're trying to get us back up to where we were supposed to be, before all this had happened, and from not having...” proper” teachers for Defense Against the Dark Arts....We had one decent teacher, but...with four others that were sub-par...” said Hermione tiredly as she placed a heavy tome on the top of a stack of books. “I will admit, I'm thankful that I don't have nearly the amount of classes I used to.”

“If 'nearly' means you dropping out of two at least...then sure...yeah, not nearly as much.” said Harry with a smile.

“You're lucky you don't have to practice the spells.” said Ron groaning as he leaned back in the sofa. They were currently in the suite that Harry was staying in, using this as a study room for the three of them. The others were spending the time elsewhere, giving the three of them some privacy. “McGonagall is almost tyrannical with transfiguring pillbugs to magpies. I mean, did you see what they did to Lavender?”

“McGonagall told us yesterday to leave all our glittering things back in the dorm. Why she had to wear those crystal earrings...” said Harry.

“They have a bit of a crush on that Glacier fellow, the earrings were snowflakes...” said Hermione as she grabbed another large book.

“Just what I needed to know: Someone has the hots for Harry's therapist.” said Ron cringing slightly.

“That is something I could go without knowing as well.”
They turned and saw Glacier himself striding into the room.

“Hi...” said Harry giving the man a little wave. “What's up? I thought we weren't going to have our session till way later.”

“The only thing that is up is the amount of black tint in your hair, other than that, absolutely nothing,” said Glacier with a ghost of a smile. “I only came to collect a book I was reading...I had neglected to bring it when we left.”

“Oh, I think Hermione might have it under her books...” said Ron pointing to the large stack of books.

In a flash, the smaller book that was under the large pile was gone and in Glacier's hands, the much larger and thicker books not even wobbling.

“What sort of book is that? It's in Russian....” said Hermione.

Glacier sighed. “I will choose to ignore the fact that you looked inside, but it is not for children to read.”

“Is it a book on super Ranger secrets?” said Ron looking at the book with interest.

“Is it a book on powerful magic?” said Hermione eagerly.

Glacier looked at the both of them and then walked away towards the door.

“What the...isn't he going to answer? Doesn't he see the pattern from the books, we always find out...sooner or later...” said Ron quietly as the Ranger stepped through the door. “Maybe it's a mushy romance book...”

“But this is the Rangers Ron, this is little different.” said Harry going back to his homework,
snickering as Ron was struck on the side of the head with a cushion from the smirking Ranger healer as he left. “Besides, it’s just a book...and if he was that protective over it's secrets, he wouldn't have left it in the room with us now would he?”

“Assuming one of us can speak Russian...” said Ron, looking at Hermione and Harry.

“Don't look at me...” said Hermione, “Basic French is all I can do.”

“Fourth book down, there's a spell that gives you temporary ability to know one language of choice for about ten minutes.” said Harry pointing at the tower of books.

“Why didn't you say something?” said Hermione yanking out the book from the pile causing the rest to fall to the floor.

“You didn't ask.” said Harry as he continued to read his own book.

“Oh, now I wish that we had the book now!” said Hermione.

“Yeah, cause stealing from a Ranger is so much easier than stealing from Snape.” said Ron. “And it's so much safer.”

“Nice to know that you admit stealing from me.”

Ron jumped in his seat and they all looked at the Potions Master. “Uh...didn't...didn't hear you come in...sir. No one knocks anymore.” he added in a whisper.

The potions master slowly stalked over to the table where the teens were sitting, and after sneering down at each of them, he placed a small phial beside Harry's hand. “Drink this...now.”

Harry looked down at it and then back up at the Potion Master. “What is it...sir?”

Snape was silent for a moment, but then gave him a smirk. “Lupin has informed me that you were not sleeping well as of late, this potion will give you the rest he thinks you need.”
“How much sleep do you think I need?” said Harry with a slight edge to his voice as he turned the phial over and over in his hand.

“You have no difficulties in staying up late when it comes to breaking school rules and magical law...so very little compared to the rest of children in this school.” said Snape his face still twisted in a sneer.

Harry frowned at the Potions Master and put the phial back down on the table.

“Thank you Professor, he'll drink it right away.” said Hermione putting the phial directly back in Harry's hand.

“Are you mad?” hissed Ron.

Whether Snape heard that or not, he did not show it, for he left in the same fashion as Glacier, though without sending a cushion back at Ron.

“Does not one person in this castle knock anymore?” muttered Ron.

“Ron, he's a professor, he can go wherever he wants.” said Hermione with a roll of her eyes.

“Still, we have to be polite to him...” said Ron quietly, nodding towards the door.

Harry sighed as he downed the potion quickly best get it over with, and besides, if Snape was trying to poison Harry...doing so right in front of Ron, and Hermione...with Glacier and a few other Rangers constantly within shouting distance of all times...it wasn't a bright move.

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_The night before:_

“AHHHHHH!”

Sirius jolted awake and looked in shock over at the bed where his godson lay...or at least he was a few hours ago, now he was sitting bolt upright and screaming loudly, his eyes wide with fear and
his bedclothes clutching to him, drenched in cold sweat.

“Harry! Harry, what's wrong?” said Sirius throwing off his covers and grasping Harry by the shoulders. Then he saw what made his skin go clammy, the white in Harry's hair was trickling further down his locks, overcoming the black.

He threw his arms around his godson and whispered into his ear. “It's alright, Cub, it's alright...it's just a dream, it's not real, whatever it is, it's not real.”

“What's going on?” came several voices from the hallway as the door opened to reveal the others in their suite, all wrapped up in their bathrobes with wands drawn and objects raised in their hands. All of the same idea that perhaps he was being attacked by someone.

“Harry, sweetheart?” said Mrs. McFinn putting down her candlestick and coming into the room.

“Dead...they're all dead...everyone...they're...” his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he fainted.

Dr. Clark came in and examined he quickly, bringing in the bag of Doctor's tools that he had received from Dr. Nicodemus. They laid Harry back down in his bed and after a few moments he placed his stethoscope back in the bag.

“His pulse is like a freaking rabbit's but it's slowing down now...and look, his hair is going back to black...” said Dr. Clark.

“Gotta wonder what he saw, to have him so freaked out like that...” said Rudolph.

“He said 'they're all dead'...said Leroy quietly. “Were they just not there or...”

Rudolph threw his arm around his husband's shoulder.

“Has this been going on long?” asked Remus.
“Not that loud, I wake him up before he gets too loud...and we just have some tea or hot chocolate...” said Sirius quietly.

“Why didn't you tell us?” said Remus shortly.

“I'm his godfather! I...He's mine...I'm the one that has to be there for him.” said Sirius softly.

“He's all of ours...” said Mrs. McFinn carefully.

“If I can't take care of one stupid nightmare...no matter how many times he has it, what sort of godfather am I?” said Sirius putting his face in his hands.

“One that's willing to give up his nights so that Harry can get some peace, but if it's been several nights...it's time to think of something new.” said Dr. Clark raking his fingers through his hair.

“Like what?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“We could ask Dr. Nicodemus...” said Dr. Clark.

“I'm not letting him near Harry...not since that pod thing...” said Sirius flatly “And look what he's done to Harry so far!”

“He just...Harry's just...well...who else is there?” said Dr. Clark looking around at the others.

“Madam Pomfrey would never let him out of the Hospital Wing...she's mentioned that a time or two, she'd lock him up in her office till all the black came back to his head.” said Leroy.

“So...anyone else...?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“There's Sever...” said Remus.
“Not only no, but HELL no!” said Sirius quickly.

Present

“Wonder how the kids are coming on their homework?” asked Remus. “They do have quite a bit of it to work on...”

“Oh please, we were working on homework and learning how to be Animagi...this is a cakewalk compared to all that.” said Sirius dismissively as he looked at the cards in his hand. “Besides, Harry and Hermione are the two brightest in their year, Ron has his veritable pick of who to lend him a hand...”

“Should we tell him that Snape just left?” asked Leroy as he and his husband came back into the room after having a drink down in the Three Broomsticks.

“I'd rather avoid that, personally.” said Rudolph quietly. “That's one touchy subject that I wouldn't approach with the Deathstick itself.”

“Christmas is coming...what are we going to do? Do we take Harry to Night's Rest...or let these two have a nice proper Hogwarts Christmas?” said Sirius with a smile.

“Hogwarts Christmas!” said the two muggles quickly.

The wizards in the room turned and stared at the two muggles in shock.

“Er...maybe a calming Christmas at home is best...” said Mrs. McFinn blushing slightly.

“We can stay.” said Remus while Sirius stifled a laugh behind his fist. “After those nightmares...it may not be the best to take him away from everyone.”

Sirius stopped laughing.
“Any idea how we're going to handle his nightmares tonight?” asked Sirius somberly.

“Well, we may have already taken...” said Mrs. McFinn.

“You told Snivellus...didn't you?” growled Sirius.

Glacier chuckled from his own seat.

“Stuff it, Frosty.”
The next morning came and Harry woke up for the first time in so many days refreshed and raring to go. Whatever was in the phial, he would have to...well...maybe he could ask Dumbledore to pass on the message, he certainly didn't want to talk to Snape at that moment...not if he was going to be sneering at him like usual. Though he had to admit, he did see some real changes in the man, not drastic life altering changes, but changes nonetheless.

He had gotten up bright and early, and went downstairs to make himself something for breakfast, something he hadn't done in quite a while.

He had just finished making some scones when he felt a small tug on his pants legs.

“Harry Potter, sir, Headmaster Dumbledore is looking for Harry Potter.” squeaked a small house-elf.

“Is it nine o'clock already?” said Harry looking up at the clock. “Wonder where the time went...”

“Harry Potter was digging through candy sir.” said another house-elf happily.

Harry turned a faint pink. “Oh...yeah...can you send up these for me?”

“Of course Harry Potter sir!” squeaked several of the house-elves happily.

When Harry finally arrived in the Great Hall, he saw everyone taking part in both the things he had made and what the house-elves had, mostly because Ron had snatched most of the scones for himself.

“Mate, I love your chocolate scones, you need to make them more often.” said Ron thickly.

“I think you ploughing though several dozen like that in one setting is kind of way I don't.” said Harry with a smirk.

“You're making these again.” said Sirius looking at Remus' own tall plate.

“If we're all gathered, shall we get started?” asked Officer McFinn with a smile. “That way you can all get back to your school work.”

“Quick Harry, leave for an hour or two!” said Fred to the amusement of the other students.

Officer McFinn rolled his eyes and cleared his throat. “Title this morning is, **Twelfth Chapter**”

“Someone getting jewelry?” asked Lee.

Harry looked thoughtful.

Dumbledore, who was coming around the back of the bowl, stopped and placed a hand on Harry's shoulder.
Second paragraph.

“I'm pretty sure that you can't just go for a walk up into the hills anymore though.” said Sirius with a rueful smile.

Third paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“Where do you read then?” asked Hermione.

“On the roof when it's decent.” said Harry.

“No more roof reading.” said Remus and Mrs. McFinn together.

Third paragraph, end of second sentence.

Hermione placed her hands on her hips and gave Ron a significant look.

“It's a good weird.” said Ron weakly.

End of third paragraph.

Snape smirked to himself, the copy of the textbook safely locked in his trunk...there would be no one now that can use those “imaginative little jinxes and hexes.”

Fourth paragraph, second sentence, second semi-colon.

Sirius patted Harry's back proudly while Remus shook his head.

End of fourth paragraph.

“Oh sure, but if she had casted it, she would be completely fine with it.” muttered a second year Slytherin.

Fifth paragraph.
Flitwick rolled his eyes.

Snape covered his mouth to hide the smile and worked hard to not laugh out loud.

Most people, including Harry and Ron roared with laughter.

“You pick then to be good at it?” said Ron trying to look indignant through his laughter.

“It's all in the timing.” said Harry clutching his sides. “Oh, I think I broke something.”

Sirius laughed even harder. “You rebound just like James.”

“She may not be the best person to understand the amusing aspects of the situation.” said George.
“I've taught her so well, then.” said Harry.

“Don't you dare mention Umbridge!” said Hermione shaking her finger at Harry.

“Don't go down that path and I won't.” said Harry.

“I would!” said Sirius, Fred and George together.

Snape frowned darkly.
The scowl lessened slightly.

The scowl returned in full force.

“They weren't being held by their ankle.” said Harry. “And Ron knew immediately when something happened.”

“So are countless others in the world, of various age.” said Dumbledore with a thoughtful look. “There is always someone better than yourself out there, no matter what in the world you do.”

“He could be a nice guy...just lonely...what he does with his books sounds like what I do with my notebook.” said Harry. He missed Snape's incredulous stare.

“It's being a muggle born that will get you killed. Half-bloods are tolerated...barely.” said Sirius honestly.

“So much for that theory.” said Ron.
“Food fights have started with less.” said Sirius.

“Where was this distraction when we were arguing?” said Ron. “You need to work on your timing.”

“I can't always be there to stop that foot of your from being jammed in your mouth.” said Ginny elbowing him with a smile.

“Never talk back to the security, that will get you delayed even longer.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

“Wonder if Zonko was kidnapped too...or maybe Fred and George just put them out of business.” said Charlie.

“I think I would be happier if they just went out of business, that would mean that the workers were still alive.” said Bill.
“Let's not.” said Harry.

“You did warn him.” said McGonagall with a soft smile to Dumbledore.

“Don't put words in her mouth.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“He's too busy saving the world.” said George.

“You know how it is.” said Fred.

“Thanks...thanks a lot.” said Hermione.

“I knew I was his favorite.” said Ron with a smirk.

“I think he likes someone playing hard to get.” said Harry.

“He's remembering your mum I'll bet.” said Sirius.
“Don't be upset Ron, he looked at me the same way, never really bothered me.” said Mr. Weasley reaching over and patting Ron on the shoulder.

Dialogue set.

“Changing the topic to candy generally works.” said Professor Flitwick.

Dumbledore rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

“Have a bad feeling...” said Ernie.
“Wow...cool.” said Colin eagerly.

“Wonder who cast that.” said Katie.

“Makes me feel better.” said Harry.

“Wow, I'm so supportive...” said Tonks looking ashamed.
“Better be a stiff one.” muttered Harry.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Not enough.” said Harry darkly.

“Hey, it's just stuff, and even I wasn't all that upset when he nicked a thing or two.” said Sirius.

“It's all I would have of you.” said Harry quietly.

Sirius wrapped an arm around his shoulders, unsure of what to say.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set .

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sirius leaned his head on top of Harry's.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Everyone who had ever come into contact has a soft spot for her.” said Bill.

“Or if you've been dead for three years.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Can't say the day was boring.” said Hannah.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Too pink and fluffy for my tastes.” said Ginny.

“Thank god.” said Harry looking up at the ceiling as Ginny giggled.
Ginny blushed slightly.

“Wow, we've never fought.” said Leanne quietly.

“What's happening to me?” asked Katie weakly. The other Chasers wrapped their arms around her, not to mention the Weasley twins and Lee Jordan.

Katie covered her eyes and began to whimper.

“He finally goes for help.” said Snape with a weak sneer.

“Well, at least you found Hagrid.” said a first year.

“How do you know it's Hagrid?” said his friend.

“Who else could it be?” said the first year. “Unless you really think it is a bear.”
“Not now Hagrid.” said Bill.

“Nothing's going right for you, is it?” said Sirius.

“We got that part.” said Bill.

Moody and Lionus both smiled.
“Have to admit, he's a natural.” whispered Chief Hawkeye to Dr. Nicodemus.

Dialogue set.

“Good guess, seriously. Though I wish you never had to think of that option...or that never happened in this future.” said Remus.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And we don't want anyone else to pick it up, thinking it was some pretty stones in the snow.” said Harry.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“ Doesn't fit with what the lad was saying, nor Borgen.” said Dr. Nicodemus rubbing his chin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.
“Loves this part of his job a little too much.” said Lee.

End of dialogue set.

“But if it happens to slip...can't say it would be all that terrible, it'd be bad...but I'm sure we'd get over it.” said Sirius with a dark mutter remembering what had started all this.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Might want someone to go with the poor lass.” said Dr. Clark.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Always gone when I need him.” said Harry with a cold smile.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

McGonagall turned to stare at Harry.

End of fifty-eighth paragraph.

“Haven't you seen us interact with McGonagall...” said Fred.

“If we can't get her to laugh...” said George.
“Nothing you say will.” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.
Fifty-ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Sixtieth paragraph.
“Ugh.” said Harry bending over in his seat and resting his forehead on his knees.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Cut them off...cut them off...” said Remus covering his eyes.

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Dialogue set.
“None that would admit it, not in these times.” said Moody.
“Well, there's another antagonist.” said Nightstrike.

“It's like a combination of the first book, second and fifth all rolled into one.” groaned Harry.

“Not a comforting thought.” said Sirius.

“But she would have just turned around and given it to him.” said Dr. Clark.

“Knew it.” said Dr. Clark.

“Scary thought, but dead on.” said Leroy.
“Can't wait to see your faces when I'm right.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Kind of hope he's wrong.” said Draco quietly.

“As do I, but even I know...he's right.” said Snape just as softly.

“Oh Ron...give back the seat.” said Charlie.

“Nice.” said Charlie with a snicker.

“Okay, he's got a point.” said Ron. “Have to give him that.”

“You're not helping Ron.” said Hermione.

“I'm not trying to help.” said Ron.
First Meeting with Tom Riddle Jr.

First paragraph.

“Don't you love rumors? They're so much fun.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

Dialogue line.

“I'd rather have them pretending to be deaf than jacking my theories around.” said Harry quietly.

Second paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“That's never good.” said Fred.

End of second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Accident my good foot.” growled Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“When it comes to curses Potter, I'm the better choice on hand.” said Snape with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

“Thank goodness we're not in your day, then.” said George.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.
“He was always a snarky old bat to me as well.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“How many years down the road will that be?” said Charlie.

“Giving a thought to his hand, I hope it's a long LONG wait.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“He shouldn't be all that thrilled in meeting me either.” said Harry with a growl.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Two galleons says I'm right and he knows it.” said Harry with a bright smile.

“Or humoring you.” said Hermione.

“It's on then.” said Harry holding up two gold coins.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Fourth paragraph.

“Don't you lot have barbers or something?” asked Dr. Clark.

“No, most wizards just let their hair grow out...or if their mother's get too tired of it, they tend to shear it off for us.” said Sirius cheekily.

Dialogue set.

“What a sleaze bucket.” said Nightstrike. “I thought the bastards we dealt with were criminals...”

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

“No!...Well...maybe...I don't know.” said Harry looking off to the side.

“I can understand the conflicting feelings your are experiencing.” said Glacier. The other students waited for him to say more, but he didn't.

“Oh come on! Don't leave us hanging!” muttered Lee.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Mrs. McFinn giggled.

End of dialogue set.
“Oh no...” said Harry with a hand over his eyes.

“I did have quite the taste in fashion in my youth.” said Dumbledore.

“Hard to achieve both.” said Leroy.

“Hearing your voice over the phone or reading your handwriting, I wouldn't think you to show up in a plum colored outfit.” said Dr. Clark.

“I was going to say 'Hell no'...but maybe if he had some family.” said Bill.
“She's asking all the right questions...have to give her credit for that.” said Officer McFinn.

“PSYCHIC PAPER!” said Dr. Clark with a yell and joyous raise of his fist.

“What?” asked Sirius.

Dr. Clark blushed slightly and lowered his hand. “N-Never mind.”

“You know, with how in the second book he was all handsome and they say charming, it's a wonder that no one came to adopt him.” said Katie.
“Nice thing to say about a dying girl...” said Rudolph with a frown.

“Yeah, lots of laughs...” said Tonks quietly.

“I've never heard of a baby doing that, even you howled like a miniture banshee when she were being fussy.” said Sirius looking at Harry.
“I can attest to that.” said Harry holding his hand up.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh my god.” said Lavender covering her eyes.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Several people touched their noses absently.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I think that would be wise.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Kind of sends you chills...doesn't it?” said Dean.
“Yeah.” said Seamus.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Suspicious little bugger isn’t he?” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yikes, he started early didn't he? Wonder what had him wrapped around the bend at that age?” said Mr. Weasley with a nervous chuckle.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Creepy...” said a third year Slytherin.

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I wouldn't ask them.” said Mrs. McFinn quietly, her eyes wide with horror.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“No one mentioned anyone being mad, but yourself.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Quite a hysteria prone child isn't he?”

“Might as well get a base level of what he can do for starters. Good place to start.” said Professor Flitwick nodding with a smile.

Professor Flitwick blanched at the last sentence. “Ah...well...we don't want anyone to be able to do that right off the bat...or at any point.”

“It sent chills down my spine when he mentioned hurting people.” said Dumbledore. “I won't lie about that.”

“Stuff it, brat.” said Fred.
Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph, first sentence, eighth word.

“I can't tell if he needs a mother or a woodshed.” said Dr. Clark.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Not too sure showing a child that turns into a homicidal maniac a wardrobe catching fire is all that wise...” said Dr. Clark shakily.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“Well...I had a messed up childhood with my Uncle beating the living shit out of me (“Harry” squeaked Mrs. Wealsey) but I never wanted to set fire to anyone or anything like that.” said Harry. “What the hell was his excuse?”

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“If that box has dead mice in there or something I don't want to know.” said Ginny covering her eyes.
“What is so special about them?” asked a first year.

“He had stolen them...from the other children and possibly the staff members.” said Dumbledore with a cold look at the book.

“Unless you're Potter.” said Snape.

“Then you may be able to get around that 'bout eighty-five percent of the time.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Yeah, that lasted...what? Five years maybe?” said Harry.

“That would have been awesome to go with Dumbledore!” said a few of the first years.

Dumbledore chuckled warmly.
“What's his problem? Doesn't like anyone else sharing his name?” said Ernie.

“Nope.” said the students all together.

“He's really trying to find something special about himself, isn't he?” said Professor Sprout quietly.

“Whoa, that was a command...he must be tired.” said Sirius.
“I tend to think of every child special in their own way, why there is one student here in fact that while he doesn't show much on the surface, he is quite the talented artist, and one would never even think of it.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

“Not so much funny as the matron called him...more like super creepy.” said Parvati.

Harry blushed.

“You mean that he made his friends call him that, what an ego trip.” said Sirius.

“And you know all about those.” said Remus with a nudge.

“Oh boy...more stuff to remember.” said Colin.
End of chapter.

“What else was the mouth organ supposed to be?” asked a second year Hufflepuff.

“That's the end of that chapter.” said Officer McFinn.

“Well, that was a creepy chapter. Hope the next one attempts to be cheerful.” said Ron.

“Cheerful, my life? You're joking.” said Harry.
This chapter is called **Chapter Fourteen.**” said Officer McFinn.

“What is another phial of it a prize again?” said Sirius “Can't see that going as interestingly as the first.”

**First paragraph.**

“ Weird mist?” said Lee. “Never saw weird mist around here.”

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“How about just telling him the weaknesses and then move onto learning some curses or jinxes?” said Ron quietly with a roll of his eyes.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence, third comma.**

Cormac smirked proudly.

“I'm going to assume that once that Harry shows up, Cormac will be shoved to the back of the queue.” said Katie.

“I'm hoping.” said Leanne with a frown towards Cormac.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Know anyone else named Gwenog?” sneered Malfoy.

**Dialogue line.**

Ginny huffed indignantly.

“Well she did say in an interview that boys were not as good a Quidditch Players as women.” said
“And?” said Ginny sharply.

“And there is only one all female Quidditch team.” said George carefully.

“And women are less than half of the number of pro-players...” said Fred just as carefully.

“Could be that it's prejudice.” snapped Ginny.

“If a team wants to win, they'll take anyone they can get and like it.” said Fred.

Alicia looked between the twins and the youngest Weasely as they argued. “I don't know who's right here.”

“Me either...I just don't like Gwenog so it doesn't really matter to me.” said Katie.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

“Go Neville!” said Hannah.

“Well, he always was one of the best in that class.” said Ernie with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Third paragraph.

“If Neville came out looking like that, diving into the plant might not be the best idea.” said a first year.

“Actually, it's the best thing to do.” said Rudolph. “The moment it's touch, it spreads out it's vines and tries to beat off the person bothering it...though it tends to be a bit unforgiving, it'll give you some pretty nasty wounds if you get a particularly big one.”

“But we did find that if you pour some nice chamomile tea at it's roots that it calms down and you can easily move around the vines to get to the pod.” said Leroy with a bright smile.

Neville looked over at them excitedly. “Really? How did you discover that?”

“Rudy dropped the pot of tea outside in the garden.” said Leroy with a teasing smile.

“Sure, that was me.” said Rudolph nudging the blonde.
“Really sorry, but that sounds hilarious.” said Lee doubling over with laughter.

“Not funny anymore.” said Lee.

“It doesn't *eat* people does it?” asked Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“No, but the inner thorns do have a toxin that makes your hands extremely itchy for quite a few days. Wizards and witches in the past have been known to continuously scratch so hard that it goes right down through the skin, and almost to the bone.” said Leroy.

“That's mostly what the gloves are for. But in the last twenty years there's been a antidote found for the toxin. Strangely enough...it's that instant hand-sanitizer from the Muggle world.” said Rudolph.

“Germ-X?” said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.

“Yeah, that's it.” said Rudolph.

“We have quite a few at ours, they make wonderful decorations at Christmas.” said Luna dreamily.

The students stared.

“I...would like to see that actually...it would take a lot of work to make those things 'nice'.” said Blaise.

“Traitor.” said Harry mumbling slightly.
Sixth paragraph.

“Horace certainly didn't choose it, but it's a bit hard to get the students to change it.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue set.

“OW! I didn't say that!” said Ron as Hermione elbowed him, she missed the interested look McLaggen was giving he.

Dialogue line.

“Oh boy...” said Sirius.

Seventh paragraph.

“And they were still talking.” said Remus shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Several students laughed.

“I'm going to get a freaking ulcer from all this.” said Harry rubbing his eyes tiredly.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“This book is going to be awkward...” said Harry covering his eyes. “Glad they freaking woke up though.”
“Thanks for telling me.” said Harry.

“Focus on the task at hand please.” said Dr. Clark.

“They don't know it yet, but they've been doing it for years, sweetheart.” said Mrs. McFinn with a slight giggle.

“If we get that way, slap us.” said Ron and Hermione together.

“Whoo, big step.” said Sirius.

Dean quirked a brow in confusion.
Dean beamed.

“Hey, some of us could have gotten better since.” said a third year loudly.

“I don’t want another train wreck of a tryout again, I suppose.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Seamus blushed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Never mind, Seamus is on the team.” said Harry quickly.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Several students laughed.

“Thanks ’Mione.” muttered Seamus.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“That’s the trials of being a team Captain.” said Angelina. “You should have heard the mutterings I got when Ron had first come on.”

“And then all the flak Olivier got when you came on.” said Alicia.

“And from what Angelina told me, the he was catching a lot for when the twins were signed on.” said Katie.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Ron bowed his head.

Eighteenth paragraph.
“Ooh.” said the students together.

“Bad move.” said Katie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“When I want a stand in insulter, I'll give you a call first.” said Harry with a frown, but sent a wink over to Ginny.

“I'll be awaiting your owl.” said Ginny with a smirk.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“Thanks mate.” said Ron with a roll of his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Lionus smiled and shook his head.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Our eyes!” shouted the twins.

“Wait it was read to us.” said Fred.

“Our ears!” shouted the twins.

“Oh sweet Merlin...” said Bill.

“Shortcake...” groaned Charlie.
“We know you're a young woman now...” said Percy carefully.

“But we don't want to stumble on that.” said Ron covering his eyes.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.

Dean leaned away from Harry's direction, his eyes wide.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Tomato, tomato.” said Fred.

Ginny glared at him while her parents seemed to vainly try to come up with a good argument.

“Young lady...” said Mr. Weasley at last. “I know that this hasn't happened yet, but let's have a chat...later...”

Ginny looked mutinously over to her father, but gave in at the firm look he gave her. “Yes daddy...”

“Ah hormones...the cause of premature deaths for every parent.” said Dr. Clark.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“What are you trying to do?” asked Seamus as Dean slowly got up.

“Hide under the chair.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.
“Don't finish that sentence.” said Remus covering his eyes.

“Not me!” said Harry. “I wouldn't ever say...whatever he was about to say.”

“Ehhh!” winced Ron.

“This just got ugly.” said Sirius.

“Just?” said Remus.

“Ronald!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Ginny!” said Mr. Weasley.
“That's going to start something...” said Ernie.

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that.” said Bill.

“Drama king, I know.” said Harry.

Hermione blushed.

“Don't know if I should be...comfortable with that...he was seventeen...she was fourteen.” said Dr. Clark quietly.

“Well, that didn't last all that long...” said Ginny with a smile.
“It lasted a good bit...” said Harry.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Ginny couldn’t help but blush.

Thirty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, she's not taking you now.” said Parvati.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Yeah...I went through that stage too...” said Charlie.

“And what happened?” asked Ron.

“I'm single and work with fire-breathing dragons...still can't talk to girls...” said Charlie.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Ron buried his face.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Remus hissed. “That's hard...”

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Not the right thing to say.” said a sixth year Ravenclaw.
“My team is not helping.” said Harry.
“You did!” scolded Hermione.

“And now the game is rigged, I hope you're happy with your future self.” said Hermione looking furiously at the scarred teen.

“So was the tryout.” said Harry with a sneer.

“Ooh, this is turning into the first book all over again.” said Dean.

“Young man...” said Madam Hooch looking firmly at Harry.
“Nice that you care, Potter.” sneered Malfoy.

“Just means that I don't know where you are.” said Harry. “If you're going to do something, I want it done right in front of me.”

Moody gave a toothy grin which looked positively frightening.

“He just remembered...” said Ginny.

“Hey, I don't have the same sort of freaky memory that Harry's got.” said Ron.

Harry inspected his nails as the teachers, Dumbledore included looked at Harry with a disappointed look.

“Hey, I know this hasn't happened yet, but really, that was kind of unfair.” said Sirius quietly.

“I agree.” said Remus.

“So do I.” said Harry, “Using that potion is unfair, and correct in being against the rules.”

“Then...”

“Let's move on.” said Officer McFinn.
Fifty-ninth paragraph.
“"I want to see that.” said Dr. Clark.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Wow...riveting commentary...who was picked after I left?” said Lee with a groan.

Sixty-third paragraph.

“No!” said Lee. “That's not who you need, granted...I was sort of biased, but I wasn't a complete arse about it!”

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Harry...” said Hermione with a growl.

Ron looked at his friend in confusion. “Why would you do that mate?” he asked hurtfully.

Harry said nothing.

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

“And here I thought he just preferred redheads.” said Ginny.

Dialogue line.
“Oi, mess with the Slytherin team for a while you stuck up son of a Pygmy Puff.” shouted Dean.

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Who?” asked George.

“Smith, I'm assuming.” said Harry.

“Good call.” said Angelina and the twins together.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Sixty-sixth paragraph.**

“Go Ron!” said Sirius.

“But this is cheating.” said Remus.

“Yeah...but...it's still good to see him in brighter spirits.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-seventh paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixty-eighth paragraph.**

“Oh no! Get it!” said George loudly.

“But if Ron has the lucky potion, then Harry gets it no problem.” said Fred.

**Sixty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Seventieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“Lucky potion influence.” muttered Hermione.

**End of seventieth paragraph.**
“Got to watch those tailwinds.” said Harry with a laugh.

“Here we go.” said Ron.

“The phial you poured in Ron's drink.” said Remus.

“That wasn't nice.” said Mr. Weasley wincing.

The school was silent.

“No way...” said the twins, the first to speak.

“That was...WICKED!” said Lee.

The disapproving looks faded to ones of complete amazement, even Snape was dumbfounded.
“Ah...don't know how to feel about that.” said Charlie. “One hand, you shouldn't round on her...other hand, she shouldn't have said that.”

“Have faith in me...” said Ron quietly. “Harry does...”

“Run.” said Dr. Clark and Sirius together.

“Oh for f*ck's sake.” muttered Harry.

“Hey.” said Remus.

“Looks like you'll have your own conversation with us too, huh?” said Mr. Weasley.

“Yeah, sure.” said Ron blushing heavily and not looking at either Hermione or Lavender who seemed to be glaring daggers at each other.
“Should I be concerned?” said Ginny.

“My friends are idiots.” said Harry.

“Welcome to the club mate.” said Remus.

“Oh for pity's sake.” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her head.

“You didn't need a wingman.” said Harry.
“You go girl.” said several dozen witches in the room.

“Wonder if Harry saved him?” said Colin.

“I probably let him have it for a minute or two.” said Harry.

“So...how did you know that future you didn't have him drink the potion?” asked Dennis.

“A potion that would give me a perfect day? I wasn't going to waste it on a game, not with all the stuff going on now.” said Harry. “I love Quidditch and I could be very happy if my life revolved around that instead of all this danger...but it doesn't, so it doesn't even measure up on the priority list.”
Disrespecting a Teacher

First paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Oh for the love of...” muttered Harry.

“Least you're not Sirius, he would stop and kiss them all...and then carry around a sprig of it.” said Remus with a smirk.

“Hey, it's my favorite tradition.” said Sirius with a shrug.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

Ron blushed.

Second paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.

Lavender giggled and fluttered her eyes at Ron who chuckled nervously while Hermione glared at the side of his head.

End of second paragraph.

“You'd think you'd get used to that.” said Leroy as he sat with his arms folded.

“I have...that's the bad part.” said Harry.

Third paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Good girl.” whispered Alicia.

End of third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

Dumbledore chuckled lightly.
Dialogue set.

“Keep telling yourself that.” said Professor Flitwick shaking his head fondly.

“If you're with a girl now...you're not a free agent anymore.” said Fred.

“Girls get a bit...possessive when it comes to boys.” said George quietly.

Fifth paragraph.

“Boys with hormones...” said Tonks shaking her head.

“Tell us about it.” said Mr. and Mrs. Weasley both smiling brightly.

Sixth paragraph.

“Yeah, cause conversations in the library always ends well for you lot.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He always needs to careful...what's the reason this time?” said Dennis.

Dialogue set.

Snape tried to hide a snort of amusement.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Harry's eyes widened and his face took on a ruddy hue.

“I don't know whether to be proud...or worried.” said Sirius.
Hermione giggled slightly. “I wouldn't let you flounder like that, I'm sure I listened to see if they had it on them or not.”

“See.” said Hermione gesturing towards the book.

Snape flushed faintly. No, he had not had to come up with a plan for that...

As Ron slowly turned to look at his best mate, Harry threw up his hands. “Peace...I want to live in peace...and live if that's optional.” said Harry.

“Yeah, cause anyone follows his rules.” said Fred.

Fred and George looked at each other and then back at Harry. “Ah...we're not checking the backgrounds and the reasons everyone wants our products.”
“You should.” said Harry, Moody and Lionus together. “You might have some not so friendly stuff being used against us.”

The twins stared at the three of them. “That was creepy.” said George.

“And we do that all the time.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Compared to warping people's mind...making them think they're lucky isn't all that terrible.” said Flitwick.

Hermione blushed.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I'm not letting go till I see someone else commit what I know he's doing.” said Harry.

“Good boy.” muttered Officer McFinn.

“Whatever happened to 'innocent till proven guilty'?” said Dr. Clark.

“Wonderful ideal that we try and uphold...but when it comes to murderers...” said Officer McFinn not bother to finish his sentence. “I'll just say that while we need quite a bit of polishing up, we're human...and we're going to have the same emotional responses as the rest of you, we're just trained a bit more to hold them in and not show it. But when we have the bastard, and we know it, we'll nail them to every cross we can get our hands on.”


Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Several of the girls giggled.

“Oh...she's not going to like that.” said a fifth year Gryffindor student.
“Good thing she's not here.” whispered Professor Sprout.

“Hey, I got it this way.” said Harry.

“It's a used book!” said Harry.

“Arggh! Get it out, get it out, get it out!” said Ron holding his hands over his ears.

“Don't want to even think that!” said Percy closing his eyes tightly.

“No...just...no!” said Bill covering his eyes and laughing.
“And that is probably why the Fat Lady was smiling.” said George.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And she sent them to a fifteen year old girl...why?” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Several students groaned while Ron and Lavender blushed.

“If I ever get like that in public...just...put me out of my misery.” muttered Harry.

“Not one for public displays of affection like that huh?” said Sirius with a smirk.

“I'm selfish like that.” said Harry with a blush.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Yeah right.” said the students together.

Seventeenth paragraph, third sentence, fist semi-colon.

Leroy looked over at his husband.

“What?” asked Rudolph.

“Um...I know you said you thought about growing a mustache...” said Leroy uncomfortably. “But if you get a handlebar...I'm shaving it...whether your awake or not.”

Rudolph blinked. “Maybe...I'll just keep shaving.”
Seventeenth paragraph, end of third sentence.
“First year...all over again.” said Remus shaking his head.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Word of advice...don't turn blonde.” said Sirius.

“Why?” asked Harry.

“Trust me...girls like tall dark handsome guys...tall blonde boys tend to come off looking like jocks and jerks.” said Sirius.

“Hey.” said Leroy in a hurt voice.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph.
“Other than Ron is a giant pain in the arse?” said Hermione with a smirk.

“Ha, knew I was her favorite.” said Harry.

“You're kidding, right? Her first curse word was towards me! Clearly, I'm the favorite.” said Ron pointing to himself.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I don't mean too...I just...I dunno, get defensive.” said Ron looking uncomfortable.
“What the hell kind of segue is that?” asked Nightstrike.

“Last time I went with a girl to a party in these books...it didn't go so well.” said Harry.

“Go for it sweetie, start a new trend.” said Tonks with a smile.

“Well, this won't go all that well.” said Sirius. “He loves romantic gossip.”

“As friends, Peeves, as friends.” said Luna with a fond smile.

“And I'm sure I'm saying that because you made a good choice.” said Ron with a weak smile.
“Don't do something stupid and you won't get pecked to death.” muttered Hannah.

“You're so supportive.” snickered Terry.

“Hey, honesty hurts.” said Harry.

“Tell me about it.” said Sirius, “Always made me gag when with James would...”

“Shut up.” said Remus.

Parvati blushed.

“That they are.” said Leroy. “And that’s not including the psycho nuts.”
Cormac smiled brightly, oblivious to the groans a few of the students were making, Ron and Harry in particular.

Flitwick covered his eyes and chuckled.

“Merlin...please say no.” said Katie shaking her head.

“You're pretty scary...” said Ron.

“Girls are evil.” said a first year Slytherin.

“Gotta watch your back in the way of romance.” said Rudolph.
“You’ll get that.” said Sirius with a bark like laugh.

“Maybe we should send the mutt away for a while.” muttered Snape.

Neville sent a small frown over to Harry, but Luna only grasped his hand.

“Let’s just say they take away from your natural charm and beauty.” said Leroy with a wink.

Tonks shrieked with laughter. “Oh, I ’m telling him, first chance I get!”

Tonks screamed with mirth as she fell from her chair.

“She apologizes.” said Remus looking over to Luna.

“Truth is stranger than fiction.” said Luna wisely.
“I daresay that he would insist on a unused classroom to be converted into a office.” said Dumbledore stroking his beard.

“Pompus...” muttered Ron.

“I'll pass...I'll meet them in my own time.” said Harry.

“Wherever he's taking me, I want backup.” said Harry.

“Oh no...not him.” said Professor Sprout.

“Is that the book that Viper keeps chuckling to himself as he reads?” asked Nightstrike.


“Trust me, you don't want it.” said Harry waving his hand.
“Didn’t they get enough of me from the Triwizard Tournament?” groaned Harry.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first dash.

“You mean talking about his past for four or five hours at a time isn’t tasking?” said Draco with a sneer.

“We’ve been doing it for weeks now, and I can't wait for this to be done.” snorted Harry.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

Mrs. McFinn blushed.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, like he needs anymore.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Now to see if we need to pummel McLaggan or not.” muttered Fred and George.

Dialogue line.

“You're lucky this hasn't happened yet, I'd slice off your hands...at the shoulder.” said Harry looking at Cormac while taking a long kitchen knife out of his robes and tossing it lightly in the air, causing the Gryffindor boy to pale considerably..

Hermione smiled and turned a faint pink.
“We would never speak to you again.” said Ron, Harry, Ginny, Fred and George together.

“You're flying in unfriendly skies there mate.” said Lee darkly.

“Well, this ought to be interesting.” said Hannah.

“Tempest would not be too happy to hear that.” said Nightstrike.

“You asked the dimwit to go with you.” muttered a seventh year Slytherin.
“That's what boys do to impress girls.” said Sirius.

“Not quite the best approach, but one that we do tend to fall on in our youths.” said Dumbledore.

“Merlin dammit.” grumbled Harry.

“Cause I don't want to develop a nervous twitch.” said Harry.

Snape snorted in amusement.

Sirius groaned, “Who invites him to a party?”

“A higher plane of sophistication than what you could ever hope to be introduced to.” sneered Snape.

“Yeah, because Slughorn is that sort.” said Sirius.
“Yeah, can't see him being all that pleased that for so long I was nothing more than a mediocre student, and now apparently I'm top in the class.” said Harry.

“He's going to take that in a different direction.” said Remus.

Snape snickered darkly to himself.

“Something funny?”

“Nothing at all Draco.” said Snape.

Moody smirked, but Lionus muttered out of the corner of his mouth. “Don't think you've won just yet.”

“After meeting you all, I don't believe that anymore, you all seem so nice.” said Luna dreamily.

“Thanks Miss Lovegood, always nice to hear.” said Kingsley with a chuckle.
“Damn, I wanna see that in real life.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw student.

“The moment I'll believe that is the moment that I let my guard down.” snarled Moody.

“He's such a sadist.” said Hannah.

“Permission to prowl? I want that.” said Sirius.

“That in itself is a punishment.” said McGonagall with a roll of her eyes.

“Snape's not afraid of anything though.” said a second year Slytherin.

Snape quirked a brow in the youth's direction.

“Now that sounds more like him.” muttered Ron.
Forty-seventh paragraph, third sentence.

“Concerned Potter?” chuckled Malfoy.

“I'll keep it in mind to ignore you.” said Harry.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, him being hard on...well...can't say that now that we've started these books.” said Fred.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

“Hopefully, future you learned a bit from the last time.” said Moody.

Dialogue set.

“She would be.” muttered Hermione.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Both Snape and Malfoy scowled at Harry.

“You've both known for six years that I'm nosy, after leaving the way you did and with you acting the way that you did, what could you possibly expect?” said Harry with a laugh and a shrug.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“No proof to be had, but I'm calling 'bullshit'.” said Harry.

“Harry!” chided Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn.
“You're not helping by laughing you guys.” chuckled Remus as Sirius, Dr. Clark, Rudolph and Leroy laughed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“So he knows Occlumency at that age? I'm impressed.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“See, Potter, I can do it.” said Malfoy with a smirk.

“Yeah, well, the person that taught you was probably someone you didn't want to beat over the head with a cauldron now was it?” Harry retorted.

Fiftieth paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, you're not brave...or stupid enough to bean her over the head.” said Bill.

End of fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Ha!” shouted Harry and pointing at his two friends.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“Knew it, knew it, knew it!” muttered Harry glaring at the book.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“How about taking you over my knee?” whispered Snape.

Malfoy blushed.

Fifty-second paragraph.
“I would be dancing and singing if I had a teacher that wouldn't give me detention or report me to Dumbledore!” said Fred.

“The stuff we could get away with....that we don't get away with already.” said George.

“Jerk.” muttered a seventh year Slytherin girl.

“Now to figure out where those guys are at while this is all going on.” said Harry with a manic smile.

Sirius stared at his godson. “You're starting to scare me....you know this hasn't happened yet.”

“Yeah, but the books are right here, I'm sure I'll see or hear something...” said Harry with a cruel smile.

Sirius blinked.

“Well, we need protecting from Death Eaters, you can go suck an egg for all I care.” said Ron.
Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Here at the school? Wonder who they are?” said Harry thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Can't see him wanting glory...not his style.” said Remus.

End of chapter.

“Man, this has been one heck of a chapter.” said Terry.

“Let's keep going.” said Harry eagerly.

“And your lessons?” said Snape with a quirked brow.

“Don't care.” said Harry waving his hand dismissively.

Dumbledore and Speckerton shared a significant look.
Avoiding a Mental Breakdown

“Still don't see why we couldn't continue, or at least just me.” said Harry sharply as the teachers began to wrangle the students to go to classes.

“It's best to take these things slowly, especially the parts regarding the future.” said Dumbledore softly. “You are getting quite worked up.”

“Says who?” said Harry with a scowl.

Dumbledore said nothing, but reached down and took a light hold of the ends of Harry's hair. The stark white color was climbing slowly up towards his scalp as he held the hair in hand. “I think this is a good indication to take a break. We will reconvene tomorrow morning...we will learn what these books have to offer in due time, but it won't help you if we do it all in one shot.”

Harry growled softly.

“I can understand your frustration, but it's for the best in regards for your health. Perhaps...you can cook something for dinner tonight, would that make you feel a bit better?” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Can we continue on reading at dinner?” said Harry hopefully.

“I do not think that would be wise, as with many of the teachers, (including myself) have planned on assigning homework today.” said Dumbledore carefully. “There is quite a lot of schoolwork to be done.”

Harry scowled once again. “Come on...we're finally getting answers....” and without any further speaking, he stood up and stalked out of the Great Hall.

“I was afraid of this.” said Speckerton quietly as he came walking up to Dumbledore, both their gazes not leaving the Great Hall's doors. “This has always happens when it comes to the books of futuristic events. They get over excited, stressed out, and start to go down a massive mental breakdown. I've heard of one man nearly beat the reader to death because he wasn't reading fast enough.”
“Is there any way to put an end to it, before it gets bad?” asked Sirius standing up and looking firmly at the Unspeakable. “Should we just get these books over and done with right away...forget the classes for a bit longer? I mean, he can't exactly hurt Officer McFinn, no offense meant to him in the slightest.”

“It's been tried to get it all over as soon as possible, but it only made it worse. It made the subject of the books pretty ill, both mentally and physically. They became overly suspicious, paranoid, and then finally fell down a slippery slope of mental destabilization.”

“Paranoid...sounds like Potter's already there.” snickered Malfoy who was passing by.

“That's the scary thing...he has...at least when it comes to you.” said Speckerton stopping Malfoy with a glare, and then turning back to Dumbledore. “He's already starting down that path.”

“Should we take a break?” said Sirius.

“Holiday break is just around the corner, less than a month away, but frankly...even with the speed that we're going at, we'll no doubt finish this book before two weeks are up. That most likely would not help him.”

“So give him his break early?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Drastically early, and I think keeping him away from the books would be beneficial.” said Speckerton.

“I thought keeping him from the books would be a bad thing.” said Dr. Clark.

“Long term, yes, but short term has some benefits. He'll start to get back on track mentally...not that he's completely off the rails, we stopped it long before he can get that far. But it's better to put a halt on it now, as opposed to paying for it later.” said Speckerton.

“Sleeping draughts, and just a calm environment would be beneficial I would think, though...perhaps we would have to think about him leaving the school all together. Don't want him sneaking down and taking the books by force.” said Dr. Nicodemus.
“So we should plan on taking him to Night's Rest?” asked Sirius.

“Yes, and very soon...what do you think Glacier?” asked Dr. Nicodemus looking over to the usually stoic healer.

The Ranger Healer stood up and sighed. “That would be a good idea I should think, but I recommend you getting Harry on board with the idea. Do not just tie him up and take him to Night's Rest. It would be very detrimental to his health.”

Sirius and Remus nodded to each other and left the Great Hall.

Glacier looked over to the Muggles in the bowl. “It would be helpful if you would also convince him to go, he most likely will want to hold out so that you can enjoy a 'Magical Christmas.'” said Glacier. “You can always come back next year and enjoy an authentic Hogwarts Christmas, but this year is not the best time.”

“We can wait a thousand years.” said Dr. Clark. “A million years, we just want Harry to be happy...and healthy.”

Harry tapped his foot angrily, looking between Sirius, Remus, Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn. His face twisted in a scowl and his eyes a light with fury.

“You mean...to tell me...that I'm going to have to wait...HOW LONG?” shouted Harry.

“Harry calm down...” said Sirius soothingly.

“'I'm CALM, you're just being RIDICULOUS! We could finish these books in two months, but no! We have to go play 'Holiday TV special' at Night's Rest!’” yelled Harry.

“It's just for a few weeks...everyone is pretty much staying here, from what I gather and I think we're going to be back in time for Christmas. That way Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark can have a good Hogwarts Christmas.” said Remus with a slight smile.
Harry continued to tap his foot, till it almost became a loud stomping. “Why can't we just take the books with us? I mean...I'd like to spend time with Officer McFinn again.” said Harry.

“I asked if there was a way he could leave the castle, sweetheart, but they say no...he has to stay here...some sort of magical physical law or something like that.” said Mrs. McFinn, sending a fleeting look to Sirius.

Harry only continued to stomp his foot till Remus lightly placed his own on top of it..

“Think of it as a vacation, a longer than one day vacation. IF you start feeling...well...we'll go with feeling better, we'll come back sooner.” said Remus gently.

“The sooner we go the sooner we can get back?” asked Harry with a quirk of his brow as he continued to try and move his captured foot.

“That's right.” said Sirius. “Though, we'll stay as long as we need to to make sure that you're completely fine. No placating us.”

Harry sighed and groaned.

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The next morning, the students found that Harry and the rest of his entourage were gone.

“Where the heck did they go this time?” asked Ron.

“They went to Night's Rest, Mr. Weasley.” said McGonagall passing out class schedules. With Harry gone they could drive in some honest to goodness classwork in and with the proper schedules. The students weren't happy to say the least, but the teachers were relieved to get back to normalcy, even if it was only for few weeks before the holidays.

Despite Harry not being present, that didn't stop many people from avoiding Officer McFinn. Some people asked about various Muggle things, such as subways, planes, automatic coffee pots, and others wanted to know more about Harry's childhood, seeing as how there were no more Recollection Scrolls or Scattered Shots.
“So...he was really smart when he was in Elementary school?” asked Colin at dinner, his eyes widened in admiration as he sat in front of the shaft of light shielding the man and the books.

“As sharp as a tack. That kid would have gone on to be a scientist or something, I just know it. But he got the letter for here instead...now it seems like he's leaning towards cooking or being a cop like myself.” said Officer McFinn with a warm chuckle.

“And that awesome security thing.” quipped Colin.

“Yeah, well, he's been shot at before thanks to that job, I'm hoping he cuts back.” said Officer McFinn with a frown.

“Really? He's really been shot at?” said Hermione looking at the deceased officer in horror.

“Yeah, it was a trap, set up by Buckthorn from prison.” said Officer McFinn as he turned one of the pages in the books.

“I wanna hear about it! Tell us please!” said Dennis coming over to sit beside his brother.

“Or maybe you can show us?” said Colin eagerly.

Officer McFinn looked between the two boys in front of him and the now silent Great Hall. He rubbed the back of his neck and sighed.

“Harry has to be here for that.” said Hermione.

“Not really, I'm here...I'm all the power it's going to need.” said Officer McFinn.

“So then you could show us!” said Dennis.

Officer McFinn looked around at the students, who seemed to be hanging onto his every word and hoping. He gave a great sigh, “Well, why not.”
“Alright!” said a few of the students happily. “It's been way too long since the last one.”

Officer McFinn rolled his eyes. “Perhaps because I said it put a strain on me....that might be the reason...”

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Far off in the village of Little Hangleton, where there was once only one Ranger guarding the house, there was now seventeen. Dr. Nicodemus was standing over a Ranger that was on the ground, bleeding heavily from a large wooden stake dangerously close to his heart and his face burning from what looked like ordinary water.

“Stay with me Viper. Don't you dare die on me boy.” he muttered trying to rid the water from his face with a mixture of different herbs and a black cloth.

Viper made a choking sound and looked up at the Ranger doctor. “P-P-Potter...”

“We got Voldemort, he isn't going to get anywhere near the kid.” said Lionus kneeling beside the vampire's head.

“Tell...Tell him...I'm...s-sorry...” said Viper weakly.

“You can tell him yourself.” growled Dr. Nicodemus.

“No...I...d-didn't understand...I still...d-don't....but...I...vould still like to leave....on good terms...” he gasped out as Nicodemus slowly removed the large wooden stake from the vampire's chest, blood pouring from his chest, face and his mouth.

“Doc.” said Lionus quietly.

“It's not looking good, I'll need to take him home....I'll let you know if something drastic happens....keep Wildfire away from Riddle.” said Doctor Nicodemus standing with Viper as he was slowly raised from the ground by two Rangers wearing long white coats. “Potter will want a shot in this at some point, won't do to have her avenge her partner and gut him like a fish.”
“Speak of the she-devil.” said a animal skin wearing Ranger coming up to them, holding a scraggly looking rat in a black metal cage, his straw hat hanging behind his neck by a long leather cord.

“Where is he? Where is he?” screamed Wildfire as she pushed through the ranks.

“Over here, Wildfire.” said Lionus waving her over. “Hunter, take Wormatil to Headquarters, I'll take care of him later, escort Mr. Riddle there as well, last thing we need is for her to break protocol.” he added with a nod to Wildfire.

“Yes sir.” said the animal pelt wearing Ranger turning away with his cage, ordering the Rangers beside the house to follow him.

“Where is he? Where is the bastard that hurt Viper? I want to burn his face clear off, I'm going to melt his very soul!” screamed Wildfire, her entire body suddenly became engulfed in flames. “I'll make sure his death is slow...painful...I'll...!”

“Easy there, don't make me put you on restriction. Riddle's in custody now, and he's going to be dealt with. Nicodemus is taking Viper to the Northern Sanatorium now. You can go and be with him if you want, just don't give Doc a hard time...he's doing all he can.” said Lionus somberly.

The fire surrounding her slowly faded, leaving behind a worried looking woman, who said nothing but nodded and hurried away from the scene.

“I freaked when Typhoon nearly bought it in Korea, but that was unexpected.” said a Ranger from behind the Star Captain Lionus.

“You would be going ballistic too if your hormones were out of whack.” said Lionus quietly, watching Wildfire leave with a sympathetic look.
Shots in the Dark

Back at Hogwarts:

The students were excited to finally have another Recollection Scroll, but what they didn't quite notice was that Officer McFinn had gone quiet and was breathing deeply.

“Are you alright, James?” asked Dumbledore coming over to stand beside him.

“It's going to be a quick one, I don't think I can hold you all in there for long.” said Officer McFinn softly. “Get ready.”

Suddenly, the students, teachers and remaining guests found themselves falling through the familiar darkness of time and space. It had been so long since they had encountered at Recollection Scroll that quite a few of them, child and adult alike, were eager to see what was about to unfold.

They knew that this was about to show them that Harry was going to be shot, and while that was a horrifying idea, that did not quell the excitement that they were feeling.

They found themselves standing on the gated grounds of a large house in the middle of a small city where there was tall buildings surrounding it on either side, but were in part blocked by several tall, thick evergreen trees. The moon was partially blocked by a large cloud bank and gave little to no light to the earth below.

The Watchers, or at least the students, looked around eagerly, trying to find any sign of Harry either coming to the Manor or leaving it. For a few minutes they looked all around trying to find him till at least a first year caught sight of him on the roof of the Manor.

“There he is!” called the first year excitedly.

All eyes turned towards the roof and after a moment they could see a black shape moving swiftly across the roof and towards the large pine tree beside the house.

“I thought Officer McFinn said that Harry…” started Hermione.
“Oh my god!” screamed Mrs. Weasley clutching a hand to her bosom.

“Harry!” screamed Hermione.

They saw the figure stumble a bit but he managed to get off the roof and get to the safety of the thick pine tree. The figure shimmied down the tree and over the gate and out into the dark street. The Watchers glided behind him, following the dark cloaked figure as he disappeared into the darkness.

But even the darkness was not as safe as they thought.

“HARRY!” shouted several of the Watchers together.

The figure they knew to be Harry came out of the darkness and ran down the street, this time clutching his arm and running even faster. The sound of several motorbikes starting up and blaring down the street came from behind them all and gave chase to the poor black dressed youth. Four of them gave the poor boy a run for his very life as he tried to duck down several narrow alleyways and across busy streets. Only by running through tight quarters and narrow alleys kept him from being caught.

Finally he got to one street where it was also an overpass where a truck route passed underneath. The motorbikes drew nearer and the figure went to back up against the wall of the overpass, his face still hidden from the oncoming bikers. They thought Harry was about to be caught when the young man fell over the side and into the lorry traffic.

“Oh no!” yelled the teachers together. They rushed over to the side of the road, unsure whether they wanted to look down or not.

The bikes drew nearer and looked down at the truck route below, it was dark and there was no sign of the figure that they had been chasing. Only large lorries passing and not a one of them was stopping or slowing down.
“Where did that bastard go?” shouted one of the riders.

“If we don't bring him to the boss...” said another rider.

“We got a few shots at him, let's each take a hospital.” said the leader. “I know I shot him in the arm and in the gullet, we just need to keep an eye out on the E.R's.”

The Watchers then felt themselves being jerked forward and they found themselves in the home of the Dursleys, more specifically Harry's room. It was dark and only the ticking of the clock in the hall and the quiet snoring of Dudley in the next bedroom supplied the room with any sound. The light from the streetlight beamed into the room, showing the untidiness of preteen's room.

Mrs. Weasley, trying to recover from hearing the gunshots and seeing Harry injured, tutted nervously about the state of his room and the condition of Hedwig's cage. Mr. Weasley, sensing his wife's distress, came over and placed an arm around her.

“He's alright, he's at Night's Rest and resting comfortably I'm sure.” said Mr. Weasley.

They didn't know where Harry was at all till they heard a soft pair of footsteps coming from outside the room and coming from the bottom of the stairs. They heard a soft creak and then nothing.

“The bottom stair!” said the twins together in a hushed tone.

Suddenly the door opened and in came Harry, dressed all in black and gripping his arm. He rushed over to where his dresser was, threw off his cloak and the thick vest onto the bed and pulled out a phial of bluish liquid. He poured the contents of the potion over his arm and before their very eyes the wound slowly close. Then he lifted his shirt and splashed a bit of the remaining potion on his abdomen where an angry looking red mark and bruise was.

“Is that a potion? How did he sneak that out of the trunk and away from his uncle?” asked Ron.

“Who cares, at least he had something.” said Fred.
“How was he not hurt more with that shot at his stomach...” said Dean.

Hermione went over to the discarded vest and looked at it carefully. “This seems pretty thick...would it...could it be...bulletproof? Where in the world would he have gotten a bulletproof vest?” She looked around but didn't see Officer McFinn.

“Where is he at?” asked Hermione.

“I don't think he came with us.” said Seamus.

Then they all heard Harry mutter some very...colorful...words regarding the events of the night. They heard him muttering things about revenge and getting payback against the ones that shot him.

“Whoa, those are some dark words he's using.” said Bill leaning away from the young man. “Who would have thought our nice...soft spoken Harry could have such thoughts racking about in his head.” he finished with a weak smile.

The scene shifted once again and quick visions of Harry going to a library and typing away on a computer, following some shady characters down rougher streets dressed in various different outfits, dressed all in black and returning to the Manor and then finally entering the Police Department.

Finally the scene before them shifted back to the Dursley's kitchen where Uncle Vernon was reading the paper.

“Seems that there was a bit of a pack of hooligans shooting up people in the dark a few nights ago. Sounds like they're going to be locked up; throw away the key I say! Can't trust these young troublemakers...” he cast a dark look in Harry's direction, but he didn't notice the cruel smirk on his lips. “Wonder how they got the pistols to start with...”

They were all deposited back to the Great Hall, and they noticed Officer McFinn was leaning back in his chair and breathing deeply, his ghostly face paler than usual.

“I thought you said Buckthorn was the one behind it.” said Dean.
“He was, he and the owner of the manor had an agreement to try and trap him. Thankfully, they never got a clean shot at him or...I shudder to even think about it.” said Officer McFinn trying to shoo away Madam Pomfrey. “I'm dead already, you can't help me.”

“Did they get punished?” asked Hermione.

“Well, Harry was asked to steal anything that caught his eye...and he passed up the obvious trap of a glittering jewel and went for a small red Faberge egg with black pearls.” said Officer McFinn looking apologetically towards the muttering school nurse.

“Why was the glittering jewel a trap?” asked Ron.

“Well, I suppose there was too many lights pointing at it, and...well, it was discovered afterwards that it was just a rock candy jewel...completely fake. The egg he took was worth more than what the retainer he charged that man...and with him attacking Harry...broke their contract. So...Harry got to keep the egg, and the man can't come forward and say that it was stolen without having to answer a lot of uncomfortable questions.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk. “That man and Buckthorn haven't spoken to each other since.”

“Do you think that Harry still has the egg?” asked Dennis eagerly.

“I don't think he lets that egg far away from himself, can't quite blame him actually. That egg is considered to be, well...worth more than what a teacher here can make in seventy years of continuous work.” said Officer McFinn his breathing finally evening out.

“Are you serious?” said Charlie shocked.

“It was a harsh blow, and a devastating mistake that the man was not prepared to take on again.” said Officer McFinn.

“Won't the man that owned the egg be on the lookout to see if someone says that they have it?” asked Hermione. “Harry'll be found out then.”

“Not really, Harry's not stupid enough to proclaim that he's got it, he'll keep it nice and safe only let
it be known to himself....Though...that's kind of now going to have to change.” said Officer McFinn smiling weakly.

“We won't tell...will we fellows?” said Fred with a threatening smile on his lips.

“Yeah, no one will tell anyone...anything right?” said George a similar smile on their lips.

Officer McFinn rolled his eyes.

“How come we couldn't see the men that shot Harry be arrested?” asked Colin.

“I'm tired, and that was enough to show you. I'm not doing another one of those, unless Harry's here and that he asks.” said Officer McFinn. “I'm not able to power those sorts of things without him here, and I was a fool to even try.”

“Sorry.” said Colin, Dennis and a few other students somberly.

“I suppose I can forgive you.” said Officer McFinn chuckling. “Now, go and get your dinner done and then homework. I don't want your teachers mad at me...not that they can do much.”
Star Captain is Chosen!

Lionus sat rigidly in the ornate wooden chair as he waited for Chief Hawkeye to return from where it was that the man walked off to before their meeting. He was called to the Chief's office immediately after he had received the medical report from Nicodemus about Viper and Wildfire, who had gotten sick beside his healing pod. Viper was still in critical condition, but there was a strong chance that he would recover. That was not the reason that this emergency meeting was called.

Wildfire was pregnant, and Viper was the father.

Lionus knew of that before the report came to the Chief's desk, they were in his Company after all, but that was not the only reason that he was sitting in the Chief's office. The main fact that had brought Lionus there was that it was a vampire and human love affair.

Racism and prejudice was not exempt from even the Rangers, there were some Rangers that refused to work with certain kinds of Rangers. Now if they were not their Squad or Company leaders than their personal preferences meant nothing and they most likely had to work with those they did not want to, and would have to accept it.

When it came to the affairs of the heart, (such as same sex, or inter-humanoid species or perhaps even both) quite a few Rangers that did not seem to be prejudice towards anything would suddenly denounce any sort of support and would be quite vocal on where they stood on the issue. Some would start bringing their religion of choice into the debate and while a few spoke with good intentions, there were others...that did not.

Quite a few Rangers had found love in the strangest of places and had given form to families, but that did not stop violence from happening to the pair of star-crossed lovers. Granted, the assailants were immediately punished by dismissal and possibly imprisonment in Hell's Garden, but that did not stop all of them. Once a Captain took on at least one of the couples and offered their support aloud to the Rangers, the attacks would continue, only on a much smaller scale. For example, simple snubbing, rude behavior during a rest period or the spreading of vicious rumors.

Lionus, Wildfire, and Viper had been content with keeping the affair on the quiet side, just to avoid any hostility, but with Nicodemus following protocol...and not knowing that it was a secret, (the man had the uncanny ability to know almost anything about anybody in the entire Ranger organization) told the Chief.

The pregnancy was not the only thing that Nicodemus told the Chief about, Viper and Wildfire had
also gotten married, as he had seen the wedding rings…which were in a very unorthodox place, secured fast to a secret weapon’s holster. Now while normal people could elope if it suited them, Rangers had to send in the necessary paperwork in order for them to even contemplate getting married. Then it was necessary for them both to meet a Ranger psychiatrist and see if they were mentally compatible, (As marriages were a one shot thing in the Ranger and you were married for life whether you continued to love each other or not. No one wanted to deal with the alimony or child custody headaches) after that they were given the green light to get married.

After Wildfire and Viper had passionately (it was quite shocking to see Viper have any sort of passion other than an “anger” filled passion) declared that they would find a way to get married with or without the Ranger's approval, Lionus smoothed the way for them to get married and had even acted as Best Man for Viper.

Lionus had taken quite a few liberties in the quiet support of his two lieutenants, while he could easily bring them out as a married couple and declare his support...perhaps it was better if this was held quietly, as there was no Star Captain decided yet and the wrong person in that position could cause the new couple quite a bit of problems.

Now he was brought to the Chief’s office, what was he going to do? Place Wildfire on restriction till the baby was born and a year after that was a given. The Chief was a strict family orientated man and would quite insist that one if not both parents took a few years off of work just to enjoy the children. So while they may not be dismissed, at least Wildfire was not going to be on duty for a year or so and then Viper would soon follow.

The uncertainty of Chief Hawkeye gave him a cause to be worried. No matter what he could do or say, whatever the Chief decided to do was what Lionus would have to accept. That was a drawback to the possibility of disagreeing with the highest mortal authority on the planet.

Finally, he could hear the Chief’s footsteps coming down the corridor and he steeled himself for whatever was going to happen in the next half hour or so.

The Chief entered the office and the moment he passed Lionus a small folded piece of thick paper in front of the Captain.

“Sign that.” drawled the Chief, a small frown on his face.

“Sir?”
“I'm having flowers sent to Lieutenants Viper and Wildfire. Sign the card.” replied the Chief.

Lionus stared at the folded piece of paper and then reached for his ring seal.

“No, no... sign it.” said Chief Hawkeye, a smile creeping out.” Have to be personal about these things. So... we're going to have another Ranger munchkin running amok, eh? Well, have to say that's the brightest and the happiest thing that happens in this organization.” he added absently.

Lionus only stared at the man in confusion.

“I am disappointed that you didn't tell me about them, especially the marriage...I love a good wedding.” said Hawkeye leaning back in his chair.

Before Lionus could even begin to apologize, he was stopped by Chief Hawkeye.

“Now don't get me wrong, I can see why you would keep it quiet. I mean, a reasonably normal human girl and a vampire? I can just see Parishioner having a bit of a tiff about this and so many other aspects of this whole thing. And that's just him! But as I had said...” said the Chief.

“I'm sorry sir, I... there’s still a vacant spot between our ranks and you have not appointed a Star Captain as of yet...I could not be certain that he or she would also be...reasonable.” said Lionus his head bowed respectively.

“Ah...yes...the Star Captain position. Well, I believe I've come to my decision, I wasn't going to make it official till well after the holidays, but I think I should start giving you Captains some notice.” said Hawkeye turning around in his chair to look out the large window standing behind him.

Lionus looked up, but then looked back down again.

“This Ranger has the same qualities that I myself possess, while sometimes it's not all that wonderful to have two people who act and think somewhat alike at the highest level, it will do for my needs. My own Chief was quite the old battle ax at times and there wasn't a week that he and I didn't butt heads, but we did do fine work together. Though Chief Yin-Yang already had someone else arguing with him, that dual personality of his. He got quite...odd at times, but Chief Yang was always a riot when you thought back on what he said and Chief Yin was quite pleasant and calm.”
Lionus continued to keep his head bowed.

“Despite the fact that he has some issues, I think he will do good work.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“I will follow his orders without fail sir.” said Lionus somberly, keeping his head bowed.

“I should think that would be easy, as my choice is you.”

Lionus snapped his head up. “Sir?” he said in shock. “But I...”

“I know that you told me that you did not want it and you would highly prefer to not be in that sort of power, but I have seen and tested all the other Captains, and found you to be the best candidate. Old Glory is a fine man and a good prospect, but he said that he was planning on retiring soon, and stepped down from being an option. Why, he even put your name forth as a good pick...not that he knew that I had already had you at the top of the list.” said Chief Hawkeye stroking his chin with a smile on his lips.

Lionus stared.

“Whether you like it or not, lad. You're my new Star Captain, my right hand man.”

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Across the globe, Rangers of various species and ranks gathered in front of large and small screens in their respective bases, or someplace safe and away from prying eyes. A message from the Chief was to be viewed, no matter what, undercover or not.

Chief Hawkeye came onto the screen, with Lionus standing beside him.

“Glad you all could take the time to be present.” said the Chief with a regal smile. “I've finally chosen my Star Captain, and it is Lionus, the European Captain.”

Rangers, watching the screens, either clapped loudly or groaned. They were hoping that their own country's Captain would be the one that would be chosen, as if it were a Miss Universe pageant.
They watched as the newly appointed Star Captain took the focal point of the screen.

“I won't bore you with a long winded speech, but I would like to state something and I expect you all to listen.” said Lionus his gaze piercing though the screen.

“Creepy how he can do that ain't it?” said a Private down in Australia.

“I'm sure you've all heard some rumors about two lieutenants in my company, those of you who don't know what I'm talking about...don't inquire about it, it has nothing to do with you. Those of you who do know what I'm speaking about and have attempted to act in any negative sort of way towards them...they are under my protection, and if I catch anyone near them, for anything other than well-wishes, I will gut you like a fish and string your carcass across the sands of the Sahara Desert for the sun to bake. I hope I have made myself very clear.”

Then the feed stopped.

The Rangers watching the screens stared transfixed at the now vanished image and turned slowly to their companions.

“Well, whatever is going on over in England...don't wanna know.” said a Sargent.

“Me either.” said a Lieutenant.

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While the threat of the new Star Captain hung over the heads of several Rangers, it didn't stop some of the more hardened assailants. Hunter himself had to come between Viper and a few unruly Ranger who didn't want to kill him per se, but give him a sound thrashing. Though it would no doubt result in grievous injuries as he was still recovering from his last attack.

Hunter had deposited the fiends at the Star Captain's feet and smirked as they were beaten soundly before they were dismissed from the Rangers entirely. The Rangers were not a place where you could go after another Ranger and attack them. Now friendly banter and Ranger rivalry was one thing, but out for blood or to kill had no business when all you could do was count on each other.

But despite all that, two bits of good news came to the ones that supported the new couple: Viper had woken up, and Wildfire had given birth to two baby boys. They had their mother's fire red hair and their father's bright red eyes, no fangs were present and they had their mother's tanned
complexion, what degree of how they were alike to vampires or humans was an uncertainty, at least for the first few months of their lives.

Thanks to all the surgeries and all sorts of other enchantments, the term of pregnancy of female Rangers of all species was cut drastically short so that in the case of an emergency, Wildfire and any other pregnant Ranger would not be out of commission for long and could go and assist in the field if they were desperately needed. The price that the parents had to pay was that the infants were so small, small enough in fact that they could fit in the palm of their hand. The baby would not be ready to leave the safety of the Healing Quarters and especially not out of sight of the assigned Healer that would care for the child and maintain their health.

The parents and the Commanding Officer of both the parents would assign a Healer to care for the young child until they were old enough to leave the confines of the Healing pods, which was usually a few months after the baby was born.

Now, the twins of Viper and Wildfire were not assigned a Healer as of yet, but to make things easier on the old Healer, Nicodemus (who generally always took care of the infants before a specific healer was chosen) kept the infants in the same room as Viper.

The injured vampire would keep his eyes trained on the prostrate cylinder and the infants inside, a soft smile on his face.

“Who would have thought...the terrifying vampire that tried to scare a weakened fifteen-year-old boy could smile!” came Nicodemus' chuckling voice.

“Sorry about that.” said Viper, his eyes still not leaving the cylinder.

“You're lucky I didn't find you and yank those teeth right out of your head after I heard that you did that.” said Nicodemus.

Viper winced horribly but steered the conversation in a different direction. “Has Mir...Wildfire named the children yet?”

“If you think she's going to name those babes without your input, you're a fool. She's going to swing by tonight and have you and her plan it out.” said Nicodemus.
“Where is she?” asked Viper tearing his eyes finally away from the two infants.

“I would say she's breaking the news to her father, but I'm pretty sure he's already known about the two of you for some time.” said Nicodemus as he came over to check the bandages on Viper's chest.

“I have not met the man as of yet.” said Viper.

“You have...it's First Lieutenant Vulcan.” said Nicodemus absently.

Viper turned his head so quickly that he caused himself pain. “What? Are you sure?”

“I delivered Wildfire, so I'm pretty sure.” Nicodemus rolling his eyes.

Viper leaned his head back further into the pillows and heaved a sigh. “I'm a dead man.”

“No truer words have ever been spoken.” came a cold voice from beside the door.

Viper and Nicodemus turned to see who was in the room and they saw a white dressed Ranger, with a large cross on his chest and in his hand.

“For a moment there, I thought it was Vulcan. This is a closed off healing ward Sergent, I'm going to have to ask you to leave, before I report you.” said Nicodemus firmly.

The man sneered. “Don't get in my way, old man.”

Nicodemus quirked a brow and looked back at Viper with an amused look. But the amused look dissipated when the man made a rush towards the downed Ranger with a wooden steak in his hand.

All it took was for Viper to blink once and the man that had rushed to attack him was then down on the ground twitching and gasping in pain, two steps away from where the man started. Dr. Nicodemus was standing over him, flexing his fingers and rolling his shoulder.
“Don’t you sell me short boy...now, you’ve pretty much just destroyed your career and your life...congratulations.” said Nicodemus.

“What...what did you do?” asked the man, still gasping.

“Destroyed most of the nerves in your arms and legs and broke a few of your ribs in the process. Perhaps you should have done a bit more research on your target and his surroundings before you tried this sad stunt.” said Nicodemus to the horrified man on the ground. “Came all this way from America and you don’t even plan it out all that well...can’t say we’ve lost one of the good ones if this was the best you’ve got...”

“I've been a Ranger for well over ninety years, and I'm the best fighter this organization has got and ever will have. I don't need to kill in order to defeat you and no matter what you bring to the table, my bones will fade away to dust before you can even hope to even land a hit.”

Dr. Nicodemus then waved his wand and several thick bands of rope came shooting out the end of his wand and wound tightly around the fallen Ranger.

“Now, I think I'm going to have someone take you to Star Captain Lionus, I’m sure he can find a nice place for you.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “Hopefully for your sake it'll be over a fireplace where you'll be stuffed and mounted.”

The Ranger that had attacked Viper and Dr. Nicodemus had not had that much luck, once he was brought to the Star Captain and the Chief, he was immediately stripped of his surgical enhancements and was sent directly to the lowest levels of Hell's Garden, where death within a few hours’ time was almost a complete certainty.

The reason he had given (before he had been taken away) was in his twisted minds, vampires, werewolves and other magical beings should not exist and he was in of the opinion that any “monster” procreating with humans was a slight upon God.

He seemed to want to continue, but Lionus slapped him across the face and ordered his removal.

“I don't have the time to do deal with insanity anymore. Take him away, I don't want to ever have to see, or hear him again.” said Lionus with a scowl. “Pass the message, I hear anyone talking smack about my lieutenants or their families, they'll share the same fate. Apparently, my warning
didn't do much in the ways of convincing anyone.”

Chief Hawkeye patted the back of his Star Captain, “Welcome to my world, they thought I was a push over the first few months.”

“I can be an easy man,” said Lionus (“Yeah right.” muttered Nightstrike.) “but if you push my buttons, I'm going to push you right out an open window.”
Since before he even left the castle that night, Harry was planning several different ways to get back to finishing the books and finding out if he was right about Draco and how was his last year and a half at Hogwarts was going to finish out. Whether the others were going to be present or not wasn’t even an issue that warranted much thought. The questions that arose from the current book was crashing about in his head and not giving him any rest.

Was he going to defeat Voldemort before his school days were done? Would he himself be killed before he could even study for his N.E.W.T.’s or would he finally snap out of holding back and take the bastard out? Who else was he going to lose? What was Draco planning? What else was there to learn about Voldemort? He wanted to know! Why couldn't any of them understand that.

He made to check the front gates of Night’s Rest and see what kind of security the place had if you approached the house on foot. But the plan to sneak out through the front gates and take off on his broom a short distance away from the house…wasn’t going to work. There was no gate, he thought there was a gate but it seemed that the gate was completely and wholly removed. He would not be leaving the house on foot.

He then swallowed his discomfort and made to go to the largest den where the Floo powder was kept for easy travel. He went down to the den and went to the mantle where the jar was kept. He opened the jar, but to his dismay, the jar was empty.

He had to feign innocence when Sirius brought up the broken jar lying beside the fireplace.

The latest attempt he had made was when he had snuck out of the house in the middle of a cold rainy night and had tried to fly back to the castle. It wasn’t the most original plan he had ever thought of, but hopefully they weren’t expecting it, and it had been only a lucky chance that he saw that the broom cupboard wasn’t locked. He was about two miles away from the house when Sirius came blaring up beside him on his own enchanted motorcycle.

“And where do you think you're going, young man?” yelled Sirius over the thundering engine.

He pulled Harry off his broom by his arm and onto the sidecar of the motorcycle and had taken him back to Night's Rest.

Sirius had planned on telling Harry was grounded for the entire summer that was to come, because
of leaving when there was still a chance for Death Eaters to be out and about, along with several other reasons but they didn't quite measure up to that one particular point. But by the next morning, Harry didn't even get out of bed. He didn't even stir when Sirius jostled him.

“Harry? Come on, you need to eat something for breakfast.” said Sirius as he shook his godson's shoulder. “You know, you wouldn't be this tired if you didn't try and run off like you did.”

He placed a hand on Harry's forehead and pulled back. “Oh man...”

In a few minutes, Dr. Clark, Remus, Rudolph, Leroy, Mrs. McFinn and Sirius were standing around Harry's bed. Dr. Clark was putting his stethoscope away in his bag with a sigh.

“What's wrong with him?” asked Mrs. McFinn worriedly.

“He's got a fever; did he go outside in that rain last night?” asked Dr. Clark looking around at the others.

“Yeah, he tried sneaking out, I had to go on my bike and bring him back.” said Sirius. “But I made him take a hot shower when we got back and then placed a heating charm on the bed. I even made him chug a phial of Pepper-up potion the moment we entered the house.”

Dr. Clark looked between Sirius and Harry, then he replaced the thermometer.

“If that's the case, then I think his body is crashing.” said Dr. Clark. “And we'll need those Ranger fellows.”

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It was mere hours later when Dr. Nicodemus, Lionus and a medium built dark skinned man, dressed in black with two swords on his back came into Night's Rest. They had met them right in the front hall and were about to lead them up to Harry's room, till they saw the extra Ranger with them. “I'll go check the lad, you...break the news.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a smile.

“What do you mean...break the news?” asked Sirius curiously. “Who's this guy?”

“This is Longsword, and he is going to be Harry's personal bodyguard, that is, till I decide that he
doesn't need one anymore.” said Lionus.

“Don't you blokes have something better to do?” asked Sirius. “Not that I'm not grateful that you lot help us.”

Lionus smirked. “Things have changed, and when we all resume back at Hogwarts...”

“You're going back?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Of course, we're this much invested in the books, I'm not about to leave, and neither is the chief. Frankly, I would rather like to see what the end of his school life is like myself. Have to say, word has spread about the kid's adventures in the Rangers and they're pretty interested in them as well. He's got quite the fanbase back at Headquarters.” said Lionus with a smirk. “Besides, we're on a seven-year furlough, we can go wherever we want.”

“Sir, do I go and lend Dr. Nicodemus a hand?” asked Longsword.

“I was expecting you to go with Doc the moment he left, not too sure why you're still here.” said Lionus. He then looked towards the others and smiled. “He's not used to body guarding duty yet, but he's passed the necessary training, so he'll learn.”

“So... Harry’s getting a rookie? I can protect him better...” said Sirius sourly.

Longsword's eyes flashed over to the animagus in anger.

“Understandable, but this is good training for him, and you can't cuddle and stand guard at the same time, it just looks weird.” said Lionus with a laugh.

They went upstairs to the room and entered Harry's bedroom. Sirius was grateful that Harry wasn't back in one of those pod things, but Harry didn't look any better than what he did that morning. Dr. Nicodemus was injecting something into his arm.

“Well, Doc?” asked Lionus.
“Seems he is pretty desperate to get back to the readings, but at the pace he's going he's only going to self-destruct.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “You were right Sam, he's starting to break down, and I think we might have caught it a little too late to avoid a serious illness.”

Mrs. McFinn hurried over to the bed knelt next to the sleeping boy.

“I'll send Glacier with the necessary things to see him through this.” said Nicodemus standing up and making his way swiftly out of the room.

“Wait, aren't you going to stay?” said Remus stepping forward.

“I can't, I'm needed back at Headquarters, I have a pair of newborn twins that I need to keep an eye on, but I'll be consulting with Glacier the entire time.” said Nicodemus.

“You the Ranger Pediatrician too?” said Dr. Clark. “Do we know of the parents, or are they ones we've never met?”

“Well, if you remember Wildfire...and Viper.” said Nicodemus.

“I remember him, but Wildfire?” asked Remus.

“That one female Ranger with the short and long red hair.” said Sirius.

“They had children?” said Remus looking shocked “But she didn't...”.

“Just born.” said Nicodemus abruptly, “But I've spent too much time away, Glacier should be here in ten minutes, Longsword, I don't want you to leave his side. Don't do that nonsense of hiding in the shadows when he's up and about. You...don't...leave...his...side.”

Longsword bowed low and went to stand beside Harry's bed.

“So what do we do in the meantime?” said Sirius.
“Just keep him warm, I gave him something that will keep him knocked out for an extended period of time, a week or so...but that'll be enough time for his mind and body to rest.”

Without further ado, he left.

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The fever that gripped Harry for those two weeks was not nearly as bad as they had all thought. While he did have ferocious fever dreams that had him nearly crashing about his room if Longsword had not restrained him, and had horrifying hallucinations that seemed to frighten him to his very soul, he was on the mend. The downside was that he had yet to wake, but despite him still being unconscious, Glacier told them that he was handling the illness and the stress well and that he would soon be completely back on his feet. It would seem that the stress on Harry's mental state was relieved thanks to those dreams.

“So... the dreams released the pressure?” said Dr. Clark.

“It seems that way, yes.” said Glacier. “But I will want to give him a thorough check before he is told he can go back soon. I don't want to start not delivering on promises.”

“Your accent's gone.” said Sirius.

“It's all this time in England, I cannot wait to get back home.” said Glacier with a frown.

“Think he still needs therapy from you?” said Remus.

Glacier looked over to Harry and sighed. “I see myself being within shouting distance of him for many years to come. While I just said that I cannot wait to get home, I will wait for as long as I have to...he is my patient and I cannot abandon him now...not since he has finally started to open up to me.”

Then they heard it, a soft groan and then the young man on the bed made to move about.

“Harry!” said Sirius hurrying to the bed and placing his hands on Harry's head.
Harry looked up at his godfather and smiled softly. “.... Hi...”

“Hey, you had me and the rest of us worried sick there.” said Sirius with a watery smile. “How do you feel?”

“A little tired.” he replied ever so softly.

“Is there anything that you want? I can go and get it for you.” said Sirius gently.

“No, I just...want to sleep...” Harry said slowly closing his eyes and drifting off. Sirius pulled the covers up to his chin and patted his head softly.

“He'll be weak for a few more days, but he should be back on his feet relatively soon.” said Glacier.

“How soon is 'relatively soon'?” asked Sirius.

“Soon for me is four years.” said Glacier plainly. Sirius staggered against the bed, “But for you, a few days.... I told you that already...you don't listen very well do you?”

Sirius growled. “So sue me for worrying.”

Glacier chuckled.

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Holiday break had just started and for the first time, there were no students that decided to go home for the holidays, just in case that Harry had returned and the readings were to continue on. The book loving students were amazed that it had taken them so long to read the books when they themselves could easily blast through them in a weekend.

But for all the time it took away from class and with the finals looming ahead in a few months, they were not going to miss it for the world. They had received word that Harry was going to return to Hogwarts by the weekend before the holiday and they were going to resume the readings when
he arrived. Hermione and Ron were particularly looking forward to having Harry back. Being continuously around him for five years made their separation a little harder on them.

The passes to Hogsmeade on the weekends were still going on, but with all the homework that they were given over the holiday break, not many of them could make it down to the village. Several students had to send out owls or their more studious friends to do their shopping for them.

The staff had risen to a new level of skill when they decorated the school that even the seventh years, who had seen what they thought was every decorating idea the teachers had, were stunned when they walked down to the Great Hall. The usual assortment of trees and fairylights as decoration. This time they had glittering icicles around the windowsills that left a rainbow of colors when the sun would hit them just right.

There were several of ice sculptures positioned around the lake that would move if one looked at them long enough and dozens of snowmen parading around the grounds and would hurl snowballs at the children that would dare to throw one at them. Then there were the ghosts traveling serenely down the corridors singing various Christmas carols and swirls of magical snowflakes that came out to tickle the student's noses as they passed.

Down every corridor there seemed to be something new and wondrous that would happen. The teachers and the prefects were going all out to impress the three muggles that were in their school not just the first years. They already were getting very positive feedback from Officer McFinn who was restrained to the Great Hall.

“This is greatest thing I have ever seen!” exclaimed Officer McFinn looking around at the Great Hall, the windows had enchanted frost in which window pane was a separate winter scene or white silhouettes of various magical creatures one afternoon around tea time.

“Do you think your wife will enjoy it?” asked Colin.

Officer McFinn looked saddened for a moment, but recovered. “Oh, I think she'll never want to either leave or for Christmas to ever end.”

“Are you alright?” asked Ron.

Officer McFinn made to speak when he noticed the door opening. “Oh, the students and staff are all down here...do we have more guests, or are they finally coming back?”
Harry led the way into the Great Hall, a smile on his face and groaning at a joke that Sirius had just told him, Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark, Rudolph, Leroy and Remus. The Rangers Glacier and Longsword bringing up the rear, but well within reaching distance of Harry.

The one thing that caught the attention of the teachers, the Weasleys, a few of the students and Officer McFinn was Harry's hair. While it was still falling to the small of his back, it was now a deep rich black.

“Harry!” shouted Ron.

“Harry! Your hair, it’s black again!” said Hermione excitedly.

“Yeah, seems I'm mostly alright now...still have some ways to go according to Glacier, but I should be alright...and I can use magic again!” said Harry with a smile. “No more just having to do writing work for me, I can finally get to do something a bit more hands on.”

“Are we going to start up the readings today?” asked Colin excitedly.

Sirius, Remus, and Glacier looked at Harry.

“Nah, I've had a long trip back, Floo powder again...bloody menaces wanted to put me through that again.” added Harry in a mutter.

“You were all that keen to keep...” said Dennis looking confused.

“That's enough, go on, shoo.” said Glacier waving his hand imperiously. “Don't pester.”

Both Dennis and Colin scooted away and took their seats at the Gryffindor table, both their faces red.

As the newly arrived troupe settled into the Great Hall, the next group came: Lionus, Chief Hawkeye, Nightstrike, Wildfire, Viper, and Nicodemus. They had noticed something new had been
added to the troupe. Nicodemus was pushing a small transparent bassinet with two tiny sleeping infants inside.

Several girls went towards the playpen but were stopped by the glare of both Wildfire and Viper, and a thick shield that stopped them from coming any closer to the pen then perhaps fifteen feet.

“Now, now, no crowding them, you can see them from a distance, but no touching or getting to close.” said Nicodemus as he took the bassinet with him towards the fireplace.

“They're adorable!” said a few of the girls gleefully. “They're so tiny!”

Wildfire smiled softly and Viper sent a sideways glance at her.

“What are their names?” asked Lavender excitedly.

“That’s between the parents, now go on.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a chuckle.

“Welcome back.” said Dumbledore walking up to the returning visitors and student. “Let us hope that these young ones will be safe from any harm here...” he turned and fixed the students with a passive look though it had a feeling of warning about it.

“Oh, they're as safe as snowflakes in a blizzard.” said Dr. Nicodemus, 'Provided I stay nearby.”

“Don't you mean...the other Rangers?” said Lee.

“Yeah, you'd think that...” said Nightstrike with an uncomfortable smile. “Not one person here can even put even a small scrape on the old doc. We're nowhere on his radar for power.”

“If he's so powerful, how come he's not the chief?” asked a third year Slytherin.

“I have enough on my plate, I don't want to have to play around with all that paperwork and political nonsense.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “My place in this world is to heal...and improve when it's asked. I don’t’ have time to deal with the criminal elements on a daily basis.”
“So... you’re strong enough, you just can't be bothered.” said Lee.

“Cool.” said the twins together.

Dr. Nicodemus shook his head.
Late the next morning, the students came bounding down and up the staircases to get back to the readings. A few students had their own theories about what was going to happen next and they couldn't wait to get back to reading.

Several students had brought up their homework to finish up on so that they would get the last chance to go and do some holiday shopping. Dumbledore had decided that in the spirit of the holidays, they would be given one last chance to go and do some shopping, as the teachers (as well as he himself) had loaded them down with so much homework that they were unable to find even the slightest bit of time to do any beforehand.

They had all expected Harry to be there first thing in the morning, but he came down at precisely eleven o'clock with Sirius in tow.

“All I’m saying is that maybe you give me the keys to that wine cellar a little earlier than my birthday.” said Harry with a teasing smile. “I use wine and other things in my cooking.”

“Well, if you want to cook with it before your birthday, you'll just have to come and get me, now won't you?” said Sirius nudging Harry.

“Fine, if you want dinner half hour later because I can't find you in that house.” said Harry.

“You're the one who likes running, besides, you can cut almost two minutes by sliding down any banister that you come to.” said Sirius.

“Oh, don't tell him that.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“That's the only reason I made the ruddy house more than a one story.” whispered Sirius in Dr. Clark's ear.

“That would be my reason too.” snickered Dr. Clark.

As they sat, Sirius noticed Mrs. McFinn and Officer McFinn looking at each other with a sort of sad happiness. After Colin had cleared his throat, (and had been smacked by Angelina) he started the readings.

Chapter Sixteen said Officer McFinn.

“Hopefully it's another good Christmas...you could use that.” said Sirius.

“Tell me about it.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Easy there...” said Bill with a light chuckle.

Dialogue line.
“Whatever spout I threatened you with, I'm gonna...”

“Harry...” said Mrs. McFinn with a warning tone.

“Well...duh...” said Dr. Clark.

“Nice that Draco told his godfather to die…” said a fifth year Hufflepuff.

Fred and George both sunk low into their seats. “We were already punished for this!” said Fred.

“Don't need any further help, thank you!” said George.

Fred blushed heavily.

Sirius roared with laughter. “I was hoping he was going to walk in.”
“Hasn’t happened yet, mum!” said George quickly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

First paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, if you don’t know, I think you’d better have a nice chat with your dad.” said Harry coming to Ron’s defense.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

This time, it was Ginny who leaned over and smacked the back of George’s head.

End of dialogue set.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Harry makes it look cool and he doesn’t miss.”

“Don’t you drag me into this.” hissed Harry towards Ron.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. Weasley glared at her youngest son.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, could have been worse, we could have Charlie.” said Fred.

“Yeah, I can't sleep with the two of you in there.” said Charlie. “You two both talk to each other in
your sleep.”

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“Sounds like you're trying to stuff us away in case company pops over.” said Ron with a snicker.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“No, thank you!” said Ginny. “If she’s as bad as she sounds, I’m sleeping with the chickens!”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Percy turned a faint pink.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Why isn't Harry taking care of the peeling part.” said Colin.

“It takes me forever.” said Harry. “That's the one thing I have a devil of a time trying to peel, I try not to use them all that much.”

Dialogue set.

“Oh, really?” said Angelina with an innocent smile towards the Weasley twin.

The twins both looked uncomfortable.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, he's no fun.” said a first year with a giggle.
“I'll have a fit if I'm ignored again.” said Harry.

Snape smirked to himself.

“You said it too fast there.” said George.

“But we're prepared to bet that it would be spot on there.” said Dean.

“Good.” muttered Katie.

“Didn't you guys ride the same train?” said Dr. Clark.

“Ah, never mind then.” said Dr. Clark.
Eighth paragraph.

“I love it when I get to do that.” said Ron. “Doesn't happen often.”

“It didn't happen this time.” said Colin.

“No, but I sure do love to say it.” said Ron.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Favorite part of the holidays.” said Ginny.

Ninth paragraph, third sentence.

Mrs. Weasley looked at her sons and Harry with a look of betrayal as her two oldest sons were busy howling with laughter.

“Mum, that's not the first time that we had a gnome angel. We had one like that before.” said Bill.

“You would not believe the person who did it first.” said Charlie with a snigger. “Fresh from his first year and all right and ready to try a bit of magic, low level, but enough.”

The two oldest Weasley children smiled, and turned slowly towards Percy. Percy looked away swiftly, the back of his neck bright red.

End of ninth paragraph.

“Don't you have a... usual angel?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“We did, till Charlie set it on fire.” said Mr. Wealey with a smile. Now it was Charlie's turn to turn red. “Since then, every year we have a new one that the kids make and strangely enough it rarely lasts past one year. George and Fred made one that kept up through two years, but Molly accidentally dropped it.”

“Can't you just use Reparo?” said a first year student.

“Would, if it wasn't made from candy, Scabbers...er...well, he ate it the moment it hit the ground.” said Mrs. Weasley. “They never took to...it after that...”

“Course not, the little toerag...took us two weeks of squirreling away candy to make that blasted thing.” said Fred.

Tenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Never talk when she's on.” said the Weasley children together.
“My mum does the same thing with the telly.” said Dean.

Tenth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Oh, Merlin. Don't pick up tips from him, when he had his first girlfriend and going on about it, I wanted to chuck him right through an open window. Mind you, never did, but I did trip him right into the hedges.” said Charlie.

“Still have that scratch right on my neck.” said Bill shoving his younger brother.

Tenth paragraph, fifth sentence, third comma.

“Mate, we have got to get you to eat more.” said Sirius shaking his head. “And get you into a barber, tailor...something.”

“Hey, my clothes fit me just fine...and the day they make a meat dish that involves chocolate, the more I'll eat.” said Remus with a cheeky grin.

“You picky son of a... where you going?” asked Sirius as Harry stood up.

“Mind telling me how to get the kitchen up and going, still rubbish at non-verbals...don't really want to give it a shot in front of an audience.” said Harry with a smirk towards Dumbledore.

Dumbledore smiled and waved his wand, bringing the kitchen to the Great Hall.

“What are you making?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Something for Remus.” said Harry.

“Don't tell me that they make a meat dish that uses chocolate.” said Sirius grimacing.

“Alright then, I won't.” said Harry.

End of tenth paragraph.

Song lyrics

“Quite the 'Christmassy' lyrics.” said Harry as he pulled out several ingredients.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sorry dear...long day.” said Mr. Weasley.

Eleventh paragraph.
“Arthur!” said Mrs. Weasley placing her hands on her hips.

“I... I just...the...it's not one of my favorites by her.” said Mr Weasley looking sheepish.

“I didn't say a word.” said Harry as he brushed several pieces of meat with oil.

“I always knew that satsuma was rotten.” said Fred.

“Well, they better not have been putting them in Azkaban, or their looking at a whole wave of lawsuits.” said Lionus shaking his head.

“How about everything that's in the place, hell, throw in the owners.” said Ron quietly.

A pan was smashed down hard on the counter, chipping the marble.

“Oh, sorry.” said Harry waving his wand and repairing the damage, but sending a brief, cold look towards Mr. Weasley.
“Hasn't happened.” said Glacier in a firm tone. “It hasn't happened yet.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“More eyes on the hen house will keep the foxes from stealing the chickens.” said Chief Hawkeye. “You keep at least a handful of people suspicious about each other, you may be able to stop a backstabbing.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, you have fun with that.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“Like and trust don't necessarily have to go hand in hand.” said Remus.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Yeah...'cause he can't let go.” said Sirius.

“Doesn't sound like you're doing much letting go.” said Dr. Clark.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Got me there...but doesn't mean I have to like it.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I didn't start the bloody war; it was him that continued on with it.” said Harry as he stirred the contents of a large bowl. “Not my ruddy fault now is it?”

Dialogue set, second sentence.
Harry scoffed. “You're an idiot.”

Remus looked down at the ground and said nothing, neither did Snape.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Wouldn't surprise me.” mumbled Lionus.

**Song lyrics**

*Fourteenth paragraph.*

**Dialogue line.**

“You'd better talk to her about not dissin' Celestina.” said Ginny sagely. “Unless you really don't like her getting on with Mum.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Yeah, can't have someone who's supposed to be deep in enemy territory sending letters off to the wizarding's worlds light and hope.” said George.

“Not if you're supposed to be all dark and mysterious about it all.” said Fred.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“I know, I know.” said Remus holding his hands up.

“What?” asked Ron.

“I had to convince him, he was prepared to take a more hands off approach.” said Remus.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley looked fearfully at him, not of him, but for him.

**Dialogue line.**
“Have to say, the way we're going about it, it's not looking like it's going to improve at all.” said Tonks sadly.

Dr. Clark shook his head, sending a worried look over to Harry.

“How come you lot haven't grabbed him yet?” asked George.

“He's out in plain view, nothing's hiding him.” said Lionus. “You lot are well equipped to take him down, just none of you have the balls. We’re more worried about someone a lot higher up in the hierarchy level.”

“Who’s that?” asked Hermione.

But none of the Rangers spoke.

“Ah, bless him.” said Sirius looking over at Harry with a bright smile.

A few of the students laughed loudly.

“No.” said Remus shaking his head.

“Me either.” said Sirius.
“Not funny.” said Harry a ghost of a smile on his face.

“One of my favorites.” said Sirius with a smirk. “Loved doing that to Peter every chance I could get, James too if I could wrangle it.”

“Ankle grabbing is always a crowd-pleaser.” said Fred.

“We’d have soaked his y-fronts in cold water if he had.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Can’t even find the ruddy thing.” muttered a sixth year Ravenclaw.
“Tell her to cork it...” said Charlie.

End of the twenty-second paragraph.

“Not again with the whole fifty-year-old thing.” said Fred.

“When they get to be that age, it's now becoming a good idea to either chuck it, or burn it.” said George.

“Just for safety's sake.” said the twins together.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

“So much for a lie in.” said Harry with a smirk.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Never thought you for jewelry.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Necklace

Ron cringed while Lavender blushed.

Dialogue line.

“I'd rather go streaking past Fleur.” said Ron looking off to the side.
Dialogue line.

Lavender blushed.

Dialogue line.

“And if you had, then we're never talking to you again.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Mr. Weasley groaned.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“You're so oblivious.” said Terry.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“He must kind of like you, he never gave me anything.” said Sirius.

“Being owned by a Potter, while he may be loyal to the Blacks, it must almost be a dream come true for him.” said Rudolph. “Kind of…”

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Don't feel guilty.” said Sirius.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Can't say I'd rather have the necklace either.” said Seamus.

“I'm betting she'd just borrow yours anyway.” said Charlie nuding his older brother.

“Puts a lot of things into perspective, having to do your own laundry.” said Dr. Clark.

“Well, I wouldn't be all that cheerful, or willing to reach in and snatch it.” said Padma.

“Happens.” said Bill with a smile.

“Yes, Remus, have you talked to me lately?” said Tonks with a cheeky grin.

“Wasn't last night enough?” asked Remus innocently.

“Asking me the time is not a conversation.” said Tonks.
“I wouldn't say no to a Weasley Christmas; they always sound like great fun.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

“Well, that sends a warm feeling right down to your trainers doesn't it?”

Thirty-second paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“I don't like Tonks that way, she's more of a music companion than romantic.” said Bill.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

“Well, I was the best one present at the time.” said Remus with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“So...do you think that Harry's has changed?” asked Dennis.

“It hasn't.” said Harry as he stirred a pan of sauce.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, there went our Christmas.” said Ron quietly.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why would the Minister go there? There hasn't been another attack?” said Dennis.

“The Minister wouldn't bother himself with something like informing the family...he has more pressing things to do.” said Harry.

“Scrimgeour might be different.” said Tonks carefully.

“Yeah, and I'm a natural blonde.” said Harry.
“Oy, breaking and entering,” said Fred.

“That's my home too...” said Percy with a hurt expression.

“Really? Never see you there anymore.” said George.

“That's enough boys.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Yeah, you great prat...don't say a thing to dad.” said Ron.

“Ron...” said Mr. Weasley warningly.

“Sounds like it's one sided affection.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

“Five seconds of meeting the man, and he's already lying...what a way to start out.” said Harry with a smirk.

“I could have wanted to stop by...” said Percy quietly.

“Yeah, we can totally tell.” said Ginny.

“I'll stuff the purkey and the tooding right down his shorts, I will.” said Fred.

“Always a smooth one, that Rufus.” said Moody. “Always pandering...but if it gets good
results...doesn't matter who he bleeds the information out of.”

“Alastor!” said McGonagall.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Maybe you should have told Percy he was supposed to be acting the part.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

“Alright, that's not his best way to get someone out of the group.” said Kingsley. “I t might have worked if he wanted to talk to Ron or some other male youth...but not the famous Harry Potter.”

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“Smooth, but not subtle.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“They must have seen right through that as well.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

“Sounds more like he can actually get something done.” said Harry. “Not just tap-dance with politics.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, aren't you creepy, we've never even been introduced.” said Harry with a smirk. “Thought you didn't know me sir.”
“Yeah, after the last Minister, you and I aren’t going to be all that chummy.” said Harry.

“Didn't need to do that, I'd be telling the Ministry to shove it after the prior year.” said Harry.

“Note to self, don't try and weasel information out of Harry if you're being obvious.” said Fred pretending to write on a roll of parchment.

“In passing, you weren't really an important topic.” said Harry.

“Oh, something along the lines of none of your damn business.” said Harry.

“Harry...” said Sirius trying to sound firm but had a twitching smile.

“Apparently to you and some others it is.” said Harry.

“Not really, it's just a stupid name someone in the Daily Prophet came up with.” said Harry.
“I thought truth was what mattered.” said Harry with a smirk.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, first dash.

“Not my job to do your job.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Harry burst out laughing.

“I don't see him joining you.” said Lionus smiling over to Moody.

“Rufus, if some Death Eater doesn't kill you, I will.” said Moody rubbing his temple tiredly.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Careful, Rufus.” said Kingsley slowly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Or that I keep getting arrested.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“That idiot?” said Tonks gesturing wildly towards the book. “All that puffed up conker knows to do is file criminals under 'C'!”

“He's handy with forms.” said Kingsley.

“That's about all, remember when he tried to arrest Arnold Ellings? Dear lord, we had to scrape him off the china cabinet and rush him to St. Mungos. Ellings surrendered himself right there as we were trying to gather up Robards' bits and pieces. Scared we'd sick another wizard like Robards on him.” said Moody.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“OH F*CK NO!” Harry said slamming the pot down, sending some of the contents all over the counter.
“I’d tell him off, but I'm letting that one go.” said Remus. “What the hell were they thinking?”

“They weren't thinking, or she paid them off somehow.” said Sirius.

“Most likely they didn't ask any questions, and apparently none of the students that she had given detentions too are willing to speak.” said Officer McFinn. “Kids, do the adults that care about you a favor, when something is wrong or something you believe is even slightly wrong. Tell someone, no scratch that, tell A LOT of people and keep telling them till they bloody do something.”

The students looked amongst themselves and nodded towards the deceased officer.

End of dialogue set.

Fiftieth paragraph.

“Thank bloody god she's not there now.” said Harry.

“Not in your corner just yet.” said Moody with a sneer over to Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“You're a fool...you're a fool...” said Kingsley shaking his head.

End of dialogue set.

“Exciting things’, eh? Like...'oh my god they've killed Roger Bands and his whole family!' kind of excitement?” said Harry sarcastically.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Conversation not going the way he was hoping, I shouldn't reckon.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

“And even we can see the difference between the truth and a play for desperation.” said Hannah smartly.
“Not quite disassociate, just distance ourselves from those who are knowingly making themselves look like a bunch of arses.” said Harry he then looked to the Ministry people present. “Just talking about the...”

“We know.” said Madam Bones.

“Then I shall keep my distance from those folk.” said Harry.

“The Ministry isn't looking all that great place to work at.” muttered a first year.

“And with that, Umbridge should be fired in a heartbeat.” said Ron.

“That is if the Ministry has their priorities in order.” said Hermione quietly.

“Don't know, even though future me has asked.” said Harry.
Dumbledore smiled softly.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore looked hurt, but said nothing.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Words to live by.” said Lionus darkly.

Dumbledore closed his eyes and folded his hands on his lap a watery smile on his face.

End of chapter.

“And Rufus, the Ministry and the entire continent of Europe just lost the best Auror we ever could have had.” said one of the Unspeakables shaking his head.

“We're not out of this yet.” said Moody swiftly.

“Nice to know I'm the hottest toy this holiday season.” said Harry making another batch of sauce.

“Season? Hell, kid...hottest 'toy' of the generation.” said Chief Hawkeye. “You're going to have people clawing each other’s eyes out to get you on their side.”
“Sounds like a pretty boring holiday after the Minister visited.” said Colin.

“I can live with that.” said Harry.

“Much business on the day that students return?” said Lavender with a giggle.

“Last minute pranking supplies I suppose.” said Fred.

“Don't know for certain, but I'm sure that it was me.” said Fred, George and Ginny all at the same time.

“Not what a mother thinks.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I don't go looking for trouble, I'd love a nice simple life.” said Harry.

“Ah, bless him, it looks like you finally mastered it.” said Leroy to Harry.

“Shaddup.” said Harry.
“Hungover.” said Charlie and Sirius.

“Bet the Fat Lady is regretting all the times in her painted life that she ever had a drink with them all just standing there.” said Bill.

“Perfect password for her.” said Ernie with a snicker.

“Oofph, that's a lot of wine.” said Sirius. “Almost twenty large barrels...hope the monks helped them.”

End of dialogue set.
“Put a leash on her.” muttered Katie looking over to Parvati.

End of eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Harry pumped his arm into his side.

“Jealous much?” asked Ginny with a smirk.

“All the time.” said Harry.

“Don't say that, that's a red flag to a girl.” said Officer McFinn with a snigger.

End of dialogue set.

“Mate, if you ever get that way with Hermione out in public, I'm throwing cold water on the both of you.” said Harry.

“And if you did that with Ginny?” said Hermione teasingly.

“We'll kill him.” said the Weasley boys.

“Regretting getting together with her yet?” asked Sirius with a nudge.

“Not even a little.” said Harry with a bright smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It's crazy how you lot know what you're going to ask before you ask it.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Oh yeah...that happened.” said Harry slowly.

Glacier looked over to Harry swiftly. “Breathe Harry, we'll see the truth soon enough.” It took a while for him to nod.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“FINALLY!” shouted Harry.

“Breathe!” said Glacier sternly. “Breathe or you and I will step outside for a bit.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, bollocks.” said Harry. “That believing in me didn't last long.”

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That'd be freaking creepy, and I think you're just pulling at straws.” said Fred looking over to Hermione.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“If it was said in a class, then he and I don't really pay much attention.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence.

“Merlin, he forgot something!” said Dennis.

“I forget plenty.” said Harry with a smirk.
His father is a Death Eater, a supporter of Voldemort and was one of his top lieutenants. And since Remus told Potter that Greyback is a backer of Voldemort, there's no way around that.” Moody darkly.

“She sounds like a solicitor.” said Officer McFinn. “Seeing any holes in a person’s ‘actions’.”

“Know I know why she’s driving me mad.” muttered Moody.

“He hated the solicitors the Death Eaters would use.” said Tonks.

“Not something you hear every day.” said Tonks.

“Now that's what I call a pleasant conversation.” said Charlie.


“Now, now, just because you failed the first time...” said Bill.

“Nuh uh, I couldn't learn under them. I had to have cousin Rupert give me some tips, he should be a teacher...” said Charlie.

Ron looked like he wanted to say something, but was silenced by Hermione's glare and Lavender's indignant look.

“You know, if we were there, we'd be doing that to you all the time.” said Fred.
“Yeah, always wanted to get splinched in front of everyone.” said Harry.

Charlie walked over to Ron and brought his youngest brother into a headlock. “How big am I?”
“Never mind!” said Ron thickly.

“Wise move.” said Charlie looking at his three youngest brothers.

Ron blushed.

“Reminds me of what Charlie did, popping up all over the place.” said Mr. Weasley.

Sirius tried hard to stifle his laughter but it was still coming out despite his best interests.

“He sets the best lines.” said Remus.
“Harry's lying again!” said Fred.

“Naughty, naughty!” said George shaking his finger.

“Oh, it was epic.” said Dennis.

“Eh, not really, but it was awesome.” said Colin.

“Ever get that feeling that he doesn't give a hippogriff's ass?” said Sirius with a snicker.

“All the time.” said Remus with a smile.

“He's dumber than I ever dreaded he'd be.” said Harry with a snort.

“Didn't realize you were my agent.” said Harry looking over to the Headmaster.

“Oh, you would not believe all the people I personally have stopped those who wished to use your name and... well...title.” said Dumbledore.

“Example?” said Harry with a smile.

“Well, Slughorn is one of them, a more...harmless version of the people that had been trying to
schedule a meeting with you.” said Dumbledore.

“Worse than Slughorn?” said Sirius.

“Lockhart was another one, though he was not as harmless in my point of view.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Ouch.” said Leroy with a snicker.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Chief Hawkeye laughed loudly.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And he is very blushing.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Bet that doesn’t go well.” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Called it.” said Mr. Weasley raising his fist.

End of dialogue set.

“I don’t quite think I would be all that sorry to do that.” said Harry.
“Well, crud.” said Lee.

“You keep saying that, but I don’t think he’ll ever say that.” said Ron with a smirk.

“He understands, but I think he has an ulterior motive…” said Harry.

“So he thinks that Snape is playing along…” started Hermione.

“No, I don’t quite think that’s it.” said Harry. “I think he knows about it, and perhaps he doesn’t want me to focus on that…but I’m going to anyway.”

“Wow.” said Harry looking back at Dumbledore in shock. “That’s a first.”

“Because he already knew about it.” said Fred quickly.

“Not that again.” said Remus covering his eyes.
“Do you really blame me?” asked Harry quiring a brow.

“Not from your point of view, no.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Must have been a long day.” whispered Flitwick. “I don’t think I’ve heard him be short with any student, let alone Potter, before.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“You can kiss my…”

“Harry…” said Mrs. McFinn sternly.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-fourth paragraph third sentence, first comma.**

“The mind is not a…” started Snape.

“Oh shut up.” said Sirius.

**End of twenty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“You’re not best friends…” said a fourth year Slytherin student.

“I know a lot about him, but I don’t know everything about him.” said Harry.

Dumbledore only smiled.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Little snippy there, aren’t you?” said George with a gleeful smile.
“What a charming child.” said Tonks snidely.

“All except for the refusing help to Diagon Alley, sounds kind of like me…though no one warned me against stealing.” said Harry.

“You don’t take things to keep them…” said Sirius.

“Except that Fabergé egg.” said Colin excitedly.

Harry looked over in shock. “What? What are you talking about?”

“The egg you nearly got killed over.” said Dennis.

Harry stared at the Creevy boys in shock, and then looked around at the Rangers and Officer McFinn. “Who the bloody hell told you about that?”

Officer McFinn raised his hand. “Showed them.”

“You mean I missed out on a Scroll…Damn it.” muttered Sirius.

“Sounds like Malfoy.” said Ron.

“Yeah, but Malfoy isn’t nearly as much of a bastard as Riddle.” said Harry.

“Harry!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“Gee, you pay someone a compliment and you get told off.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Worried me.” said Harry.

“Whereas Harry…” said Fred.

“He could use some help in the face department.” said George.

“Could be worse, I could be stuck looking at my mirror image.” shot Harry back.

Fred and George looked at each other. “He hit below the belt, Fred.” said George.

“That he did, George.” said Fred.
“We’re going to get you.” said the twins together looking at the scarred teen.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I believed that he deserved a second chance.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Dumbledore only smiled.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“That was four years ago! You can recite it word for word?” asked Charlie in shock.

“I remember what people say when they’re trying to kill me.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Especially the whole part about him hurting people and making them do things.” said Hannah with a shudder.

End of dialogue set.

“Well, he wasn’t so vain then.” said Bathilda Bagshot.

Dialogue set, first semi-colon.

“Has he ever had anyone that anyone can really call ‘friends’?” said a second year Ravenclaw.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“And people wonder why Slytherin house gets such a bad rap.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.
Dumbledore shook his head.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence, second comma.

“Well, if my dad had done that, leave me and my mum…though without all the secret love potion thing, I wouldn’t want to have his name either.” said Dean.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Ah, I don’t want to hear any more of that madhouse of a family.” said Bill.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“You shouldn’t have been so nasty to Merope.” said Ernie. “She would have stayed on if you were sociable.”

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Must be the nut who nails snakes to doors.” said Terry.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.
“Bet that scared the life out of him.” said Blaise.

“Are you? Well, I wouldn’t be too proud about that.” said Leroy.

“There’s that ring again.” said Harry to himself.

“Oh, he won’t like that.” said Ron.

“How come I get the feeling that he…” said Harry thoughtfully.
“I can’t tell what he thinking, is he sad…lonely?” said a seventh year Ravenclaw.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Wow, great family.” said Charlie. “Nephew stealing from the only uncle he’ll ever have. Granted, he wasn’t all that great of an uncle or great of a family to be a part of.”

Dialogue set.

“Thought so.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Wasn’t he still in school? You mean he killed someone and came back to school?” said Mrs. Weasley looking horrified.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, sixth sentence.

“That doesn’t sound like him.” said Rudolph. “He was gung ho to fight off the Ministry the last time.”

Dialogue set, tenth sentence.

“But he was already dead, wasn’t he?” asked Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Dark stuff for so early in the day.” said Flitwick.

End of dialogue set.
“Have to say, impressive.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“How come you didn’t step in and help them?” asked Hermione.

“If there is ample evidence, which there was, then we don’t get involved.” said Chief Hawkeye tiredly.

“But…”

“We’ve got enough on our plates without having to worry about one murdered family.” said Hawkeye.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Because the real murderer is out there.” said Officer McFinn. “But we have people that confess to crimes that they didn’t do as well. They just want the attention or the street cred.”

End of dialogue set.

“At least they were trying to do right.” said Nightstrike. “Granted he’s mad as a march hare, but still.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“So…that law hurts the Muggle-borns, not so much the ones that come from magical families.” said Harry with a smirk. “That’s a load of bull…”

End of dialogue set.

Harry scoffed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
Forty-first paragraph.
Dumbledore stroked his beard thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Forty-third paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.
Sirius and Remus laughed loudly.

End of forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Well, that’s not creepy…sick really.” Lee cringing horribly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Sounds like some other people I know.” said Harry quietly.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“God…” said Justin.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“What the hell was that?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Nice try, Horace.” said Dumbledore with a smile as he shook his head.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Forty-eighth paragraph.
“I have the feeling he could get away with…well, never mind, he has.” said Lionus.

“Something’s a little amiss.” said a third year Hufflepuff.

“You think?” said his friend.

“I must be really tired, or really pouring on the stupid.” said Harry.

“Nope, I’m just exceptionally stupid that night.” said Harry. “Not even pretending.”

“Hiding behind his shame.” said Dumbledore.

“What the hell am I supposed to do?” asked Harry.
“You want me to do what?’ said Harry.

“Glad I’m not crazy in the future.” said Harry.

“And I thought Moody was paranoid.” said Tonks.

“He’s still got nothing on Moody.” said Sirius.

“That’s it? No hint on how to do it?” said Harry with a laugh. “I don’t think he’s just going to chuck it over when I ask.”

“I believe I am asking you to use your charm.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“Oh, I don’t think that Slughorn can survive Harry using his charm.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle.

“Yeah, well, he’s not the only one who’s confused.” said Draco.

“You’ve been keeping something warm for a long time, what was it that you made?” asked Dumbledore looking over at Harry.

“Oh, something for Remus…maybe this will get him eating more.” said Harry with a smirk jerking himself out of his deep thoughts that had clutched at him suddenly. He gathered up the plate of food and walked it over to Remus.

Remus shook his head, but accepted the plate with a smile. It was a large sized slab of beef, it looked good, but it wasn’t all that remarkable looking.

“Hold on…” said Harry. He walked back to the stove and ladled a steady stream of dark brown gravy into a silver gravy boat. He walked back to the bowl where Remus was sitting and poured the sauce over the meat.

Remus looked up to the grinning youth with a nervous look.
“What am I about to eat?” asked Remus.

“Now, don’t look scared, just try it.” said Harry.

“Eat the damn thing, he didn’t bring me any.” said Sirius with a teasing pout.

Remus carved a bit of the meat covered in the sauce and took a bite. He flinched back a bit and coughed slightly. “That’s…pretty spicy.”

“Gimmie.” said Sirius reaching over to take a bite, just to save Harry’s face, though he had not seen the amused look Harry was sporting. He cut a piece for himself and took a bite.

Sirius groaned in pleasure. “Yeah, you’re a lightweight for the spicy stuff, but Merlin is this good. What is this?”

“It’s beef tenderloin with pepper and chocolate port sauce.” said Harry.

“Ha, you don’t like it and it even has chocolate for you!” laughed Sirius.

“I didn’t say I didn’t like it!” said Remus quickly. “It was just…spicy.”

“Oh it is not.” said Sirius, he then stage-whispered to Harry. “He’s so sensitive.”

“Not my fault someone threw a bit of ghost pepper in my soup.” said Remus shortly. “I thought I had to go and see Madam Pomfrey there for a few hours.”

“Ghost pepper?” asked Colin.

“One if not the hottest pepper in the world. You eat a whole thing; you can really hurt yourself.” said Harry. “Even I don’t use them and I can go through spicy stuff like no one’s business.”

“Well, now you know, you have to keep the meat raw…but bland.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Shut up.” said Remus nudging Sirius. “I liked the sauce though.”

“No wonder, that’s where the chocolate is.” said Sirius.
“Pressing on then.” said Officer McFinn with a smile. **Eighteenth chapter.**

“We’re bit halfway through the book right?” asked Lee.

“’Bout there.” said Officer McFinn.

“Then this won’t be a very good surprise.” said Lee.

“Wonder whose birthday it’s going to focus on?” asked Terry.

**First paragraph.**

“Save me.” said Harry.

“Who’s side *are* you on anyway?” asked Pavarti inquisitively. Lavender sent her friend a frown.

“It’s completely obvious who’s side I’m on.” said Harry shaking his head.

**Second paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“This is a bit different than asking for a signature into the Restricted Section.” said McGonagall.

**Third paragraph.**

“Which is a very good thing Miss Granger, I would have been very worried about which books you were reading if you had known about them.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“I don’t normally come up with a strategy when getting information, I generally fly by the seat of my pants and hope for the best.” said Harry with an embarrassed smile. “Most of the time it works, other times I have to backtrack pretty quickly.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I can name several times, but seriously I was only bringing it up.” said Harry with a smile. “Easy
there.”

Hermione blushed.

**Dialogue line.**

“Just kiss already and get it over with!” groaned Harry.

Ron and Hermione blushed heavily.

“If they were older I would have said something a little different.” said Sirius.

“I’m not surprised by that at all.” said Remus shaking his head.

**Fourth paragraph.**

“This is kind of awkward…” said Katie.

“Tell me about it.” said Harry.

**Dialogue line.**

“I’ve been framed, I swear.” said Harry with a smirk.

**Fifth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Shocking.” muttered Snape.

**Sixth paragraph.**

“So…it’s math?” said Dr. Clark.

“Kind of.” said Moody.

“…I always hated math.” said Dr. Clark.

“But don’t you use some math in being a doctor?” asked Hermione.

“Sure, but doesn’t mean I particularly enjoy doing that part. Guess I’m more of a body science doctor as opposed to all the graphs and such.” said Dr. Clark.
“You don’t?” said Hermione looking confused. “But...”

“This hasn’t happened yet, I have no idea what I know and what I don’t know as of yet.” said Harry.

“Two sentences in?” said Harry with a quirked brow. “Ron, you have to get me more time than that.”

“Alright, you find out what the ingredients are for the antidotes, and then you…” Harry stopped shortly, and continued tapping his temple harder. “You…”

“You…you chuck it all and just shove a bezoar stone down their throat or phoenix tears.” said Harry with a sigh. “I’ve got no clue… I need to read up on it a bit more.”

Harry tapped his temple thoughtfully. “Well, this is for when you’re poisoned by a mixture of at least two poisons. Following me so far?”

“Yeah.”

“Count me in on that.” said Harry.

“You’re not even in your sixth year yet, you’ll get there.” said Sirius patting Harry on the head.
“That book won’t be of any help this time I’m thinking,” said George.
“Yeah, it kind of sounds hopeless right off the bat.” said Fred.

“You don’t have to sound all that happy about it Hermione.” said Ron.

“Hey, the book is helping me, I’m not cheating, it was someone else’s notes, you make them for us all the time.” said Harry with a slightly indignant tone.

“Doesn’t work when you speak it.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“Snape looks like the cat that ate the canary over there.” said Dr. Clark.

“I see that.” said Remus.

The students stared.
“That’s…that’s what Harry said.” said Colin with a look of glee.

“Not just me…someone else mentioned it before I did in these books.” said Harry giving a pointed look to Snape.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“A bit of class work isn’t all that desperate, but to a child I suppose it could be that.” said Lionus.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Hopefully something better than a rock.” said Blaise.

Eighteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Tut tut!” said Fred.

“Naughty, naughty!” said George.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Ron blushed.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Looks like you dodged a fail there.” said Draco with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

“Lucky…break…that’s all that was.” said Harry with a chuckle.
“It wasn’t f…” said Hermione, but Snape cut her off.

“It strangely was, you can most certainly take information out of a book or what a teacher says and use it for yourself.” said Snape almost regrettably.

“Then please put it in simpler terms.” said Ron with a groan.

“Sirius, Ron, stop laughing.” said Remus tiredly.

“Funny, I’ve lost points for that very reason.” said Harry.

“Not very subtle.” said Dumbeldore shaking his head.

“That conversation sounds kind of familiar.” said Dennis.

“Yeah, I noticed.” said Harry.
“This will not end well.” said Dumbledore shaking his head. “It will take a lot of work to get back into his good graces.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Oh no.” said Dumbledore covering his face. “Being truthful at this time…dear me.”

Dialogue set.

“That’s a lie right there, but you aren’t going to get anything out of him at this point.” said Remus thoughtfully.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“You’re not his little golden boy anymore.” smirked Malfoy.

Twenty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Let it go, Hermione.” said Ron. “He still came up with something, better than what I did. And he didn’t have to cut his hair…don’t cut your hair.”

Hermione frowned and turned her head. “What if I want it really short?” she said taking the new path to Ron’s relief.

“Oh…I don’t know…just…uh…” said Ron.

“Let her do what she wants and then love it.” said Sirius. “Trust me.”

End of twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Let it go, Ron.” said Hermione with a smirk.

Dialogue set.

Thirtieth paragraph.
“His memory’s as sharp as a tack, he won’t forget…if anything he’ll be avoiding you like someone with Dragon Pox.” said Remus.

**Thirty-first paragraph, first sentence.**

“He must want Harry really badly.” said Sirius.

**Thirty-first paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“Wonder what this is all about? He doesn’t normally go so long without a party.” said Flitwick.

**End of thirty-first paragraph.**

“Well reasoned.” said Flitwick nodding approvingly.

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue set, fourth sentence.**

“I forgot, they’re old enough now, they can go snooping through all the books they want.” said Sirius with a gleeful smile.

“Don’t remind the boys that they can.” said Remus.

“Do we look all that studious?” said Ron.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Best not let Madam Pince hear you talk like that.” said Justin.

**Thirty-third paragraph.**

**Thirty-fourth paragraph.**

“Dumbledore’s smiling brightly.” said Fred.

“Harry must be right about one of them.” said George.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**
“Haven’t heard that in a while.” said Ron.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“No conspiracy the…” said Hermione.

“That’s enough of that.” said Glacier. “Stop while you’re ahead.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“What happens if you try?” asked a third year Hufflepuff.

“You splinch yourself nearly in half.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“You sneaky little.” said Rudolph with a grin.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Nice friendship you have there.” said Lavender.

Dialogue line.

“So much for hearing anything else.” said Tonks.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

“Or he could be showing that Harry is going to be right behind him when he least expects it, makes them nervous.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.
Fortieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And add a forth one in there if you’re not focusing, Dismemberment.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Forty-first paragraph.

“Well, your placement is starting backfire.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“I’d much rather be back in bed.” said Harry.

Harry glanced around surreptitiously. A little way to his left, Ernie Macmillan was contemplating his hoop so hard that his face had turned pink; it looked as though he was straining to lay a Quaffle-sized egg. Forty-second paragraph, second sentence.

Several people laughed, even Snape was struggling to keep a straight face.

End of forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Forty-third paragraph.

“This won’t end well.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph, third sentence, first semi- colon.

“Yeah, the first lesson never goes well.” said Sirius. “I don’t think there has ever been one person that got it right the first time.”

“I myself tripped heavily on my robes, knocked out my left canine when I hit the floor.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.
“How about you try a different lesson plan there, Chief?” said Officer McFinn.

“End of dialogue set.”

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Madam Bones patted her niece’s head gently. “It’s alright, you were right where you could get the fastest help, you were fine.”

“It sounds so horrible! I never want to Apparate!”

“It does sound terrible at first, but everyone will soon get the hang of it, sooner or later.” said Madam Bones.

“Broom travel for me.” said Harry holding his hand up.

“You’re not helping.” said Sirius.

“Not trying to.” said Harry.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Don’t want to try that now, I’ll take a pass.” said a sixth year student.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“And if you’re really nervous next Saturday, try: Screaming, Sicking, Scramming.” said Fred.

“Really not helping.” said Sirius.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Nope.” said Harry.

“What the hell?” said Dr. Clark.

“Oh, I’m having an epiphany here.” said Harry.

“Don’t go amending our motto there.” said Sirius.

“So much for that.” said Harry.
“We really need to show him the other passageways.” said Ron.

“Yeah.” said Harry.

**Fifty-eighth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.**

Harry’s gaze shot up to the book.

**End of fifty-eighth paragraph.**

“They’re not leaving you or each other, they’re just having a bit of a hormonal battle.” said Angelina.

“Don’t I know it.” said Harry.

**Fifty-ninth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Don’t blame the Headmaster for canceling those, it was just another way to have someone else play ‘mule’ and get attacked.” said Moody.

**Sixtieth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“Could be worse, you could be in the hospital.” said Bill with a kind smile.

**Sixty-first paragraph, first sentence.**

“Not the outcome that everyone is hoping for.” said Leroy.

**End of sixty-first paragraph.**

“But not the most original, I’ve come up with better.” said Sirius.

“As have I.” muttered Snape.

**Dialogue line.**
“Kind of like, ‘here, have a sandwich.’” said Fred.

“Not that it’s special or anything, just take it.” said George.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.
Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Here’s hoping he’s not in…” started Sirius.

“Don’t you…” said Remus.

“I was going to say, ‘Here’s hoping he’s not in where he shouldn’t be’, thank you.” said Sirius.

Sixty-third paragraph.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

Mr. Weasley and his wife smiled at each other.

End of dialogue set.

“It’s only once, Ron. Only once.” said Mr. Weasley smiling.

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Dude, you know it’s bad that the moment you wake up and you check where’s he at, and you pass on Cauldron Cakes.” said Nightstrike shaking his head. “But I totally see where you’re coming from and that suspicious nature might be the thing that keeps you and others alive.” he added swiftly.

Dialogue set.
Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“What’s gotten into you?” said Hermione. “You always rush down for breakfast, it’s your second favorite meal of the day?”

“Hope someone drags him off to Madam Pomfrey.” said Charlie. “The guy sounds pretty ill to me.”

“I have a suspicion…” said Harry. “And it’s not a good one.”

“I’d have to hit something, or him, not all that picky.” said Harry.
“I know you exist!” said Lavender quickly.

“We all know that.” said Hermione darkly.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

“If you’re not talking about Lavender, I don’t suggest you tell her that.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Merlin’s pants, I was afraid of that.” said Harry rubbing his face tiredly.

“What….wait…” said Hermione with a gasp.

“Yeah.” said Harry.

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Ron! You’re cheating on me!” screamed Lavender.

“Not by choice…” said Dumbledore also catching on.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wrong thing to say to someone under that influence.” said Snape.

Seventy-first paragraph.

“Did you get ahold of one of those Asters again?” asked Bill worriedly.

“No flower’s involved this time.” said Harry.

Seventy-second paragraph.
Seventy-third paragraph.
“Least you won’t hit me again.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

Seventy-fourth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Oh no…” said George slapping a hand to his forehead.
“What?” asked Lee.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“They didn’t fall off your bed!” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

Dialogue set.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Trust me, you don’t want me to, especially if she has to resort to love potion to get a boyfriend.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.
“James would have done that to me.” said Sirius.
“He has done that to you.” said Remus with a slight smirk.
“When was this?” asked Sirius in horror.
“Seventh year, though it only lasted perhaps a weekend during the Christmas holiday.” said Remus.
“I wanna hear about that.” said Harry with a smile.
“Not if I can help it.” said Remus with a gleeful smirk.

End of dialogue set.

“You’re no fun.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-seventh paragraph, first sentence, eighth word.

“That’s not nice.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Seventy-seventh paragraph, end of parenthesis.

“Oh.” said Mrs. McFinn with a slight smile.

End of seventy-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why in Slughorn’s office?” asked Pavarti.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He’s lost his mind!” said Fred dramatically.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

A collective “Oooh” went through Great Hall by all the males.

“That’s…that won’t turn out well later.” said Lionus shaking his head and wincing.
Seventy-ninth paragraph.

“I don’t know; I’m starting to like this day.” said Harry with a smile. “Maybe they’ll stop with all
the gag inducing sappy crap.”

“And what about you and Ginny?” asked Sirius waggling his eyebrows.

“When was the last time you saw her and I be anything but normal together?”

Sirius blinked. “Point taken.”

Eightieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“So does every other normal person in the school.” said Seamus. “But this is Harry we’re talking
about.”

Dialogue set.

“Well, I was wondering…but I still wouldn’t have asked anything of that nature.” said Madam
Pomfrey. “Unless he was poisoned, but only if he wanted to tell me would I bring it up.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“And I’m not ready for him to do something like that, run up and profess undying love is one
thing, jumping is another.” said Harry quietly.

Eighty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Fred and George looked between themselves nervously.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-second paragraph.

“No, it was very subtle.” said Draco with a smirk.
“Like a nutter, but you two would be just perfect together.” said Ginny. To Ron’s angered look she added. “I’m kidding.”

Ron shook his head. “Why is it always me?”

“Oh, yeah, everything happens to you.” said Harry.

“Not really ‘disappointment’ more along the lines of ‘oh my god what happened?’” said Dr. Clark.

“I would have gone with, ‘what was in that drink last night?’” said Officer McFinn with a laugh.

“Perhaps, but I think that is not the path I was hoping you would go through, but I am glad that you are not looking in that direction at first.” said Dumbledore.

“So…he’s disappointed, but happy?” asked a first year.

“I gave up trying to figure stuff out.” said his friend.

“Unless you’re liked or make a mistake in his classroom, he won’t remember you name all that well…old walrus doesn’t want to remember much.”
Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Lionus and Moody both leaned forward in their seats.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

“RON!” screamed the members of his family.

“What the…?” shouted Mr. Weasley.

“Let’s finish this chapter, and get on with it!” said Officer McFinn loudly.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-eighth paragraph.

“Oh my god!” said Ginny looking horrified as she held onto her older brother’s arm tightly. The rest of the family sat around the youngest boy and latched onto him.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-ninth paragraph.

“I hope that it helps.” said Harry, his hands gripped together, his hands shaking. “Please let it help…”

Sirius held onto his godson’s shoulder and brought him closer to himself.

End of chapter.

“Before anyone gets excited, let’s move on, now.” said Officer Mcfinn turning the page swiftly.
Officer McFinn gave no one a chance to step out for a moment before continuing on with the readings.

“Nineteenth chapter, is the title chapter.” said Officer McFinn.

“It couldn’t be ‘Ron Recovers’ or anything like that huh?” said Fred with a tremor in his voice.

Dialogue line.

First paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Well, at least we know he’s alright.” said Madam Pomfrey. “I would have had him removed him to St Mungos immediately if he wasn’t.”

End of first paragraph.

“Knew you two cared.” said Bill.

“Hey, we tease him all the time, but no one hurts our brother.” said Fred.

“Not…you know…permanently like that…” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And not poisoned.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“You boys need to watch what your selling and whom you are selling it to.” said Moody with a frown. “I’m thinking a few of your devices could be used against us.”

“Kind of sad that they need to resort to pranking things as weapons.” said Fred.

“Any port in a storm.” said the Rangers and Aurors together.

Second paragraph.
“Thank goodness Harry was there.” said Mrs. Weasley weakly.

Harry heaved a great sigh and relaxed a bit against Sirius.

Ron and Hermione both blushed faintly.

“Well, if he’s talking he should be fine.” said Dr. Nicodemus as he reached down to check one of the tiny infant’s temperature. The students kept sneaking over to take a look at the infants, but he and the parents kept them at bay with the protective bubble and the glare of both parents.

“There’s no point in him poisoning Ron.” said Sirius shaking his head. “Hate to say it, but in the opinion of a Death Eater: Poisoning Harry would be the main objective. But thank god that it didn't happen…” he added in a whisper.

“No offense meant to Ron, but thank god he didn’t get Harry.” said Rudolph. “Slughorn was frozen and well…I hope Ron would remember the bezoar stone…”
Ron blushed.

Dialogue line.

“Would make sense if he was a Death Eater, but I can’t make sense of him being one.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Then don’t sell your products to those you don’t know.” muttered Moody.

Dialogue line.

“Not that man, he’s got too strong of mental barriers…if Dumbledore can’t get a memory, then no Death Eater can put that curse on him.” said Sirius. “And I could see Voldemort wanting him to join him free and willing…and killing him if he disagreed.”

Dialogue line.

“Not according to what Slughorn said.” said Harry quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I’m stupid.” said Harry shaking his head.

Dialogue set.

“That’s a scary thought, but I’m thinking that since the return of Voldemort, he’s been checking his gifts and letters pretty thoroughly.
The room was quiet, but then the twins smiled wickedly.

“To think that’s the first person you ask for when you’re poisoned…” said Fred.

“He showed a bit of life when she spoke…significant I think.” said George.

“Shove off.” muttered Ron with a blush.

Sixth paragraph.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.

“Can’t say I’m overly sympathetic.” muttered Remus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Percy counted on his fingers for a moment, “There are only six.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Madam Pomfrey blushed. “The first person to say ‘Nice save,’ will be confined to the Hospital Wing for the remainder of the day.”

“With what ailing them?” asked Leroy.

“Whatever I can think of.” said Rudolph.

Dialogue set.

“Hermione would, but not to this degree and only when he thoroughly earned it.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sort of a permanent disable, isn’t it?” said Angelina. “Hexing someone is one thing, but killing? We’re Quidditch crazy, but not that crazy.”
“Please don’t tell him we said that.” said the twins together.

“If only we were privy to Harry’s conversations once again.” said Fred dramatic.

“Oh the woes of being left out.” said George.

Harry took a deep breath and leaned back in the bowl. “Easy…easy…it’ll be explained; it will be explained…”

“Time to up the payback to Harry, mum.” said Charlie with a smile. “He should get two Christmas jumpers.”

“Or unlucky in some parts.” said Snape with a sneer.

“Don’t ruin the moment, Severus.” retorted McGonagall sharply.

Dumbeldore smiled softly to himself, “It is amazing how you read me, Hagrid.”

Hagrid blushed behind his beard.
“Or he’s biding his time and waiting for the right time to strike.” said Lionus with a frown.

“Never know where that bugger is.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

“That would be ridiculous,” said Viper, his voice hoarser than what it was the last time he was seen in the Great Hall. “Despite their being two children that ver attacked, the majority are safe. And they vill safe stay vith Dumbledore here.”

“Ooh, ooh, can I take a guess who they’re talking about?” said Dean, but he sobered up when he saw Snape’s glare.

“Too late!” said Seamus. “You know they’re going to take that and run with it!”

“After all that’s gone on, gossiping isn’t going to be the one thing that gets you fired.” said Tonks.

“Woah, Harry’s immune to your guilt…better try another tactic.” said a third year Hufflepuff.
“They never are.” said Harry with a smirk.

Harry leaned forward ever so slightly, but it was not missed by the vigilant Glacier.

“But no one had to be secreted away to talk about that.” said Harry with a slow growing smile.

Harry sat back in his seat completely and his eyes were wide and blinking.

“Not his fault, now is it?” muttered Sirius rubbing Harry’s neck affectionately.

“And you don’t help matters…neither did I.” said Remus honestly.

“But we’re with a teacher!” said Hermione.
The Great Hall was silent.

“Whoa, didn’t think I’d hear him say that.” said Ernie.

“Cool.” said Justin.

“Aw, I want to hear that fight, they should have stayed.” said Terry.

“Oh, no.” said McGonagall and Flitwick together.

Dumbledore looked up to the ceiling, a smile on his face.

“You have enough on your plate; you don’t need anymore.” said Chief Hawkeye.
Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Hex the twit…despite what he’s got to say.” muttered Ginny.

End of dialogue set.

“Come over here so I can hit you.” said Harry wagging his finger at the Gryffindor.

McLaggen blinked.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“To the game! To the game!” said Harry loudly.

Dialogue line.

“Someone just about died and you’re concerned about a game? What the hell is wrong with him?” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Chuck him…right out an open window.” said Wildfire darkly.

Dr. Nicodemus looked at Wildfire with a quirked brow. “You’ve gotten a bit more violent as of late.”

Viper tried to hide a smile behind his hand.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Kiss my f@cking ass.” said Harry.

“Language.” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her finger at Harry.

“Sorry, ‘Kiss my bloody ass.’” said Harry correcting himself.
“It’s a work in progress I suppose.” said Dr. Clark with a quivering smile as Officer McFinn and Sirius roared with laughter.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph, second sentence.

“Way to care, schoolmates.” said Ron with a roll of his eyes.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

“Okay, I forgive you lot.” said Ron.

Twenty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“At least you admit it.” said Hermione.

“I haven’t yet.” said Harry with a slightly cheeky smile.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“Her I can understand, but jeez…someone try and find something else for him to focus on.” said Sirius.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“Here’s a thought, how about you shut up?” said Blaise, “That might be a good way to promote yourself.”

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

“You had better not be going through with all that ‘training schemes’.” said Ginny.

Twenty-fifth paragraph, first sentence.

“That’s it, I’m going to be a hermit and no one is going to be allowed in my little shack.” said Harry.

“We’ve all been there.” said Dr. Nicodemus with a chuckle.
“That shack is sounding really good.” said Harry rubbing his eyes tiredly.

“Can’t quite see him cheating on anyone with anyone.” said Harry tiredly.

“Have to pass the time somehow.” said Ron.

“That won’t go well…not if you say that right in front of Harry.” said Hermione.

“Why didn’t you yell at her?” asked Hermione.

“How the heck should I know?” asked Harry.

“Would have been hilarious if it had been a wall.” said Draco with a snicker.

“As opposed to being agitated by not watching the match?” said Alicia.
“Not that Ron is nervous or anything.” said Ginny with a smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Well, hope someone accidentally hits him with both Bludgers.” said Ginny innocently.

End of dialogue set.

Lavender looked insulted.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Sure it is, just say ‘It’s not you it’s me, and let’s just be friends.’” said Sirius.

“And then duck as she’s throwing everything that she’s ever owned in her life at you.” said Dr. Clark.

“Did that happen to you too?” said Sirius with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

“Awww….” sighed a good portion of the students.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Hammer them both.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“What the…better not let Pansy know about that.” said Neville with a snicker.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Get it right, it’s now The-One-Who-Is-Not-Buying-Your-Bullshit.” muttered Harry.

Sirius choked on his tea.

“Having an internal struggle of which thing was more important.” said Harry.

“Not going to win that little battle are you?” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

“SHUT UP!” shouted the Gryffindor team.

“That has to hurt his pride.” whispered a first year Gryffindor student looking at the sullen raven haired young man and the pompous Gryffindor.
“Have a feeling…it won’t end that well.” said Hannah.

Dialogue set.

“No…way…they have Luna doing the commentary?” said Lee looking at Luna in shock.

“That should be fun.” said Luna in her dreamy voice.

“I’m going to love this.” said Remus with a smile.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Not my fire and passion, but thankfully…she doesn’t act snarky.” said Lee.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah!” said Sirius raising a fist into the air. “This is going to be great!”

Thirty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, first sentence.

“How about you trying to defend the damn posts there, genius?” retorted Ginny to the book.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

“I rest my case.” said Ginny.

“Even Oliver never scolded us for losing the Quaffle.” said Katie.

“’Cause he knew we’d take the Beater bats after him.” said Angelina.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That’s my job you great nit!” said Harry shortly. “I’m supposed to tell you off!

Cormac was trying hard to shrink into the chair he was sitting on. It would seem he was not doing a good job trying to convince them that he was the better keeper, perhaps they were a bit prejudice
towards him because he wasn’t a Weasley but now was not a good time to bring that up.

Dialogue set.

“No, sweetheart, it’s not.” said Sirius roaring with laughter.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Oh my god!” said Remus trying hard not to laugh out loud.

“This is better than when we shot Frank with all those modified Cheering Charms.” said Sirius holding his sides and trying to breathe.

“What?” asked Harry.

“Frank Longbottom, he was a good sport but he had something about him that made us think that he never came out of his protective little shell.” said Sirius wiping his eyes. “So, when he was asked to do the commentary for a Quidditch match, we sort of…how to put it?”

“Doped him up with a bunch of specially crafted Cheering Charms.” said Remus with a fond smile.

“The man could not focus on anything for longer than two seconds! It was like you crawling all over the place looking for imaginary squirrels!” said Sirius still laughing loudly as he patted Harry on the shoulder. “Well, no…that’s a lie, he could focus on one thing…Alice…oh he focused on her a lot.”

“I still remember when he serenaded her, right in front of the whole school.” said Flitwick with a bright smile. “The game had to stop for a while.”

Neville turned bright red and almost sent the pair of Marauders an angry glare, then he heard:

“Alice never knew that he liked her, oh they were inseparable after that.” said Remus smiling broadly.

“Yeah…we were given the longest string of detentions in the history of the school for that little stunt. Just about suspended we were.” said Sirius. “James didn’t get away scot free, they found out he was also in on the plan. He nominated Frank to do the announcing that day, he got to join in on our seven-week long detention stint.”

“But it was worth it.” said Remus and Sirius together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’m hoping he hurts himself.” said Fred.
“Way to set an example, you fool.” said Charlie looking at Cormac with disgust.

The smile on Sirius’ face disappeared in an instant. “What?” he said weakly.

“Oh god, when he mishit it…” said Fred. He and George looked at each other and then grabbed their heads.

“Owwww…..”

“I’m officially worried.” said Sirius latching onto Harry’s hand.

Harry felt the hand surrounding his squeeze tighter.

Sirius took a sharp intake of breath.

“Ginerva Weasley you put that chair down this instant!” said Mrs. Weasley sharply.

“And don’t think I don’t see those in your hands boys.” said Mr. Weasley warningly to the twins.
who had their hands behind their backs. Several strange hissing boxes were in their hands and were immediately tapped with their wands and placed back in their pockets.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“Pity,” snickered Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“Please do, I’ll be glad to talk to him after I’ve taken the Beater bat to McLaggen’s head.” said Harry. “Both bats if I can get my hands on them.”

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“...are not going to be on my team...I don’t give a sphinx’s ass...” said Harry looking at McLaggen darkly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I’m betting that’s an understatement.” said Viper looking at the red headed family with a smirk.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Luna smiled fondly.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Ron snorted. “You’d better take that drama king crown back mate. Or at least accept a King of delusions scepter.”

End of dialogue set.
“Yeah, well, we still lost…doesn’t matter.” said Harry.

“Seems to be the rule.” muttered a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“And I should be thinking that I don’t want to use people for my own needs…” said Harry shaking his head.

Sirius cracked his knuckles. “Oh, I didn’t forget that, but I wasn’t aware that it was the most painful that you’ve had. I’m going to kill him.”
“What the?” said a few students.

“Oh no, not Kreacher.” moaned a third year Slytherin.

“Hey, at least Dobby’s there.” said a fourth year Ravenclaw.

“Wonder what they’re fighting about?” asked Emmeline curiously.

“And I wonder how much Peeves was egging them on.” said Nightstrike.

“Aw, that’s precious.” said Chief Hawkeye. “Never knew the little buggers could be so violent when they wanted to be.”

“Sort of ruins it for him when his master is right there to listen to that.” said Sirius with a scowl.

“Get him, Dobby!” shouted almost the entire student body.

Chief Hawkeye blinked. “I don’t want to know what he meant by all that.”
“Don’t tell Hermione.” said several Slytherin students together.

“I think we’ll be asking Dobby if he wants to come to Night’s Rest, I think he’d enjoy that.” said Sirius with a smile.

“Yeah, well, I don’t want you either.” muttered Harry.

“Harry! They have to sleep!” said Hermione angrily.

“This hasn’t happened yet.” said Harry.

“No throwing of any selves off of any tower!” said Harry quickly.

“Good boy.” said Moody nodding appreciatively.
“Yeah, well…too bad.” said Harry.

End of chapter.

“And now you have a tail, and hopefully you’ll get some answers.” said Hannah.

“And now it is time for the days reading to end.” said Glaicer standing up and hoisting Harry up by the wrist. “Come along.”

“But…but…” said a few of the students. They could do nothing but let the young man leave with the Ranger healer.
Harry silently followed Glacier up to their old suite and allowed him to close the door behind him.

“Something wrong?” asked Harry walking towards the sofa and falling into it heavily. “I thought we could blow through a few more than four chapters?”

“I think we should keep on the four chapter a day maximum for the time being. While your body is steadily regaining its health, I believe we should keep its stress down to a bare minimum.” said Glacier.

“I’m not stressed.” said Harry rolling his shoulders.

“You were getting worked up in this last chapter, and with the attack on your best friend, I think that in itself is a stressful situation.” said Glacier. “So, I suggest…that you and I have our little chat, and then perhaps a nice restful night of…” He flicked out a pack of cards and smiled. “Poker.”

Harry’s eyes went to the cards in his hand, a smile creeping out on his face.

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“Bloody hell mate, these books are going rougher and rougher.” said Ron as he dealt out the cards. “I mean, now I’m getting taken out.”

It was decided, by Harry, that it was just going to be a night of the boys of their dorm playing cards…for old time’s sake. Candy was brought in, sandwiches and butterbeer were supplied and they spent the rest of the afternoon playing poker.

“You’re telling me?” said Harry as he checked his cards. “What else could possibly happen?”

“All that’s missing is you trying to break into someplace you shouldn’t be again.” said Dean.

“Can you believe that McLaggen? When you left with Glacier, he tried to bolster up his imagine. Just about had to tackle the Quidditch team away from killing him.” said Seamus as he tossed three cards towards Ron and took three in return.

“Angelina looked ready to grab her broom and shove it up his ass.” said Dean. “I’d personally would rather hurl him from the tower.”

“Ernie offered to shut him in Greenhouse three with some of the baby mandrakes.” said Neville.

“Nice to know I have such a large support system.” said Harry with a smirk. “What did you think about what Sirius and Remus told us about your Mum and Dad?” he looked at Neville.

“Well…I was a little surprised and angry, then…well…guess it was kind of funny.” said Neville with a sheepish smile. “But you know, it’s kind of nice to hear that they weren’t perfect.”

“How do you mean Nev?” said Ron. “Careful guys, he’s not taking any cards again.”

“Well, I…Gran always talks about them, but they’re always…well…” said Neville, looking down.

“How they’re practically perfect in every way?” said Harry with a smirk.
“Yeah.” said Neville.

“I get that a lot when someone talks about my mum and dad. How they were cool, smart, witty… all that…but I know somewhere in those stories that they were spoiled brats or…whatever negative side my mum had…I just have to try and find the person with the story.” said Harry with a smile. “And if you lay down another full house I’m going to toss you right off your chair.”

“I’ll bet three cauldron cakes.” said Ron. “What do you blokes think you’re going to get for Christmas, tomorrow?”

“My mum has been hinting towards Weird Sisters tickets, they’ve got a concert in Dublin this summer.” said Seamus as he shuffled the cards in his hand. “Hope that’s what she’s getting me…and not a Weird Sister’s shirt or something.”

“I’m getting tickets too…to the West Hams.” said Dean. “Think Dr. Clark might want to come? He seemed to be a fan too.”

“I think he’d like that; I’ll make sure to get him tickets.” said Harry. “How about you, Ron?”

“Eh, the usual they don’t tell me anything that they’re getting me either than the usual jumper.” said Ron. “Makes the opening a bit more enjoyable that way and less of a letdown. Percy had that happen to him once, he was hoping to get a new eagle quill and ink set, didn’t…he moped for about three hours.”

“Sirius isn’t divulging anything to me either, he’s keeping mum about it.” said Harry.

“I’m getting my Mum’s locket.” said Neville plainly.

The others looked at him.

“What?” said Neville blushing faintly.

“What…other than the obvious, what is so special ‘bout this locket?” said Dean tossing his cards down. “Fold.”

“Well, I always liked looking at it when I was little, my Gran told me that when I made a decision about what I was going to be for life…I’d get it.” said Neville. The other boys were stunned.

“You promise you won’t laugh?” said Ron looking shocked.

“Yeah, just as long as you don’t teach our kids how to play poker and play against us, I’m all for
“Yeah, I can’t see him being able to even teach that in class, not with you having to keep your eyes on some of the plants in there…unless you want to get pulled up by your y-fronts.” said Seamus.

“Call.”

“Call.”

“Alright lads…lay ‘em.” said Ron.

Silence.

“I can’t believe it.” said Dean shaking his head.

“Are you serious? Who dealt that?” shouted Seamus.

“Way to go Ron.” said Harry with a growl.

“How the hell did you get a straight flush? In one deal?”

Harry woke up to Christmas morning to something very surprising: there were not a single Christmas parcel at the foot of his bed. Instead there was a set of new dress robes, bright emerald green with a black cloak and a pair of black shiny shoes. Not too sure what the dress robes were for, he left them on his bed and went out to the sitting room. He surmised that Mrs. McFinn wanted to see him all dressed up, so he walked out to get confirmation. He didn’t want to start being choked off by his tie so early in the morning.

Out in the lounge, Rudolph and Leroy were straightening each other’s ties, no one else was present, not even Sirius who was not in their bedroom.

“Oh good, you’re up…but you’re not dressed?” said Rudolph as he looked over to the young man.

“What am I getting dressed for?” asked Harry confusedly.

“I told you, you forgot to tell him.” said Leroy with a smirk to Rudolph.

Rudolph groaned. He turned a sympathetic look over to Harry. “Ah…meant to tell you…we’re going to have to run to Paradise Castle for the morning, maybe till late afternoon…or longer…”

Harry quirked a brow. “Oh…yeah…the Patriarch thing…did my presents get sent out? I kind of forgot about them. I thought I was going to spend it with Mrs. McFinn and Dr. Clark.”

Leroy looked uncomfortable. “Sorry about that Monster…. You know, if you want you can….”

“No, I’ll go…I mean we aren’t going to be there all day are we?” said Harry.

“Well, Christmases are somewhat lengthy. Everyone gathers at the Castle, we all have a very formal breakfast, we exchange presents…the Matriarch gives out her presents, then the Patriarch and then we have a formal luncheon and mingle.” said Rudolph uneasily.

Harry blinked. “You couldn’t warn me about this yesterday so I could load up on the Cheering Charms?”

“Oh trust me, that would have been a dead giveaway that something was wrong if anyone appeared
happy there.” said Leroy turning to face Harry with a smile. “Your Grandmother will be happy, but other than that, everyone is sort of devoid of any emotion.”

“It’s all the wine they drink in the morning… but that was years ago… maybe they improved.” said Rudolph.

“Explains how much wine is gone through in a month.” said Harry quietly.

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For as much as Rudolph and Leroy were laying it on thick at Hogwarts, the Christmas at the family castle wasn’t all that awful, it was bad, but it wasn’t awful. Though, Harry had to admit, it was entertaining in parts.

Castle Valor was decorated with such grace and style that Hogwarts could never aspire to. There were bright white and blue roses decorating the snow covered hedges. There were enchanted icicles that doubled as wind chimes hung in the trees and gave a tinkling little melodies. There were icy butterflies of white and light blue fluttering around the frosted gardens.

The large castle that stood before him, was lined with thick snow and delicate icicles dangled from every over hang there was to be seen. The towers and turrets were glinting in the sunlight thanks to a thin layer of ice and snow.

Harry’s breath was taken away.

“You should see it in the spring and summer.” said Rudolph leaning over with a smile. “There’s flowers, lush trees and vines all over the place. There are fairies that come out at night and play in the gardens till midnight, I used to stay up late almost every night just watching them.”

“Usually mother tries to come out and do a bit of decorating, but I suppose she wanted you to see it in all it’s natural glory.” said Leroy.

“This is natural?” said Harry with a laugh as he extended out a finger for a frosty winged butterfly to land

“Those were Father’s favorites.” said Rudolph with a fond smile. “I’ll have to teach you how to make them, so Sirius can have a few when winter comes.”

“I’d like that.” said Harry.

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It was thanks to Aunt Petunia’s desire for proper dinner etiquette and Mrs. McFinn’s social upbringing that he knew which fork went to what and when to use it. He was aware (mostly to Rudolph pointing them out) that the ones that had met him a few months ago were watching his every move, and they seemed poised and ready to humiliate him, no matter what reason could be.

When the wine was poured for the head table (the bottles floating in midair, all the while being controlled by house-elves just behind the ones seated), Harry placed his hand over his wineglass to stop the bottle of wine from pouring, it was strangely then that they decided to strike first.

“Surely as Patriarch you should treat yourself to a glass or two.” said his Great Aunt… or third cousin, they had not been quite introduced yet, and his Great-Grandmother said he would die of starvation if they had done all the introductions before breakfast.
“I have little over half a year till I’m old enough to drink…besides, wine before lunch at least is so very…well…I think I need to have a little chat with the house-elves about when that wine should be served.” said Harry with a slight smile as he sipped his cup of tea.

Those nearby turned and looked at the young man, insult written on their faces. “What? Why shouldn’t…” said another one of his relatives.

“I think that should be a wise decision, I personally prefer tea in the morning.” said his Great Grandmother with a supportive smile. “I think a little less wine in the morning will improve one’s health and spirits.”

Several family members shook their heads in disappointment, while small fraction actually nodded. It was a start.

“Are you sure you don’t want any breakfast, Mr. Longsword?” asked Harry from where he sat. “I haven’t seen you eat anything yet and the foods pretty good.” (“Pretty good?” said one of the great aunts indignantly. “How dare he?”)

The dark skinned Ranger was lounging against the wall, he looked up to meet Harry’s eyes and shook his head.

“I do not have the need to eat, besides I tasted all the food that was put before you.” said Longsword nodding solemnly.

“How rude.” sniffed one of his uncles disdainfully.

“I was testing for poison.” said Longsword bluntly looking down to the man firmly.

“I’m inclined to agree with you, George.” said Leroy with a chuckle to the stunned man.

“I’m not here to insult anyone, but I will not allow anything to harm the young man.” said Longsword somberly.

“Well, you insulted us anyway.” said the same uncle.

Longsword said nothing.

“No apology?” asked one of his aunts.

“I’m not apologetic.” said Longsword.

Harry looked away, letting out a silent sigh. This is awkward.

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The rest of breakfast went by fairly smoothly, Harry kept his conversations close to his Great-Grandmother, on the advice of Rudolph so that the more devious parts of the family couldn’t use anything against him so soon. She and he spoke mainly about what he wanted to do with his life.

“Well, I’m sort of torn between a few choices. I haven’t made up my mind yet…I’ve got Moody and…someone else fighting for my time it seems.” said Harry with a smile.

“Yes, your Grandfather was the same way, it took him years to discover that he wanted nothing more in life than to be an author, my son could spin quite the tale.” she said with a fond smile. “IT’s a shame that his Magnum Opus was never quite finished.”
Harry looked at his Grandmother in sympathy, then down the table to where Rudolph and Leroy were. “You know, Uncle Leroy owns a newspaper, maybe he can take a look at it and see where Grandfather was going with it?”

“It has crossed my mind, but I…it would not be the same dear…best to leave it in his own words, unfinished as it is.” she said with a sad smile. “I know he wouldn’t mind terribly, but…no…we leave it unfinished.”

Unknown to the pair of them, several of the family members looked a bit uncomfortable.

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Once breakfast was over, the gift giving had started. Members of the family exchanged gift within their own tight knit parts of the family or even their friends within the family, the only two that received presents from each and every member of the family was the Patriarch and the Matriarch.

It was sort of like a much longer winded version of Harry’s birthday only the gifts weren’t really given with much thought, only how many jewels and how much the gift’s cost was put into consideration. Though his Great Grandmother had given him a nice set of winter robes to keep him warm. She had said that he looked too thin and if he was anything like his Great Grandfather, the cold would cut straight through his skin down to his bones.

Then there were the speeches, oh how they dragged on. Each one of them had a singular dialogue about the gift they were giving and how much they were “happy” that they he was reunited with the family.

What he had mostly gotten were thick, full fur coats, (which he thought were very soft, but sort of felt a bit uncomfortable when he learned they were real fur) plenty of goblets and chalices, rare books and even some large bejeweled rings that he himself could never see himself wearing. But the most exciting part of the day for him was when Harry presented his gift to the family, but mostly to his Great Grandmother. With the help of Rudolph and Leroy he brought the crystal elm tree into the front hall and presented it to her.

“I should say I had this commissioned, each leaf on here, has the name of each of our family member’s on it, and everyone is receiving a matching leaf to keep in their home.” said Harry gesturing towards the tree. “You should thank Dumbledore the next time you see him, he was the one that helped me out on this, all I had was the idea.”

The Matriarch of the Potter family’s eyes welled up with tears.

“It’s beautiful, it’s absolutely gorgeous!” she said choking up.

Harry smiled brightly as he accepted a hug from his Great Grandmother. It didn’t matter what else happened on this particular Christmas, nothing was going to dampen this woman’s spirit’s with him around.
Harry had not gotten back to the school till well into the evening and he had a few people waiting for him in the suites he shared with Sirius. Namely, a few of the Order members, the Weasleys, Dr. Clark and…the McFinns.

Obviously Speckerton had allowed McFinn to possess his body again, but even without being told, Harry could see the glow and the change in Speckerton’s eyes.

“Merry Christmas, Sport.” said Officer McFinn throwing his (Speckerton’s) arms around him. “How was the family Christmas?”

Harry chuckled. “I’m grateful that I kept to just talking to my Great Grandmother. The others were sort of put out by somethings I decided to change right then and there.”

“Such as?” asked Mr. Weasley handing Harry a mug of hot chocolate.

“Oh, no drinking wine before three, and no more soirees every other week. They don’t need to have that many parties…if they want to throw one, by all means, go elsewhere and do it on their own sickles.” said Harry taking the mug and sitting down beside Mrs. McFinn. “Wine at breakfast…I ask you! No wonder they’re all…uh…”

“I think a best term than almost anything is: Alcoholics.” said Leroy with a smirk.

“They’re not…they just…like to flaunt the wealth that our forebears have accumulated.” said Rudolph uneasily. “I know my father didn’t stand for such things, drinking wine that early in the morning…”

“They’ve had free reign for a while now, Rudy, they’ll have to get used to being reined in again.” said Leroy carefully. “They seemed to like the present that Monster gave them.”

“Yeah, anything sparkly and one of a kind, they seem to enjoy.” said Rudolph snickering darkly. “Now, let’s get onto some good presents for you!”

Harry had received the usual mince pies and Christmas jumper from Mrs. Weasley (this year it was green and sported the Hogwarts Crest on the front) a new broom servicing kit from Hermione, some Filibuster fireworks from Ron, several defense books from Remus and Sirius and some freshly baked cookies from Mrs. McFinn. Dr. Clark only offered him an IOU for his Christmas present, as he was unsure what to give a young wizard, he would need some more time to think about it.

Rudolph and Leroy had already given Harry several fancy new dress robes for various occasions at Paradise Castle, but they had mentioned there was one present they couldn’t risk bringing out into the cold winter air. They handed Harry a simple terra cotta pot with a bit of dirt inside.

Harry looked down into the pot and frowned. “Two things: Are you sure there’s something here, and are you sure this isn’t for Neville?”

Rudolph and Leroy smiled. “Oh, there’s something there, and it’s for you. Touch the top of the dirt…think of any sort of plant you want.”

“Within reason, no creating something straight out of some fantasy.” said Rudolph quickly.
Harry quirked his brow but did as he was told. As soon as his finger left the dirt, a sprout sprang up from the ground and before their eyes, it grew and grew until it was a micro-version of an elm tree.

“It’s a cutting from a plant called a Chameleon Bush. Every day it’s something new, creatures or people come along and brush up against it, either they’re thinking of something to eat or trying to find a certain plant. This plant then changes to see to the desire of whomever it touches.” said Rudolph.

“But why?” asked Dr. Clark. “What would cause a plant to develop that tendency…er…ability?”

“Two reasons, it uses that to pollinate with other plants, and it can transport it’s seeds from one area to another. That plant is not all that picky about what other plant it pollinates with, it only needs a bit to make seeds and then if something were to come along and want some fruit…” said Leroy.

“It eats the fruit and drops the seeds elsewhere.” finished Officer McFinn. “That’s one smart little plant.”

“Here’s how to care for it.” said Rudolph with a smile as he handed Harry a roll of parchment.

For the next half hour, Harry spoke to the rest of them how the Potter family was and what sort of presents he was given. Hermione was greatly envious of the beautiful fur coats, but handed them back quickly when she heard that they were real fur and not some sort of magically crafted fakes.

“Settle down, Hermione.” said Fred as Hermione ranted and raved, stomping back and forth in front of the fire.

“We use dragon skin gloves and use animal body parts in our potions for Merlin’s sakes!” said George.

Then Ginny, Mrs. McFinn, Bill and Mrs. Weasley saw a few of the rings and examined them.

“I cannot see you wearing these.” said Ginny. “Way too flashy.”

“You could go as Umbridge next Halloween.” said Bill.

“I’d rather not traumatize people, thank you.” said Harry.

“These are goblin made, Harry.” said Bill. “Though…judging by the seal…your family already owned them, and for a long time.”

“What?” asked Ron.

“See,” said Bill pointing to a small circle and a few symbols. “Every goblin made piece has similar seals on them, sort of like a claim tag in their eyes. These markings point towards the Potter family, and they’re pretty old…maybe two hundred years old…”

“So I was given family heirlooms?” said Harry with a smile. “That’s nice.”

“Except when you take into the fact that they’re really ugly.” said Leroy looking at the rings as well.

“I’ll give you that, but…it’s not like I’m going to wear them anyway.” said Harry.

“No, you’ll have enough fun with the ring you’re going to get when you turn seventeen.” said Rudolph.
Harry turned to look at him.

“The day you turn seventeen, you get a ring. And it’s made especially for you, has a stone that speaks about your personal qualities, and with you being the Head of the family, instead of silver, it’s going to be solid gold.”

“Is that it?” asked Harry pointing to the thin silver band on Rudolph’s finger.

“No, that’s for us, Rudy doesn’t wear his much.” said Leroy. “He keeps it in Gringotts and only takes it out for his mother’s birthday, his father’s birthday or their wedding anniversary. The ring is a really special thing, only a few Potter’s wear it all the time.”

“My father and my brother, your grandfather, wore them all the time, James couldn’t be bothered with it, deemed it too feminine for his tastes.” said Rudolph with a fond smile. “Nevermind that it was a gold ring with a large egg shaped ruby on it.”

Suddenly, the fire in the fireplace flared up and grew in intensity, a hurried voice came out of it hearth, breathless and harried.

“Harold! Rudolph! I need to speak to the both of you!” the voice cried out from the flames..

“Mother?” said Rudolph. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s…oh dear…I need to talk to the both of you right away!” said Mrs. Potter, her face finally appearing, tears streaking down her face making her seem unusually panicked.

“Mother, just calm down…we’ll be right there…so much for the rest of Christmas day.” said Rudolph with an apologetic look to Harry. “Don’t wait up for us.”

“I’m coming too.” said Leroy coming over to the fireplace.

“Aw…I hate the Floo…” said Harry as he allowed himself to be pulled to the hearth by his Great Uncle.

They arrived (ungainly in Harry’s case) in the personal study of the Potter Family Matriarch, where she sat on the sofa, in her trembling hands was a thick stack of papers.

“Mother, what’s wrong?” asked Rudolph coming over to sit beside her. “What has you so upset?”

“It’s…it’s your father’s story…it’s…it’s…” said the woman shakily.

“Take deep breaths, Grandma…it’ll be alright.” said Harry carefully sitting on her other side.

“Here’s some tea…” said Leroy handing her a delicate china cup.

She shook her head and looked intently at Rudolph. “Rudolph…someone…someone finished his story!”

Rudolph gasped loudly, but the other two said nothing, they were shocked, but they did not show any great distress.

“Who…who would do such a thing?” whispered Rudolph, his face twisted in fury.

“I…I don’t know…it was in a wrapped parcel on my desk…it had to have been one of the
grandchildren at the least…none of your brothers or sisters would have dared to write on these pages.” she said, her hands trembling. “You children know what this story means to me.”

“Could they…the grandchildren or so on, could they have just thought that they wanted to finish his unfinished work…like what I said at breakfast?” said Harry.

“Oh, Harold…I know that’s the case, but…but…they completely rewrote it…they copied it!” said the woman looking at the two Potter’s imploringly. “I don’t have the originals anymore! I don’t have the pages with his handwriting!”

Slam!

Rudolph’s hand came crashing down on the table, nearly upsetting the teapot. “I’ll find them, I’ll find those pages…”

“Hold on…” said Harry standing up suddenly. “Let me…I’m the one who’s supposed to be in charge, let me try and find out who did it. They made a mistake, I’m sure of it, and I’ll get them to hand it over.”

“I’m sorry to wake you all, but something has happened that needs to be addressed…now.” said Harry as he stood in the large dining hall, the great fireplace behind him roaring dramatically.

“This couldn’t wait? Honestly, Rudolph…” said one of his great-aunts mumbling and sending him stern gazes.

“You’d be demanding satisfaction as well, Beth.” growled Rudolph.

His sister looked confused.

“Someone,” said Harry picking up the stack of papers and the unwrapped box. “took Great-Grandfather’s story…redid the writing and finished it…and then gave it back to her as a present.”

Just like Rudolph, only the Great Uncles and Aunts gasped in horror and looked around at the younger ones accusingly. The younger ones also looked around at each other, but they all avoided their elder’s gaze.

“H-How dare someone do that?” said one of the Great Aunt covering her mouth in horror. “Daddy’s work, his words…”

“Seeing as how the second and third generation seem to be looking shocked…I’ll ask for the fourth generation and on to stay behind so we can talk.” said Harry holding his hand up. “No need to get hostile on Christmas.”

“You can’t possibly…” said one of the Great-Uncles hotly.

“The perpetrator needs to be punished!” said another Great Uncle.

“This is an accidental slight against the Matriarch and her husband…this is beyond parental correction.” said Harry firmly. “The rest of you can go back to bed.”

He waited for the adults to leave the room and then motioned for his cousins to come closer. “Now, I hope that I don’t have to repeat what I just said. The adults don’t really have to know; I just want to have the original papers back.” said Harry.
The young Potters looked amongst themselves, some took note of a few guilty looking parties and placed some distance between themselves.

“You meant well, she and I both saw that…but she would like the originals…are they still intact?” said Harry quietly.

It was a few tense moments when a quiet voice. “Y-Yes…I hadn’t gotten around to throwing them away yet…thankfully.”

“Thank God for Christmas miracles. Then I suggest that you fetch them and return them to her tomorrow, along with a very sincere apology…was anyone else in on this gift idea?” asked Harry with a nod and a smile.

“My…brother and sister.” said the young Potter quietly.

“I see, well, mind telling me why you did it?” asked Harry with a curious look.

The young man was silent, and Harry heaved a sigh. “Well, she’ll want to know, I can guarantee that. You’re all free to go to bed, you don’t have to say anything to your parents if you wish, if they have questions they can take it up with me the next time they see me. I’m leaving your punishment with her, have a good rest of the holidays.” He started to walk out of the dining hall.

“Wait…why…why were they all so upset? I mean, Great-Grandfather is gone but…” said one of his younger female cousins.

Harry stopped and stood silent for a moment.

“That’s a question… for your parents.”

He continued to walk out of the dining hall, and was surprised that there was no one on the other side of the door…that is until he saw Longsword lounging against the nearest pillar.

“I’m assuming that the hall is clear because you scared off their parents.” said Harry with a slight smirk.

“Hmph.” smirked Longsword in retort and walked over to Harry. “You were too lenient on those children in my opinion. A few of the parents, are already plotting to interrogate their children to find out who did it.”

“I figured they would, but that’s not my problem, I only wanted the pages to go back to Great-Grandmother, whatever happens after that is of no consequence to me at this point. I’ve got enough on my plate as it is, I don’t want to be nursemaid as well.” said Harry with a shrug.

Longsword shook his head. “That’s not what a leader does, your subordinates are a direct reflection on how you as a leader operate. If they are unhappy…abandoning you, or do sloppy work…then there is something that you yourself are doing wrong. You need to ‘check your own inventory’ as it were. If you are a fine leader, then your team will excel.”

“I’m not leading an army into battle, or the manager of a business…I’m the Patriarch of a family. I’m still learning what is expected of me, but as for right now…I’m taking it slow and testing the waters.” said Harry still shrugging. “Now, it’s late, and I’m tired. So if you want to continue this conversation, I suggest we do this tomorrow.”

Longsword followed behind the young man silently, a smile playing softly on his lips.
The next morning, the students came down to the Great Hall eager to begin the day’s readings. However, they were forced to wait till after ten to start, as Harry had not woken till far after nine forty-five. Even his appearance looked to be one of someone who had not slept very well the night before.

His hair was in a much worse state of disarray than usual, there were dark circles under his eyes and his skin was pale.

“Woah, you look like a troll clubbed you with the train, Harry.” whistled Ron.

“Yeah well, we can’t all be bright eyed and bushy tailed.” said Harry with a yawn.

“I’d settle for you to being just well rested.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

**Twentieth chapter.**

“Well, that’s not ominous or anything.” said Harry as he took a plate of eggs and toast from Remus.

Sirius quirked a brow, “Now, the only benefit I can think of is the sympathy affections from the girls, but I don’t see you two doing that.”

“Maybe Ron, but not me.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Too bad, from the sounds of it, a few girls would have loved to give you a little TLC.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

Remus groaned as Sirius and Dr. Clark high-fived each other.

**First paragraph, end of first sentence.**

“Wonder what made her think that that bit of information was important?” said Remus with a knowing smile over to Hermione.

**End of first paragraph.**

Ginny and Harry both blushed.

“Makes you sound like a wolf there…” said Sirius gleefully.

“You do know that the Weasleys are right there?” said Harry nodding over to the Weasley males.

“Please note that he’s nothing like his Godfather.” said Remus with a smile.

“At least someone’s trying to keep me alive.” said Harry with a sigh of relief.
“Not something you normally carry in your hands…that’s what your bags are for.” said Katie.

“Maybe her bag was torn or something.” said Angelina.

“Why does that sound familiar?” asked Harry to himself.

“Let me crack you upside the head with a Bludger and see how funny it is.” said Harry.

“I’ll pass…” said Dean quickly.

“Gee, thanks Ron.” said Harry.

“Happy to help.” said Ron brightly.

“Nothing really new.” said Harry.

“Please don’t say that.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Wonder just how bad it looked.” said Sirius weakly.

Officer McFinn snapped his finger and what looked like a single snapshot came right in front of Sirius. Harry’s face was covered in blood and his eyes were wide open, in a shocked expression.

“Uh…thanks for the picture…?” said Sirius holding it away from himself.

“It could have been worse; I could have shown you how it happened.” said Officer McFinn.

“No thanks!” said Sirius quickly.
“Take a guess,” said Ginny and Harry.

“I don’t like to linger when I’m released.” said Harry.

“You and me both.” said Dr. Clark. “And I work there.”

“What the…?” said Ron.

“I think he’s being absolutely truthful there.” said Professor Flitwick.

“I think you sounded fun!” said Sirius.

“They ward me off, I’ll say that much.” said Leroy sticking his tongue out. “Those are nasty.”
Sixth sentence.

“Oh boy…” said Bill.

“I hope Hermione and I walk away really quick.” said Harry.

“Sure, just leave me there.” said Ron indignantly.

“Happy to help.” said Harry brightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Have you been absent the last six years? Hermione is almost always with those two.” said Alicia.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, that’s never good.” said Fred.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“That’s not all that great either if you’re on the receiving end of it.” said George.

End of seventh paragraph.

“Can’t become an Auror if she does all the work for you.” said Moody shaking his head.

“Oh, I’m sure we could ask her to slip in and take a look at the test really quick.” said Ron with a short laugh.

Dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

Harry looked uncomfortable for a moment. But Hermione smiled. “I think you’re Christmas presents make up for all the trouble you make me go through.”

“Yeah, that makes him feel better.” said Sirius with a laugh.

End of eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Not who you were expecting to see…” said Rudolph.

Dialogue set.

“Didn’t sound like you were being booted out…you opened the door on your own.” said Seamus.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“Wow, it finally happened…” said Fred.

“He’s lost his patience.” said George.

“He did that to Harry though…” said Lee.

“That doesn’t count.” said Fred.

“Harry’s his favorite.” said George.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Good luck with that.” muttered Harry.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, should we postpone this meeting or what?” asked Charlie.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Wouldn’t really do for her to start bragging about it.” said Tonks.

Eleventh paragraph.

“Uh…no.” said Harry scratching the back of his head.
“The crack to the head certainly didn’t help matters.” said Madam Pomfrey.

End of dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph.

Harry rubbed the back of his neck. “Well, no…but the best way I can think of might not be all that legal.”

“Ooh, sounds good to us.” said Fred and George together.

End of dialogue set.

“I tried twice, once being nice, second I never got to finish the sentence.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“Send me up against a dragon, a troll or something like that…worming something like that out of someone is a little different.” said Harry. “At least when I’m not trying to act all cute and innocent.”

End of dialogue set.

“I was a little preoccupied…” said Harry with an edge to his voice.

“Yeah, but then…there’s the game…” said Harry quietly.

“Same old argument, act like a kid…or fight?” said Harry shaking his head.

“I believe that the memory is highly important, but I can see through your point of view that it must
be getting very tiresome…” said Dumbledore stroking his beard.

End of dialogue set.

“Well, that's uncharacteristically harsh…” said Charlie.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“I hate that feeling.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fourteenth paragraph.

“Kind of really feel bad for Harry don’t you?” said a third year Slytherin.

“Yeah…it’s kind of awkward.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“Thank goodness for that.” said the third year Slytherin.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So, now we’re getting into guesswork?” asked Hannah.

“Now it’s going to get interesting!” said Justin.

Fifteenth paragraph.
“Whatever he did, he royally screwed his face up.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.

“Hokey wasn’t You-Know-Who’s house-elf…was she…er he?’ said Hermione.

“Hokey is a traditional female name in House-elf society.” said Dumbledore. “And Hokey is a traditional female name in House-elf society.”

“They have traditional names?” said Dean.

“Hokey wasn’t You-Know-Who’s house-elf…was she…er he?’ said Hermione.

“To my knowledge, Tom has never had a house-elf.” said Dumbledore. “And Hokey is a traditional female name in House-elf society.”

“They have traditional names?” said Dean.

Several people looked horrified.

“Oh sweet Merlin…I’m going to have nightmares on top of the ones I’m already suffering from…” said Madam Bones giving a full body shiver.

The school was silent.

“You mean…he was a clerk?” said Fred.

“He doesn’t sound like the guy you would want in Customer Service.” said George.

“How many I kill you today? We have a special on torture this week, or perhaps you’re looking for something a bit more sporty?” said Fred.

“How about a bite from a basilisk, very fashionable this season.” said George.

“Ah, but you are forgetting, to everyone he seemed like a charming, intelligent, and handsome young man. He was a boon to Borgin and Burkes at the time.” said Dumbledore.

“Yeah…but then having someone that they once employed go on a murderous streak and try and take over the country…doesn’t do well for business.” said Fred.

“No, no it does not.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“NO THANK YOU!” shouted the students loudly.
“I’d rather be taught by Dazzle Gums!” said Sirius.

“Yeah, but you’re close to more than just one place and you like other people.” said a seventh year Ravenclaw girl.

“This hasn’t happened yet, but I still feel sort of violated.” said Hannah.
“Thank goodness he never got the job.” said Ernie looking pale.

“The D.A is different!” said Ron quickly.

“Wonder what his portrait version thinks of him now?” muttered Blaise.
“Long time.” whistled Sirius.

“She was a fine woman.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile. “There was not a student that came through her doors that was not fully capable of entering her N.E.W.T’s class.”

End of dialogue set.

“Ever get that bad feeling that something awful is going to happen to whoever he talks to?” asked George.

“Every time he’s mentioned, yeah.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Wonder if there’s a relationship between her and Zacharias?” said Ron.

“Who knows, I’m glad he’s not here anymore though.” said Hermione quietly.

“Wonder if this memory is going to be altered like Slughorns? You know to hide whatever her Masters wanted her to hide.” said Ginny.

Nineteenth paragraph.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Lady, you’re going to wish he never came.” said Bill.

“Don’t tell me she’s getting all dolled up for him.” said Chief Hawkeye shaking his head.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Horrifying.” said Ron.

“Ronald!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

“Liar.” said Ron.
Twenty-second paragraph.

Several students chuckled.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“And I’m betting that there isn’t anything in there that’s not worth less than a hundred galleons.” said Leroy.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Yup, he’s got her eating out of his hand.” said Leroy.

“I don’t need that image in my head, thanks.” said Rudolph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“But she’s very glad that you did.” said Charlie.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“I sort of doubt that you made them.” said Mrs. McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Pardon me, I’m going to be ill.” said Harry holding his stomach.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“What was your first guess?” said Terry.
“Don’t really want to know, just give me the armor and take the damn money.” said Sirius quickly.

“Creepy old lady.” said Seamus.

“The creepy part is you going there with your thoughts.” said Parvati.

“Whatever it is, don’t show it…don’t show it.” said Remus.

“What’s so special about a cup?” asked Ron. “Granted it’s gold…but still.”

“She’d better write out her will, she’s going to need it.” said Dr. Clark covering his eyes.

“Well, she went down in history as the only person to pinch You-Know-Who’s cheek.” said Lee.
“Well, you can almost tell that he’s going to get his hands on that at some point.” said George.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-first paragraph.

“Oh no…not that locket again.” said Neville clapping a hand to his forehead.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“And she’s dead…she’ll be the next victim.” said Fred throwing his hands up in defeat.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-third paragraph.

“Crap…” said Dean.

“Where do we send flowers?” said George.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“He’s probably planning out a way to take it.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Well, she’s not all that stupid…she’s foolish, but not completely idiotic.” said Snape.
“Those who didn’t see that coming, stand on your head.” said Sirius.

“Who the bloody hell was behind that ruling?” said Hermione angrily, then squeaked and covered her mouth when she realized what she said.

Ron and Harry stared at her in shock.

“Woah…” said Harry.

“Blimey…” said Ron.

After a second Ron hugged Hermione and Harry clapped. “We are so proud of you!”

“Why she would is beyond me.” said Sirius.

“Blimey…” said Ron.

“Woah…” said Harry.

After a second Ron hugged Hermione and Harry clapped. “We are so proud of you!”

“There you go Granger, set up something so that they can feel a bit more protected…as opposed to just freeing them willy-nilly.” said Dr. Nicodemus from the fireplace he sat beside. The small bassinet kept warm by the cheerfully crackling fire and a thick warming charm.

“But that’s more than enough to inquire further, especially if the cup and locket were gone.” said Chief Hawkeye with a disgusted look.

“And no one connected the dots?” said Tonks incredulously.
“Yet you do that sort of thing every summer.” said Colin.
“I don’t kill people.” said Harry hotly.

“We’ll give him the locket, but yeah…wonder what sent him off on murder spree?” said Fred.

“He doesn’t seem to be the kind of guy to collect stuff, but remembering what he had a whole shoebox of…kind of stuns you, doesn’t it?” said Lee.

“I personally verify that this memory is not altered in any way.” said Dumbledore with a smile.
“Seems like a good guarantee to me.” said Leroy with a smile.

“Well, can’t ask for a better place to be in the winter time, it’s always nice and toasty up there.” said Sirius.

(Of course, a man at Dumbledore’s age can develop very nasty colds and flus, I and my predecessor Healer Buffinton specifically ordered the Headmaster to keep the fires nice and hot in his room and office.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“And here I thought she was mad over Harry and his health.” said Seamus in a whisper to Dean.

“Seems she’s got the both of them on her ‘Hospitalize at a moment’s notice’ list.” said Dean.
“Holy crap…” said Dr. Clark quietly.

“We’ll buy you a new chair.” said Fred and George together.

“The best choice.” said several members of the teaching staff proudly.

“Oh, we know…we know.” said a seventh year Gryffindor.

“Smash the glass then burn it.” said Remus darkly.

“How the heck do you notice these things?” said Ron exasperatedly.
“I wonder what having Dumbledore being the Minister of Magic would be like…might be awesome.” said a third year Hufflepuff student eagerly.

“I’d vote for him.” said her friend.

Dumbledore smiled and shook his head.

“No thanks!” said the students collectively.

“Well, that’s not what he wanted to hear.” said Fred.

“This meeting is not going as rehearsed.” said George.

“Cut!” said Dr. Clark with a snicker.

“What?”

“Nevermind.” said Dr. Clark laughing loudly.

“Not a great job interview going on here.” said Officer McFinn.
Dumbledore looked over to Harry and smiled.

“I call bullshit.” said Harry quietly.

“‘Friends’? Yeah right.” said Ginny.

“No he’s not.” said everyone collectively.

“I’m impressed that you know all that.” said Rudolph.

“That’s less impressive…” said Leroy with a smile.
“Not that he’s going to give you what you want, but it’s still worth a shot.” said Justin.

“Employers don’t give you anything, you ask for it and then they see if they’ll let you have it.” said Nicodemus from beside the fire.

“That’s his old fashioned ways kicking in.” said Nightstrike.

“Man… get the feeling everything went straight to hell after that?” said Ron quietly.

“Are we sure there’s nothing that can be done for that hand?” asked Lavender looking squeamish.

“This is going to drive me nuts.” said a third year Slytherin.

“You too, huh?” said Harry with a disdainful smile.

The school was silent.
“Makes sense now…doesn’t it?” said Sirius.

“Great mystery solved.” said Remus.

“How do you go about breaking a curse like that?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Someone’s got to fight through any hardship and keep staying on. It will take a strong willed teacher to stay on till next year.” said Dumbledore.

“Think Professor Snape will stay on?” asked Theodore Nott.

“No one is better than him.” said Blaise loyally.

Most of the students looked over to Lupin slowly.

“Professor Lupin’s…a close second…” said Blaise slowly.
Oh my gosh, I can’t believe it, this story is now at 200 chapters! I’m so thrilled that I’ve kept it going for so long and that it’s gotten this much support. Especially since I’ve had to jump from website to website just to keep this thing going!

I want to thank everyone for reading and enjoying this very VERY long ride with me! We’re almost done with this book and we still have one book left! I’m just so excited!

“The next chapter is called Chapter Twenty-One”

Harry sat up a bit straighter in his seat.

First paragraph.

“You’re slipping.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“Hey, I’m sure that I’m going through a whole lot of crap…” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He did remember.” said Ron with a quirk of his brow. “He just remembered the more recent memory first.”

Second paragraph, second sentence, end of parenthesis

Snape’s eyes flashed open and his mouth hung open.

“What was with that loud beeping?” asked Fred.

“Just another thing that’s being censored.” said George.

End of second paragraph.

Sirius noticed Snape squirming ever so slightly in his chair. What was going on with the man? What was so bad about this spell that no one was able to hear?
Third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph.

“Lucky.” muttered Ron.

“Hey, we can’t all be born in the summer, better luck next lifetime.” said Harry with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sirius threw an arm around his godson’s shoulders. “Good for you!”

Harry quirked a brow. “Still don’t want to do it.”

Fifth paragraph, first sentence.

Ron crossed his arms and huffed.

“I did the same thing too, Ron.” said Charlie with a bright smile.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“Don’t encourage him Sirius.” said Remus quickly.

“Aw, come on, Harry’s the student authority on those!” said Sirius proudly, but then at the look that Remus gave him, he corrected himself. “Not that you should be an authority on them”

End of fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“I think he knows that, Hermione.” said Ron quietly. “He knows all about those three curses.”

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Listen to Miss Granger.” said Dumbledore with a bright smile.

Dialogue line.

“How do you even start out thinking it spells like that?” asked Percy looking puzzled.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“But you know how to spell that word…” said Bill.

“Kind of wonder what the rest of the word spelt out to be.” said Remus.

“Get your mind out of the gutter.” said Remus shoving an elbow into Sirius’ side.

“Can’t help it, that’s where the rest of me is at.” said Sirius quietly with a snicker.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I believe that’s a safe assumption.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

“Assuming that he got the quill before school started…then it lasted a long time.” said Fred.

“Unless he got it for Christmas or his birthday.” said George.

“You’re not helping.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“If she doesn’t blush…” said Alicia with a giggle. “Then she’s just as stubborn as Ron.”

Sixth paragraph.

“Oh, that was way better.” said Katie giggling as well.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. McFinn and a few of the other women blinked.

“Don’t tell me…that’s what boys do…” said Emmeline Vance covering her eyes and sighing.

“And here I felt guilty about ending it with past boyfriends…not being supportive enough.” said
Tonks shaking her head.

“Not everyone is like that.” said Sirius quickly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Lavender huffed indignantly and stomped out of the Great Hall.

Parvati sighed and followed after her. “Let me know if something really interesting happens…will you Hermione?”

“Sure.” said Hermione as she watched Parvati leave the Great Hall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Well, that’s not exactly interesting enough to tell Parvati about, that happens all the time that Snape sets an essay.” said Ron.

End of seventh paragraph.

Eighth paragraph.

Ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Oh no!” said Ron loudly.

End of ninth paragraph.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue set.
“Yay! Dobby’s back!” said Colin.

“Parvati will be sorry that she missed out on this, she likes him.” said Padma.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Future me forgot to tell him it was alright for the both of them to sleep!” gasped Harry slapping a hand to his forehead.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Maybe for Kreacher’s case you should add that it has to be important.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“I’m going to gag.” said Ron.

“Get on with it Kreacher!” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Aww!” said a few Hufflepuff sixth year girls. “He cares!”

“’Course I care.” said Harry with a confused look.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Here’s hoping he takes that order.” said Ron.
“Yeah, maybe you’ll get an answer out of him faster than you will with Kreacher.” said Fred.

“Did he say seventh floor?” said Harry quickly, a smile on his face.

“Can’t say I ever remember putting it down on the map.” said Sirius. “That might be that one room where James was cussing up a storm for and threatening to burn all our hard work.” said Remus.

“Yeah, he looked kind of scary that week.” said Sirius.

“Ah, but he knew what to look for.” said Dumbledore with a knowing smile. “You don’t have all the information you will need.

“Good thing she chose to go home; her ego would be taking some mortal blows right about now.” said Neville.

“Kreacher is going to have his wrinkled ass kicked.” muttered Sirius.
“Sure, cornered in a constantly ever changing room that conforms to the thoughts of the one inside.” said Moody shaking his head.

Harry tapped his chin thoughtfully.

“That explains some things.” said Harry.

“But it sounds like they’ve finally got enough brains to fight back.” said Harry sending Crabbe and Goyle a look. They were squabbling over who got to eat the last Cauldron Cake, leaving Harry to sigh. “But it looks like we’ve still got them in their brainless phase of life.”

“There we go!” said Harry smacking his fist into the palm of his hand.

Several boys snorted with laughter, “They were girls?”

“Have to say, it’s starting to make sense.” said Ron quietly.
“Maybe they did at some point.” said Harry with a smirk. “I’d be telling Ron to stuff it if he tried dressing me up as a girl.”

“But you have already.” said Colin.

“That was my own choice.” said Harry.

“Too bad, you’ve got great legs.” said Ron.

It took a short while to pry Harry off of Ron as they tussled around on the floor.

“You are going to get it!” said Harry as he was dragged back to the bowl by Remus.

“Hey, we can’t all look good in a skirt!” Ron called back.

“Down boy!” said Sirius latching onto Harry’s middle as he made a leap back over to Ron.

“The Dark Mark that in my opinion is more than likely to actually be there.” said Moody.

“I agree with you, now let’s go to bed.” said Ron.

“ Might as well have a conversation with a teacup.” said Harry shaking his head and laughing.

“That’ll make you paranoid.” said Leroy.
“Because Dumbledore will talk to you the same way he talked to you the last chapter?” said Hermione bluntly.

“Don’t remind me…” said Harry cringing slightly.

“Yeah, cause all I have to do is walk up to him and bat my eyes.” said Harry.

“That might work.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.

“Especially if you wear a dress.” said Ron.

“You know, the next time, I’m going to let him launch over there again.” said Sirius pulling Harry back.

Though despite the promises of almost death and destruction, Harry had a great smile plastered on his face.

“Sick bastard.” said Rudolph.

Mrs. McFinn’s hand flew to her mouth to stifle a scream.

“That’s gotta be emasculating.” said Rudolph quietly as the students roared with laughter.

“I didn’t think it would be that easy.” said Harry shaking his head.
“Not what you should be thinking about.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Still not good enough, dear boy.” said Dumbledore shaking his head.

“Oops.” said Harry blushing brightly.

“Are you alright?” asked Remus quietly as Officer McFinn read on.

“Sh-Sh-Shut up.” said Sirius trying not to laugh out loud.

“Can’t blame him for that.” said Remus. “I’m amazed he didn’t give you detention if you were late more than once.”

“Yeah, but this is Snape, he could have been late by a minute or two before.” said Sirius.
“See.” said Sirius gesturing towards the book.

“Come on, we all were put to it!” said Seamus. “So we know what it was like!”

“Though I’m sure that Harry’s was the most accurate…and still didn’t get full marks.” said Bill.

“Though I’m sure that Harry’s was the most accurate…and still didn’t get full marks.” said Bill.

“That was Mundungus, he wasn’t a real one, but it doesn’t hurt to answer the lad’s question. You are the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher after all.” said Madam Hooch.

“That’s probably the nicest thing that he could say about Dung.” said Sirius.

“He’s still trying to maintain the impression they’re not Order mates.” said Hermione.

“I know; I know…I shouldn’t have been talking in his class.” said Harry with a groan.

“Fair point.” said Flitwick kindly.

“Don’t interrupt him and he’ll give you more!” said Ron.
“I want to stab my ears with an icepick every time she giggles.” said Blaise quietly.

“You and me both.” said Draco.

End of thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Kiss my ass…” said Harry.

“Harry!” chided Mrs. McFinn.

“Well, couldn’t he just say all that before?” said Harry.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“All that loyalty isn’t helping.” said Harry turning slightly pink.

End of dialogue set.

“Sounds like something that Umbridge would be asking you kids to do and then theorize about what you need to do from there.” said Lionus with a smirk.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Snape turned his gaze away from the cold look he was receiving from the Headmaster.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.

“And here I thought only the girls went into the bathroom together at the same time.” said a seventh year Gryffindor student.

Dialogue set.
“You will Ron, you just need a bit more practice.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set, third sentence, third dash.

“There’s an idea.” said Hannah. “No one says you need to do it as soon as possible.”

End of dialogue set.

“Not her again!” said the boys quietly.

“She’s acting all creepy again.” said Terry.

Forty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Well, who else were you expecting to see?” said Ron looking disgusted.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I’m a little busy trying not to die here.” said Harry turning pink. He did promise to see her, and he still hadn’t lately…

Dialogue line.

“Not going to blame you one little bit.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dean snorted.

Dialogue set.

“Are you both dead?” asked Ron. “If so, I don’t think he feels anything.”

Hermione slammed her elbow into his side.
Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“There’s that too…ouch!” grunted Ron.

Hermione gave Ron a growl.

Dialogue set.

“Nobody I know.” said Harry.

“Yeah, that might have fit Neville, but that was way back in the beginning of the first year. Granted, Crabbe and Goyle still go after him, but he’s not afraid to come to us and talk about it, then we go and get back at them for him.” said Ron.

“Could be a first year.” said Harry.

“Yeah, that might be…” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Ron!” scolded Hermione and Mrs. Weasley.

“Oi! I haven’t said this yet! Quit hitting me!” said Ron.

Forty-third paragraph.

“Not quite where you’re supposed to get a moral boost.” said McGonagall shaking her head.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Instead of trying to find a way to get the memory…” said Hermione with a disapproving shake of her bushy haired head.

Dialogue line.

“See!” said Hermione.

Harry shook his head fondly at the witch.
“I know, I know.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“But you could always just sneak into his offices like you did for Lockhart.” said Fred.

“Yeah, but this is Slughorn, I’m thinking he’s at least twenty times more intelligent than old Dazzle Gums.” said Harry. “I’m sure there’s more protective charms around his office than what even Umbridge had.”

“You saying that she had protective spells around her office?” asked Alicia.

Harry nodded and smirked. “Oh, after that first detention, I wanted to get back at her so bad… got some revenge before all this…”

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph, fourth sentence.

“And now he’s going to waste his time there.” said Hermione with a frown.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

“As hilarious as that was, that was really creepy.” said Rudolph.

But Harry, Ron, Sirius, Remus and several other people (Snape included, as amazing as it was) were too busy laughing.

Forty-eighth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

Ron roared with laughter.

End of forty-eighth paragraph.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

“That won’t do you any good… unless you *want* a broken foot.” said Dr. Clark.
“Could be worse, it could be Moody. He loves to send sparks at your hands and feet to get you back on your feet faster.” said Tonks.

Remus looked Tonks, concern on his face.

“No,” said Tonks.

“Wasn’t it in the papers? More than a rumor if Skeeter isn’t involved.” said Leroy. “Though…with the rubbish they were printing, who’s to know?”

“Not that the books say anyway.” said Harry.

Sirius looked over to Remus, a frown on his face.

“Ow!” yelled Remus rubbing his shoulder.
“You prat!” said Sirius. “He needs you now, more than ever!”

Remus looked uncomfortable, but muttered. “This hasn’t happened yet.”

“Don’t care.” said Sirius simply.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Guess I’m not all that helpful either.” said Tonks sadly.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Way to go, Ron.” said Bill with a smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“You’re always perfect, Hermione.” said Ron with a smile.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first dash.

“Way to remember, Ron.” said Ginny.

End of dialogue set.

“Is he talking about him and Rosemerta, or him and Hermione?” asked Padma.

“Most likely him and Hermione.” said Harry with a smirk. “They didn’t mention Rosemerta yet.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“I’ll show you ‘cracking up’ and ‘losing nerve’!” said Tonks standing up slowly.

“I didn’t say it yet! I didn’t say it yet!” said Ron loudly. “Blimey, everyone wants to get a piece of me today.”

“Ewww…” said Tonks and Sirius together, she resumed sitting down and leaned away from Sirius. “I have better taste than that!” she said sticking her tongue out.

“So do I.” said Sirius also leaning away, his tongue mirroring Tonks’.

“Don’t know how I should feel in this situation.” said Remus with a slight smile.

“Wanna know.” said Sirius.

“Wonder why she is in the castle…” said a second year Hufflepuff.

“And you say that with a girl sitting within striking distance?” said Lionus laughing.

“Th’ all for this chapter.” said Officer McFinn.

“Well, that didn’t go so bad.” said a fifth year Hufflepuff.
“Yeah, kind of just informative as opposed to terrifying.” said another fifth year.

Once again, thank you so very much for reading! Glad you all enjoy it and I appreciate all the support you send me!!
Officer McFinn read the title of the next chapter, which made most people’s blood run cold.

Chapter Twenty Two

“Who’s burial?” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

“I’m sure we’ll find out soon enough.” said McGonagall, looking over at Potter quickly, her eyes filled with worry. The boy couldn’t afford to lose anyone else.

First paragraph.

“And I’m supposed to do this, in the timespan of a few weeks or days?” said Harry with a shake of his head.

“Preferably before we all die of old age, Potter.” drawled Snape.

Dialogue line.

“Forgetting someone that looks suspicious will get you killed.” said Moody and Lionus together.

Second paragraph, second sentence, second dash.

“Here’s the best way to avoid common apparition mistakes: Don’t apparate, take the bus.” said Harry.

End of second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Face your problems head on, boy.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

“Hopefully it’s not from Dumbledore then.” said George.
“Oh, no.” said Hagrid, tears started to fall down into his beard, he took out his large handkerchief and blew his nose into it.

“Well, at least it’s just Aragog’s burial, then.” said Fred quietly.

“Don’t’ bet on that.” said Hermione silently.

“Poor Hagrid.” said Luna sympathetically.

Hagrid turned his head away.

“I didn’t mean it like that Hagrid!” said Hermione looking frantic. “I…I…”

“Shove over.” said Harry standing up and sitting on the armrest of Officer McFinn’s chair.

“Sure thing, Sport.” said Officer McFinn with a smile.

“Well, it’s nice just sitting here.” said Fred.

“Nice and quiet.” said George.

They both looked up at the ceiling. “Wonderful weather we’re having aren’t we Fred?” asked George.

“Positively delightful.” said Fred.
“Do it in a heartbeat if Hagrid’s the one that needs it.” said Harry.

“Do what in a heartbeat?” asked Hermione.

“Wish he let us know what was going on.” said Ron with a mutter.

“Only you Ron.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Only me what?” muttered Ron.

Officer McFinn shook his head.

Harry read the last part aloud.

“Thank goodness, all this talking with Fred was getting kind of boring.” said George.

Chief Hawkeye spat out the coffee he was drinking. “W-What?” he said, trying not to laugh out loud.
“Hah, beat you to something.” said Ron proudly.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“There are quite a few things more important than this memory…but nothing more pressing as of that moment.” said Dumbledore.

Eighth paragraph.

“Woah, never seen Ginny blush that much before.” said Fred.

“Positively scandalous.” said George.

“Wait, we’ve said that before.” said Fred.

“Oh, right, um…how about: ‘isn’t that just so precious?’” said George.

“I don’t know; this is our little sister’s affections we are talking about here.” said Fred.

“Hmm…you’re right.” said George. “Then there is only one other thing we can say.”

They both looked over to Harry, a look of firm sincerity that was rarely seen on the twin’s faces.

“We’re going to hurt you.”

Harry blinked.

Dialogue line.

“No, he’s daydreaming.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You’re so brave, Ron.” said Harry laugh.

“Stuff it.” said Ron sourly.
“That’s sad…” said Remus.

Dialogue set.

The two sisters in question screamed in horror and had to be whisked out of the Great Hall by Madam Pomfrey who, with Dumbledore’s blessing, allowed them to go home for the rest of the holidays and however long they wanted to stay for.

“Now it’s alright dears, this hasn’t happened yet and I’m sure that it won’t…don’t you worry about a thing.” said Madam Pomfrey as she ushered them out.

Remus turned his head, his face contorted in pain.

“You know that wasn’t you.” said Sirius sternly.

“Doesn’t matter.” said Remus quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Remus turned his head in disgust.

“That’s not you.” said Sirius punching Remus on the arm.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Remus cringed horribly.

Dialogue line.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That did it, Harry’s going to go save the world again.” said Ron.

“Damn straight.” said Harry darkly.

“Don’t be stupid, you cannot save the world.” said Lionus quietly.
“Nope, we just didn’t want to have the day off from learning.” said Nightstrike.

“What?” said Harry. “What kind of class is that?”

“Well, then I’m all for wasting his time.” said Harry.

Draco looked confused. He had no idea what in the world was going on, but there was a sickening feeling in his stomach that meant that whatever it was, it did not bode well for either the school or himself.

Moody, Kingsley, Tonks and the Rangers all smiled.

“So…the answer to Slughorn’s memory hoarding might just be in that book.” said Ron gleefully.

“Snape sure is looking odd…” said Nott.
“Yeah, he’s a little pink and looking kind of angry.” said Blaise. “Embarrassed and angry at the same time?”

Sixteenth paragraph

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He said maybe, not definitely.” said Neville with a smile.

Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.

Ernie blushed.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

“Ron…quit smirking.” said Hermione.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“So much for that.” said Harry.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Just like me!” said Charlie.

Ron frowned as he looked at the floor.

“Don’t worry about it Ron, you can take the test again, and I’m sure that Bill was going to help you out over the summer.” said Charlie.
“Yeah, they want to make sure that you can do it one hundred percent right.” said Sirius.

“It’s half an eyebrow now, it could be half a leg next time.” said Percy.

“That’s right, don’t waste it just for this one mission.” said Moody nodding.

“But you didn’t take it.” said Hermione.

“Don’t ruin it for me.” said Ron.

Snape rolled his eyes, but Flitwick nodded.

“But you didn’t take it.” said Hermione.

“It’s wet.” said Harry.

“Oh, don’t pull a Ron!” said Hermione.
“Oh that’s nice.” said Ron.

Twenty-fourth paragraph, second sentence first pause.

“Hah.” said Ron looking at Hermione.

End of twenty-fourth paragraph.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Go get Slughorn, tiger.” said Sirius patting Harry on the back.

Dialogue line.

“Wait, what?” said Sirius looking at Harry.

“No, no, no, no, no…go to Slughorn.” said Fred slowly.

“Yeah, you remember…bloke that has the memory you were supposed to get?” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He’s higher than a kite again.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“This potion idea is starting to backfire.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Fresh out.” said Harry.
“Someone club him…before he hurts someone.” said Dean.

“Yikes.” said Nightstrike.

“This…will not end well.” said Remus.

“Bad timing.” said Sirius.

“Every romance is going straight to hell.”

“Yay!” said Harry plainly, a slight smile.

Dumbledore smiled.

“What’s with you?” asked Leroy.

“Nothing, absolutely nothing.” said Dumbledore.

“It’s like you’re just out for a stroll.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“Your brain is fried.” said Sirius shaking his head. “No more of that stuff for you.”
“No…no, no, no!” said Dr. Clark. “Are you kidding me? I want some of that Lucky potion!”

“That’s a professor, you nitwit!” Ron shouted, while looking at Harry in disbelief.

“Yeah, he prioritizes on the wrong things.” said Fred.

“Trying to catch us rule breaking.” said George.

“Cleaning the castle.” said Fred.

“He needs to do his job.” said George.

“Wait…we’re standing up for him.” said Fred.

“What the hell is wrong with us?” said George.

“He’s in mourning…” said Harry with a quirked brow. “What’s more dreadful than that?”
“You’re talking pretty differently now.” said Colin.

“He’s not…he’s going to plunder a corpse?” said Remus.

“Not unheard of harvesting ingredients when it comes to brewing potions.” said Snape tiredly.

“Most of those creatures didn’t talk to you in the past.” said Sirius.

“So…he’s going to do it anyway…” said Lee.

“Well, not if you hold parties all the time.” said Flitwick.

“Oh Merlin.” said Rudolph.

“Yeah, touched with hunger.” said Harry.
“Ehh…” said Harry waving his hand from side to side.

Ron started to gag.

“Least he’s not talking about what Slughorn is really after.” said Sirius.

“For a completely different reason than what you do.” said Remus quietly.

“Do those even exist?” said Leroy.

Rudolph shrugged. “In Hagrid’s case, surely.”
“Course not, he still has hope of wrangling Harry into the Slug Club.” said Seamus.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“‘Magnificent’ is not a term I would have used.” said Hannah quietly.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“Yeeaaaaah….put me in a box.” said Leroy.

Rudolph wrapped his hand around his husband’s shoulder’s and placed his palm across his mouth. “Don’t make me think that.”

Dialogue set.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Hagrid blew his nose and wiped his eyes.

“You didn’t want to say anything huh?” said Sirius looking at Harry gleefully.

“Thanks for not catching me and eating me four years ago?” said Harry with a shrug.

Dialogue set

Dialogue set.

Forty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Probably mad that he couldn’t try and drag a piece of Aragog off somewhere.” said Dr. Clark.

End of forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Makes me feel comfortable.” said Harry.
Hermione’s and several other people’s indignant cries lasted a good half hour. Dumbledore had to reassure them that this had not happened and he certainly did not condone with that behavior.

“Good thinking, that potion tends to cease working once you have a few too many sips of alcohol.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“That makes me feel a bit worse.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“And Hagrid’s now going to find Slughorn asking him to procure some for him.” said a seventh year Slytherin student with a roll of his eyes.

“Oh, he knows.” said Madam Pomfrey.

“That’s a conversation I want to have with you.” said Rudolph up to Hagrid. “See what we can compare.”
“Not surprised.” said Madam Bones.

Professor Flitwick smiled.

“Nice of him to remember you name.” said Ron. “Well, at least he remembers it more often than mine.”

“Oh for god sakes.” said Harry shaking his head.

“Kind of hope that it’s still attached when this little gathering is done.” said Mr. Weasley.

“I’m hoping the song sounds better when you can hear the melody.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“Awkward.” said Fred.

“He most likely doesn’t want to think about it.” said Sirius. “I know I don’t.”

“He really didn’t want to know…but then he sounds like he couldn’t stop listening.” said Flitwick.

“Harry’s not going to stop.” said Ron softly.

Sirius kept his eyes on Harry, who was still sitting on the armrest of Officer McFinn’s chair. Officer McFinn was patting the young man’s leg sympathetically.

“And that is what you wanted him to tell Slughorn.” said Remus looking over at Dumbledore.
“Gives me a load of information.” said Harry. “Every little bit helps.”

Several people whistled.

“If I can take him out, then surely you won’t have to keep looking over your shoulder.” said Harry.

“That’s below the belt.” said Snape quietly.

“Then fix the problem.” said Harry.

“That’ll do it.” said Sirius.
Sixty-fourth paragraph.

“Wish we could use that stuff…” said Nighstrike. “We have to learn how to do that on our own.”

Sixty-fifth paragraph.

“He got it.” breathed Rudolph softly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“You’re saying that now, wait’ll you feel all this in the morning.” said Ron.

End of chapter.

“Now get the hell out of Dodge and hope that Dumbledore is in his office.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Why didn’t it occur you to use your mother against him?” asked a sixth year Ravenclaw.

“Have to say, I’m quite relieved to know he did not think to do that.” said Flitwick quietly. “That would just be deplorable to use such a thing right off the bat.”

“He wouldn’t be any better than the Dark Lord using his Slytherin heritage.” said Sprout.

*Anyone recognize that?*
“New chapter is called Twenty-third chapter.” said Officer McFinn.

“Are we finally going to learn…” said Hermione eagerly.

“We’ll find out, dear.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile.

First paragraph.

“Lucky potion is gone.” said Harry with a smirk. “And my ‘school-level luck at night’ is coming back.”

Dialogue line.

“Well, the moon is out.” said Fred.

“It’s dark outside and everyone is asleep.” said George.

“We’d say, mid-afternoon.” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Perhaps to punish those who are caught out of bed.” said Snape with a sneer.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Now…I’ve got to wonder; did he know that Harry had just acquired the memory?” said Charlie looking stunned.

“And who just caught him out of bed?” said Bill.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Well, it is the middle of the night and he needs his rest.” said Madam Pomfrey sternly. “Shouldn’t be out and about in the middle of the night in his age.”

“Nice to know she’s as protective of you as she is of Harry.” said Leroy leaning over and whispering to Dumbledore with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“We didn’t ask where you saw the Bloody Baron, we want to know where the Headmaster was.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

“Besides, who wants to go looking for the Bloody Baron?” said another Slytherin.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You better believe he has.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Too late…I’ve got somewhere else to be.” said Harry.

“Guess the Headmaster didn’t know that Harry had acquired the memory.” said Fred.

“‘Tapeworm?’” said a Ravenclaw student looking disgusted. “I prefer our passwords.”

“Sort of ties into the title of the chapter though…” said Flitwick thoughtfully.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Hope he’s got a pot of coffee going.” said Lionus with a smirk. “He’s going to need it.”

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And of course, he doesn’t scold the boy for being out of bed.” said Snape with a groan.

“He wanted memory, he didn’t say what time period I had to bring it.” said Harry with a cheeky
“And here I thought you had confidence in him.” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Rest first Albus!” said Madam Pomfrey loudly.

“So…is it going to be the same as the one we had just seen?” said Ron.

“It’s going to be different I believe, slightly, but nevertheless will have monumental results.” said Dumbledore.

“I really don’t want to think him as a Minister, and all it would cost him is crystallized pineapple.” said Hannah.

“Hate to say it, but it sounds kind of familiar.” said a third year Gryffindor.
“Shut up.” said Harry, Ron and Hermione.

Dialogue line.

“Or the psychological makeup.” said Glacier speaking up.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Nonsense,” said Slughorn briskly, “couldn’t be plainer you come from decent Wizarding stock, abilities like yours. Dialogue set, first sentence.

“What decent stock is that supposed to be?” said Hermione quietly.

“And he’s kept that front going for a long time.” said Harry quietly.

End of dialogue set.

“Say hello to your first!” said George.

“Oh, he went far…in the wrong direction.” said Sirius.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, I don’t think they're going to care all that much.” said Leroy.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Hoping that something honest is going to be the reason?” asked Mr. Weasley.
“What book was he reading, I wonder?” said Rudolph. “Not something ‘school friendly’, I can promise you that.”

“Kind of worried about what he’s aiming for.” said a first year, her voice shaking.

Harry looked down at the floor with a scowl.

“Sounds like someone here.” said Harry quietly.

“You’re not him.” said Sirius firmly.

The students were silent for a while.

“You can do that?” asked George.

“It doesn’t get any better.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “And it is not advisable.”

“Well, we know he did that.” said Fred.

“Yeah, kind of fits.” said George.

“Unless you’re afraid to die.” said Luna softly.
“You think he’s afraid to die?” asked Neville looking stunned.

“IT starting to sound like it.” said Luna.

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Sicko…” muttered Nightstrike.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“He’s going to tell him, isn’t he?” said Hannah softly.


Hermione looked over to the Chief quickly, but then looked back at the ground.

“Go ahead and ask.” said Dr. Nicodemus without looking at the bushy haired girl once.

Hermione swallowed and then asked in a quiet voice. “Umm, have…have your souls…been…”

“Our souls are intact, we don’t murder.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“How do you know?” asked Hermione, “About your souls I mean?”

Chief Hawkeye smiled. “It’s part of our annual physical, and let me say this, the way to check it, it hurts. But if they find something, if you get a slice in that soul of yours, you’re done. You get discharged.”


“That means you killed someone for no damn reason…When we end a life, it’s for sake of justice; thus our souls are intact.” said Dr. Nicodemus. “We talk big, but we don’t just kill people left and right.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“**BEEP BEEP BEEP! RED FLAG!”** said Dr. Clark loudly as he was shaking his head.

“And Slughorn is just going to keep going.” said Remus shaking his head.
“Of course not, that would end the information train.” said Katie.

“Not really.” said Alicia shaking her head slowly.

“Sick nut!” said a seventh year Hufflepuff.

“Please end the conversation…” said Remus.

“I believe he has acquired all the information that he would need for this procedure.” said Dumbledore shaking his head. “The rest he would have to discover on his own.”

“Yeah, keep clinging to that hope.” said Bill.

“If you know about it sir, why did you need the memory?” asked Terry.

“I am not altogether sure, but I believe there was vital testimony in that memory.” said Dumbledore.

“Run.” said the students collectively.
“That doesn’t sound like it’s going to be a walk in the park.” said Fred.

“Especially if you have to go out into the world and find pieces of his soul…he could have buried the damn things and you’d never find it.” said George.

“I hope he didn’t attach his soul to a rock or coin…you’d never find it.” said Lee.

“Hate to say it, but that would be the easiest way to hide it.” said Fred.

“Really hope he failed.” whispered Dennis. “I really hope.”

“But surely…” said Hermione quietly.

“Let’s not dwell on it.” said Officer McFinn turning the page carefully. “I’ve seen some horrors, and I don’t want to think about it.”

“It was a Horcrux.” said Sirius softly.

“As if the second book wasn’t bad enough.” said Remus shaking his head.
“As if he couldn’t be any more despicable.” said Mrs. Weasley with a disgusted look.

“More than one?” said Terry.

“Guess he really did make seven then…” said Ernie in a hushed voice.

“And his ‘usual evil’ was bad enough.” said Justin.

“Don’t want to be dependent on something like that.” said Nightstrike.

Hermione and Ron looked over to Harry with horrified expressions, but were surprised that they didn’t see any sort of shock or worry on his face. Instead he was calm and collected.

“Harry? Aren’t you worried?” said Hermione.

Harry looked over to Hermione with a smile. “I’ve known about this for a few months. Dumbledore told me, gave me a bit of a heads up.”

“Hate to say this, but you’re screwed, mate.” said Ron.
“Save the hardest part for last, huh?” said Charlie.

“Whoo hoo…one down, six to go.” said Ron.

“When did that happen?” said Seamus.

“Well, that’s two down, five to go.” said Ron.

“Oh…” said Seamus looking uncomfortable.

“And Harry’s got to go up against five more of those things?” said Dr. Clark looking shocked.

Several adults chuckled quietly.

Gazes turned to Professor Snape, looking shocked and awed.

“But now your down a limb, and let me tell you, that’s not an easy change to get used to.” said Moody patting his leg and pointing to his eye.

“Coming back to bite him, not having you in his good books.” said Dr. Clark.
“Wouldn’t that be the safest thing to do, if you don’t want them found?” asked a seventh year Ravenclaw student. “Just pitch them in a rubbish bin in an abandoned house you own or something.”

“Well, that’s stupid on his part.” said the same seventh year. “Too obvious.”

“But you can bet he put some strong protective spells around those.” said Flitwick.

End of dialogue set.

Ginny gave a slight shiver.

“Well, we know two of them then, but we don’t have any clue as to where they are.” said Ernie.

Lionus and the Rangers smirked.

“They seem to know.” said George pointing to the Rangers.

Lionus and several adults chuckled softly.

“That’s sad…their stuff is going be used for evil purposes.” said a first year Gryffindor student.
“It is completely untouched; he could never have gotten that sword out of the hat.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

“So… all that was missing was Gryffindor’s sword but he didn’t touch it… what of Ravenclaw’s could he have gotten?” asked a third year Hufflepuff.

“You don’t think?…” muttered a seventh year Ravenclaw student.

His friend was quiet but then his eyes opened wide. “Oh no…”

“That’s creepy.” said Colin. “Having two souls in your body.”

“I’ve seen three souls in one body, boy.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

The students turned and stared at the Ranger Healer in horror.

“So maybe he has only six…” said Ginny.

“He has seven, I’m afraid.” said Dumbledore. “I have no definite proof to offer, but I believe he has seven.”

Sirius slowly reached around Harry’s shoulders and brought him closer to himself.

“Poor thing…” said Dr. Clark quietly.
“What?” asked Remus.

“I feel sorry for the snake.” said Dr. Clark.

“Don’t feel too sorry for it.” said Ron darkly. “That thing attacked my dad.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Still sounds like a lot of work, no matter how you shorten it down.” said Dean.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“One more down!” said Dennis.

“You know what would be helpful? If this book and the next book tells us where all of them are.” said Colin.

“Are you kidding? Look how long it took Dumbledore to find the ring! It’s going to take years to do all this!” said a Slytherin sixth year. “We might be able to get one more at the most!”

Dialogue line.

“Oh hell no!” said Sirius.

“No more dangerous missions for you, young man!” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her finger at him.

Harry shook his head. “This hasn’t happened yet.”

“Don’t care.” said everyone in the bowl together.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Oh no…” said Sirius running his hand down his face.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.
“For once, I agree with Nigellus…” said Sirius. “Not the whole snorting part though.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Really don’t want to be Malfoy…” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Ooh, so he did it without permission.” said Hannah.

“Well, he thought that You-Know-Who was dead…so he didn’t think he needed it anymore.” said Bill.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, first dash.

“So Set it on a silken pillow or something like that, I’ll bet.” Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

“He wishes he was just in Azkaban now.” said Lionus.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Here’s hoping you can fight with one hand.” said Tonks looking at Dumbledore out of the corner of her eye.

“I daresay I could.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile. “With a bit more practice.”

Dialogue line.

“Nice that you volunteer for that, but you don’t have the confidence.” said George.

Dialogue line.
“Go ahead and say it.” said Sirius, “But it *is* a big deal…”

Dialogue set.

Harry blushed.

Dialogue line.

“So much for being able to shoot lasers out of your eyes.” said Dr. Clark looking over to Harry with a teasing smile.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“I still don’t get it…” said a first year student.

“That’s alright, Harry doesn’t seem to either, we’ll figure it all out when he does.” said her friend.

Dialogue line.

“Ah! Don’t point with that hand!” said the twins together.

“Woah now, you and Voldemort are the ones thought it was all that important.” said Harry with a smirk. “You’re the one that kept that bit of information from me…You don’t withhold unimportant information like that.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Then what the hell was the point in telling me?” said Harry holding his hands up in the air. “Why make me think that it’s some all-powerful knowledge…now it’s complete bullshit?”

“Harry!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

“There, I thought that was the point!” said Harry pointing to the book.
“And you couldn’t relay this to him last year?” said Charlie shaking his head. “When you first told him in the books…or even when you told him a few months ago.”

“I am not sure why I did not…perhaps I thought he realized it.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “But that is no excuse.”

“Let’s assume I’m an idiot…spell it out for me!” said Harry.

“No assumption necessary.” drawled Snape.

“You spell it out too far and nasty…find a happy medium.” said Harry.

“I’m remarkable…but apparently I’m pissing you off.” said Harry.

“They can have it.” said Harry. “The headaches alone aren’t worth being able to talk to snakes. Let alone the giant bullseye on my back.”

“Screw that.” said Harry. “No sane person would in that situation.”

“How about the ability to not be insane?” said Harry.
“I’m sure Lucius Malfoy loves his wife and son…and he was taken in.” said a Slytherin fifth year. Draco looked down at the floor thoughtfully, Snape was also looking thoughtful.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence, fourth comma.

Snape scoffed, and Harry snickered while blushing. “Are you about that?”

“Even after hearing all this, I stand by what I say in the future.” said Dumbledore.

“Blind…the man is blind.” said Snape shaking his head.

Dialogue set, end of fourth sentence.

“It showed him his family…oh…” said Dennis.

“And it showed him the stone…” said Colin. “So it happened twice.”

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Harry’s turning bright red over there.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“Not that last time, or the time that Mr. Weasley was attacked. said Harry.

“Weakened for a few hours is one thing, mentally destroyed is another.” said Dumbledore and Dr. Nicodemus together.

End of dialogue set.

Sirius smiled as Harry tried to bury his head under the blankets.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“Wait, what?” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.
“Says something about Potter, doesn’t it?” said Moody quietly.

“What do you mean?” asked Kingsley.

“I don’t recollect Albus getting that worked up about anything like that in front of me...seems to let his guard down around Potter just a bit in this book.” said Moody.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“You and everyone else that has ever lost someone...but there’s something special about you lad...” said Chief Hawkeye with a kind smile. “You didn’t have a safety net.

**Dialogue set.**

“It’s going to happen...” said Harry. “Cause he’s not going to let up on it.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-first paragraph, second sentence.**

Dumbledore blinked a few times and then looked over to Harry slowly, his eyes filled with horror.

**End of chapter.**

“And he’s out to save the world again.” said George.

“And that is all for the day.” said Glacier walking over and leading Harry out of the room.

“Again?” asked Ron.

“Harry’s all healed up, but there’s still some things that he needs to do.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“And Glacier is helping him out on it.” said Lionus.
Harry's Near Fatal Mistake

The next day, they came back down to the Great Hall, the other students still kept an eye on Harry’s hair to make sure that he was really back to health and when they were satisfied with the result they turned their attention back to their breakfasts.

The night before had been reasonably uneventful, the normal discussion with Glacier, which was shorter than what Sirius had estimated it was going to be, garnered nothing really new and had simply been a normal venting session. It turned out Harry had known about the Horcruxes for a long time, since his hair had turned white originally, so he was far higher up in the information chain then most people in the castle.

All he wanted to do know was get this over with, finally find out how to take out Voldemort and get on with his life. He had pleaded with Glacier to restore the “Get as many chapters done in a day” policy that they had originally had, and to his amazement Glacier agreed, on one condition.

“If I see you getting distressed, we are stopping, no matter what time of the day.”

Harry consented, a little hesitantly, but he consented.

So a new day, and perhaps the swiftly approaching end of the books were almost in sight, which brought a sense of relief to Harry.

“All right then.” said Officer McFinn. “Let’s see…ah…”

“What?” asked Ron after a moment of silence.

“I think the students will be missing quite a bit of this chapter as well…” said Officer McFinn. “Title of the chapter is, Twenty-fourth chapter.”

Snape’s eyes flashed open in horror.

“Wonder what’s got Snivellus looking like that?” whispered Sirius to Remus.

First paragraph, second sentence, sixteenth word.

“Wanna get myself some of that lucky potion too…” said Ron.

End of first paragraph.

“Hope Dumbledore doesn’t take you, it could go horribly, horribly wrong.” said Hermione softly.

“I’d be with Dumbledore; I should be more than fine.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Oh dear.” said Professor Flitwick. “I wonder what’s going to happen with that wand waving...”
“Well, it could have been much worse.” said Professor Flitwick with a quiet sigh.

Dr. Clark snickered.

“Ooh…something bad happened between the two of them.” said Parvati.

“Oh, never mind it was good.” said Parvati.

“How could you say that?” yelled Lavender turning around to glare at her friend.

“Let’s face it Lav, you two weren’t all that compatible.” said Parvati. “Ron’s not the…romantic type and that’s what you need.’

“Nice….” said Ron looking at Parvati.

“Well, you’re not…” said Hermione quietly.

“I’m still learning here!” said Ron in a whisper. “I gave you those flowers last week…granted…they sneezed pollen all over you…”

“So, I guess that means that if we’re breaking up, it’s on my terms?” said Hermione.

Ron looked at her fearfully.

“Don’t know what you’re looking so panicked about, you two break up all the time.” said Harry with a snicker.
“Doesn’t sound like a bad night, in my opinion.” said Harry brightly. “Sounds downright pleasant.”

Third paragraph, first sentence.

Sirius reared back his head and laughed as did several other people.

“Oh stuff it.” said Harry sourly.

End of third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That it does, how am I going to approach her without looking like an ambulance chaser.” said Harry.

Dr. Clark and Dr. Nicodemus were one of the few that got that little jibe.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not what I was thinking.” said Harry.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Darn it, we got caught.” said Harry.

“Ah, well, what could happen now?” said Ron.

“…This is Charms class…” said Harry.

“Ah, then that would be ‘anything’.” said Ron nodding.

Fifth paragraph.

“Hah, my was closer, I got mine to turn into water, granted frozen water, so my was almost edible.” said Harry laughing.
“Bull, mine exploded.” said Ron with pride.
“You can’t drink explosions…” said Harry.
“Alcohol is flammable.” said Ron smirking.
“Shut up.” said Harry with a twitching smile.

Dialogue line.
“I’ve got to say, he’s got great reflexes.” said Remus with a chuckle.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence.
“It’s more than that I’m thinking.” said Fred.

End of sixth paragraph.
Mental argument.
“We need to hear more about these internal struggles you’ve got going on, they sound really hilarious Harry.” said George picking himself off the floor from laughing.

Seventh paragraph.
“Yay, I was worried about myself.” said Katie with a sigh.

Eighth paragraph.
Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.
“Holy…shit…” said Ron.
“Well, note to self, don’t take jewelry from anyone in the Three Broomsticks.” said Katie.
“None of you had better do that.” said Lionus.

End of dialogue set.
“Here’ hoping we drowned the bastard in the lake.”
“Ginny!” said Charlie with a laugh.
“Just like Dumbledore, doesn’t wait all that long,” said Lionus with a solemn shake of his head.

“Well, in that case…Merry Christmas?” said the twin with a pair of weak grins.

“First day, no. Second yes.” said McGonagall with a slight upturn of her lips. “I do have a sympathetic side.”

“Yeah, twenty-four hours’ worth.” said Ron quietly.

“Or someone dressed to look like a woman, or even a disguise made by Polyjuice potion.” said Moody.

“Or my personal favorite.” said Tonks, her bubble gum pink hair and heart shaped face changed into a perfect likeness of Sirius.

Remus dropped the chocolate biscuit he was eating and his jaw was dropped.

“Good luck getting that image out of your head the next time you two are alone.” said Dr. Clark.

“Oi!” said Sirius. “Oh wait, no, never mind. I love you like a brother, but you’re not my type.”

“Right back at you.” said Remus.

Ron snorted out loud. “I cannot get over that!”
“Don’t ruin it for me.” said Harry.

“Well, that sucks.” said a fifth year Hufflepuff.

“Luck isn’t supposed to be easy to get.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Snape is looking really pale over there.” said Leroy quietly.

Rudolph said nothing but looked at the Potions Master.

“I think it might safe to assume that it is not a spell anyone should be casting.” said Dumbledore his voice carrying over the many students. “Until we find out what it does, and my guess is that we will find out very shortly, it should not be cast under any circumstances.”

The students looked amongst themselves and nodded back at the Headmaster or replied with a “Yes sir.”

Snape tapped his finger on the side of his chair impatiently. He hoped Potter didn’t use it, he desperately hoped Potter didn’t use it…and he knew there was no further explanation on the spell…so Potter in the future has no idea what the spell did.

Katie, meaning it good naturedly, stuck out her tongue and smiled.

“Ah, what’s a Quidditch team without a little drama.” said Nightstrike with a smirk.
Fifteenth paragraph.

“Sad to lose Dean, but hey we got Katie back and we lost the homicidal maniac.” said Ron raising his fist.

Sixteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Probably except for Harry and Ron.” said Bill with a snicker.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

“Aw, James used to do the same thing with your mum in the stands…the moment he began to lose focus, they’d whack him in the head with the bats.” said Sirius with a fond smile. “Explains a few things, now that I think about it.”

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Wonder what future you will do…” said Ginny with a teasing smile.

“Hope I don’t throw him off the Owlery Tower again.” said Ron. “Though, that would be an option.”

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.

Ginny blushed.

Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon.

“Yeah, girl-friends tend to do that.” said Bill with a look over to Tonks.

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Ginny giggled.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Personal space, Ron.” said Fred with a smile.

“Respect the bubble.” said George waving his arms in a circle around himself.
“Yeah, good luck with that.” said Ron with a laugh.

On the surface, Snape was settling his features to the definition of stoicism, on the inside he was frantically trying to figure out what was going to happen. Was Potter going to use the spell, was Weasley? Who would be the unlucky victim?

He only hoped he was close enough to the moment it happened to help, as he himself was one of the few people who knew the counter curse to that spell.

“Well, you also had one person on your team cursed and removed from almost every single game of the year.” said George.

“And you had someone poisoned before another game with the same person out from being cursed.” said Fred.

“And you had some whack-job Keeper attack his own Seeker.” said George.

“We’d understand.” said the twins together.

“Yeah, that didn’t become standard till the Slytherins started that.” said Fred.

Mrs. McFinn looked over at Harry with a worried gaze.

“I’m sure he wasn’t throwing up; he was probably just carrying on as normal…” said Sirius with a smile.

“Yeah, most likely it was Ron doing the throwing up.” said George.

Sirius smirked. “A party is always a good place to pick up girls.”

“Oh Merlin, help me.” said Remus shaking his head.
“We’re nearing the end of this book right?” asked a first year.

“Aye.” said Officer McFinn.

“Well, then there’s a good chance that it’ll be found out sooner or later, seems to be the theme.” said another first year.

“Called it!” said George raising his fist.

“That’s not funny!” said Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“What am I doing with her?’ said Draco with a disgusted look.

“Yeah right.” said Ron with a roll of his eyes.

“Actually, she could have gotten a teacher on us when we were brewing the Polyjuice Potion. Then she told you two about the moment that she died which led you to the Chamber of Secrets, and she helped Harry in the second task. So…she does help quite a bit.” said Hermione. “So, she’s actually very helpful.”

Ron looked away, his arms crossed.

“Ha!” said Harry looking over to Ron and Hermione.

“He could be talking about someone else, Harry.” said Hermione tiredly.

“Know of anyone else that can send that idiot into a trembling state?” said Harry.

“Moody.” said Ron quickly.

“Moody only threatens to maim you and shove a dark detector up your ass, he doesn’t hurt kids.” said Tonks waving her hand dismissively.

“And that’s if I’m going easy on you.” said Moody darkly.
“Even if they’re Death Eaters?” said Harry.

“He’d stun you and take you in, no time for you to fight back, I’d love to see a kid get the drop on him.” said Tonks with a proud smile to her mentor.

**Twenty-sixth paragraph.**

**Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.**

“Yeah, don’t talk to me, just attack me.” said Harry.

“Like you’d listen.” snarled Draco.

“We’ll never know, now will we? Cause you up and attacked me!” said Harry.

“You were just saying how he was a Death Eater.” said Hermione.

“Did it say anything about tears before?” said Harry. “When was the last time you saw Malfoy crying? Though…with all the crap going on…I wouldn’t have *started* the conversation.”

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Yeah! A fight!” said a few of the second years together.

“Oh no…” muttered Snape looking at the book in horror.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

Almost everyone in the Great Hall gasped loudly.

“And here is where the censorship starts.” said Officer McFinn quietly.

**Dialogue line.**

“NO!” shouted Snape

“No, what? What’s going on?” asked a few of the students. The annoying humming had returned.

“Oh, come on! Not this again!” said the twins with a loud groan.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

Harry’s face turned pale, and he began trembling. Ron and Hermione (who were not privy to the happenings going on in the book) looked at Harry in horror.
“What’s going on?” said Ron softly.

“I don’t know, but it can’t be good…it must be that Sectumsempra spell.” said Hermione quietly.

“Harry must have accidentally done something really bad…why didn’t that book say what the spell does, Harry wouldn’t…” said Ron his voice shaking. “I mean, that book never said what it did…he wouldn’t do anything permanent.”

“For the first time, I hope Malfoy’s okay.” said Hermione looking over at Draco.

Draco, also in the dark, looked at Potter in confusion and the book with worry. What was happening? All he heard was the loud humming as well, but his godfather’s hands were gripping the armrests of chair quite tightly.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

“What is going on?” Leroy asked looking over at Rudolph and Harry. Harry was trembling violently and Sirius was trying hard to comfort him, holding him close and trying to speak reassuringly to him.

“Easy cub easy…whatever it is, it’ll be alright.” said Sirius quietly.

Harry wrenched himself from Sirius’ grasp and tried to get out of the bowl, but fell to his knees instead. He went down on all fours and retched, Mrs. McFinn fell beside him and tried to pull the hair away from his face. Soon everyone that was in the bowl was huddled around him and trying to console him, Dumbledore included.

But to no avail, once he was done vomiting, he gave an unholy scream, clutching at his hair. Before the school’s entire eyes, his hair…after finally turning completely black, now turned stark white again. He stopped screaming at long last, gasping for air. With a trembling hand, he reached for his wand.

In a bright flash of blue light, he fell back into Sirius’s arms and lay motionless. They looked over and saw Glacier sheathing his wand and coming over. Dumbledore returned his own wand to inside pocket and picked up Harry’s wand, putting it into another pocket.

“What…what was that?” asked Sirius as Dr. Clark checked Harry over and Mrs. McFinn kissed Harry’s brow. Madam Pomfrey was also at his side trying to lend some aid.

Dr. Nicodemus came over as well, and inspected the boy, after a short while, Glacier placed his wand at Harry’s temple and gently pulled it back, a long, black glittering strand came out of his skull. The moment it snapped its connection, Dr. Nicodemus pulled out a thick brown jar and trapped it inside.

The hair that had just turned white, now slowly returned to its dark black state. Glacier looked over to Dumbledore with a firm look. “Keep his wand safe, he won’t be needing it for a while.”

“Remember what the Headmaster was talking about splitting a soul? You were just about to bear witness to something similar to that.” said Dr. Nicodemus.

“So…Draco died?” said Fred looking shocked.

“As far as I’ve heard, no.” said Glaicer. “But Harry,” he reached down and patted Harry’s head. “believes he has.”

“So what happened?” asked Ron.

“Don’t bother, lad. We’re not saying…” said Dr. Nicodemus darkly.

“Is Harry’s soul…split?” said Hermione quietly.

Dr. Nicodemus waved his wand, and a bright white orb, with shining silver web like cracks blossomed out of Harry’s chest, he sighed and with his wand, coaxed it back down. “Thankfully, no. His soul is still intact…barely, but I think we should move on with the chapter, and get past this part. He’ll need some nice quite rest to heal that level of damage.”

“And I will be insisting that we end the day, I realize we just started, but it’s what’s is best for Harry.” said Glacier picking Harry up and placing him back in the bowl, as Sirius magicked away the sick on the floor.

Snape, who was looking at Draco in horror stood up and shouted.

“IF I HEAR OF ANYONE, ANYONE USING THAT SPELL THEY’LL WISH I THREW THEM TO THAT BLASTED FLUFFY!” shouted Snape.

The students looked at Snape in confusion and shock.

“After hearing and seeing what happened to Harry, he really thinks we’re going to try it?” said Fred.

Thirty-second paragraph.

“Thank Merlin…I was nearby.” said Snape breathing a sigh of relief. He took out his wand and waved it, in a moment a battered book came flapping into the Great Hall, it was *Advanced Potion-Making*.

Without a second look at it, he hurled it mightily into a nearby fireplace and watched it burn.

“Was that the book?” asked a third year Ravenclaw.

“He must have found it!” said Ravenclaw.

“And now it’s gone.” said Terry.

“If it did that to Malfoy…good riddance.” said Hannah.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“Can’t say I believe the boy is going to stay in one place.” said Glacier, handing Mrs. McFinn a bowl of cool water and a rag.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph, first sentence.

“You stayed?” said Glacier looking down at Harry in shock.

“Don’t go into a life of crime, boy, you’re too honest for that.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Why is it the Rangers can hear, but we can’t?” asked Fred.

End of thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“I’m not helping.” said Snape covering his face.

“Never saw Snape act like that before.” said Ernie.

“Kind of scary.” said Hannah.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“I have to admit Severus; you were justified in doing that.” said Dumbledore with a somber look.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fortieth paragraph.
“It would seem that Potter is more effected now by his actions as he was in the future because he has not seen nor felt these experiences first hand…” said Glacier stroking his chin thoughtfully.

Fifty-first paragraph, fourth sentence.

Snape looked over at Harry, looking perplexed.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And we finally get to hear something.” said George throwing up his arms.

“I wanna know what’s the story with the blood.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

“I can only imagine how a bloodstained student running through the halls would look like.” said Seamus.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Yeah, some of it might be from us.” said Fred.

“We’ve stuffed some stuff in there…maybe half of what that room’s got.” said George.

“Don’t flatter yourselves. I’m sure we’ve accidently tossed in more stuff in there than what you’ve done.” said Sirius.

End of fifty-sixth paragraph.

“What student brought the ax?” said Dr. Clark adjusting the blanket over Harry’s chest.
Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, third comma.
Lionus looked up suddenly and then back down to the floor, a thoughtful look on his face.

Forty-seventh paragraph, seventh sentence, third comma.
“Tiara?” said Flitwick quietly.
Lionus and Nightstrike shared a look and quietly, the werewolf Ranger slipped away.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Forty-eighth paragraph.
“Why didn’t he go with Harry to get the books himself, why stay there?” said Hermione.
“Who knows?” said Leroy.

Forty-ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Oh no…” said George.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Oooh…not good.” said Fred.
“Good luck dodging that one.” said George.

Fiftieth paragraph.
The Great Hall was silent.
“That…sucked…” said the twins together.

“A thousand points from Gryffindor for that lame excuse.” said Remus covering his eyes.

“What the hell?” said Sirius shaking his head a twitching smile on his face as he stroked Harry’s cheek. “You can come up with better stories than that. I expected better of you.”

“Can’t believe we can find something funny about this chapter now.” said Mrs. McFinn dipping the cloth back into the chilled bowl.

“It’s helping me cope.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Just for that lame excuse, I agree and whatever he did, he did it…but a cheater?” said Remus.

“He didn’t do the actual work.” said Hermione stubbornly.

“He followed the direction from a past student, every teacher here is a past student. If we showed you a better way to cast a spell, would that be considered cheating?” said Sirius.

“Well, no…but Harry was being praised for…”

“For following the directions in course book.” repeated Remus. “I’m sure that his father and his mother would have riddled off some helpful hints in his first year course books.”

“Hell, James would have given Harry his own if there weren’t little hearts with L.E written all over them.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Snape scowled, but turned around as the others turned their gaze back to the books and ran his tongue over his teeth slowly.

End of dialogue set.

Fifty-first paragraph.
“Oh brother.” said Ginny covering her head.

“Not the best time, I know…” said Hermione looking down.

“Ouch…but whatever happened, it sounded really bad…no way to dance around that.” said Sirius.

“Though, it sounded like he was trying to use an Unforgivable, that’s most likely the only thing keeping him in school. He was defending himself…but boy…Harry went a bit excessive.”

“And he’s most likely not going to be eating for a week or two now.” said Ron.

“He doesn’t seem to find much injustice in this game suspension, does he?” said George.

“No…must have been really bad what he did.” said Fred.

Snape tried hard to withhold a snarl.
“Gotta point there.” said Chief Hawkeye, sending a quick unnoticed look to Snape. “Doubt this Prince wanted anyone else reading this book, wonder how he let it go?”

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Why do you keep reverting to that?” said Parvati. “That book did a lot of good! Granted it did one really, really bad thing, but the majority of the book seems to be good.”

“So good that Professor Snape saw fit to burn it right in front of us?” snapped Hermione.

“’Cause it had that really bad curse! He didn’t want anyone else to get their hands on it!” said Parvati. “But those potions were apparently really, really well brewed!”

Dialogue set.
Dialogue set.

“Since when did you start being concerned over Quidditch?” said Ginny looking confused.

Dialogue line.

“Whoa, easy there, shortcake.” said Charlie.

Fifty-fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“Oooh…not good.” said the twins.

End of fifty-fourth paragraph.

“You’d feel a lot better if girls were fighting over you, not about you.” said Sirius in a stage whisper to the unconscious boy.

“Don’t you start.” said Remus.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

“Ouch, well, Wood never got to see the end of his first game…got knocked in the head with a Bludger few minutes in.” said Angelina. “You just have to miss…first game of you being Captain…okay, that’s not any better.”
“Yikes…that’s going to be a massive job…especially…” said Sirius, he finished in a groan.

“I’ve got a sinking feeling that he’s just going to be using your and James’ file.” said Remus shaking his head.

“You kidding? He’s going to have a blast!” said Sirius. “He’ll get to see all kinds of things that we did.”

“Got to say, that is an odd punishment for him, especially if you think that he idolizes his father.” said Remus thoughtfully.

“Unless you knew for a fact that he does not.” said Dumbledore with a look up to the ceiling.

“You two were always the nancy boys of the group.” said Sirius. “They just couldn’t catch me…Peter never had the guts to try.” scoffed Remus.

“I’m still shocked, I mean, I would have killed for that punishment, you know how much inspiration is in those cards?” said Sirius.

“We know!” said the twins and Lee excitedly.
“Hated it when she did that.” said Bill. “You couldn’t be sure if something was going to surprise you in a good way or in a bad way.”

Sirius, Dr. Clark, Rudolph, Leroy and Remus laughed. “Finally!”

Several people laughed and Ginny blushed, but she looked over to Harry with a concerned look, Harry had not woken up and he looked quiet awful.

“Aww…” said Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley who were dabbing their eyes.

“You two better go cool off.” said George waving at Dean and an imaginary Romilda.

Hermione giggled as Ron huffed indignantly.

“Well, honestly, what do you expect?”

“I want to know what the hell the both of them did…right now!” said Percy hotly.

“Shut up Percy! Harry’s a perfect gentleman!” said Ginny standing up and going over to Harry’s side. “Is he okay?”

“He’s going to be alright, but I think the rest of the day needs to be in convalescence.” said Glacier.
“Is this chapter done?”

Officer McFinn nodded.

“Then that is all for the day.” he said coming over and picking up Harry, without a word the people around the bowl left with the Ranger healer and the sleeping boy.
Harry woke up with a great pain in his head and a very befuddled feeling in his head. He could have sworn that he woke up already that day and that the readings had already started. But here he was, in his bed, wearing his pajamas, and wrapped tightly in a warm blanket. Mrs. McFinn was sitting beside him in a large armchair, sewing up a few holes in a few of his older jumpers.

He made to sit up and ask how he got back to bed already, when she noticed his struggles, she put her mending down and then tried to push him back into the pillows. “Harry, lie back down, Glacier says that you need to keep in bed today.”

“Wasn’t I up and moving around earlier? Didn’t we start reading already?” asked Harry as he sank back into the pillows. “And why does my head hurt?”

Mrs. McFinn looked uncomfortable for a moment, then the door opened. Glacier and Sirius came into the room, a bowl of cool water in Glacier’s hands.

“Looks like you finally woke up.” said Sirius with a sigh of relief. “You’ve been out for hours, cub! It’s almost dinnertime now.”

“So what happened to the readings?” asked Harry as he was brought into a sitting position by the Ranger Healer.

“You…became very emotional and to save your health from deteriorating, I subdued you.” said the Healer plainly. “If you are well enough by tomorrow morning, we will reconvene tomorrow for the readings, but for the time being, you will rest up here.”

“I…I don’t remember what happened? What made me…?” asked Harry.

“In the book, you stumbled upon Malfoy, you both attacked each other and something happened…that spell that your future-self found in that potion book. The one that was for enemies…”

“Did I use it? What does it do?” asked Harry with a look of curiosity as he reached for a glass of water.

“Nothing good, let’s leave it at that, you were given Saturday detentions till the end of your sixth year term and missed your last Quidditch game.” said Sirius honestly, taking the glass from Harry after he was done with it.

“What the…?” said Harry looking at Sirius in horror.

“It didn’t end on a bad note however, you finally got to get together with Ginny, but that’s the only good thing that happened during that chapter in my opinion.” said Sirius with an uncomfortable look.

Harry looked between Sirius and Glacier. “Do I get the details on the fight with Draco? Or do I have to take a wild guess?”

“No.” said the three people in the room together.

“And I would not want you taking guesses, I dread what some of those could be.” said Glacier.

“I’ll ask Ron or Hermione then…” said Harry stubbornly.
“Won’t work cub.” said Sirius shaking his head.

“Only very few people heard what was going on during that fight. In this room, only I know what happened.” said Glacier. “No student heard what had happened, not even Draco.”

Harry sank back into the pillows with a sigh. “You know, this doesn’t help me, what if I…?”

“The book has been destroyed and there has now been a ban on that spell, after what happened this morning…no other student will be even considering that spell to be part of their arsenal.” said Glacier.

Harry blinked. “I guess I didn’t take it well, if none of the Slytherins at least want to try it.”

“Good heavens no.” said Mrs. McFinn with a shudder. “I’ll go and get you some dinner, you stay in bed, sweetie.”

She leaned over, kissed his brow and walked out of the room.

“I’ve got some potions that I want you to take, some you’ll need to take now…others you’ll need to wait till after you have something to eat.” said Glacier reaching into his inner pockets and pulled out two potion phials.

“Oh wonderful…my favorite part of being confined to bed.” said Harry with a groan.

“Glad to hear that.” said Glacier dryly. “Then you should be delirious with joy until you go to sleep tonight.”

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“So what do we do?” asked Remus. “The Rangers seemed to have heard what was going on, and so did Severus and you, Dumbledore…do we tell Harry, or have you tell us for that matter?”

Dumbledore sat in thought. “I think we should allow Glacier to pick the time to tell Harry, and I will only burden myself with that misfortune, no need to worry you all over something that now will most likely not happen.”

Sirius looked over to Dumbledore in confusion. “You’re actually going to let…”

“After what I had seen, I will give the reins to Glacier, he has been helping Harry cope these past few weeks, and I would rather not see…Harry suffer from that sort of breakdown again.” said Dumbledore quietly. “I would and will do anything to prevent that from happening again.”

Sirius covered his head with his hands and arms and leaned forward. “I’d rather forget that incident, to be honest…he doesn’t like Malfoy, but to go to that extreme for apparently nearly killing him…he doesn’t need that sort of mental anguish again.”

“Severus and Draco are having the rest of the day off as well. Seems that Malfoy was also in the dark about what happened, I don’t know if Severus is going to tell him what he had heard or not.” said Remus.

“As his godfather, it is his choice. I hope that he does not do so, but we must abide by whatever decision Severus makes.” said Dumbledore quietly.

Glacier came out of the room, empty potion phials in his hands.

“How is he?” asked Remus standing up.
“He’ll be fine, as long as he gets the rest he needs. As for what caused all this, I’ll see how he fairs in the coming months, if he is ready to take the news of what would have happened, then we will proceed accordingly. The books themselves will most likely be referencing the incident, I don’t want anyone else to dwell on it too much.”

“Going to be hard.” said Leroy. “That’s all the kids are going to be talking about for a good long while…more’s the pity.”

“I kind of hope they just focus on Harry and Ginny finally getting together in the books…but that’s not going to happen…” said Dr. Clark sadly. “If anything they’ll be talking about his reaction and what possibly could have happened.”

“My poor, sweet baby…” said Mrs. McFinn looking at the door leading to Harry and Sirius’ room.

It was in the wee hours of the morning, when Lionus and Glacier were seen walking down a brightly lit corridor towards a large steel door at the far end. They walked side by side, wands at the ready and small masks over their mouths and noses.

“So, we’ve got that dreadful woman and Voldemort down here?” asked Glacier.

“Can you honestly say there is another place where they would be most suited?” asked Lionus with a smirk. “The guards are having a lot of fun with that Umbridge woman, seems she tried to talk her way out one last time.”

“Clearly it did not work.” said Glacier with a cruel smirk of his own. “If at all possible, I would like to also have a word with her.”

“I think I can have that arranged, it may be easier to get to her first than it will be to Riddle, we’ll have to see who we can get quicker.” said Lionus.

The moment they approached the steel barrier, the large metal doors parted with a clanging sound and the scene behind them was revealed.

It was a large open space surrounded by concrete walls, with what looked like an artificial cloudy sky overhead, there was a lower level where there were people milling about almost aimless through the light fog that was rolling through the space they walked in. Guards patrolled the area on the elevated walk ways over the figures below, some had their wands or various weapons in their hands prepared for anything. Each one of the guards had similar masks over their noses and mouths.

The nearest guard came over to them and saluted smartly. “Star Captain sir, welcome to Level 7, the Lieutenant is waiting for you in Interrogation room number seven hundred and thirteen.”

“Thank you, we’ll need to speak to two of your charges, D…I’ll just describe them…that might be quicker…one is a woman who looks like a toad and the man formally known as the Dark Lord.” said Lionus with a nod.

“’Toadie’ and ‘No-Nose’?” said the guard with an amused smile. “’No-nose is detained right now; seems he can resist the effects of the fog.’

“How are you going to get him to comply?” asked Glacier.

“I personally don’t know; the Lieutenant is going to talk to the Warden about it.” said the guard.
“He didn’t try anything, other than pretend that he was under control. And as you know, that can lead to some serious trouble.”

“And I take it that when it came to ‘Bodily relief time’ that you made the discovery.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“I still find that part of level seven to be highly repulsive, all of them relieving themselves in shifts like that…” said Glacier with a look of intense disgust on his face.

“That’s what level seven is sir, you lose all control, the lieutenant decides what you do, when you do it and how you do it.” said the guard with a rueful smile. “Trust me, I hate that part of the day as well, I like it when it’s quiet like this.”

Lionus and Glacier bid the guard farewell, and moved onto the Interrogation room, when they entered, they saw the Lieutenant sitting at the table, a burly middle aged man with a thick beard, strong muscular arms and large hands shuffling papers. and there sat the man they wanted.

Lord Voldemort, or at least the man that was formally referred to as was sitting across from the Lieutenant. All of the damage he had done to his physical appearance in regards to the workings he had done with the Dark Arts was ripped from him, leaving him looking like a much older version of his younger self. He had his hair restored, though it was now a salt and pepper colored, but his nose was now present, but it was a much smaller, slightly squashed version of what it originally looked like.

His eyes were no longer red slits, but were the eyes that he had been born with, yet despite the change in appearance, the look of malice was still present. For someone who had been in Ranger custody for several weeks, he wasn’t looking all that terrible.

The Lieutenant turned and looked up at the two that had entered the room.

“Ah, Star Captain Lionus.” said the man standing up and saluting. “I heard you were coming, I’ll be just a moment, I need to finish up here.”

“Actually, we’ve come to talk to this man.” said Lionus pointing to Riddle as Glacier took the seat that the lieutenant had vacated. “Then we want see…what did that guard call her?”

“Toadie.” said Glacier with a smirk.

“That’s right, her.” said Lionus. “Not the most original name, but it’ll do.”

“Ah, well, if I may…have a word with you…outside?” said the lieutenant gesturing towards the door.

Lionus smiled. “If you’d like.” He led the lieutenant out of the room, leaving Glacier sitting across from the one of the darkest wizards of their age. The lieutenant accepted Glacier as a suitable guard to Riddle and followed the Star Captain.

As they entered the hallway, Lionus turned and looked at the man. He remembered this lieutenant, far back to his rookie days. This man was his Sergeant when he was first starting out as a Rookie, he was a stern man that had appreciation for ranks, rules and regulations.

He knew why he was being asked out of the room, before the lieutenant could even say it.

“So, what can I do for you?” asked Lionus, a smile on his face as he addressed the powerfully built man.
If he was still back in his rookie days, he would be cuffed and dragged down to the sparring room for not adding the word “sir.” at the end of his sentence, or for that matter starting the conversation. But now the tables had turned and Lionus was now the high ranking superior. Luckily for the lieutenant, he had nothing but fond memories of the man, of course he was trained till he was black and blue from his toes to the tips of his hair, but he wouldn’t be the man he was today without it.

“It’s well, sir…if I may speak frankly…” said the lieutenant standing up straighter than he was before.

“You may.” said Lionus still smiling.

The man sighed and looked between the now closed door and the Star Captain. “That man, he was the one that attacked your man Viper, correct?”

“Aye.” said Lionus, still smiling.

“Then protocol dictates, that…you cannot be in there with him, hell you shouldn’t even be on this level.” said the lieutenant with a firm look. “Not without authorization from the Chief and the Warden would have passed that on down to me at very least…my level and all.”

Lionus’ smile slowly turned into a smirk. “Out of the two people that came here today, I’m not the one you should be keeping an eye on.”

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Glacier looked at Riddle, his face devoid of any emotion and sat silently as Riddle looked back at him, equally as silent and emotionless. The only sound echoing through the interrogation room was the ticking of a clock on the wall, it’s hands had been removed, but the phantom ticking of the clock had remained.

Riddle fixed his gaze at the Healer, trying to gauge how to proceed. The Healer was sitting forward in his chair, his chin resting on one of his hands, looking bored and yet still attentive. After several minutes of silence, Riddle finally spoke.

“Did that vampire survive?” he said smoothly.

Tick…tock…tick…tock…

Glacier nodded.

“Pity, I had one chance…”

Tick…tock…tick…tock…

Glacier’s expression did not change, but Riddle continued on.

“For an organization that prides itself on being the best of the best, you all are certainly easy to catch off guard. I had managed to slip a spy amongst your ranks and you never even knew it.” Riddle sneered. “I managed to obtain quite a bit of information out of him before you finally caught him.”

Tick…tock…tick…tock…

Glacier still said nothing and his expression remained unchanged, the only response to Riddle’s
words were the continuous ticking from the clock on the wall.

*Tick…tock…tick…tock…*

Riddle frowned at the apparent lack of interest shown by the Healer, however he had anticipated the conversation going, it was not going in the direction he was hoping for. Silence grew between the two of them once more.

*Tick…tock…tick…tock…*

“I had assumed that with the power you all seem to possess, that you would have at least seen such a flimsy guise as that fool I had reporting to me.” said Riddle with a sneer.

*Tick…tock…tick…tock…*

Riddle’s gaze flitted between Glacier and the handless clock, and the corners of his mouth twitched slightly. Minutes slowly crept by till he brought the Healer into another conversation. But it didn’t matter, no matter what the Dark Lord said, how much he baited the man, the Ranger did not speak, did not alter his gaze and that…bloody *ticking*…

*Tick…tock…tick…*

*Tock…tick…tock…*

*Tick…tock…tick…*

*Tock…tick…tock…*

“ARRRRGHHHH!” roared Riddle as he leaped out of his chair and ripped the clock of the wall, slamming it down on the floor, smashing it into pieces, silencing the ticking sound, and bringing nothing more than silence to the room.

He looked over to the Healer, who did not seem surprised at the quick show of rage or even that the clock was now in pieces on the floor. His demeanor hadn’t changed in the slightest, and didn’t seem poised to defend himself against the agitated prisoner.

“I…I have seen stoic men before…but you…” said Riddle, gasping slightly.

*Tick…tock…tick…tock…*

Riddle’s eyes widened in shock, he looked down at the broken clock. “What…what madness…?”

He slammed his foot down on the broken mechanical parts, shattering the glass even further.

“There…”

*Tick…tock…tick…tock…*

His eyes widened even further, he took the chair from it’s spot and he slammed the legs down on the broken pieces of the clock…but the ticking continued.

“Why won’t this clock…stop…. *ticking!”* growled Riddle, his teeth bared.

Glacier didn’t spare the clock a single glance, his expression still unchanged, granting the ticking sound to carry throughout the room.
“Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing? I know you’re just trying to get me to lose my composure but it won’t work, I’ve trained myself…”

Tick…tock…tick...

Tock…tick…tock...

Tick…tick…tock...

“SAY SOMETHING!” Riddle shouted lifting up the chair, preparing to throw it.

Glacier removed his hand from his chin and waved it dismissively.

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The lieutenant and Lionus opened the door to the interrogation room and was welcomed with a blast of frigid cold air. Glacier was standing up and walking out of the room, where everything was covered in frost and their breath was coming out in puffs of white. Riddle was not moving, he was covered in what looked like a thick layer of frost, apparently frozen in an instant.

“He’ll be more compliant now with that fog.” said Glacier coming out. “We’ll have to wait till he’s completely under control before we can move with the next stage of the plan, I would rather not have him going off at the mouth.”

Lionus nodded. “We’ll have to postpone our little chat for a while. May we speak to the Umbridge woman now?”

“I’ll have her brought to interrogation room three hundred and ninety-four.” said the Lieutenant.

“Why do the numbers of the interrogation rooms make me think there’s some significance?” said Lionus thoughtfully.
Smooth Talking

Umbridge sat in the interrogation room, her hair was frazzled and she looked nervously around the room. She looked between the two persons that flanked her on either side with a worried glance, both were dressed all in black and they had terrible looking masks on their faces. She couldn’t believe how her life turned around this way.

The moment she arrived in this horrible place, she found herself moving around against her will, a strong, compelling voice in her head ordering her to walk in a certain direction, look, speak, eat, defecate, sleep and even breathe! She only regained her control when she was placed in this particular room, but it didn’t make her feel any better. It made her feel horribly violated.

The door opened and a pair of familiar figures entered the room. The last time she had seen anyone else that wasn’t a prisoner felt as if it were decades ago, so it took her a short while to pin the names to the faces. But that condescending smirk was all she needed to put together…

“Lionus.” hissed Umbridge angrily.

“I’m impressed you remember me, you’re not entirely stupid then, most people lose whatever intellect they have within a month.” said Lionus still smirking. “Though, you are dumb enough to get your old ass dropped here, so…no points.”

Umbridge glared.

“Star Captain…” said the white haired man coming up behind him. “That is not what we are here for…as pleasurable as it may be.”

Lionus continued to smirk. “Perk of the job.” he took the seat directly across from Umbridge, his eyes boring into hers. “Just came to give you a heads up, in case you were interested.”

Umbridge said nothing, but continued to scowl at the man before her.

“Do you remember what started all this nonsense?” asked Lionus taking out a small roll of parchment.

“It was those trumped up charges!” spat Umbridge.

“Keep telling yourself that…what started all this was your boss…and you…not willing to accept the hard truths of the matter and preparing your people for another war. If you had done that reasonably simple task of using your listening ears, you would have ‘The Boy-Who-Lived’ on your side and you wouldn’t be in this mess in the first place. Then again, I wouldn’t have as much fun now as I would be if you hadn’t have done all this. For this I thank you.” he finished with a laugh.

“Just tell me what you’re here to tell me!” said Umbridge.

“Frankly, it’s just to gloat.” said Lionus. “But there was something else that I wanted you to have the pleasure of knowing…”

Sirius watched as Harry turned over in his sleep, trying to burrow his way further under the covers where it was warmer. He cast a warming charm on Harry’s bed and transfigured a book into another blanket to throw over him.
Harry had been asleep for a whole day since the last chapter was read, either it was due to the mental exhaustion or the potions he was given was unclear, but at least Harry was getting some actual rest. Sirius himself was found to be unable to sleep and was reduced to tossing and turning all night.

He kept thinking how tore up Harry was over what had happened during that censored bit of the book, and how devastated he was. The kid could do amazing things, and was one of the bravest, most selfless people he knew…and the thought of him causing someone mortal harm…it almost destroyed his godson.

“Padfoot?” came a calm voice from the doorway. Sirius looked up and saw Remus, wearing lounge pants, a simple shirt and a robe.

“Hey Moony.” said Sirius tiredly. “What’s got you up so late tonight?”

“Nightstrike and I went out for a bit, it’s sort of odd, being able to transform painlessly…” said Remus with a smile. “He and I went out hunting…have to admit, haven’t had that much fun since our school days.”

Sirius looked down, guilt evident on his face. “Sorry I haven’t been joining you lately, I…”

“Harry needs you more than I do. You, James, and (I reluctantly admit) Peter helped me when I needed you three the most, now it’s Harry’s turn.” said Remus with a slight smile. “How’s he doing by the way?”

“Still asleep, he hasn’t woken up yet. I wonder where Glacier is, he didn’t mention that Harry would be sleeping this long.” said Sirius. “I wouldn’t be all that worried, but after that chapter…”

“I’m sure it’s nothing to be worried about.” said Remus reassuringly. “If it was something he was worried about, I can’t see him or Dr. Nicodemus willing to leave the castle.”

“Dr. Nicodemus left too?” said Sirius looking stunned.

“After Nightstrike and I left for the Forbidden Forest. He had to take those infants back to the Headquarters, seemed they picked up a slight cold.” said Remus.

“Put a little Pepper-up potion in their bottles.” said Sirius automatically.

“If they’re half Vampire, I’m not sure that will work.” said Remus thoughtfully.

“Forgot that Viper was now a ‘Daddy’, it’s kind of odd.” said Sirius. “He doesn’t look the type…neither does that Wildfire chick…”

“You never know with some people.” said Remus. “I would never have pegged James to be a father either. But he made a very handsome young man with Lily.”

Sirius reached over and ran his fingers through Harry’s hair. “I just hope nothing more happens.”

-=-=-=-=-=

“What in the world are you saying?” said the Warden looking at the Star Captain with a stunned look, leaning her lithe body back into the throne like chair she sat in.

“I’m saying that there is someone I want to take out of here for a short while, not all that long I shouldn’t think, a month, or maybe more.” said Lionus with a small smile.
“You cannot be serious.” said the Warden shaking her head.

“Reaper, it’s not like I’m taking the prisoner today, I’m going to let you keep playing hostess and in a few days or so I’ll come back. Besides, I’m not taking, only borrowing.” said Lionus with a smile.

The Warden, Reaper, shook her head and flipped through the papers on her desk. “You know, Star Captain or not, I cannot allow this. Hell’s Garden is not a library, you don’t get to borrow criminals and take them out of the facility.”

Lionus reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a small letter and handed it to the Warden. “And that is why I have this. This is a formal request from Chief Hawkeye for a temporary custodial release.”

The Warden sighed heavily, ran her fingers through her blood red hair and held out her hand to accept the letter. “Could have saved me so much time and headache by just handing me the damn thing.”

“Just want to see how tight the security is around here about taking out criminals for day visits.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“You and I have been doing business for years, you asshole!” said Reaper slamming a hand down on the table with enough force to upset her black china tea cup, her dark brown eyes glinting threateningly. “You know exactly how I run my prison and you think that now that you are the second in command you can tap dance around my rules, my regulations?”

Lionus blinked, “I’ve never seen you get this worked up before…what’s going on with you?”

“Everyone can have a bad day, Lionus, and you just happened to waltz in on one!” snapped Reaper angrily. “Unless this is a damned social call, the next time you come to visit, hand over your paperwork right away and then we’ll talk!”

“Okay…okay…I’m sorry.” said Lionus holding out his hands submissively.

Reaper settled back into her chair and ripped open the letter in an angry huff. Lionus took the chair in front of her and watched her read, seconds ticked by.

“Did you get the present I sent you?” asked Lionus.

Reaper looked at him over the top of the letter in her hands. “Really? You’re asking me this now?”

“Just want to know.” said Lionus with a shrug. “I got your present, never thought I would own copies of the Strand Magazine with the original Sherlock Holmes stories in them…I was stunned.”

Reaper rolled her eyes, but a small smile twitched at her lips. “Yes, I got your present, it was lovely. Have to admit, I’ve never had something from that Tiffany’s store before.”

“I thought you would like it.” said Lionus, a pleased smile on his face. “Though I think when they were coming up with the design, I don’t think a jailer’s keys were what they were envisioning. Did I get the length of the chain right?”

“The innocent act doesn’t exactly work on me.” said Reaper with a smug look. “The paper did look to be in order, till I saw that you have the Chief’s seal backwards. Now, you can either hand over the real documents, or you get your head bludgeoned with my mace, you pick.”
Lionus smirked. “There were five other mistakes, you’re just settling for that one?”

“One mistake is enough for me to pitch this right in the garbage. Do you have the right paperwork?” said Reaper, making a show to lean over and reach for the large spiked mace leaning against the wall.

“Right here.” said Lionus with a chuckle, pulling out another envelope. But that didn’t stop the Warden from picking up the weapon and placing it on her desk. “Just playing…”

“You’d play with a woman who has stated quite clearly that she wasn’t having a good day and she carries a mace that weighs almost as much as you do? You’re dumber than I thought.”

“Not dumber, I just have faith that you won’t hurt me unless I do something incredibly stupid.” said Lionus.

Reaper scoffed, “And this isn’t?”

“Compared to what I could do? No.” said Lionus. “This was pretty low on the level of idiocy that I could ever do with you.”

“Does not speak well for you.” said Reaper as she tore open the new envelope. She read through the letter and then signed the bottom of the letter. “How is Tempest enjoying her furlough? I’ve heard an interesting rumor that she’s found herself a nice stallion at that English wizarding school.”

“She has, don’t see much of her, she and Firenze tend to take long strolls on most days.” said Lionus.

Reaper smirked. “And here I thought there was hope for at least one of us, here is your letter back and approval…anything else you want to bother me with?”

“Nothing that you and I can get away with in your office.” said Lionus with a roguish wink as he stood up.

“Careful, sir, that could be labeled as sexual harassment.” said Reaper with a smirk.

“You are worth all the risk.” said Lionus leaning over the desk and kissing the top of her hand, smiling as she thwacked him with a rolled up parchment.

“None of that mushy crap.” said Reaper. “Go find someone else to pester.”

“At once, my lady.” said Lionus bowing low, a teasing smile on his lips.
The Truth of the Seer

Thankfully, the day that both Glacier and Lionus returned was the same day that Harry had woken up and had started making his way down to the Great Hall; Glacier himself had met Harry as he made his way down.

“Potter, I want to have a word with you before the readings start.”

Harry quirked a brow. “Is this going to be a good conversation, or are we going to have to cut the day short before it even begins?”

“I would not be surprised if you wished to cease the readings for the day, no.” said Glacier.

Meanwhile, the most of the adults were up in Dumbledore’s office, the Headmaster had called them up to have a quick chat, after meeting with Lionus.

“Are you bloody serious?” shouted Sirius angrily. “He wants to do what?”

“My reaction may not have been quite so vocal, but I was as puzzled as you are.” said Dumbledore calmly, his hands folded over on the top of the desk. “But I have been assured that the guards around the students will be intensified and not just by Aurors…no offense meant to you Kingsley, Tonks, Moody or Amelia.” he said with a nod towards the Aurors and Madam Bones.

“None taken, so there are going to be more Rangers coming in?” said Tonks.

“Yes, let me see I was given a list of their names here…we have a young Miss Ctenizidae, (“There’s a mouthful,” said Sirius.) Miss Cosmo, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Force. They are members of Lionus’ own squadron as it were and he can assure us that they will protect the students at all costs.” said Dumbledore calmly. “Then there is a Lieutenant Harpy that will be patrolling outside in case of emergencies, she has her own company and there is little chance of the students coming into contact with them.”

“We’re just swarmed with Rangers now, aren’t we?” said Sirius. “What about that one bloke, Longsword, I haven’t seen him around.”

“Oh he’s there, just under one of their own Invisibility cloaks,” said Moody gruffly. “He hasn’t left the boy’s side since he was brought here.”

“I feel a bit better…I guess.” said Sirius.

Once everyone had gathered in the Great Hall, they started the day’s reading. The others sent furtive glances over to young man, but they said nothing to the young man, who seemed to be conflicted with some inner turmoil.

“Alright, are we ready?” asked Officer McFinn with sigh. “Let’s see…” he flipped through the book to where he had placed the book mark from the other day. “Chapter Twenty-five.”

“Well, it must mean something with Trelawney, she’s the only ‘Seer’ we’ve got.” said Ron.
“Go figure.” said a few boys rolling their eyes.

The other students looked at Harry, but Harry himself looked confused and turned his attention to Glacier.

“What the…?”

“That buzzing you just heard is what they have to listen to when you decide to censor something.” said Officer McFinn before Glacier could say anything.

“Well, that sucks.” said Harry.

“Tell us about it.” said the twins.

“Hang on, I thought Harry could understand that buzzing?” said Hermione.

“Oh he did, I just cast Muffliato around him for that moment.” said Glacier with a quick twitch of his lips.

“So... nothing was stopping the books; it was just stopping him…” said Ron.

“I love loopholes.” said Mr. Weasley quietly with a smile.

“You were sitting where?” asked Bill looking at his sister in shock.

“Here.” said Ginny standing up and leaning against Harry’s leg, a cheeky smile on her face.

“You’d better go back to your family before they send a bunch of hexes over here.” said Remus with a laugh.

“She’s going to be the death of me.” said Harry with a small smile. “So worth it.” he added in a whisper.

Sirius blinked, turned in his seat and peeked under Harry’s shirt.

“Get off me.” said Harry shoving Sirius aside.

“He’d better not have a tattoo on his chest.” said Mrs. McFinn. “You’re not old enough to get one.”

“I don’t have one...yet.” said Harry quietly with a faint smile.
“What are you thinking of getting?” asked Sirius with a gleeful smile.

“I don’t know yet.” said Harry. “But I want one.”

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, go with that one.” said Sirius.

“I personally have a Chinese Fireball on my back.” said Charlie.

“When did you get this?” said Mrs. Weasley looking stunned.

“When I first went to the reserve, mum, it’s tradition. You get the first dragon species you managed to stun on your own tattooed on your back, it could have been worse…” said Charlie.

“You could have been fried.” said Percy looking at his older brother in shock.

“Nah, I could have had a Swedish Short-Snout, they’re awesome but I want my favorite dragon on me.” said Charlie with a smile. “And between the two of them, Fireball’s are way prettier.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ron blushed as a few girls giggled.

“I’m not getting a Pygmy Puff…” said Ron darkly. “If anything…I dunno…but sure as bloody hell won’t be a Pygmy Puff.”

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“And you say that in front of her?” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle. “Whatever she does to you for that little remark, you’ve earned it.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Harry saluted but Ginny only rolled her eyes. “If we snog in public, then it’s our business, not yours.”

“Oh, it becomes ours, ‘cause we’ll hurt the one snogging you.” said Fred.
“Friendly warning there, mate.” said George with a pointed look over to Harry.

Harry saluted again.

Dialogue line.

“Fair point.” said Charlie.

“Stuff it.” said Ron.

Fourth paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley looked at each other fondly.

“At least he’s a romantic.” said Leroy.

End of fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I didn’t do it!” said Harry quickly.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, just because you didn’t have a public boyfriend in your fifth year.” said Ginny.

“What do you mean ‘public’?” asked Hermione confusedly.

“Ron.” said Ginny pointing to her older brother. “You two have been dating, whether you know it or not, for years.” said Ginny. “The only person who didn’t know other than you was the giant squid.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

“Didn’t even want to keep up the appearance it seems.” said Sirius with a nudge to his godson.

“Who says I’m not, it sounds like I’m doing the more important acting.” said Harry. “Last thing I need is for Draco to go skulking off to Voldemort with information.”

Dialogue line.
“Doesn’t sound like it was a hobby.” said Ron.

“Miss Granger, have you ever had time to research how modern spells are created?” asked Dumbledore with a twinkling smile. “Dark Arts or otherwise?”

“ Spells are created by first researching Latin and studying various wand movements, once you find the appropriate wand movement, then the spell is thus…” recited Hermione.

“Oh please, someone stop her.” said Snape covering his eyes. “Your own words girl…”

“Yes, Latin is where we get most of the incantations for our spells, and wand movements are generally divided into seven different forms and figures, there is still quite a bit more that is involved. Do you know what that is?” asked Dumbledore, his smile still on his face.

Hermione thought for a moment, “Well, really, that should be enough, the incantation, and the movement…”

“For established spells, ones that have been pounded into perfection, it is all that is needed. But crude spells, ones that are at the birth of their creation needs a bit more. An idea, as it were.” said Dumbledore.

“What do you mean?” asked Hermione.

“You need to mentally tell your wand what you want to do.” said Lionus looking over to Hermione.

“You need to have a desire, and while you need to create the incantation and find the wand movements, your wand needs to trust you to know what you’re doing, if it doesn’t trust you…you can’t do it. As the adage goes, the path to hell was paved with good intentions.” said Dumbledore.

“How can a wand think?” asked Hermione with a look of disbelief.

“Set the argument aside for a bit,” said Hawkeye with a smirk. “Now, if you were to want to come up with a brand-new spell, say…a flaming rose…do you think you could do that?”

Harry looked over to Hawkeye quickly.

“Wouldn’t that be just finding a Firerose?” asked Neville. “There’s some in Greenhouse three…”

“No lad, right from your wand, but points for that…do you think you can do that?” asked Hawkeye.

“I suppose I could…” said Hermione with an air of determination.

“Then that’s your homework.” said Hawkeye. “No, no…sit back down, do that later, let’s get on with the day.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Well, it certainly doesn’t say ‘Half-Blood Princess’ does it?” said Lee.
Snape’s eye twitched slightly.

“Yeah, you can’t be the Captain of the Gobstones team if you look happy…must be from all the stink juice that comes up and squirts you in the face.” said Dean.

“Doesn’t fit.” said Harry. “Maybe someone with Potion awards or…” he stopped suddenly and leaned back in his chair, a thoughtful look on his face.

“You alright, Harry?” asked Sirius.

“You figured it out didn’t you? That’s the face you make you figure it out…who is it?” asked Ron quickly and excitedly.

“I’m…I’m going to wait, and see if I’m right.” said Harry.

“Aww…” said the students.

“Don’t know about that, in my family, if you’re born into the Black family, you’re of the mindset that you’re all Black.” said Sirius. “Especially if your last name is Black. She would have to be the Half-Blood-whatever-mum’s-maiden-name-was.”

Snape snickered quietly to himself.
“Where did you pull that one out of?” said Harry with a laugh.

“Have to give him that, sweetheart.” said Officer McFinn. “I taught him myself, and I taught him how to spot a lot of things, including the gender of a writer when it’s not specified.”

Hermione looked down.

“Have fun.” said Harry and Ron together.

Hermione folded her arms and frowned.

“We’re teasing Hermione, but you’re wrong.” said Harry.

“That’s where you should have started!” said Moody throwing his hands up into the air.

“And we don’t know what that spell did.” said a seventh year Slytherin.

“Just know that it’s really bad.” said another Slytherin student.
“Every Saturday, Ron, every Saturday.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“Can’t say…if it went all that badly, I don’t blame him.” said Harry quietly.

**Ninth paragraph, first sentence.**

Sirius smiled brightly.

“At least he’s nice about it.” said Remus.

“I was nice about it!” said Sirius indignantly.

“Bragging about who you were taking out for a long walk along the lake? Every five minutes? You weren’t nice.” said Remus.

**End of ninth paragraph.**

“Most likely.” said Snape with a sneer.

**Tenth paragraph.**

Dialogue set.

**Eleventh paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“Oh, no…” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly.

Dialogue line.

**Twelfth paragraph.**

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

“Where’s the party?” said Rudolph with a chuckle.
“That’s why I did.” said Harry.

“Pretty big word to use so late in the evening.” said Dr. Clark. “And by someone who might be a little tipsy.”

“We all know Sybill.” said McGonagall quietly.

“Draco.” said Harry at once.
“Damn it!” hissed Harry.

“How about sneaking in and trying to find out who was celebrating in there?” said Harry with a groan.

Sirius snorted but recovered when Mrs. McFinn sent him a glare. “Easy there, cub.”

“Woah…seriously?” asked Fred.
“That doesn’t happen.” said George.

“He tells us that we shouldn’t be causing problems,” said Fred.

“But he never says he doesn’t want us to visit!” said George.

“Wonder how those visits go?” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

“Oh…then yeah…” said the twins. “We could see him not wanting to listen to someone lament about that all the time.”

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Flitwick shook his head.

Dialogue set.

Harry rolled his eyes.

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Probably because they’ve been predicting it for almost six years.” said Harry quietly.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Firenze doesn’t much care for rumors about Seers.” said Dumbledore with a small smile.

“Where did he and Tempest go anyway?” asked Katie.

“I’m not altogether sure.” said Dumbledore. “But as far as I know, they are both on the grounds.”

End of dialogue set.
Dumbledore smiled.

**Dialogue set.**

“Take a guess what happened.” said Hannah quiet voice.

**Twenty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

Dumbledore’s eyes flashed open wider and he sent Harry a fearful glance.

Harry sat in silence for a moment and then looked at the book in disbelief. “…What?”

Snape himself took a deep breath and let it out slowly, from the way the boy tensed up, this was not going to go well.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Can’t see him getting any tips from an interview between you and Dumbledore.” said Leroy looking at Harry and Snape quickly. He seemed to be mentally debating about which way this was going to play out, despite not quite knowing what was the importance of such a statement.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Twenty-fourth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-fifth paragraph.**

Sirius sat confused for a moment, but then the answer came to him in a flash, and then it came to Remus, Rudolph, and Leroy.

Dumbledore stood up and walked over to Snape, and stood in front of the Potions Master, his wand in his hand facing the bowl’s occupants. “Do not make me have to fight you.”

With a nudge of his foot, Harry brought his bag out from under the bowl, reached down and snatched a small pouch from within and threw it on the floor. A large puff of black smoke erupted from the contact it made with the floor, smothering the entire space in darkness.

In the briefest moment, Dumbledore felt a whoosh go past him and a shout of pain came from where Severus was sitting. Dumbledore waved his wand, clearing the black smoke instantly.
Harry, was standing over a fallen Severus who was cradling his face, his nose was bleeding and his eye would no doubt be black come a few hours’ time. The young man did not have his wand in his hand, (as Dumbledore still had it in his pocket) but his fists were clenched.

“I know where that’s going,” he pointed over to the book in Officer McFinn’s hands. “And I want to hurt you so bad because of it. But he’s got a reason to have you here.” said Harry gesturing back to Dumbledore with his thumb, “and yet I think I’m deserving of that...so far.” he turned on his heel and went back to the bowl, ignoring Dumbledore completely. “Sit down you lot, let’s get this done with. I want to know the whole story.”

The students stared, fixated at what had just occurred and then began talking excitedly amongst themselves.

“He just went right past Dumbledore; do you think he let him?” asked a Slytherin third year.

“What is he talking about?” asked a first year Gryffindor.

“I dunno…but that was wicked!” said another first year.

“Was not expecting Snape to get punched like that…bloody awesome!” said Fred.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

The school was silent.

“Move on.” said Harry darkly.

Glacier looked at Harry, his gaze unwavering.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Uh…did he just tell a teacher to do something?” asked Fred, his voice shaky as he tried to look anywhere else but Snape.

“T-That he did.” said George.

They both disliked Snape on a personal level and thought he was a right snarky bat…but to do that…to be involved in the murder of someone like that…they weren’t sure how to feel about it. On one hand, he was employed by Voldemort and he was now on their side…it was a mistake that he made and would have to live with it. Now they wondered if they should just let Harry take care of in the way of punishment, or should they offer their services? They just didn’t know, was it their place to even voice their opinion?
Sirius pulled Harry close to him and said quietly. “Most civilized people wait to be allowed to enter before they enter.”

“I better hit the reboot button on my brain.” said Harry, no smile on his face, despite the joke he made.

“Not the emotion he’s feeling right now.” said Remus, his eyes never leaving Snape’s body as the Potion’s Master got back into his seat.

“Hard to forget that.” said a third year Hufflepuff quietly.

“Oh no…” said Mrs. McFinn.
“That won’t work on him.” said Rudolph.

“And nothing ruffles his feathers.” said Fred.

“We’ve tried.” said George.

“Had to have been recent, you would have seen me a lot earlier if it had been a while ago.” said Harry.

No one said anything, it was not their place to do so.

“Well, you’re doing a great job so far.” said Dr. Clark easily. “You’re not screaming… I would be.”

“‘Terrible mistake’ doesn’t begin to cover it.” said Rudolph darkly.
“That doesn’t change the fact that it was someone’s loved one…someone’s baby,” said Mrs. McFinn softly.

Snape looked down at the floor. “That it does not.”

Everyone looked at the man in shock, they weren’t expecting him to speak just yet.

“I will atone for that and other sins for the rest of my life,” said Snape quietly.

“Better believe you will.” said Sirius darkly, fingering his wand.

“And it’s going to be a long atonement…got it?” said Harry looking between the men in the bowl and his uncles.

The adults in and outside the bowl turned and stared, as well as the students.

“I’m going to live the rest of my life without them, you’re going to spend that long at least thinking about it as well…understand?” said Harry looking fixedly at Snape.

“Harry…” said Sirius quietly as Snape stared back at the youth.

“Don’t get me wrong…I’m pissed as bloody f@cking hell, but if I’m going to live with his ‘mistake’, so is he.” said Harry with a glowering look over to the Potions Master. “So you better be prepared for a long, emotionally painful existence.”

Snape looked down at the floor, a frown on his face.

“But don’t expect me to take time out of my precious life to give you hell for it once these books are done.” said Harry. “Not worth putting my life on pause for you.”

Snape looked up swiftly.

“We’ve talked about his, I know.” said Harry waving his hand dismissively.
“And that opinion has not changed, I daresay.” said Dumbledore.

“Something that’s not going to be good.” said Harry.

“Always hate that line…” said the twins.

“Ooh, not the line we thought it was…that was the ‘Super’ line…we’ve never reached that one.” said the twins cringing. “We thought it was just the ‘That’s enough’ line. We tend to cross that one just by a toe length.”

“Don’t have to ask the boy twice…unless of course it involves Snape that evening.” said Moody.
“Hell no.” said Harry quickly.

Dumbledore shook his head.

“King’s X.” said Harry holding up crossed fingers.

“What?” asked Sirius.

“Old fashioned way of saying, ‘I’ve got my finger’s crossed’ and ‘You cannot touch me.’” said Dumbledore. “Though…where he heard it…”

“Old Looney Tunes short.” said Officer McFinn with a smirk.

“What’s he going to do now?” asked Ron quietly.

“You’d think he would, as nosy as you lot are.” said Sirius.
“In case you get your feet wet.” said Harry sneering.

Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn both placed a hand over their mouths.

“He sometimes leaves the castle for a drink.” said Flitwick. “We would not think it something out of the ordinary.”

“But I have a feeling, that despite this Horcrux, something awful is going to happen.” said Sprout.

“I feel the same way.” said McGonagall.

“Well, then we don’t know where he all goes.” said Flitwick.
“Or missing a body part?” said Dr. Clark cringing.

“I find watching her remove people from her establishment to be oddly entertaining. The excuses they come up with are absolutely charming.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

“You should see when she gets help, it’s even better.” said Ginny with a giggle.
Poisoned Cups

“Let’s get this done with already!” said Harry tiredly as he was running his hand through his hair.

First paragraph, fourth sentence.

“At least you’re already on the ground, I don’t want to think about you two accidentally falling off that in the dark.” said Madam Pomfrey. “Though I’m sure Albus could latch onto Potter and apparate back onto the cliff before they hit the ground.”

End of first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Could use a bit more grass…” said Fred.

“A bench.” said George.

“Maybe not so close to the cliff, falling rocks and all.” said Fred.

“Perhaps we also shouldn’t be doing this picnic at night, that might help make the decision a little easier.” said the twins together.

Dialogue line.

“Who the hell picked that spot?” said Bill.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Well, that sounds a little better.” said Bill.

Dialogue set, seventh sentence.

“Man, that’s twisted, I hate hearing about his childhood days.” said Ron with a cringe.

Dialogue set.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Don’t say ‘final’ destination.” said Hermione covering her eyes with a whimper.
“If I’m getting hit in the face with ocean spray, I’m already wet.” said Harry.

“Hold up, can you swim a little better since the lake?” asked Sirius.

“I don’t think I was practicing all that much…I know I haven’t done any since we’ve started this.” said Harry.

“Here’s hoping you don’t kill yourself before you get to the ruddy cave.” said Remus his hands clenching and unclenching.

“Not the way I would have gone in.” said Glacier with a small smile.

“How would you have done it?” asked Colin.

“He would have created an ice bridge.” said Lionus.

“Much more dignified.” said Glacier. “And drier.”

“Tell me you know a warming charm.” said Madam Pomfrey rubbing the bridge of her nose.

“Tell me you use it.” said McGonagall mimicking Madam Pomfrey’s actions.
“You have known to be sensitive to magic, but I think the coldness has a bit bigger part to play in it.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

“I’d rather tackle nature-made obstacles.” said Seamus holding up a hand.

“Thank Merlin he’s there, I’m thinking this adventure would have been over right quick.” said Leroy.

“Yeah.” said Harry.

Both Neville and Seamus turned a faint pink.

“Never mind.” said Harry.

“You didn’t use a warming charm!” scolded Madam Pomfrey.

“Going to catch hypothermia.” muttered Madam Pomfrey quietly.

“Crude actions by Voldemort…sounds normal.” said Kingsley shaking his head.
“He had more style than what most people give him credit for.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“What can you give a door?” asked Dennis.

“A knock.” said Luna with a dreamlike smile.

The twins stared at her and then started to chuckle. “That was kind of good…” said Fred.

“Was not expecting that.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Dumbledore shook his head.

“I don’t know, seems to fall in line with how I think he is.” said Mrs. McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

“It’s enough for me sometimes.” said Dr. Clark touching his eye absentely.

Dialogue line.

Sirius rubbed the back of Harry’s neck.

“Most people aren’t keen for it.” said Rudolph.

“Except my cousin…” said Leroy.

“Let’s not talk about him, he’s creepy…” said Rudolph.

“What?” asked Ernie.

“Don’t ask!” said Rudolph waving his hands quickly.

Dialogue line.

“Don’t you dare, Albus!” said Professor McGonagall loudly.
“Can’t you transfigure a rock into a living thing? Use that!” said Dr. Clark.

“I would have something to say about that, but compared to the either of them getting hurt, go with Sam’s idea.” said Charlie quickly.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“My dear boy, you are far too important to be wasting on such a crude means of entry.” said Dumbledore.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Students and adults alike flinched.

“Oh my goodness.” said Mrs. Weasley, a hand covering her mouth.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Harry absentmindedly brought his wrists to his chest.

End of dialogue set.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“I’d rather neither of you go in there, but Dumbledore going first is the best option.” said Madam Pomfrey. She looked over to Flitwick with a worried expression. “I’m going to hate these next few chapters, aren’t I?”

“I don’t think any of us is going to be overly thrilled.” said Flitwick.

End of dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dumbledore and Chief Hawkeye smiled to themselves.

Dialogue line.

“What if there were puddles? Would that rule apply?” asked Dennis.
“These events haven’t happened yet, who knows what could or would happen.” said Mr. Weasley.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“And the creepy thing is, he’s been in some scary places, and he wants out of there!” said Justin.

Dialogue line.

“Uh oh…he’s not doing it himself…” said Sirius.

“It’s one of those… ‘Learning’ sessions he does.” said Remus.

“What do you mean?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Well, when he would cover Transfiguration in our school days, he would let you theorize about different things, and then he would let you go and give it a shot. Sometimes it would work out, other times, you were just barely saved from being a smear on the wall.” said Sirius.

“He would throw up a protective spell around you, but the shock would be ingrained in your brain…and everyone else in the room’s as well.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“And I hope that nothing bad happens.” said Sirius covering his ears.

“Oi, don’t expect me to relay it to you!” said Remus pulling on the man’s arm.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Something we don’t want to disturb I suspect.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

“That as well.” said Dumbledore.
“Well, thanks…for mentioning that before.” said Harry with a dry chuckle.

“Not what I was aiming for, I don’t think.” said Harry.

“No thanks, I’ve seen enough!” said Ron holding up his hands. “I’ll wait for you outside.”

“I don’t believe even that would be a safe option.” said Dumbledore. “The moment that we had left the castle, I firmly believe that the safest place in my mind once we had left my office…is by my side.”

“We’re going to be ‘very unfortunate’, aren’t we?” said Fred.

“I fear so.” said George sagely.

“That ‘very unfortunate’ scenario is looking more and more likely.” said Lee.
“Oh Merlin!” said Leroy covering his eyes.

“Or at least get the brake lights checked.” said Dr. Clark quietly.

“Please no blood toll…please no blood toll.” chanted Percy.

A few students leaned forward to try and look down at the shoes the Headmaster was wearing. Dumbledore noticed this, laughed quietly and lifted the bottom of his robes slightly, revealing a pair of black buckled shoes.

“They are my favorite pair, I have yet to find others like them.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

“Wonder why.” said Padma quietly.

“A few students leaned forward to try and look down at the shoes the Headmaster was wearing. Dumbledore noticed this, laughed quietly and lifted the bottom of his robes slightly, revealing a pair of black buckled shoes.

“They are my favorite pair, I have yet to find others like them.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

“Wonder why.” said Padma quietly.

“Can’t see him visiting anyone.” said Charlie.
“Unless the boat is a trap.” said Moody.

“While he has a…I suppose you could say ‘soft spot’ for Hogwarts, I don’t believe he was ever overly fond of Octi’s predecessors. Especially not after one had tried to apparently drown him.” said Dumbledore.

“Seriously? That happened?” said a first year in shock.

“What misguided fool stopped it?” said Dean.

“Have to protect the students.” said Lionus. “No matter how good it would feel in retrospect.”

Sirius and Rudolph blinked. “You know, if anyone other than Dumbledore was saying that, I would feel insulted for you.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Well, we feel better now.” said Rudolph.
“I don’t, what if the boat sinks because you have two powerful wizards right there?” said Mrs. McFinn.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“I’m scared.” said a first year Ravenclaw girl.

“Join the club.” said a third year Hufflepuff.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’m hoping that it’s just a reflection.” said Angelina.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Inferi.” said Lionus with a scowl.

“That’s more his style.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Alright future me, remember that.” said Harry looking up at the ceiling.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“You’ve never watched a Doctor Who episode…or anything Sci-Fi.” said Dr. Clark.
“You-Know-Who’s afraid of the dark?” said Colin.

“So…if you want to keep him out, then you shouldn’t have a night-light?” said Dennis quietly. “I’ll have to remember that.”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

“Good man.” said Moody.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Somehow, I don’t think they’re going to be like that one old man on the old tv shows where he waves his cane and shouts at kids to get off his lawn.” said Chief Hawkeye.

**End of dialogue set.**

“For my own sanity, so I don’t have to unwind words while dodging danger, just spell it out.” said Harry a soft groan.

“‘Unwind words’ and ‘dodging danger’?” said Sirius.

“Besides, aren’t you smarter than what you are letting on half the time?” said Hermione quickly.

“Doesn’t mean I want to sort out a riddle while I’m trying not to get hexed or eaten, thank you very much.” said Harry.

**Dialogue set.**

Ginny blushed.

**Dialogue line.**

“You are way too cheerful for the situation.” said Blaise.

**Thirty-third paragraph.**
“Normally, I don’t want to be told the same thing over and over again, but in this case, tell me over and over again.” said Harry.

“Are those memories?” said Ron leaning back slightly.

“Can memories be green?” said Hermione.

“Doesn’t make me feel any braver.” said Neville with a shiver.

“Don’t touch it!” said Dr. Clark and Harry together.

“One of the first rules in chemistry, you don’t touch something you don’t know what it is!” said Harry covering his eyes.

“So…how do you get past it?” asked a seventh-year Gryffindor.

“What, no!!!” shouted most of the students and a few of the adults.
“Tell me neither of you drink it!” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Wait, how are you supposed to drink the potion if you can’t scoop it up?” said a seventh year Ravenclaw.

“Dumbledore will find a way, but I really hope he doesn’t do it, either of them.” said another Ravenclaw student.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Can’t see why he wouldn’t want to kill the person that dared to attack him.” said Bill.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

Chuckles flitted across the room quietly.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Now that sounds more like it.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“Hopefully he’s in for a rude awakening.” said Hermione looking nervous.

Fortieth paragraph.
Dialogue set.

The school was silent and they all looked over to Harry in shock.

After a moment of silence, Harry reached over to Mrs. McFinn and whispered in her ear. After a moment, she whispered back and then Harry looked over to Dumbledore and said: “Je ne comprends pas”

Dumbledore’s shocked look turned towards Harry, after a moment he chuckled and then smiled. “Future vous avez fait la promesse, Harry. Vous ne pouvez pas revenir sur votre parole maintenant.”
Harry looked over to Mrs. McFinn who whispered once more in his ear. After she was through he settled back into his spot and looked over to Dumbledore. “I’m wishing I didn’t agree to that in the future.”

Forty-first paragraph.

“If so…then you are twisted.” said Dr. Clark.

“I myself hope that is not the sole reason I brought him.” said Dumbledore, his face pale the smile gone from his lips.

Dialogue line.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Yeah, well, we thought danger as in Dark Wizard and something like that…not force feed you poison.” said Fred.

“Kind of a difference there.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“In a dark cave where you need to be able to sense magical signatures…you want to remove the one that can find them? Yeah, you’re not as valuable.” said Harry sarcastically.
“No thanks, how about we go get a drink somewhere else.” said Sirius.

“This peace won’t last long.” said Professor Sprout.

“Baby, come here,” said Mrs. McFinn tugging on Harry’s elbow. Harry switched with Dr. Clark, and sat beside Mrs. McFinn. She brought him close her to her and held him tight.

“Are you alright?” asked Harry quietly.

“I’m more worried about you at this point.” said Mrs. McFinn.

The students all began to cringe in their seats.
“I can’t believe that I actually want to be censored out of this.” said Fred.

“I agree.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Students left and right began to make a break for the door, wanting to escape the torture their headmaster was enduring. Soon, only the Weasleys, a few members of the D.A, the Rangers, the people in the bowl, Rudolph, Leroy, Madam Pomfrey, the Order and the Heads of the Houses were left. The other teachers had left to go and keep an eye on the students that had vacated.

“I’m touched, that they could not bear to hear me being hurt…and that Harry would have to force to endure that. For that Harry I am very sorry.” said Dumbledore solemnly.

“Wasn’t much of a choice there.” said Harry from Mrs. McFinn’s loving embrace. “Someone had to drink it, and I don’t think you were willing to put me through anything that could hurt me.”

“That I could not, but I should have taken into account just how you would feel if something were to go horribly wrong.” said Dumbledore, his eyes downcast, “And from what I gather, we are far from done with this.”

Dialogue set.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

No one was speaking, they wanted it to end and they could not bring themselves to make any sort of levity of the situation.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Mrs. McFinn’s grip on Harry tightened.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.
McGonagall abandoned her seat beside Sprout and went over to sit beside the Headmaster. In one swift motion, she took his veined hand in hers and refused to let go.

Dumbledore covered his eyes with his free hand. “I am so sorry, Harry. So...so sorry. I should never let anyone see this sort of thing.”

Harry flinched horribly. Glacier came from behind him and patted the back of his neck, “This won’t happen now...it’s just a story at this point.”

“I can’t lose anyone else, please don’t let me lose anything else!” whispered Harry, his face buried in his hands.

“You won’t lose him, not now, not at this point.” said Glacier quietly.
Snape leaned forward looking thoughtful. Was the goblet enchanted thanks to the potion, or was the potion staining his lips the cause of that?

“He’s thinking on his feet again.” said Moody quietly. “Here’s hoping that he keeps it up.”

“And you now touched the water.” said Remus softly.

“Way to help him drink it mate.” said Ron shakily.

Several people shouted in horror.

Then they shouted even louder.

“Get out of there!” shouted Leroy.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god….” said Dr. Clark throwing his hands over his ears.

“Use fire, boy!” shouted Snape.
Dialogue set.

“Fire, dear boy, fire.” said Dumbledore in a whisper.

Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“Beeping is back.” said Fred.

Officer McFinn looked up to Glacier, “It’s watered down. Think he can…”

“We shall see.” said Glacier.

Seventy-seventh paragraph, first sentence, first colon.

Harry quirked a brow, and he looked up at Glacier. “Is that what happened?”

“Is what happened?” asked Ron.

“Do not dwell on it, but yes…” said Glacier.

“I thought he was going to wait a month or so.” said Sirius.

“Seems to have changed his mind.” said Remus.

“I find it amusing that you seem to think that I know what is going to happen in these books.” said Glacier coldly.

End of seventy-seventh paragraph.

“I hate this, I never liked movies like this…imagining you in a scenario like that does not help.” said McFinn.

“Not sure I’ll ever watch something like that either.” said Harry.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Oh thank god.” said Dr. Clark.

End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

Seventieth paragraph.

Seventy-first paragraph.
“That was terrifying.” said Ernie.

Seventy-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“I hope you bring the Headmaster to me.” said Madam Pomfrey.

Seventy-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“No shit…” said Harry quietly. “But only at that moment.”

Dialogue line.
Seventy-fourth paragraph.
Dialogue set.
“Up to when I panicked.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Don’t cut his arm again, he can’t handle another wound.” said Madam Pomfrey sharply.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Seventy-fifth paragraph.
“How are you going to swim with him like that? I don’t think you have that sort of skill yet…” said Dr. Clark.

“Here’s hoping I can just apparate…though why we didn’t do that to get over there as opposed to swimming across…” said Harry.

End of chapter
Harry’s eyes widened with shock and he looked down at the floor. He felt very touched by what Dumbledore, or at least the future Dumbledore had said. He took a deep breath and leaned back in the bowl.

“I know that this is getting old, but we are going to cut it off here.” said Glacier.

“No, I want to make sure that Dumbledore gets out of this alright.” said Harry, his voice firm.

Glacier looked down at Harry and then up at Officer McFinn. Officer McFinn didn’t look up at anyone and kept his gaze down at the book, what he did notice was the glimmering figure of the man’s hands were tight on the book’s cover. That little sign did not bode well for the young man sitting beneath him.

But it was his choice, he could not shelter him forever and he would have to cross that bridge with him when it would finally arrive.

“Very well.” said Glacier. “I think we should keep the students out for as long as possible, I would rather this not become more…hysterical.”

“I agree.” said Dumbledore calmly.

Lonus looked over at the man, he seemed to be…resigned…did he have the same feeling that he himself had?

That Dumbledore, the longtime viewed hero and hope in the battle of good versus evil…was going to die?
“So, you did have to swim with him…I’m impressed.” said Dr. Clark. “I’m terrified at the very thought, but impressed.”

“Thank goodness it worked alright.” said Mr. Weasley releasing a held in breath.

“Never hurts to be prepared for the worst.” said Moody. “And this is about as bad as it can get.”

“Here’s hoping you didn’t leave a rib somewhere along the way.” Mr. Weasley.

“Considering the freezing cold water he had gone swimming through, what he had just drunk in the last hour, and going for another swim after all of that…he’s absolutely not on top form.” said Fred, his voice quiet.

“Well, I don’t feel bad about joking now.” said Fred.

“Now I do.” said Fred swiftly.
“Good, bring him to me!” said Madam Pomfrey.

“Have to say, when it comes to unknown potions… I could think of no one to go to other than Severus. Despite what we learned in the previous chapters…” said Remus.

“After what I heard before we left the school, can’t quite say that I would be all that eager to go and seek him out.” said Harry.

“My kind of lady.” said Charlie with a smirk.

Bill rolled his eyes.

“Like you weren’t looking at those slippers in *Stylin’ Sorceress* this past Christmas, thinking about getting them for Fleur?” said Charlie gleefully in a hushed tone.

“Don’t need to, she’s already got a pair.” said Bill absentmindedly and covered his face which had a fierce blush.

“Wow big brother… wow.” said Charlie snickering.

“Shut up…” hissed Bill as his mother looked over to the pair of them curiously.

“See what?” said Ron.
“Worry about yourself first, Albus!” said Madam Pomfrey.

“I know that this hasn’t happened yet, but my apologies.” said Dumbledore.

“You’re wrong, this won’t happen period.” said Harry. “You’re not going anywhere near that potion.”

“Harry…” said Dumbledore softly.

“We’re going to take what we learn about where the Horcruxes are, and we are going to get them another way.” said Harry. “Hopefully they show us all of them and not just one or two.”

Dumbledore sat in silence for a moment, but then nodded.

“As I’ve already demonstrated once that night that I can do that spell.” said Harry, his eyes straying to Ron and Hermione.

“I’m sure we’re alright Harry, remember, you gave us that Lucky potion.” said Hermione gently.

“I’ve got two people on look out at least, so they hopefully rose the alarm without getting
themselves killed.” said Harry.

Twelfth paragraph.

“Yeah, that mark tends to do that to a person.” said Mr. Weasley somberly.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Please…let it still be in effect.” prayed Harry.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

Harry’s grip on his pants tightened until his knuckles were white.

Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“Beats slamming into the protective wards like a bug on a windshield.” said Harry with a dry chuckle.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Harry released a sigh of relief, but then he blinked and looked over to Dumbledore in worry.

“It seems you and I have come to the same conclusion.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Something bad is going to happen.” said Hermione shaking horribly. “Something really bad is going to happen.”

Dialogue set.

“Wouldn’t it be easier to just cast a Disillusionment Charm on yourself and then take you down to the Dungeons?” said Ron.
There was no question in Harry’s mind or heart, he was going to defend Dumbledore with
everything he had, it didn’t matter that this hadn’t happened yet, but he wasn’t going to let anything
happen to the Headmaster, not with him there.

Dumbledore however was of a different mindset. There he was, in a year’s time, weakened,
wounded and they were in the most precarious of spots. Harry was only a boy, there was so much
left to be done and he himself did not know the years’ worth of knowledge that he must have
accumulated, but he knew that he could not let Harry fall. Harry had such a promising future ahead
of him, so many doors opened to him, so many paths to take as a career…no…he could not let
Harry fight for him, he prayed that he did something to keep the boy safe.

McGonagall turned to look at the Headmaster, “You must have petrified him…but why? Granted,
he’s just a boy, but he’s someone who can possibly fight with you…”

Dumbledore closed his eyes and bowed his head. It would seem that it would be his final act, he
hoped it was enough.

Harry on the other hand was taking deep breaths and releasing it in a loud hiss.

“I’m gonna kill that little mother…”

Mrs. McFinn reached over and took his clenched fist. “This hasn’t happened yet, this won’t
happen…right?”

“Keep breathing deep, cub…Draco’s not going to do anything.” said Sirius.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.
“And he forgets the broom.” said Moody with a snort.

“He’s not the fastest broom on the pitch sometimes.” said Harry.

“No…I think he knew.” said Harry, his eyes sweeping over to Dumbledore. “He gave you enough rope to hang yourself…or save yourself. Congrats, you made a noose, better not have made two.”

“If they are indeed my guards, they will not get out unscathed.” said Dumbledore with a hint of pride.

“No you mustn’t!” said Percy looking horrified.

Dumbledore placed a pale, trembling hand over his mouth. He hoped that…no, it was going to go this way, he had to be the cruelest man that ever walked the earth for what he was about to put Harry through, again! Though, he highly doubted that this in particular was part of any plan his future-self had come up with.

“And let’s keep it that way.” said Mrs. Weasley.

Ron snickered quietly.
Dialogue line.

“I’ve done more.” said Harry firmly.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Harry pointed over to Ron and Hermione, his face set in a fierce scowl. “I told you two! I told you!”

“There was no proof!” said Hermione hotly.

“There was enough circumstantial evidence to keep an eye on the damn bastard!”

“Easy sport.” said Officer McFinn.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“It sounds more like you’re trying to convince a teacher to give you a better grade on your year-end report.” said Lionus.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“F*cking Room of Requirement.” said Harry darkly.

Sirius reached over and rubbed the back of Harry’s neck.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Don’t be walking him through it!” said the twins together.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I do not fear death, I have not for quite a few decades.” said Dumbledore quietly.
“It would, to get around the Headmaster’s protections on the school.” said Professor Flitwick.

“Wonder if it’s cause he’s in pain or he was let down.” said Ron in a whisper.

“Not the time Ron.” said Hermione still looking fearful.

“Oh, he was being overdramatic, I’m sure.” said Fred.

“What, is he traveling around in the Tardis?” said Dr. Clark.

“What’s a Tardis?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“You really want to know?” asked Dr. Clark with a smile.

“Sure.” said Mr. Weasley.

“He’s joining us for that Dr. Who marathon.” said Dr. Clark with a look over to Sirius.

“His brain is going to explode.” said Harry.

“Not what I diagnosed him to be.” said Madam Pomfrey. “Distressed, dehydrated, and exhausted, but nothing more than that. If he had almost died, he would have been sent to St. Mungos.”

“Not a bad bit of reasoning.” admitted Moody ruefully.
Harry rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“Good reasoning ended with the cabinet.” said Moody shaking his head.

“He knew.” said Harry.

“Makes sense now, I guess.” said Harry.

Dumbledore only smiled.

Snape shook his head and rubbed his temple. “I don’t remember ever asking for glory…at any time in my dealings with you.”

Draco, who had remained behind, was cringing in his seat. He felt, tainted and unwholesome, he never wanted this, he didn’t want to be like his father in that aspect. Taunting Potter and Weasley was as natural as breathing, but willing to murder? he felt sick to his stomach.
“…Didn’t see that coming.” said Charlie.

“He must have seen something extra than what we did that wasn’t mentioned in the books, cause I didn’t see it either.” said Bill.

“Screw you.” said the oldest Weasley boys.

“Oh, that would work, but as for the necklace, it could have been any female witch that went into the Three Broomsticks.” said Hermione.

“Not if it was ordered by a teacher.” said Harry.

Harry growled as he pulled at his hair, while Hermione turned pale and her mouth was covered with her hands. Ron was glaring fiercely at the floor.

“Gotta be careful with innovated ideas, the enemy will use it to their advantage too.” said Moody.

“We really need to shut up when Malfoy’s around.” said Ron.

“Or at the very least, invent our own language.” said Harry.
“He’s drawing the line at that, defenseless or not.” said Fred.

“Don’t be saying stuff like that.” said George.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Defenseless my ass, wounded or not you can still fight with the best of them without a wand. Always have.” said Moody.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first pause.

“Not a very good tasting drink, I would hazard a guess. And not one that I would be willing to travel so far as to partake of.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set third sentence.

Mrs. Weasley gripped her husband’s elbow.

End of dialogue set.

“Good men…and women in that particular group.” said Lionus.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“I don’t think I could stand that.” said Neville. “Being forced to just freak out over something like that.”

“You did, in our first year, sort of.” said Harry darkly, his gaze on the floor. “You were worried about us when we snuck out, and we just left you there till morning. Sorry about that, again.”
“Oh, I fell asleep after a little while, you can still blink and move your eyes. Besides, I forgave you lot years ago…especially after I took all your and Ron’s candy the last Poker game of the year.”

“I’m still hurting from that.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore shook his head. “I am not the one that has more than one option it would seem.”

Dialogue set.

“Voldemort tended to that.” said Harry. “Always took the time to tell me how clever he was.”

Dialogue line.

“Leave the country then.” said Emmeline Vance, “My sister’s family did that, that haven’t come back, but I still receive correspondence from them.”

Dialogue set.

“Yeah, I could see that.” said Sirius. “Now I hope you have an escape plan.”

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Please take his help, please take his help.” said Remus quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“They hid my parents pretty good.” said Hermione quietly.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Not sounding like it.” said Leroy.
“Knew it, he can still fight.” said Rudolph.

Harry, however, looked unsure.

“Blast it.” said McGonagall darkly.

“Yeah, like he could ever hope to do that if Dumbledore wasn’t one handed and weak.” said Ron.

Glacier looked down at Harry, “Are you alright?”

“Fine.” said Harry.

Several people couldn’t help but snicker.

“Fenrir.” said Remus and Nightstrike darkly.

“He welcomes everyone but him…someone have a grudge?” asked Sirius.
“No more than the next man.” said Dumbledore reaching over to pat Remus on the back.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Son of a bitch.” snarled Dr. Clark.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Frightened, no. Disgusted, yes.” said Dumbledore with a cold tone.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“No so tough sounding, are you?” said Fred angrily to the book.

Dialogue line.

“Sick f#cker.” said Sirius.

Forty-third paragraph.

“I’m too boney for his tastes.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Hope he’s not.” said Charlie.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Someone’s a little coo coo for Coco Puffs.” said Dr. Clark in a whisper to Mrs. McFinn.
“He’s an idiot.” said the adults together.

“And you would be killed on the spot.” said Dumbledore sadly.

Everyone looked over to Snape, not daring to speak. Once more, apparently sensing what was going to happen, Dumbledore stood up and stood directly in front of Snape.

“Let us finish this chapter, and then call it a day.” said Dumbledore, his voice soft, yet firm.

“Why don’t I think Snape’s going to be a knight in shining armor here?” asked Ron quietly.

Harry’s head and eyes snapped up, to look at Snape.
“You greasy haired…” snarled Sirius.

“That’s enough, I think it may be in the student’s best interests if we keep the reading of the rest of this book to few. What do you think Harry?” asked Dumbledore turning to the scarred young man. “After all, this are your books.”

Harry was only staring at Snape, but after a moment he took a deep breath and then looked up to Dumbledore. “How are we going to explain to them that the readings are now over for them?”

“They knew from the beginning that there were going to be moments where they would have to sit out, it is not their choice.” said McGonagall. “Who would you like present?”

Harry looked around the room, “Well, everyone present here, I guess, Hagrid, the Order, the Rangers, the Weasleys, everyone over here…the D.A, McGonagall, Sprout, Flitwick if they can get away…”

“Even Snape and Draco?” said Ron in shock.

“…Even them.” said Harry softly.

“Anyone else you want to bring in?” asked Officer McFinn with a slight smile.

Harry sat in thought. “Yeah, I want to bring an extra person or two…but that’s going to be a bit hard to accept.”

“We also have someone we want to bring, but that will wait till the end of this book.” said Glacier.

“Who would that be?” asked Hermione.

“You’ll have to wait and see.” said Lionus. “But we’re going to have to intensify the guards in the immediate area…he’s not exactly a social butterfly.”
Dropping By for Tea

After a short debate with those involved, it was decided that the readings would be moved to Night’s Rest so that the rest of the students could resume their lessons with the teachers that remained. There was a large lounge in the recesses of Night’s Rest that could house everyone that was going to be there and even a few house-elves, namely Dobby, Winky and Kreacher (to Sirius’ intense disgust) were going as well to help maintain the house for the guests to stay in. There were enough guest rooms for everyone involved and as they were preparing to leave, the pantry was being stocked with food and snacks so that no one would go hungry.

While everyone else stayed at Hogwarts and resumed their lessons (begrudgingly), those who were invited to come were getting some of their belongings ready to be taken to Sirius’ home. Harry with the help of Mrs. McFinn, Dr. Clark, Lionus and Dumbledore were off to visit the few people Harry wanted to see before the last book was read.

When Harry had named the first one of them and had mentioned that he wanted him to come and listen, they weren’t too surprised, since Officer McFinn and Dr. Clark had gone away, the police Inspector Homes was the one person that Harry fell back on when he felt alone. Granted, the McFinns and Dr. Clark were not too thrilled that he allowed Harry to play “Thief in the Night” during the summer, but at least he was there for emotional support.

It was in mid-morning when they arrived back in Surrey. The snow was falling softly to the already snow covered ground, giving the local children more ammunition to pelt their peers with and giving their parents retroactive backaches as they watched it from the warmth of their homes. As the wind whipped around them, Harry brought the faux fur lined cloak closer to his chest to ward off the chill. He had a normal cloak and then his winter cloak on at first, but once the cold winter air hit the Knight Bus passengers with their first local stop, Mrs. McFinn leaned over, while holding onto the armrests of a plush armchair for dear life, to Dumbledore to ask him to make him a thicker cloak. Dumbledore happily obliged and had changed Harry’s winter cloak to a much warmer version.

When they finally reached Inspector Homes’ house, Harry saw the Inspector’s imported black Chevy truck in the drive, he knew the man was home. But he couldn’t see where his wife’s more conservative red Ford Fiesta was at, normally hers was parked right where his truck was at, and he would have to park in the street.

Harry walked right up to the door and gave it a sharp knock with his knuckles, immediately putting them back in his warm pocket when the job was done. “I’m coming, I’m coming.” came a voice from inside the house. Lionus looked around the neighborhood to see if anyone was watching them with interest, thankfully, only the children were present and they were having too much fun to bother with the likes of them.

The door opened, to reveal a tall, slightly muscled man with sandy brown hair and matching stubble on his face. He was wearing a red button down flannel shirt and faded lounge pants that came to almost cover his also red flannel slippers.

“Can I help you?” said the man with a crooked brow as he looked at the young man standing before him. His gaze strayed to the people standing behind him and he noticed two of them for the first time. “Is that…Holly? Sam?”

“Hello Bill.” said Dr. Clark with a smile. “How have you been?”
“How have I been? You’re the one that was missing for how many years! I want to know how you’ve been! I know Harry told me that you and Holly were back in the country, but…to see you in real life….” he chuckled softly as he stepped out into the snow and embraced the doctor and the woman joyfully. “Where’s Harry? Is he here somewhere?”

“He’s standing right beside you.” said Mrs. McFinn with a smile gesturing towards Harry with a gloved hand.

Inspector Homes turned and looked back at Harry, his eyes widened in shock. “No way, kids don’t grow this much…you weren’t quite past the bottom of my ribcage, now you’re at my neck! You’ve exploded, kiddo! And that hair! If Becky saw you, she’d have you in the car to go to the hairdressers in an instant.” he gestured them all to come into the house and out of the cold.

“She doesn’t like long hair?” asked Dr. Clark as he removed his snow covered shoes. “She never struck me as a traditionalist.”

“Oh, I don’t mean that, she’d drag him down there just to see how many different things she could do with it.” said Inspector Homes with a laugh. “She’d have you in ribbons and barrettes for hours.”

“He’s already got a little girl braiding his hair for him.” said Dr. Clark with a snicker.

“Oi!” said Harry sharply.

“And who are these…” said Inspector Homes with a smile towards the other two visitors. But when he saw them, he froze in place.

“Bill? You alright?” asked Dr. Clark.

“I think he just recognized me.” said Lionus with a smirk.

“Not just you sir…but you…” Inspector Homes said with a nod towards Dumbledore. “You I’ve been trying to track down for years.”

“What for?” asked Harry. He was a little perplexed as to how Inspector Homes knew Lionus, but then again, Rangers and Police Officers were on the same side, while most officers didn’t know about them, the higher ups, such as Inspector Homes, they were most likely knowledgeable about the Captain of the Rangers. “How do you know my Headmaster?”

“Headmaster? You’re the Dumbledore Harry’s told me about?” he said in awe still staring at the old man in front room. He leaned over to Harry and whispered, a faint smile on his lips. “You’re right, he looks older than the hills but you wouldn’t think that by seeing him walk and talk.”

“I also would like to know; I was not aware a…police officer was trying to find me.” said Dumbledore pleasantly as he placed his traveling cloak on one of the pegs.

“More for personal reasons, you, sir, scared the crap out of me one day.” said Inspector Homes turning on his heel and leading them down to the spacious lounge, where he was watching a replay of a football match. He walked over and made to click the remote when Sam stopped him.

“Please don’t, it’s been so long.” said Sam with an eager smile as he sat closer to the television and watched it with interest. “God I miss this…”

“Is Becky here?” asked Mrs. McFinn taking a seat beside Harry.
“No, she went to go stay with her mother for a while, she had a nasty fall and needs a bit of help around the house, I don’t expect her back for a few weeks… But back on topic, here Sam, let me turn it up for you, there you go.” said Inspector Homes taking the clicker in hand and upping the volume slightly.

“I would like to ask how it was that I scared you.” said Dumbledore with a warm smile.

“Well, you see, it was ten years or so ago, the grocery store downtown was the victim of a holdup, pretty violent one I remember. Ten blokes, all armed took a whole store hostage; men, women and children all terrified. We couldn’t safely get in there with the hostages, but that didn’t seem to stop one old man from fighting back while he was in there.” said Inspector Homes with a pointed look to Dumbledore.

“And you are certain this was me?” said Dumbledore with a pleased smile.

“Certain as I’m standing here.” said Inspector Homes, he walked over to the bookcase and took out a large book. He flipped it open and stopped at a page towards the back of the book. “This is my special file; these are questions that I never got answers to for almost ten years. Missing persons, unsolved cases and the like, nothing of any sensitive material in here…..but there was one witness at that store that I never got to talk to.”

He held out a photo, there in the picture was Dumbledore, in his arms was a small child bleeding from the shoulder. Harry had to admit, it was very odd to see a picture of Dumbledore, frozen in time compared to the moving pictures that they had in the Wizarding world.

“I wanted to know what happened to the kid you were carrying? We had ambulances there, he could have gotten help right away.” said Inspector Homes looking over to the Headmaster.

Dumbledore only continued to smile and after a moment, he pointed to Harry. “That was the young man from that particular incident. I was not aware I was caught on camera, how careless of me… well, to be fair, I was distracted quite immensely at the time.”

Mrs. McFinn stood up and took the picture, then she went to look at Harry’s shoulder, pulling back the shirt and checked it for scars.

“I don’t even remember this…” said Harry.

“You were only five at the time, Mrs. Figg knew you had gone to the store that day, and you had not returned home by the time that the news had hit. She told me about her fears and I came right away.” said Dumbledore. “Let me say this, I was quite…worried as well when I saw you lying on the floor, injured as you were. Though compared to what I have seen as of late, it was nothing…but no less heartbreaking.”

“Wait, what are you talking about?” asked the Inspector. “When have you been hurt? How did you get hurt, and what did you hurt?”

“You may want to take a seat.” said Lionus gesturing to the large armchair beside the fireplace.

“Is something wrong Harry, are you in trouble?” asked Inspector as he sat down looking at the green eyed teen.

“No, I’m fine, but you may want some tea, I’ll go make some.” said Harry standing up and walking out of the room.

-=-=-=-=-=-=-
It took several hours for Inspector Homes to fully grasp what had been kept from him all those years. He was stunned into silence when magic was brought into the equation and only stared at Harry in shock when Harry promised to explain what he had actually meant in the letters he had sent. Which he was blushingly surprised that the Inspector kept them all that he had received from him.

They didn’t have the time to spell everything out to the man, but they did promise to let him know of everything that had gone on. But it was going to take some time, and they had two other stops that they had to make.

“Why…why come and tell me now?” asked Inspector Homes.

“Well, we are nearing the books’ final phase, and Harry has invited you to come and listen to them.” said Lionus from his seat on the sofa.

“And James…he’s alive?” said the Inspector looking even further stunned. “That’s not possible, I escorted him to the grave myself.”

“He’s sort of a solid kind of ghost.” said Harry lamely.

Inspector Homes looked between everyone present, but he froze on both Harry and Lionus. “This is real…I mean, the whole my table turning into a flamingo was pretty amazing…but this is really real?”

“Yup.” said Harry plainly.

Inspector Homes took a deep breath and released it. “Wow…no wonder he never talked about where you go to school.”

“What?” asked Harry. “‘He’ who?”

Then, the sound of a door opening and the sound of stomping of shoes came from the front entryway.

“I’m back, what’s for dinner…” came a voice that seemed familiar to Harry, but it was just a little deeper than he remembered.

The large form of Dudley came around the corner and he froze when he saw everyone in the living room.

“Hey, Dudley.” said Harry with a quick nod towards Dudley.

Dudley didn’t respond, he only continued to stare.

“Um…should we go?” said Harry to the Inspector.

“Why…what’s up?” said Inspector.

“Do you know where my parents went?” Dudley asked quickly. “There were at home, and then I get called to my Head’s office and he says that they’ve gone missing.”

“They’re in jail.” said Harry quietly after a moment of uncomfortable silence.

“Then why doesn’t he know about it?” asked Dudley, gesturing towards Inspector Homes.

“They’re in wizard jail.” repeated Harry.
“They’re not wizards!” said Dudley shortly.

“It’s more along what they did, not if they can use magic or not,” said Harry, his face turning a faint pink.

“They didn’t do…” started Dudley.

“They were arrested, by their people, for the abuse they did to Harry.” said Inspector Homes standing up coming in between the two teens. “And before you get upset, I just learned this.”

Dudley turned to Inspector Homes, appearing to argue with him, but he stopped suddenly and looked down at the floor. “They…they didn’t know any better…”

“They’re adults, they should have known,” said Harry darkly, his mouth twisting into a scowl.

“They were just scared…” said Dudley.

“Of who? Of me?” asked Harry shortly. “I was a small kid…and your dad was this giant man that could snap me in half and had beaten me with everything but a feather pillow!”

“Well, you could do some weird stuff…” said Dudley, “He was only…”

“I flew to the top of the school building, I shrunk a sweater, I turned our teacher’s wig blue, my hair grew back, does any of that sound like it’s threatening to you?” said Harry angrily. He stood up, dodged around the Inspector and went to stand in front of Dudley and found that for the first time, he towered over Dudley.

“How did…” stammered Dudley.

“Harry calm down dear…” said Mrs. McFinn standing up as well and grasped Harry’s elbow.

“Don’t you dare justify what he did to me!” snarled Harry as he got closer in Dudley’s face, his hands clenched in a fist.

“That’s enough, Harry…go in the kitchen, Dudely you stay here.” said Inspector Homes.

“But…” retorted Harry.

“This is my house, and as happy as I am to see you…and confused as all hell as to what has been going on in your life, you need to watch your tone. Dudley’s been living with me for several weeks, almost since his parents were taken, I’ll talk to him. Now go cool off in the kitchen, go make something, lord knows I’ve missed your cooking.” said Inspector Homes patting Harry on the back.

As Harry stomped into the kitchen, he could hear Inspector Homes speak in his usual calm voice, but it was what he said that nearly caused him to stop in surprise.

“If you’re looking to apologize to him for all those years of torment and thank him for saving you, you’re doing about it the completely wrong way. That…was the dumbest thing…you could have ever said to him.” said Inspector Homes.

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Harry was chopping fruit away in the kitchen, taking deep breaths and thinking over what the Inspector said. Dudley wanted to apologize? He wanted to thank him for saving him from the dementors? He didn’t really expect that of Dudley. What the hell changed with Dudley since they
last saw each other?

Was he that traumatized by the dementors that he suddenly had a complete attitude change? What in the world did the dementors make him experience that would have affected him so?

As he skewered the fruit on thin sticks of bamboo, he noticed Dudley had come quietly into the room and was looking uncomfortable. Harry continued to ignore his cousin, even when Dudley came over to the kitchen island and leaned over on the counter, watching him put several fruit kabobs together.

“You know; my school has a cooking class,” said Dudley conversationally.

“Does it? Mine doesn’t…well, they just started an impromptu one.” said Harry. He nearly pricked himself with the skewer he was so shocked, apparently this new Dudley wanted to chat with him… will wonders never cease?

“You don’t need one…you’re a great cook.” said Dudley quietly. “I told my teacher that you made this meat thing with maple syrup, she said she didn’t buy that.”

“I don’t blame her; it was an accident.” said Harry as he took milk out of the refrigerator.

“I only got a taste of it, but it was really good.” said Dudley.

“I remember, I had to clean up the mess…and just so that I could get something to eat, I ate it after it had hit the floor.” said Harry.

Silence slammed into the room like a freight train.

“I…I didn’t know you did that…” said Dudley softly.

“Well, what did you expect? I was hungry, and you lot never bring me home anything to eat, so I eat what I can, when I can.” said Harry shortly.

Dudley looked down at the counter, his body language screaming with discomfort.

After a few moments of silence, Harry sighed and looked up at Dudley from the bowl he was working on. “Did you learn anything in this cooking class?”

“Yeah.” said Dudley.

“What was that?” asked Harry.

“I cook worse than mum.” said Dudley.

Harry stared at his cousin, but then he started to laugh. Dudley smiled slightly until he too was laughing.

They could hear laughter going on from within the kitchen giving the adults a little bit of hope.

“It’s a start…” said Mrs. McFinn.

“He’s not a bad kid…now anyway…once you remove his father and his friends from the equation, he can have some pretty good days. There are a few bad in there, but that’s with any teenage kid. He’s really getting into boxing now that I’ve taken him down to the local gym. That helped him
cope with a lot of stuff that was going on.”

“I remember when he was little, he was a living hell, nearly shoved Harry right into a fire on
bonfire night.” said Dr. Clark. “That and all the stuff that I’ve heard him doing during the books,
but I’m glad he’s doing a lot better in person.”

“He’s still a bit of a ‘hit first, ask questions later’, sort of chap, but he’s getting better.” Inspector
Homes. “But I don’t know if I can go to these readings, I mean, I would love to support Harry…but
I can’t leave him behind.”

“And you can’t exactly leave your work.” said Dr. Clark.

“Oh, I can get around that for him. It’s not like he’s the only Inspector in the entire precinct” said
Lionus. “As for the young Mr. Dursley, perhaps if Harry agrees, he can come with us. What do
you think, Dumbledore?”

“The choice would have to lie solely with Harry and Sirius, I say Sirius because it is his house.”
said Dumbledore. “But I have no issues, especially if it helps the young man see the errors of his
ways.”

Inspector Homes looked in the direction of the kitchen. “I think the decision will have to depend on
Harry, as Dudley is a big part of some of the worst times in his life. I don’t know if he’ll be willing
to let Dudley experience this…magical part of his life. I would just say that Becky can watch him,
but she’s going to be gone to her mother’s for a long time, that bad fall and all…who knows how
long she’ll be. That and there’s no room for Dudley at my mother in laws.”

The two young men came out, both bearing plates of fruit and bowls of cream. “What are people
talking about now” asked Harry.

“We were discussing something, but first, just something we need to mention.” said Dumbledore.
“Whatever you choose, is alright with us.”

“Is he going to tell you what they were talking about?” asked Dudley after a moment to Harry.

“You either have to wait for them to get bored with waiting, or you just come out and ask, well go
with the asking right away.” said Harry in an undertone.

Dumbledore chuckled.

“What are you talking about?” asked Harry.

“We were concerned about what to do with Dudley, as he is currently staying with the Inspector
and cannot be left alone.” said Dumbledore.

Dudley’s eyes flashed open with shock and a hint of fear. “Don’t tell me I’ve got to go back into
foster care! That family was nuts, and it smelled like Mrs. Figgs…”

“No…no…if Harry permits it, then you would merely be accompanying us to where the rest of our
little gathering will be.” said Dumbledore.

Dudley looked over to Harry quickly and Harry looked back, the two young men shared a poignant
look, but Harry then broke their eye contact with a look over to Lionus and Dumbledore.

“Is it alright if he comes?” asked Harry.
Dudley blinked.

“Of course, though we may need to talk to Sirius…as he has shown a bit of dislike to the boy.” said Dumbledore. “Though, if he has the chance to see that he is willing to better himself, I cannot think of a reason for him to forbid it.”

Dudley blinked once more, and then he looked over to Harry again. “What did he say?”

“He said ‘Yes, provided Sirius allows you in the house.’” said Harry.

“Sirius…your godfather? The murderer?” said Dudley in shock. Inspector Homes shifted slightly, he had been told a few hours ago, but it was still a bit disconcerting when he heard it once more.

“That would be him, but he didn’t kill anyone…yet.” said Harry.

“Harry don’t scare him.” said Mrs. McFinn when Dudley jumped.

Harry laughed once more, “Sorry, Dudley.”
An Audience with Her Majesty

“So, is there someone else you want to bring or should we go back to Night’s Rest and rest up?” asked Dr. Clark.

Harry was silent for a moment, then he turned to Inspector Homes. “May I borrow your phone, there’s someone I want to call and see if I can see them today. Save us a drive if we can’t.”

Inspector Homes quirked a brow but handed Harry the cordless phone. Harry took it and went into the other room, punching a few of the buttons and then held the phone to his ear. He was quite nervous, when he had acquired the written note from the Queen, Madam Bones went in by herself with a handwritten message from Harry.

Harry was unable to go see the woman face to face because he was being questioned and walked through the proceedings by the child advocate and Madam Bones was the only one able to get away from the Ministry at that time.

So now, after all that had happened to him, he was finally going to talk to the Queen, hopefully she didn’t mind the growth spurt and the voice change.

Thank you honored guest for using the royal phone line. The free public service for all royal guests. For English press one.

BEEP

If you need a chauffeur, press one. For a personal car, press two. If you would like to speak to one of the royal attendants to convey a message, press three.

BEEP.

For a particular attendant, please speak the name clearly at this moment, otherwise please stay on the line.

Sebastian Arrière.” said Harry slowly.

The phone began to ring and then a curt yet chilly voice came over the line. “This is Sebastian; how may I be of service?”

“How would you like me to do that?” asked Harry.

“You tell me…’Harry’.” said Sebastian coldly.

Harry thought for a moment and then a smile came to him. “The first time I met the Queen…she let me have a tiger lily from her garden.”
“Too easy, anyone from the Garden Party would know that.” said Sebastian. “Try again. If you fail to impress me, I will have the call traced and you arrested.”

“Well, they won’t have far to go, I’m in Inspector Homes’ house.” said Harry quietly. “Umm… Umm… dammit, you told me time and time again to call you whenever I came to visit… last time you threatened to dress me up in that frilly blue suit if I didn’t do so! What is it going to take to convince you?”

There was silence on the other end of the phone again, after a moment the curt voice came back over the line, but this time it was a bit warmer and he could almost hear the smile on the man’s lips. “I would hope that you keep the attitude to a minimum if you would like to see the Queen today, Harry.”

“…So you believe me, now?” asked Harry in shock.

“You said the right few things.” said Sebastian with an audible smirk. “What is it that you need to know?”

“Would she be able to see me today? Or should I call tomorrow?” asked Harry quietly over the phone.

Another bout of silence and then Sebastian came back over the phone. “She’s free to see you today, shall I send Andrew around for you? Where are you at?”

“That would be awesome and I’m at Inspector Homes’ house, he’ll know where that’s at… but… could I bring the people that are with me? Would that be a problem?”

“That would depend on who they are.” said Sebastian.

“Mrs. McFinn… Dr. Clark….” said Harry ticking off names.

“One moment… Dr. Clark? I thought…” said Sebastian swiftly.

“I’ll tell you and her all about it, you never who’s listening over the phones.” said Harry with a smile.

“Hmph, expect Velth within twenty minutes, it’s quite fortunate that he is at your Officer McFinn’s gravesite at the moment.” said Sebastian. “Please get yourself and your little entourage ready.”

“Yes sir.” said Harry with a bright smile and a salute to the man over the phone.

“…You saluted to me again didn’t you?” came the voice sounding unamused.

“…Maybe.” said Harry sheepishly.

“You’re wearing that blue outfit when you get here.”

*Click*

Harry pulled the phone away from his ear and then looked down at his feet. “I don’t think it’s going to fit me.”

=D=-=-=-=

Dudley looked around as he sat in the back seat of the limousine. His eyes were wide and he ran a hand over the upholstery with a sort of awed expression on his face.
“Who are we going to see, again?” asked Dudley. “And why is Harry sitting in the passenger seat up there?”

“Harry and Andrew go way back.” said Mrs. McFinn with a soft smile. “Harry would get a ride home every time he went to London, even stopped for ice cream a few times.”

“As to who we are going to go and see, you wouldn’t believe us if we told you.” said Dr. Clark. “And I would say something to you, but that would be horribly insensitive.”

“What’s that?” asked Dudley quickly. “I’m not a little baby…”

“It’s just that…if you’re mother had known that Harry knew this particular person personally, she never would have had him in that cupboard of his.” said Dr. Clark.

“Cupboard? What are you talking about?” asked Inspector Homes.

Dudley looked down at the floor of the limo, his face pale and fixed with grief.

“He slept in a cupboard for I don’t want to think of how many years…”

Inspector Homes looked horrified at the man sitting in front of him, and then looked down at his knees, his hands clenched tightly into fists. “If I had the chance to utilize the Wild West tactics of the Yankees, I’d be chasing your father all around Surrey.” said Inspector Homes darkly.

Dudley continued to look down at the floor.

Inspector Homes sighed and gave Dudley’s shoulder a shake and rubbed his eyes. “You’re coming to terms with it all, I’ve got to give you respect for that.”

Dudley nodded stiffly.

Mrs. McFinn came over and adjusted Dudley’s tie that she had borrowed from Inspector Homes. “Sam, do you know if we’re all…meeting her or just Harry. I would be more than happy just to…sit within thirty feet of her to be honest.”

“I think Harry’s going to meet with her first, and after that I don’t know.” said Dr. Clark. “But yeah, I would be amazed if she agreed to come…I don’t think she would. I can’t believe that’s what Harry’s hoping to do. At least I think that’s what he’s aiming for.”

“She won’t be able to come, I don’t think…but I can imagine she would send someone in her place.” said Lionus. “She can’t just drop everything and go sit in a house. And I think that Harry knows that…so there may be someone else he’s aiming to borrow for a while.”

Dudley sat, jaw hanging open and frozen in shock as Harry spoke candidly to the bloody Queen of England herself. He didn’t realize that Harry had this sort of connection! The moment they walked in through the side doors of Buckingham Palace, several of the older maids and butlers stopped, stared at them as they passed and then smiled when they apparently recognized Harry and greeted Harry with obvious joy. A few of the maids gushing about how much he had grown and what a fine young man he became.

As the servants all crowded around him, patting him on the back and giving him quick embraces, he watched as a forbidding looking butler came up and then stared at Harry for a moment, then snapped his fingers regally. Several younger male attendants came up to him swiftly and bowed.
“Get that tailor here now, we’ll need to finish that suit immediately.” said the butler circling Harry almost like a vulture.

“What suit?” asked Harry with an amused smirk, but then it slid off. “You didn’t make me a larger blue frilly suit, did you?”

“Don’t be silly, I had asked for one to be made for when you would become of age…” said the butler holding up the tail end of the braid looking at it with a dismissive gaze. “What did you do to your hair? Throw some sort of steroid induced hair tonic on it?”

Harry only smiled.

Dudley watched confused as the man then circled around to his front and took his glasses off his face.

“Astonishing, they’re not dirty, where did you get these frames?” asked the butler holding them up to the light.

“Here in London…” said Harry. “Can’t say I remember the name of the place.”

“They’re a much better pair than your last ones, the only thing those last ones did for you was make you look like some whipped little puppy.” said the man curtly, but he placed the glasses back on Harry’s face with the greatest of care.

Then suddenly a man came hurrying up to them and the strict looking man pulled Harry away, leaving the rest of them in the care of a pair of maids.

“They won’t be much longer.” assured one of the maids with a smile, they had each had a cup of tea at least and Dudley was working on his third cream cake slice. “He’s just the right height for that new suit.”

“Why did a butler take him away like that…has he been here before?” asked Dudley to the maid as she poured him a cup of tea. The maids stopped and stared at him for a moment, but one spoke after a brief moment.

“Oh, didn’t you know? He’s a favorite guest here.” said another maid with a warm smile, who seemed to be the oldest. “We do so love it when he visits, he was such an adorable little boy.”

“And so polite too!” said another maid who was slightly younger. “And now, what a charming young man he’s become!”

“Oh! Please forgive us for speaking out like that.” said the oldest maid suddenly as she looked at the guests they were entertaining.

“Not at all, my dear lady…it’s actually quite informative…Harry has never mentioned that he knows the occupants of Buckingham Palace quite so intimately.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

“That boy is no name dropper, I can tell you.” said the oldest maid.

“So why was that butler all over Harry?” asked Dudley pointing at the door.

Before they could explain, the doors opened and Harry came in with a clean pressed black suit with a bright green tie with an emerald pin holding it in place.
“Don’t you look handsome!” said Mrs. McFinn coming over to kiss him on the cheek. “And they were right, it was quite fast, only twenty minutes!”

“He expanded a bit in the chest more than what I was anticipating, he’ll have to accept my own new suit to see her…” said Sebastian. “As for the…delightful black cloak you were wearing under that fur lined…version, I’m having that altered a bit, honestly, it has no sense of style.”

Dumbledore covered his mouth to hide a smile.

“Harry, you’re not going to ask…her to come and listen to those books?” said Mrs. McFinn whispering in Harry’s ear.

“I can’t see her being able to get away, but I thought...maybe I should be honest with her…come out and tell her about…me.” said Harry softly.

“If we are done chattering, it would be best for you to meet her now, so that she may retire for the evening.” said Sebastian taking out a pocket watch and flicking it open.

“Sorry.” said Harry immediately as he motioned Dudley to stand up. “Come on, Dudley. Want to meet someone that I still can’t believe I know?”

“The Prime Minister?” said Dudley in awe.

Sebastian stared at Dudley in disbelief. “What in...the Prime Minister is not a woman boy! Hold...Dudley...as in Dudley Dursley?” his disbelieving face turned stormy.

“He’s reforming.” said Harry quickly.

Sebastian snorted, but led them away from the waiting room.

“Did you tell them about...us?” asked Dudley.

“A bit, yeah.” said Harry out of the corner of his mouth. “But...they’re angrier with your dad than you…”

Dudley sighed in relief.

“Hopefully.”

Dudley looked up in fear.

-=-=-=-=-

He didn’t think that Harry knew the Queen! His mother would have been begging Harry on her hands and knees just to be able to get within a hundred yards of her, and here they were…having a pot of tea and chatting. Mouth still hanging open as she smiled at Harry and even took an appraising look at the braid and how tall he had gotten in those short months.

“Now...while I am always willing to see you, what brings you to see me in such a hurried state. As far as I was aware, you are still in school, are you taking a bit of personal leave?” asked the Queen with a gentle smile as she put the braid down.

“Well, I...I wanted to talk to you and...wanted to apologize...that I never told you the full truth.” said Harry, setting his teacup down slowly.

Sebastian took the pot of tea and refilled the young man’s cup, his eyes set firmly on the task at
hand.

“And the full truth would be?” asked the Queen as she took a sip of her tea.

“And the full truth would be?” asked the Queen as she took a sip of her tea.

“About the school, I go to…I…” said Harry slowly.

“You go to Hogwarts, School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?” said the Queen, a smile on her lips as she pulled the cup away.

Harry stared. “What? You know?”

“When you did not tell me the name, I had an assumption…and my assumption was proven true, when I spoke to…who was that Sebastian…that man that was here over the summer?” asked the Queen to the butler as he tonged two more biscuits on Harry’s plate. “The one that I had to cut the meeting quite short.”

“The one with the pink dressed… person? Fudge, madam. Cornelius Fudge I believe.” said Sebastian as he served more biscuits to the other guests.

Harry looked at Sebastian in shock and then looked over to the Queen. “What did he come to see you for?”

He moved his hands swiftly as Sebastian went to tap it with a spare spoon, when the Queen looked away for a moment.

“Manners…” muttered Sebastian.

“Well, they had come to ‘warn’ me about him.” said the queen with a wave towards Dumbledore.

“Indeed, your majesty?” said Dumbledore with a smile. “I must say, I’m not sure if I should feel flattered or embarrassed that they felt the need to bring my disagreement with them to your attention.”

“I did feel quite concerned when I had two adults come in and complain in such a fashion. They were worried that you would come to see me and promote your ‘fearmongering’.” said the Queen as she sipped her tea. “It was quite a few minutes till they would even tell me how you were going about it.”

“And your opinion?” asked Dumbledore.

The Queen smiled softly. “As his Queen, I ordered him to place protection around the people that could not protect themselves. I care not the differences that are between you and the Minister, but he should know that the people’s safety is my highest priority. I remember the dark times of Grindelwald before my reign, and the terror that rang through with Voldemort over a decade ago.”

“I will not have any of my people placed in danger when there is even the slightest chance of history repeating itself. I remember asking a previous Minister of Magic years ago, if the body was recovered, and I was told it wasn’t. I am not sure what all can be done with your powers, so I would not be surprised if he had managed to come back to life.” said the Queen with a cold edge to her voice.

“I don’t know if it makes it any better, but no one can be brought back to life.” said Dumbledore. “Sadly that only instills the fact that Voldemort was living free out in the world…. Though ‘free’ is not quite the right word to use.” he added thoughtfully.
“Rest assured, my lady, the man has been apprehended.” said Lionus from his seat. “He won’t be causing havoc anymore.”

“Permission to roll my eyes, my lady?” said Sebastian with a deadpanned look.

The Queen only smiled. “Sebastian does not quite approve of your policies when it regards to whether you get involved or not.”

“Not many people do.” said Lionus with a shrug. “Now I want to know what Fudge and Umbridge said about Harry. If you would be willing to tell us, of course.”

“Oh it was delightful.” said Sebastian as he poured Harry another cup of tea.

“I don’t recollect ever seeing Sebastian or the maids so bothered by a guest before. It was quite the spectacle.” said the Queen, a small playing on her lips as she looked at Harry. “They had the ill-advised notion to tell me all about your years at that school. In the most…negative tone.”

“Do you remember any of it? I’d love to hear what they said.” said Harry with a bright smile.

Suddenly, a loud chime rang through the room, causing the Queen to look up in the direction of the clock in surprise. “Have any of you had any dinner?” said the Queen looking up at the chiming grandfather clock, “This had proven to be quite the lengthy story.”

“Dinner with…you?” said Mrs. McFinn placing a hand over her heart.

“Of course, it gives me the opportunity to make good on an invitation that I have given Harry for so many years. He was never able to stay for dinner, and he would arrive too far after lunch.” said the Queen.

Dudley’s jaw still had not closed.
Dinner at the Palace

It took only moments for the maids and Sebastian to bring the food to a large table in one of the many dining rooms further in the palace. The meal that sat before them did not disappoint Dudley’s lofty notions of how the royals supped, though it wasn’t the quantity that he expected it was by no means lacking in quality.

They had roasted legs of lamb, roasted tomato soup, and a green and purple salad, even the descriptions of the dessert were something so out of this world that Harry watched with amusement as Dudley tried to enjoy his food as he was usually want to do, but forcing himself to keep his manners in front of her majesty the Queen. Harry had leaned over to Dudley and whispered to him quietly that it was alright if he were to ask for seconds.

“You sure? I don’t want to…you know…” said Dudley nodding over to the Queen quickly and trying to do so without her knowledge.

“She’s not going to mind.” said Harry with smile. “I’ve gone through plates and plates of biscuits while having tea with her.”

“Yeah, but she likes you.” said Dudley. “It’s my da she hates.”

“Exactly, not completely your fault.” said Harry. “It’s Uncle Vernon’s fault.”

Before the dinner had been served, she had been introduced to Dudley, and while at first she was startled that Harry would bring the son of the man that had hurt him so, she welcomed him graciously. Dudley, however, said nothing beyond: “Yes, your majesty”, “No, your majesty”, and “Thank you, your majesty.” He didn’t want to push his luck with her, especially since he didn’t quite know how Harry painted him to her over the years of their little “tea parties”.

As the food was eaten, the Queen had begun to relay what Fudge and Umbridge had told her, which turned out to be nothing short of amusing to the ones that had known the pair of self-promoting spellcasters.

“Well, at the beginning, your Minister had admitted that he thought you were a brave, tragic soul. You had his complete sympathy….”

“Or just his pity.” muttered Sebastian ladling more helpings of the reddish colored soup into Harry’s bowl.

“Then they started to change their tone ever so slightly, putting you down a bit here and there. Saying how you were trying to manipulate them into furthering your own fame and name all along but they did not see it till it was far too late.” said the Queen. “I must say…till they had told me your name and had shown me a picture of you, I was quite inclined to believe them. I know all too well just how mischievous boys can be even more so how fame can go to a young man’s head, but that inclination did not last all that long.”

“Um, they didn’t mention anything about what I had done, had they?” asked Harry softly.

“Oh…by chance are you talking about the time you dropped a pudding on a woman’s head?” asked the Queen with a twitching smile as she brought a spoon of tomato soup up to her lips.

“Now that was an elf, that wasn’t me.” said Harry quickly.
“Then you must be talking about when you inflated your Aunt.” said the Queen, the same smile on her lips.

Harry blushed, while Dudley snorted. Harry quirked a brow in Dudley’s direction.

“Then there was the instance of you trying and succeeding in the aid of the escaped convict, Sirius Black.” said the Queen looking at Harry now with a fixed look.

“Ah…” said Harry.

“Now that, my lady, is true, but we’ve found that he was in actuality an innocent man.” said Lionus from his own seat, a hand over his wineglass as a few other servants walked around pouring drinks for the guests. “So…what Harry had done, with the help of his friends, was save an innocent life from a fate far worse than returning him to his cell or for that matter, death.”

Dudley looked over to Harry in awe, his spoon frozen halfway to his mouth.

“You’re learning an awful lot about your cousin this day, aren’t you?” said Dumbledore with a kind smile. “I only hope that you are ready to hear far more harrying tales.” he added with a wink.

“Anything else he told you?” asked Harry looking back at the Queen.

“That you had outflown a dragon, nearly drowned in a lake full of merpeople and had traveled through a labyrinth of a variety of creatures that I, myself have only heard or seen in tales and the cinema.” said the Queen. “And now…I realize that you also had cause to meet with the fiend that took your family from you.”

Harry had a bit of lamb on a fork coming close to his mouth when he froze for a moment and then lowered it. Dudley looked at Harry, his mouth full of lamb, he swallowed it thickly.

The Queen slowly reached over and patted Harry’s hand. “I am quite sure; they are even more proud of you than I am.”

As they were leaving the castle through the back entrance, the Queen, Sebastian and a few of the staff members were giving Harry their farewells, until the summer of course. The Inspector and Dr. Clark were surprised that he was telling the Queen goodbye, they had believed that Harry was going to ask that she come and listen in on the last book. But he had never asked her about joining them, not even once.

The Queen herself seemed to think that there was an unasked question hovering in the air, and asked the young man she was embracing fondly. “Were you only aiming for this to be a social call?” asked the Queen as Harry stepped away and was subjected to Sebastian fussing with his tie. “Or was there a deeper significance for this visit?”

“I…I had a question, but it’s alright.” said Harry with a faint blush. “I wanted to ask you something, but…it would require you to put your life on hold…and I know you can’t really do that.”

“A Queen’s life can never be put ‘on hold’, she has duties that must be done.” said Sebastian plainly. “A word with the young boy if I may, your Majesty.”

“By all means, Sebastian.” said the Queen, “Albus, now I insist you make it to my next garden party, don’t think I haven’t noticed your absence these last fifteen years.” she finished with a light
scolding tone.

Sebastian led Harry away from the party towards the darkness of a large thick fir tree. When they had no light covering them, save the single beam of light coming from a lit window, Sebastian turned around to Harry, his sharp eyes raking over the young man’s face.

“You’ve grown up much too fast.” he said, his voice solemn.

“That’s magic for you.” said Harry with a chuckle.

“Not what I mean.” said Sebastian with a light sharp tone. “What I mean is…a childhood…is something you never possessed.”

Harry blinked. “I had fun…in parts…”

“Fun is one thing, but a childhood…being scolded by your guardian for bringing mud into the house, demanding a pet of your own while it’s in your arms, pleading for sweets and toys, running amok with your friends…a childhood.”

Harry stared at the man standing before him.

“You were shown nothing by your guardians but contempt, pain and hunger. Even with the McFinns…you were not able to hold onto the joys of loving parents for long, a few hours at a time at best. There were times…in the last few years of your youth before you left us for that school, that I wanted to spirit you away, even Velth expressed a desire to never let you go back to the Dursley house again. Not if you were going to come back to us bruised.” said Sebastian reaching up and tugging on a loose pinecone.

Harry sighed softly and looked out at the snow-covered ground.

“Regardless of the robbery done to your youth, I and many others in the service of the Queen are immensely proud of you.” said Sebastian.

Harry turned back to look at the butler with widened eyes and looked off to the side, a blush on his face.

“Whatever trials that are going to be put in your path’s way, I have no doubt that you will overcome them. And for god’s sake, if you need help, ask for it, and I mean…even dropping the Queen’s name.” said Sebastian.

“Not many dark wizards and witches would back off the moment that I say her name.” said Harry with a chuckle.

“Then they are fools.” said Sebastian stiffly. “But regardless…” he looked over Harry’s shoulder and saw that the others had finished speaking. “it looks like they’re ready to leave. Be a good boy, now.”

“I’ll try.” said Harry.

Sebastian raised his arms slightly for a moment, but then decided against it and started to lower them. Harry smiled, rushed forwards and wrapped his own arms around the man, initiating the hug on his own terms. “Thanks, Sebastian.”

The butler was silent and stiff for a moment, but then he sagged ever so slightly and wrapped his own arms around the young man. They were still for a short time, until Sebastian ended the
embrace and walked with Harry over to the rest of the group.

As the Company of wizards and four muggles left, the Queen looked up to Sebastian.

“I hope this is where things get better for him now.” said the Queen softly.

“We can only pray, your majesty, we can only pray.” said Sebastian looking up at the moon.
They arrived at Night’s Rest quite late in the evening, far later than they had originally aimed for. Sirius was beside himself with concern as the hours ticked by, they had only said they were going to get one person and maybe go to talk to someone. But that was early in the morning and it’s now….

“Padfoot, you need to calm down.” said Remus tiredly as he sipped a cup of tea. “You’re going to wear a rut in your new carpet.”

They had all gathered in the large den and were wiling away the time till the rest of the group joined them. Fred and George had discovered a large stash of muggle board games for them all to play and effectively kept the students present entertained. The adults (and Hermione) were more content with perusing the books that happened to be in the bookcases, or simply resting by the fire.

“Precisely, the Headmaster is with him after all.” said Flitwick taking a bite out of a cauldron cake.

“And don’t forget, he has my Star Captain and he has a Lieutenant shadowing his moves as well. That boy is not going to go unguarded for quite some time.” said Chief Hawkeye with slight smile from beside the fireplace. “Your move, Weasley.”

“Hmm…” said Ron stroking his chin thoughtfully. “You’re good…way better than Bill.”

“I should hope so; I’ve been playing for more years than the both of your ages put together.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smirk.

“Checkmate.” said Ron with a smile.

The Ranger Chief blinked, pulled the cup away from his lips and looked down at the board. “What did you just say?” When he saw the board his mouth dropped slightly. “When did that happen?”

Ron only responded with a large grin.

“You have to keep an eye on Weasley, if you’re not completely focused on the game, he’ll sweep a victory when you least expect it.” said McGonagall with a slight look of pride.

“I’ll have to keep that in mind if I ever challenge him again.” said Chief Hawkeye with an appraising look towards Ron.

Suddenly a soothing chime rang throughout the den and echoed through the rest of Night’s Rest.

“There you go, Padfoot they’re here.” said Remus as he stood up and went out to the front door.

“Stuff it Moony.” said Sirius as he left to go and get the door.

Sirius however, never came back to the den, but a few others did come into the warm sanctuary. Dumbledore, Dr. Clark and someone else they had never met.

“What took you so long to get back?” asked Chief Hawkeye, finally tearing his gaze away from the board.

The man that was standing beside Dr. Clark stared in awe at the Chief. “I was not expecting…I mean…the Star Captain was one thing…but the Chief?”
The man chuckled at Inspector Homes. “Relax, you’re here for moral support, right? Well, in a way, so am I.”

The Inspector gave a shaky smile. “Bud…you’ve sure got some big friends in high places.”

The next morning, everyone ambled down to the dining room where the rich smell of eggs, bacon and hotcakes came from the nearby kitchen.

Ron and Hermione ducked their heads in to the kitchen, expecting maybe to see Harry, Mrs. McFinn, Mrs. Weasley and a small flurry of house-elves. They were not expecting to see just Harry and…

“Harry…isn’t that…” said Ron staring at the teenager sitting across from Harry on a stool, watching the scarred teen flip a few pancakes over.

Harry and the other boy looked up and over at Ron and Hermione, a thick layer of silence came between them.

“I thought they were kidding, there was no way, he was here.” said Hermione pointing to Dudley with a shaking finger.

“Dudley, you remember Ron and Hermione?” asked Harry as he adjusted the temperature on the stove.

“I remember the red head, not so much the brunette.” said Dudley with a frown on his face. “Or at the very least… I remember those twins.”

Ron snorted with barely disguised glee, Harry looked up with a mixture of amusement and exhaustion. “Be nice, Ron. Yeah, the twins are here too, but I’ll ask them not to do a repeat performance.”

“We never do the same joke twice…”

“Not if we can help it, that is.”

“All depends if we can help it now.”

Suddenly, two more red headed figures appeared in the crack in the door and peered inside. “What’s all the….oh.”

Dudley’s eyes met theirs and he scrambled off the stool, around the kitchen island and hid behind Harry. “Call them off!” as they stalked slowly towards him, their eyes glinting mischievously.

“Ease off guys, it’s too early in the morning for this.” said Harry.

“New house rule: No pranking Dudley.” said Sirius coming into the room, dressed in a black and red bathrobe, covering silver lounge pants and a white tank top. “Least not with magical methods, muggle methods are fine.”

Fred and George looked pleasantly puzzled, while Dudley turned slightly pale. Harry leaned over to Dudley and whispered. “That means you can come up with something too, Big D.”

“I’m not one for pranks…” said Dudley quietly.
“You’re one for punching, right?” asked Ron darkly.

“Ease up there, Ron.” repeated Harry. “We’re…trying here.”

“Yeah…he’s now trying.” said Ron darkly as Hermione kept behind Ron and looked at Dudley with wide eyes.

“Guess they know all about you and home…huh?” said Dudley softly.

“You could say that, so you’re going to catch a lot for being here…though…I’m sure the adults won’t be picking on you. Well, most of them won’t be starting anything at least.” said Harry.

Dudley looked worried. “What are you talking about, ‘most’ of them?”

“You might have to answer to Mrs. Weasley and Remus.” said Harry as he poured a pot of hot coffee and took a sip.

Dudley blinked, but then pointed to Harry. “Since when do you drink coffee?”

“You focus on the oddest things.” laughed Harry coming back to the rest of them with a cup in hand for Sirius. “I’ve started cause I keep falling asleep during these things, I want to actually hear what’s going on with the last book.”

“Just remember, this book is what would have happened without the knowledge you hold right now and the actions the Rangers had taken, it is now just a book, nothing more.” said a voice from behind him.

Harry and Dudley wheeled around, there, pouring himself was cup and one for the man lounging against the counter was Glacier and Lionus. Lionus was in his usual attire of black slacks, black shirt and forbidding looking black cloak. Glacier however, still dressed in white, was wrapped in what looked like a white furred bathrobe.

Dudley once again took shelter behind Harry. “Who are they?”

“The one in black is Lionus, the one in white is Glacier, he’s my…”

“Therapist.” said Glacier plainly as he turned to face Dudley and walked slowly over to him. “And you are Dudley Dursley.”

Dudley nodded dumbly.

“You and I…will need to have a talk.” said Glacier calmly as he sipped his coffee.

Dudley’s eyes went even wider.

Whatever opinion that the adults had about Dudley joining, they certainly kept it to themselves, though Snape, when he had come down to only procure a cup of coffee from the pot on the table and a few pieces of fruit, looked at Dudley square in the face and then walked away towards the Winter Den that the readings were going to take place in.

The moment that he had seen Hagrid however, he gave a loud squeak and went to hide behind Harry again, who was looking at him in amusement. “He won’t hurt you…no one will....”

“Not permanently anyway.” said the twins with matching smirks.
With a warning look from their mother, the ones that had remained in the dining room, sat down to eat.

“Did you get up early enough to make some snacks for the readings Harry?” asked Ron with a smile towards Harry, as the rest of the people gathered, including Draco, Blaise and Nott (Who were there for Draco’s moral support), ate their breakfast that was carried out by (invisible- as to not startle Dudley and the Inspector) house-elves.

“I cut up a bunch of apples and baked them, how about that?” said Harry. “Dudley asked for them.”

Dudley looked down at the table for a moment, his face a faint pink. “I just remember liking them…”

“And it’ll be just fine with your new eating regimen, which according to Inspector Holmes, you were still on.” said Harry with a poke to Dudley’s arm. “Can’t have the boxing champ going soft when he goes back.”

Dudley still looked down at the table, the blush now gone, but replaced with a different expression.

They finished up their breakfast and went into the den, where Officer McFinn was sitting, waiting with Professor Snape.

Everyone: The DA, the Heads of Houses of Hogwarts, Dumbledore, the Weasleys, Lionus, Glacier, Rudolph, Leroy, Tonks, Moody, Dr. Clark, Mrs. McFinn, Kingsley, Remus, Sirius, Harry, Dudley, Holmes, Nightstrike, other members of the Order and Hagrid gathered into the large yet cozy room and prepared to resume the readings, a heavy feeling fell over all of them (minus Dumbledore who had simply accepted it, knowing this was now not going to happen) as they remembered what had just transpired.

Mrs. McFinn took the moments before the reading started to bring over the large phoenix quilt and draped it around Harry as he sat in an oversized armchair.

First paragraph.

“And it won’t.” said Glacier.

“What had happened?” asked Dudley curiously.

“It said that Dumbledore had been killed.” said Inspector Holmes in a whisper to Dudley, pointing to the old wizard.

“Oh…” said Dudley.

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph, first sentence.

“They were never terribly tactful, even as children.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

“If he’s the one that’s dead, how can he be so calm?” asked Dudley quietly.
“It’s just the way he is.” said Dr. Clark.

**End of second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“No, dear boy!” whispered Dumbledore wincing slightly. “Do *no* put yourself into danger, not now!”

**Third paragraph.**

**Fourth paragraph.**

“I’m regretting having such a large breakfast.” said Hermione faintly.

**Fifth paragraph.**

With shaky hands, Remus leaned over in his chair beside Harry’s and rubbed the back of Harry’s neck. “There’s still one more book…you’re not dead…and he doesn’t bite you…*please* don’t let him bite you.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixth paragraph, first sentence, first semicolon.**

“Don’t let his teeth scrape you, please for the love of god.” said Remus weakly.

**Sixth paragraph, first sentence, second semi-colon.**

“I’m too old and it’s too early for this.” said Flitwick covering his eyes.

**Sixth paragraph, third sentence, first colon.**

Mr. Weasley and his wife both took a deep breath.

**Sixth paragraph, end of third sentence.**

Ginny’s eyes were wide with shock. All of the members of the Weasley family looked over to her and made to rush to her side.

“Not my baby…not *any* of my babies.” said Mr. Weasley, his hands tight as he gripped the chair’s arms.
“Tack on another life debt we owe you.” said Charlie weakly.
“I’m lost…” said Dudley.
“I think with coming this late in the game, we just sit and watch.” said Inspector Holmes.
“Do you know what they’re talking about?” asked Dudley.
“Pretty much, but I’ll try and fill you in as we go.” said the Inspector.

“Don’t go after him!” pleaded Mrs. McFinn. “Get someone, tell someone!”

Now it was Neville’s turn to be shocked.
“I’m sure you’re fine.” said Professor Sprout, though her voice was shaky.

“Not the best chapter to start with in the morning.” said Dumbledore. “But it does a terrifyingly good job at bringing you to wakefulness.”
“Huh?” asked Dudley.
“The chapter is like a punch to the face.” said Harry plainly.
“Oh.”

“I forget, did someone torch the thing?” asked Harry darkly. “I’m talkin’ right now…”
“It was destroyed.” said Lionus with a calm voice.

Ninth paragraph.

“Well, they’re going to wish this was all just one terrifying nightmare.” said Ron.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Then what are you doing just standing around in your pajamas in a castle full of terror?” said Fred staring at the book.

Dialogue set.

Eleventh paragraph.

Twelfth paragraph.

Snape and Draco were sitting on a small sofa beside the fireplace, sitting silently.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Hagrid whipped out a large spotted handkerchief, (Dudley had flinched and tried to hide behind the Inspector when he saw the giant man) and blew his nose loudly. “Still touches me that yeh care that much abou’ me Harry.”

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Malfoy looked up to Snape, but Snape did not look back at him.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.

“I don’t know if I should commend your book self for protecting him, or hope that Potter hexes you into dust.” said Chief Hawkeye as he took a sip of tea.
“Don’t fall to their level, boy.” said Moody sharply. “It’d be a terrible waste.”

Hermione’s hands flew to her mouth to stifle a gasp.

“There’d better not be any creatures in there.” said Charlie darkly.

“I’m thinking there is much more things to worry about.” said Bill.

“Shit.” whispered Charlie.

“Now that sounds like the Snape way of saying, ‘Don’t ruin your life.’” said Sprout. “But…To kill the Headmaster.”

“But Albus would have been able to disarm them, with or without his wand…” said Flitwick quietly. “At least…I hope that the Headmaster had planned this…I cannot imagine his (as terrible as it is to think about) end being nothing short of planned to the very moment.”

“We can only hope that…but I can’t see why he would wish it to be this way.” said Sprout.

“I’m not my father, I’m judging you on how you look to me, not how my father saw you.” said Harry with a snarl down to the carpet.

Dudley watched everyone in the room, and then looked to Inspector Holmes. “I don’t think I can sit here…not all this…”

“What do you want to do till this book is done?” asked Sirius. “I can’t see it being much longer…”

“Have a TV?” asked Dudley quickly.

“Not yet, but we will in a few months.” said Sirius.
“Oh.” said Dudley his face looking crestfallen for a moment.

“How about you and the Inspector here take a bit of a walk, explore the place…” said Sirius.

“I don’t want to accidentally set something off.” said Dudley quickly. “Did that once…Harry had some sort of cracker…”

“You won’t set anything off, we’ve got some…invisible little helpers to make sure that you don’t get into too much trouble.” said Sirius. He wanted to get this book over for Harry’s sake, but the way that Dudley was getting more and more agitated, it was almost going to be certain that there were going to be more delays in the readings.

After Sirius, had created a small map for them to go by, and had sent them on their way, (the Inspector wanted to stay, that much was obvious, but Dudley needed him a bit more at this point) the readings resumed.

“I always wondered where those mice from under my bed came from.” said Harry absently.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.
Neville paled as he looked at Harry in horror.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first semi-colon.
“So…he doesn’t want to hurt you?” asked Ernie.

End of dialogue set.
“Never mind.” said Terry.

Twentieth paragraph.
Dumbledore covered his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.
Dialogue set.
Hermione wrapped her arms around herself, Ron saw this and wrapped his own arms around her too.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Called it.” said Harry softly.

“No way…” said Ron and Hermione staring at the Potions Master.

“Makes sense.” said the twins.

“Why didn’t we figure this out earlier?” asked Terry.

“Luna, did you figure it out?” asked Neville.

“I wasn’t giving it much thought.” said Luna honestly with her trademark serene smile. “I didn’t have to…”

“She knew…” said Terry softly. “Somehow, she knew.”

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Mrs. McFinn came behind Harry and pulled him back against the chair, her arms tightening around his neck slightly.

Dialogue set.

“That is something I could never call you, Severus.” said Dumbledore softly.

Twenty-third paragraph, second sentence.

The arms around his neck tightened.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

“Who, Snape or Buckbeak?” asked Fred.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.
“Hagrid had better be okay.” said Harry rubbing his hands over eyes.

Charlie sighed. “I need a drink.”

“Can you imagine if we had read this all before bed, we’d be going without sleep…at least I would be.” said Bill shakily.

“I’m greatly impressed if he did, he didn’t get that far into school before he was expelled.” said Flitwick quietly to Sprout.

“Might want to put the umbrella out first.” said Ron. “Trust me.”

“Future me is probably remembering the last time I used that spell.” said Harry wretchedly.

The entire room flinched horribly.
“Poor future Hagrid.” said Luna, her voice barely above a whisper.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Without firing at them? Yeah, he was chasing them.” said Ron coldly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Hermione sniffled and held onto Ron’s arm.

Dialogue line.

**Thirtieth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Trust me, I don’t want to say it.” said Harry.

“I don’t want to do it.” said Snape. “But I have a feeling, that regardless of the Unbreakable Vow, I had little choice in the matter.” he sent a furtive glance to the Headmaster.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

“I’m sure I’d rather have the head trauma.” said Harry.

“You’ve had enough head trauma.” said Dr. Clark.
Dialogue set.

Thirty-second paragraph.

“I don’t blame Dudley for bowing out so early in the morning.” said Mrs. McFinn.

Thirty-third paragraph.

McGonagall covered her mouth with her hands. “Terrible…simply terrible.”

Dialogue set.

“He told me…he told me and I didn’t believe ‘im.” said Hagrid thickly as he blew his nose loudly. “And there I am pointin’ it out.”

“It’s quite understandable, Hagrid.” said Dumbledore carefully.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

A heavy, thick silence fell across the room. Tears fell silently down cheeks and grips tightened on their chairs, or blankets, no one dared move or speak.

Till…

“Move on.” said the cold voice of Glacier.

Officer McFinn looked up at the Ranger figure.

“It’s very unlikely to happen now, the real Dumbledore is sitting right there and I daresay that Snape is now going to be avoiding that particular future at all costs. Move on.” said Glacier.

“Can’t even give us a moment to grieve?” asked Tonks.

Glacier sighed. “You had a day before this to put your feelings into order, granted, some are able to do that in such a time while most are not, but his death will not happen in this fashion. Push past it for now, and grieve his death when it comes to be in present, not the future.”

Lionus looked over at Glacier with a slight smirk. “Can’t quite pick if you’re trying to be helpful, yet sound strangely like Granger, or if you’re just impatient to get this show on the road.”

“While she may have her…tactless moments…she’s not completely off the mark in some of her reasoning’s. And yes, I am impatient.” he said.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.
“Oh, I don’t believe that is quite the case.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“What are you talking about? You’re dead…you can’t talk.” said Ron.

“And you certainly don’t sound like you’re afraid of dying.” said Neville.

“He’s talking about the portraits.” said Hermione.

“Huh?” asked Ron

“The portraits that every Headmaster gets once his or her term is done.” said Hermione.

“So…is there an Umbridge one?” asked Ron looking revolted.

“You have to serve for at least three quarters of one year.” said Dumbledore with a faint smile.

“Then you qualify to have your portrait on the walls of the Headmasters and Headmistresses, we’ve had quite the few temporary Headmasters that only have lasted a few months while both the Headmasters and Deputy Headmistress were ill or away with family issues.”

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Fortieth paragraph.

“Kind of makes you wonder if there’s a photo in the locket that You-Know-Who has.” said Fred.

“I can’t see who it would be, I doubt it would be his mum…or Grandfather.” said George.

“Maybe a picture of the school?” asked Fred.

“Yeah, I could see that.” said George.

Forty-first paragraph.

Note in locket

“Wow, someone else figured out what he was doing?” asked Terry.

“Who’s R.A.B?” asked Justin.

Sirius was quiet for a moment, but then his eyes flashed open and he looked to Remus.

“You don’t think…did he?” asked Sirius.

Remus looked confused.

End of chapter

“That’s all for that chapter.” said Officer McFinn.
“What’s next?” asked Harry slowly.

The ghostly man turned the page and looked at the title. “The Phoenix Lament.”

“Sounds joyful.” Harry said lamely as he leaned into Mrs. McFinn’s arms.
Harry took a deep breath and released it slowly. Ginny came over and sat on the armrest of the chair he was sitting in.

“This won’t happen.” she said reassuringly. “But I know it’s hell listening to it.”

“It sure is.” said Harry quietly.

“Want me to sit here too?” said Ginny. When he nodded, she shoved him softly. “Budge over then, you great lump.”

Harry snickered as he moved over.

“Could do without the blood reference.” said Hermione quietly as she put a handkerchief to her face.

“That you’ll admit to.” said Neville.

“I don’t think I want to hear…” said Harry.
“Thank Merlin.” said Harry releasing a breath.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first comma.

Mrs. Weasley screamed and ran to hold her oldest son.

Mr. Weasley turned to stare at Bill, as if he would suddenly disappear before his very eyes.

“This won’t happen, Mum, it’s not going to happen.” said Bill reassuringly.

End of dialogue set.

“These books are going to get rid of any hair I have left on my head.” said Mr. Weasley putting a shaking pair of hands on his face.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“My beautiful boy!” sobbed Mrs. Weasley. “But you’re alive…that’s…that’s the important thing.” as added as she continued to cry.

Charlie and Bill exchanged pointed looks. “Say it Charlie.” said Bill with a crooked smile.

“I don’t wanna.” said Charlie, his voice quivering slightly.

“Do it, break the tension…seriously, mum is strangling me.” said Bill.

“Alright…” Charlie cleared his throat and looked over to Bill. “I doubt Greyback could muck up your face any more than what nature has done.”

Slowly, a nervous chuckle pitter-patted across the room.

“Not quite the ice breaker, but it’s a start.” said Charlie.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first dash.

“You’d think Voldemort would train them better to not wipe their own numbers out through friendly fire.” said Dr. Clark.
“Thank Merlin for that.” said Mrs. Weasley holding a hand to her breast.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Phycially…sure.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

Harry pulled a hand tiredly down his face.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Bill took a deep breath and released it slowly. “This is awkward listening to.”

“Tell us about it.” said Ron and Harry together.

Dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fred and George looked uncomfortable for a moment, but then they looked over to Remus and then Bill. “We’ll pass…too soon.”

Dialogue set.

Ron cringed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“I’m not eager to face that day when it comes, I’ll say that much.” said Remus.
“There was a bit leading up to it.” said Moody gruffly.

“Yeah, because I’m completely processing everything and willing to spill my guts at that point.” said Harry.

“She and I have worked together for many, many years. I like to think I am close with all my staff….But I am quite humbled at…hearing how people take my passing…. It is surely nothing I had ever think I would hear, and I certainly hold no desire to do so…” He stopped speaking and covered his face with his hands, completely at a loss for words.

“It’s always a terrible song. I heard it myself many decades ago and…” said Dumbledore, he made to continue but was suddenly struck with a thought. He gave a quick fleeting look over to Harry but remained silent.

“It’s said that it doesn’t make you completely whole, but it does ease the pain a bit…” said Dumbledore.

“If I know my future self, I’m going to get sick if I have to keep saying it.” said Harry.
“I believe that the story is not quite as plain as it seems.” said Dumbledore softly.

“We’ll just have to wait and see.” said Sirius coldly.

“Came back to bite him, didn’t it?” said Ron quietly.

Snape scowled behind his hand.

Snape flinched.

“We won’t know for certain, if ever.” said Dr. Clark rubbing Harry’s arm.

Glacier walked behind Harry and placed a hand on the lad’s neck, a soothing chill went through Harry’s body, and settled up on his throbbing temple.

“You’ll be fine.” said Glacier quietly in Harry’s ear.
“I did not think I would leave the castle completely defenseless.” said Dumbledore with a relieved
smile.

“When the hell did he pick it up?” asked Harry looking confused. “I remember the item, but I don’t
remember hearing that he had it.”

Moody pointed a calloused finger at the twins. “Don’t be selling your stuff to the wrong lot.”

“So…he in effect, set the Dark Mark over his own end.” said Dumbledore stroking his beard
thoughtfully, a phial of calming draught going into his cloak pocket. “I merely was an extra
loss…”

“A really catastrophic loss.” said Sprout carefully.
“One would think that he was keeping the girls out of the way of the fighting, knowing that those two are not the strongest fighters out of the group.” said Chief Hawkeye matter-of-factly.

“If he did stun him, he at least only did that.” said Lionus.

“Don’t blame you, sweetie, it takes a lot of training to get used to it all.” said Tonks.

“Harry managed to do it…”

“That’s comparing newts to nifflers.” said Tonks.

Harry breathed heavily through his nose, and covered his mouth with his clenched hands. He couldn’t wait for this book to be over, for the pain his book self and he himself was feeling to subside.
“He always was a bit of bear in the morning,” said Fred weakly.
“Now he’ll be ‘wolfing’ down his breakfast every day…” said George, a watery smile.
“Too soon.” said the twins quickly.

Lupin and Sirius looked at each other. “I don’t know, I kind of liked it.” said Remus.

A small smile crept across Bill’s handsome features.
“Lucky bloke.” said Charlie nudging Bill softly. “She’ll love you to hell and back, this proves it.”
“Still don’t want to chance it.” said Bill smiling carefully. “I’ll be sure to keep Greyback away from my face.”

“I’m thinking she’s talking about it in reverse.” said Mr. Weasley. “No offense to Fleur.”
Mrs. Weasley blushed. “I…I…never meant…”

“Looks like it came across that way, mum.”

Bill chuckled. “She’s so funny.”

The Weasley children stared at their mother in shock.

“Wasn’t expecting that.” said Ron.

“I thought she’d warm up to her at some point…but not that far.” said Bill.

“She doesn’t quite know what that means yet.” said Charlie.

“Knew it.” said Fred.

“Saw it coming a kilometer a way.” said George.
“Sweetie, I’m an Auror!” said Tonks hotly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“By all means, I would greatly appreciate hearing of weddings, births, christenings and other such matters on the day of my death.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Bless you, Hagrid.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile. “I always knew I could count on you for important tasks.”

Dialogue set.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Rather it be hers than Umbridge’s.” said Ron.

“I wonder, Professor, if Umbridge would have been made Headmistress, would you still retain your title of Deputy Headmistress?” asked Hermione looking at the Transfiguration teacher.

“Only a voting of the Governors would be able to remove me from my appointed seat, however, I believe that Delores and Fudge would have attempted to maneuver around that particular policy.”

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Tell me we’re going to wake him up.” said Harry.

“They need to rest for a while after they arrive on the wall. Armando Dippet’s painted-self rested for a week before I could have a coherent conversation.” said Dumbledore.

Thirty-first paragraph.
Dumbledore winced slightly. “I don’t know if even I would be willing to burden you with that knowledge, the less that would know, the safer Harry would be.”

“Even willing to keep the orders close to heart after you’ve passed on.” said Moody.

“Not many people plan for that contingency.” said Dr. Clark. “Not in that sort of way.”

Snape snorted quietly.

“I’m not too sure what to do in this situation, on the one hand, the school is always been a haven, the other, it’s not as secure as it was with Dumbledore gone.” said Kingsley.

“Fathers will think the same thing.” said Mr. Weasley, “But they’ll be more inclined to worry
about safety of the whole family, protective charms and the like.”

Dialogue set.

“More due to the fact that it was one of the staff.” said Bill.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Hagrid dabbed his eyes with his large handkerchief.

Dialogue set.

“Hagrid, Hogwarts will always be your home.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Here’s hoping the train ride is not intercepted by Death Eaters.” said Harry.

“Not a pleasant thought there.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“They’d better.” growled Harry.

“I’m sure they would not deny me.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“That’ll give Aurors time to get ready and stay stationed on the train.” said Tonks.

“You’re late…” muttered Harry.

“Just like the first book.” said Neville.

“Don’t quite know what she’s all upset about, now they’re both paintings.” said Ron softly.

Hermione only slightly nudged Ron in the side.
“Sort of yeah, sort of no.” said Harry.

“You’re a Potter…you’ll be curious again.” said Rudolph, a trembling smile on his face.

“Don’t be so sure…” said Dumbledore quietly.
“Last chapter of the book, shall we call it a day after this?” asked Officer McFinn.

“Yeah, don’t know where Inspector Homes or Dudley ran off too.” said Harry leaning back in his chair. “Best check up on them in case they got lost.”

“Not likely, not with the Dobby and the rest of the house-elves keeping a close eye on them.” said Sirius.

Officer McFinn took a deep breath and then began the final chapter of the book. “**Thirtieth Chapter**

“Nice title.” said the twins. “Makes you feel all good inside.”

**First paragraph, second sentence.**

“Don’t blame the Patils but Smith, I don’t hold much for him.” said Ron.

**First paragraph, third sentence.**

“Go Seamus.” said Dean looking at his best mate with a stare. “Never thought you’d stand up to her.”

**End of first paragraph.**

Dumbledore accepted a handkerchief from McGonagall, and dabbed his eyes.

“Well, Albus, you were a famous wizard after all, and had made quite a difference in the lives of many different people.” said Flitwick. “It’s understandable that many people would come to pay your respects.”

**Second paragraph, second sentence.**

Hagrid blushed.

**End of second paragraph.**

“I’m sure they just want a statement.” said Hermione.

“They can have five words, ‘None-of-your-damn-business.’” said Harry ticking off each word.
“Why do I have a bad feeling?” asked Fred.

“Cause it’s the end of the book.” said George.

The people in the Winter Den looked between Moody and Bill, but averted their gaze when Moody’s bright blue eye caught them.

“Well, that’s a one-eighty, you like your steaks well done…” said Mr. Weasley.

Remus shivered, “I could never eat them like that.”

“The bloodier the better.” said Sirius quietly to Harry.

“Then I guess you’d better start liking your food a bit undercooked compared to Mum’s.” said Charlie.

“I could live with it.” said Bill.

“Yeah, keep selling that story.” said Ginny with a nudge to Harry.

Mrs. Weasley whimpered slightly.
“You’d think we’d avoid it at all cost then.” said Ron.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixth paragraph, first comma.**

“Prude.” said the twins together.

**End of sixth paragraph.**

“Sad thing is, that’s going to be a term now.” said Neville with a weak chuckle.

“At least amongst us it will be.” said Harry, his lips turning into a small smile.

**Dialogue line.**

“You always find out something in the library, it’s the library for pity’s sake.” said Ron, chuckling quietly.

**Dialogue line.**

“Say hello to the new obsession.” said Harry raising his hand.

“You have more important things to be obsessed about at the moment, don’t just focus on one.” said Moody.

**Seventh paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon, first comma.**

Dumbledore sunk a little lower in the chair he was sitting in, guilt evident on his face.

**Seventh paragraph, end of first sentence.**

“You’re not alone, mate.” said Ron quietly. “We’ll be there.”

**End of seventh paragraph.**

**Eighth paragraph.**

“Your life is not the easiest…” said Remus.
Ninth paragraph.

“But that’s just what make Hermione, Hermione.” said Harry.

“No,” she said sadly, “I’ve been trying, Harry, but I haven’t found anything. There are a couple of reasonably well-known wizards with those initials — Rosalind Antigone Bungs. ‘Antigone?’ said Ron. “It’s from…” said Hermione. "She mourned and buried her dead brother when it was illegal to do so and hanged herself after she was locked up in a tomb.” said Harry. “I dunno if I want Ginny to bury me if she ends up that way…leave me to the birds.” said Ron. Ginny giggled. “That’s sweet, little morbid, but sweet.”

Rupert ‘Axebanger’ Brookstanton. but they don’t seem to fit at all.

“I’d hope not, one was long since passed on the year that Tom was in school and the other had never had the misfortune of meeting him before her choice to become a recluse.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Tenth paragraph.

“His name’s going to be mud with Harry for the rest of his life, I’d warrant.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“How do you figure?” asked Fred. “Yeah, Snape came outright and said that he was the Half-Blood Prince…” said George. “Though… granted, the spells were made by someone who… became a Death Eater…” said Fred. “We’re going to shut it and let you continue on.” said George.
The students in the room blinked.

“The Gobstone champion…was his mum?” asked Ernie quietly.

Sirius quirked a brow, “That…explains something I thought was pretty odd.”

Remus looked over.

“Remember when we…nicked his books and challenged him to a game of gobstones to get them back? He won without trying…and Peter was the best in Gryffindor! Never was on any team or anything.” said Sirius.

“I’d nearly forgotten about that.” said Remus, he sent the Potions instructor an odd look.

Ron slowly stood up and went to go and hid behind Harry’s chair, to escape the glare sent his way by Snape.

Snape flinched.

“I’m not ashamed of my mother.” spat Snape sharply.

“And your dad?” asked Ron from behind the sofa.

“None of your business, Weasley.” retorted Snape.

“He is not like Tom, I will stand by that.” said Dumbledore.

Snape shifted slightly in his chair, but said nothing.
“Why did you leave the book behind?” asked Harry.

“It was not intentional.” said Snape plainly.

“Of course I knew.” said Dumbledore. “I knew about that particular spell and I told him that if I ever saw that spell be used against another student I would take him to task personally. I also was here when his mother came to school.”

“Had he used it on a student before?” asked Neville quietly and turned his gaze downward when Snape turned to glare at him.

“Not to my knowledge, but that wasn’t the first time he’s accidentally left the book behind, it was quite fortunate that the spell was only used once and it was on an inanimate object.” said Dumbledore.

“He’s killed someone, that’s enough to be considered ‘evil.’” said Harry softly.

“Not what it sounded like I was saying.” said Hermione honestly.

“Either I’m thinking of wizarding funeral, or I’m trying to block out yours.” said Harry nodding towards Officer McFinn.
Several people wiped their eyes in handkerchiefs and tissues.

**Thirteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“Best take that all, Albus.” said Lionus placing a Calming Draught on the table beside the Headmaster. “I would rather not have to tell Nicodemus you had another heart attack on my watch.”

**Thirteenth paragraph, sixth sentence.**

“Last thing I want to do is relay the story over and over again, come see me at the Dursleys.” said Harry.

**End of thirteenth paragraph.**

“Wondering how far I could flick them?” asked Ron absently.

**Fourteenth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.**

“Tall?” snorted Ron. “Did he grow further than his normal two foot height?”

**Fourteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“Wow, he’s giving you ‘props’.” said Chief Hawkeye with an impressed look.

**Fourteenth paragraph, sixth sentence.**

Malfoy turned a bit pink.

**End of fourteenth paragraph.**

“Punishing him for not completing the task he was assigned, most likely.” said Moody.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Wonder who would be the replacement Head of House.” wondered George aloud.

“That would be Vector.” said McGonagall. “It is normal to have an emergency backup Head in
case one of us has to leave the castle for any emergency purpose.”

Sixteenth paragraph, third sentence, first semi-colon, first comma.

“Have to wear my best for him.” said Sprout, mopping her eyes with a slightly dirt covered handkerchief.

End of sixteenth paragraph.

“At least it’s a suit.” said Remus.

Seventeenth paragraph.

Eighteenth paragraph, second paragraph, second semi-colon.

“It was always my favorite color on her.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

“He could always tell if I wasn’t up to snuff if my hair wasn’t pink. I suppose…I wanted him to see pink one more time.” said Tonks wiping her eyes with the base of her palm.

Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence.

“We need to get them more respectable dress robes…” said Mrs. Weasley.

“We were probably paying homage to his discovery of twelve uses of dragon’s blood.” said Fred.

“Or it was the cleanest things we had at the time.” said George.

“Either way, it works.” said the twins together.

“That it does.” said Dumbledore with a cheerful smile.

Eighteenth paragraph, fourth sentence, fourth semi-colon.

“An article once says that Dumbledore gave him the nod towards music.” said Alicia.

“I most certainly did, he has quite the musical knack, I told him it would be a shame to squander it.” said Dumbledore, the smile still on his face.

Eighteenth paragraph, fourth sentence, fifth semi-colon.

“We correspond quite frequently, he tells me such delightful anecdotes about some of the more interesting riders he would have on his charming bus.” said Dumbledore.
Harry rubbed his eyes tiredly.

“Why the bloody hell would someone bring her?” asked Harry hotly.

“She cannot hurt me anymore.” said Dumbledore kindly. “Not that she ever did to be honest.”

“Well, I’m going to make sure that the day I die, she’s not allowed within fifty miles.” said Harry.

“I’d rather make sure you far outlive her.” said Sirius.

“Are you joking? She’s a freaking cockroach.” said Harry with a sneer.

Harry groaned and looked at Dumbledore out of the corner of his eye. “Mental, you are.”

“I did not send out any invitations, but I can assure you, she won’t be invited.” said Dumbledore smiling warmly.

“Oh, she’s not going to get the chance to attend.” said Lionus.

“Now if only the Forbidden Forest’s herd would come and show up.” said Ron with a vindictive smile. “She’d flee for the hills.”

“Oh, in these dark times, a wizard as (and I will be a bit prideful here) powerful as myself, it is quite the blow when they’re laid low.” said Dumbledore. “And while Rufus and I had a few moments of disagreement, we had a mutual respect for each other.”

“Him for you more than you for him, no matter what.” said Tonks.
“It’s one of my favorites form of music, but if I had known that you could sing, I would have been quite pleased to hear you sing a song or two.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile to Harry.

“I’m amazed that the Hogwart’s choir didn’t try and come up with something.” said Remus.

“I don’t think anyone in the school would have been up to the job, not if they themselves were grieving.” said Sirius.

Ginny handed Harry a tissue, as she was one of the first to notice a small stream of tears falling down his face.

“Tears are appropriate for a funeral, as well as blowing one’s nose.” said Dumbledore.

“Wow…lot of progress, hope you keep it up.” said Chief Hawkeye with a nod of appreciation.

“We know the feeling.” said Ron quietly.

“Best not let the tufty-haired wizard hear that.” said George.

“Will put him off his eulogy.” said Fred.

“It’s called ‘Remembering the good times during the bad.’” said Dr. Clark with a slight sniff. “I had those when we…well…buried James…”
“Same here, only with our James.” said Remus nodding.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“We now have many more years that what was designed for us, my dear boy, and I will answer… well..most questions that you have. There are some answers I would prefer to tuck away for a different day or situation.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“It’s impossible to completely eradicate it, but you can at least keep it hedged, like grass.” said Lionus.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

Glacier leaned over Harry’s chair when he noticed Harry’s hands become tense on the armrests. “Don’t think of it that way.”

“Too late.” said Harry softly.

“Never too late, till you make it too late.” said Glacier.

Twenty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

Mrs. Weasley came over and hugged Harry fiercely.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

“You’re not alone.” said Ginny softly. “It may seem like it at the moment, but you’re not.”

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Style, the man has style, even in death.” said Kingsley.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Thirty-second paragraph.

“What are you thinking about?” asked Ron.
“Quite a short funeral.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I never did like things being dragged on such as that, I always wanted mine to be under half an hour.” said Dumbledore with a chuckle.

“God…I love you…” said Harry with a startled chuckle.

“Aww…” said the Gryffindor Chasers.

“Something we have to come to terms with on a daily basis…though not when it concerns Voldemort.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Mate…” said Ron staring at Harry in wonder.

The girls, both old and young alike, all dabbed at their eyes with handkerchiefs and tissues. “Wish my breakups were like this, instead of wanting to kick him right in the nads.” said Katie.

“So, note to self, don’t break up with Katie.” said Lee releasing a breath.
“It's not about being happy…it's about…well…getting the chance to live with you…in peace…maybe a house, a yard, some kids…and not have to keep freaking out over something knocking over the dustbin…” said Harry quietly, a tremor in his voice.

Mrs. Weasley, Mrs. McFinn and Professor Sprout were whimpering slightly, staring at the two teens with watery eyes.

“Doubt you’re going in the direction I’m going.” said Harry glumly.

“He can kiss my ass.” said Harry firmly.

“Not fast enough.” said Harry.

“Get to the point.” said Harry.
“Hope the Daily Prophet hears.” muttered George.

“No shit.” snapped Harry.

Glacier placed a cool hand on Harry’s neck.

Dumbledore smiled fondly over to Harry.

“Don’t waste their lives.” said Harry darkly.

“Shhhh….“ shushed Glacier softly.

“So you want me to blow sunshine up their skirts? Fresh out.” said Harry.
“What are they going to do? Cry on you?” asked Fred.

“I’d say it was planned, but I’d love to hit Percy on any given day.” said Ron.

The students gathered and whistled slowly.

“I’m not going if Harry’s not, we’ll be dead in a fortnight.” said Neville.

Sirius released a breath slowly. “I’ve only ever gone back a few times. It’s not the same…”

“We all need closure…” said Dumbledore. “But I fear that Voldemort may also use that.”
Moody shook his head. “I’m proud of how strong his sense of justice is…but I’m feeling a bit regretful how young you are.”

“Grawp cuddles?” said Lee.

“Quite a few many years.” said Ron. “Didn’t ditch you…well, not for long.” he finished with a blushed.

Dumbledore smiled softly. “We need that in these dark days we’ll be facing, it’s quite the blessing.”

Officer McFinn closed the book slowly. “That’s all, only one book left.”

“Taking a break.” said Harry standing up, releasing himself from the blankets that wrapped around him and he stalked out of the room.
The Arrival

Harry walked out of the den and strolled down different corridors till he had accidentally ran into Inspector Homes and Dudley.

“You done?” asked Dudley plainly.

Harry shrugged and nodded his head towards a closed door. “Want something to eat? I could do with whipping something up.”

“Where are the rest of them?” asked Inspector Homes looking around.

“I’m sure I’m going to be followed soon enough.” said Harry with a non-committal shrug as led them to his own kitchen.

Dudley looked in at the large, spacious kitchen with an excited look and a gave a low whistle. “Blimey, you could have a lot of fun in this place.”

“Explains why this room is one of the largest ones in my part of the house.” said Harry with a faint smile as he walked over to cupboard and wrapped an apron around his middle. “Now, what do I have to play with?” he finished ducking his head into the cupboard to take stock of what was in there.

It was fifteen minutes later when the rest of the inhabitants of the house came into the kitchen. Sirius pulled up a stool right away, next to Dudley and smiled hopefully at the dough that was being kneaded.

“Mind letting us know what you’re making?” asked Rudolph leaning on Leroy’s shoulder as he stood behind his husband. “Need to know if I should chastise you for attempting to ruin our appetites.”

“Hey, no one’s forcing you to choke it down.” said Harry with a smirk.

“Don’t need to force anyone to eat your food.” said Dudley absently. “It’s the best food ever.”

The kitchen was quiet, other than the soft pounding of the dough on the counter, it was still odd to hear Dudley compliment Harry…especially after all they had read. “Glad to hear you like it, would hate to think that after so many years you actually hated my cooking.”

“You make even the kitchen staff at Smeltings, seem like…well…not quite mum’s….” but then his face faltered.

Harry stopped kneading the dough and looked at Dudley with a frown. “You know, I don’t rightly know what sort of punishment they gave Aunt Petunia…but your dad, he…put everything on the line…to see that she was given some mercy.”

Dudley looked up at Harry, his eyes wide.

“He won’t be getting out of prison for a while, but as for your mum, well…I don’t know how long she’ll be, but it won’t be nearly as long.” said Harry quietly. “You may be able to see her fairly soon.”
Dudley looked out of the corner of his eye at Inspector Homes. “Would that…mean I’d go back home?”

“That’s for the courts to decide, or the Rangers, I mean, can’t exactly charge her with child abandonment when she was being arrested by wizards. I’m sure they’re going to have some hand in it at some point or another.” said the Inspector sipping a cup of coffee. “Won’t exactly be a fair trial when she can’t even tell the police where she had been.”

Dudley sat in silence.

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Glacier and Harry sat quietly in his suite before a roaring fire later on that evening. They had just finished talking about the different discoveries that came with the reading of this book and the unease Harry was feeling going into this final book.

“Are you still going to bring…him?” asked Harry quietly.

“The Star Captain and the Chief have weighed the pros and cons of bringing the man here, while it may not seem to be a good idea to put the man that has caused so much distress to you in such a confined space…”

“And not knowing the outlook in the final book…I don’t know if I would want to see his face when and if I finally died in the next book.” said Harry. “You have to admit, I’ve had a lot of close calls, and I don’t think I can dodge the reaper any more than I have already.”

“True, you do seem to have the devil’s own luck.” said Glacier with a slight smirk. “But imagine the look on his face if you were to finally vanquish your ancient foe, I personally would relish that moment after all this.”

Harry’s lips twitched. “I’d like to see his face if he were to fail too…but…I dunno.”

“If everything in life was easy to predict, there would be no surprises.” said Glacier “Just as we did in the castle, you still hold all the power in these readings, you may limit or extend an invitation to listen to these as you wish.”

Harry sighed as he picked up the book from his bedside table. “These books…can’t quite tell if it’s curse or a blessing half the time. But I guess, it’s a blessing…in the long run…”

Glacier smiled.

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The next morning, everyone gathered in one of the many drawing rooms after breakfast. They were waiting for Lionus to arrive and bring with him the “visitor” that was going to sit in on the final readings.

“Harry? How are you feeling?” asked Mrs. Weasley quietly.

“Fine…I guess…not looking forward to being in the same room as him, hopefully this book is full of us kicking his ass…” said Harry.

“That’s my hope as well, just to keep any sort of smug look off his face.” said Glacier sipping his morning cup of coffee.
“He’s really the one that killed Uncle James and Aunt Lily?” asked Dudley quietly.

Harry turned and looked at Dudley. “Do you know about them, other than whatever you’ve heard that I’ve said?”

“Yeah, Mum told me about Aunt Lily, she told me when you went off to school and Dad had gone off to work. Said she was…really special.”

Snape’s grip on his coffee cup tightened slightly.

“She was.” said Dumbledore, a fond smile on his lips. “She really was.”

“I’m sort of shocked she said that, to be honest.” said Harry.

Soon, their morning was interrupted by the return of the Lionus, most of the same Rangers as before, a new Ranger that they had never seen before and…Lord Voldemort.

It took everyone quite a while to restore their heart rates to their normal levels after the initial meeting. Most were startled by how almost normal the Dark Lord looked, despite of course his still missing nose and the odd collar tight around his neck. He wore matching metal braces on his wrists and his legs were chained together.

“Now, none of you need to fear anything, he’s quite the tame little snake…at least he is with a little persuasion.” said the new Ranger with a sneer as Lord Voldemort was escorted to a chair.

She looked over to the others and quirked a brow at their staring. “What?”

“I think they’re waiting for an introduction…at least.” said Chief Hawkeye as he took a sip of tea.

She rolled her eyes and then placed her hands on her hips, and then spoke in a monotone voice. “Good Morning, my name is Captain Reaper, I’m the Chief Warden at Hell’s Garden. I’m here to make sure my prisoner…” She tugged on the chain that hung behind the Dark Lord’s neck, causing him to shift slightly and his eye twitched. “Behaves himself.”

The people gathered all stared at her, she was beautiful woman with thick, wavy red hair, brown almond shaped eyes, and a very svelte looking physique. She was wearing a pair of black jeans with a red turtleneck sweater under the normal black Ranger cloak with a stunning necklace adorned with a diamond studded key made of browner shade of gold.

Despite the reassuring presence of the Rangers, Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn leaned back away from the new arrival and pulled on the sleeves of the person closest to them, namely Mr. Weasley in Mrs. Weasley’s case and Remus in Mrs. McFinn. Mrs. Weasley however also pulled the nearest child she could behind her.

“He won’t hurt anyone, as long as no one does anything foolish to him or that collar.” said Reaper with a smirk. “So, if you don’t want him to get loose and potentially attack you all, don’t touch him. Though, for the record, there’s not much he can do.”

Voldemort’s mouth twisted into a snarl.

“Have something to say, Riddle?” asked Chief Hawkeye as he took a seat beside Mrs. McFinn.

Voldemort shook his head after a moment, but he forced his face to slid into a non-descript expression.
Officer McFinn ran his hand over the cover of the final book. “Deep breaths, James.” he said to himself.

Harry stood up and walked towards the door. “I’ll go get some snacks…” he then looked down at the Dark Lord as he passed. “You can starve to death for all I care.”

Riddle smirked as he looked up at the young man. “A slow and painful death? I was at least going to be merciful and end your life swiftly.”

“So you say…but I can’t see you wanting it all to end so fast…” said Harry coldly.

“Go get your food, and you be quiet.” snapped Reaper. “I wouldn’t start a fight with him, Potter, not unless you want me to intervene and it will not be to mollycoddle you… I have the tendency to hit whomever the most annoying within range, and I have quite the arm.”

“That she does.” said Lionus with a chuckle. “And she doesn’t hold back either, I think I still have a bruise somewhere…”

“The place where you’re bruised is called your brain.” retorted Reaper with a crooked smile.

After everyone had settled down, and Voldemort was restrained even further than what he was already trussed up as, they watched as Officer McFinn reach for the next book, the final book in the long series that had become quite important to their lives.

It gave Harry the family he always dreamed of.

It gave Sirius the freedom he had wished for.

It gave the Weasleys the financial stability they needed.

It gave Dumbledore the insight he had neglected to see.

It gave Snape the peace he had denied himself, at least partially.

It brought an end to the war that the Order had been fighting for years.

It was going to give the magical community a deep sense of relief knowing that Lord Voldemort was never going to return to power.

To think, what made it all come to pass…was that ugly toad faced bitch.
The Darkness Meets

Officer McFinn read the title of the chapter and groaned. “The Dark Lord Descends.”

Voldemort smirked.

“Stuff it, No-nose.” muttered Reaper.

First paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

“Wow, I’ve only seen Moody be that paranoid.” said Tonks quietly.

End of first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“So, he’s dead? So far this book has the best beginning.” said Fred pointing to Voldemort.

“Break out the champagne.” said George.

“Shh!” said Mrs. Weasley as she looked fearfully over to the man.

“He can’t do anything, Mum.” said Fred. “And if he does get out, I don’t’ think I like his chances against Miss Reaper there.”

“Yeah, she’s like you…he won’t get two millimeters before she smacks him down.” said George.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Sirius growled.

End of dialogue set.

Third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph.

Malfoy’s eyes widened.

Dialogue line.
“They’re not bad…” said Malfoy quietly. “Sort of fun to feed…”

**Fifth paragraph.**

**Sixth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Don’t your paintings move?” asked Neville, who had swiftly put two and two together.

“Not normally, Father only wants them to look dignified, they get to relax when no one’s home or around.” said Malfoy grimly.

“Not even the paintings are free.” said Hermione softly.

**End of sixth paragraph.**

**Seventh paragraph, fifth sentence, first colon, second comma.**

“Not again.” said Dr. Clark.

**End of seventh paragraph.**

**Eighth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Wonder if he picked that spot for dramatic effect.” said Sirius.

“If he’s so snakelike, maybe that’s where he has to be to keep warm.” sneered Harry.

Voldemort glanced over to Harry, his face beginning to take on a scowl, till he was forced to steel it back to the way it was.

**End of eighth paragraph.**

“Insert makeup commercial here.” said Dr. Clark in a whisper to Mrs. McFinn and Officer McFinn.

Mrs. McFinn giggled quietly, while Officer McFinn snorted.

Voldemort’s eye twitched.

“Not so great when we’re talking smack about you, is it?” said Chief Hawkeye, a dark chuckle coming from his own throat. “Get used to it, you’re going to hear a lot!”
Dialogue set, first sentence.

Voldemort looked over at Snape, with an expression that clearly said You will never live to have that honor.

Reaper tapped him with the butt end of her mace, “Whatever you’re thinking, it’s not happening.”

End of dialogue set.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And who in the bloody world let him know about that?” said Remus darkly.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh that they’d be subjected to having their thoughts probed.” said Dr. Clark.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Why do I get the sickening feeling that Snape’s is the plan and they’re going to get it right on the first try.” said Mr. Wealsey.

Twelfth paragraph.

“I can’t see me being escorted to wherever by the Aurors. Order maybe, Aurors…not so much.” said Harry with a smirk.

Thirteenth paragraph.
Dialogue set.
Kingsley, Moody, and Tonks made to disagree but then looked pensive.
“Never mind, I could see it.” said Moody. “The bloody idiot.”

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set.
“Been saying it for years. We didn’t just now start believing it.” said Moody. “Especially with Lucius Malfoy slithering all over the place.”

Dialogue line.

“Oh, I think we’ve got quite a bit things right.” said Kingsley smugly.
Voldemort himself looked haughty.
“Look where you’re at.” said Sirius sneering.

Fourteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Fifteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, first sentence.
Everyone but Voldemort, Dudley and Inspector Homes knew where the most likely place that Harry was going to be placed and stared at Snape.
“Don’t bother asking me, I don’t know.” said Snape waving his hand dismissively.

End of dialogue set.
Dialogue line.

“It’s not like you’re writing a report for some accounting firm.” said Dr. Clark.

Sixteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Several of the adults shook their head.

“Difficulty is right, don’t quite like the man, but he’s got some resilience to the Imperius curse.” said Moody.

“There’s not many people you do like.” said Tonks.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Sick, twisted…” said Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.

“And wouldn’t that be a damn shame.” said Fred.

“Tragic.” said George.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second dash, second comma, first word.

Tonks groaned. “I don’t want to work under him…He’s all paperwork and no action.”

“Not a bad man…but I agree…” said Kingsley slowly. “He’d rather wait days to procure the correct forms then go out and apprehend the suspect we have. Not necessarily a bad thing, but time is of the essence…something he never quite understood.”

“’Cause he was never an Auror.” said Moody a little smugly. “He only came up with the laws and loopholes…never had to enforce them.”

End of dialogue set.

“As long as our friend Thicknesse is not discovered before he has converted the rest,” said Voldemort.

“And if we’re on the ball, we’ll catch him long before that happens.” said Moody.

“Though…have to say that it won’t go so well.” said Fred. “Not if it’s the beginning of the book.”

End of dialogue set.

Mrs. McFinn and Mrs. Weasley covered their mouths and looked over to Harry in fear.

Dialogue set.

“I’d rather walk to wherever this is going to be.” said Harry.
“Don’t bother trying to take mental notes, this all isn’t going to happen.” said Reaper to the smirking Dark Lord.

“Yaxley at least is dead.” said Lionus with a sneer. “Don’t quite remember who all is still living or not. Don’t rightly care at this point.”

The former Dark Lord’s mouth twisted into a snarl.

Dialogue line.

“Wise move.” said Dumbledore nodding.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.

Sirius reached down and took Harry’s hand in his own, giving it a squeeze.

Eighteenth paragraph, third sentence.

The twins stared at the book in shock and disbelief. “Did he just…admit he made a mistake?” said Fred.

“And to his own lackeys?” said George.

They both looked over to Harry. “He must be channeling you or something.”

End of eighteenth paragraph.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“I’m getting sort of anxious…who is the…person floating above them?” said Hermione nervously.

Dialogue set.

“You were the one that tried the last few times.” said Harry with a smirk over to the Dark Lord. “That excuse won’t really fly.”

Twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.
“Thanks for reminding me, you’re not allowed near him.” said Sirius over to Remus.

“What happened to him anyway?” asked Harry. “Glacier said that they caught him too.”

“We did, still not sure whether we’re just going to force him to turn back to his formal self and confine him that way, or just feed him to one of Bioman’s pets.” said Lionus.

“Bioman?” asked Ron.

Lionus was thoughtful for a moment, but then smiled. “Like Hagrid, only a little leaner and a bit shorter.”

Dialogue set.

Voldemort looked confused for a moment and looked fixedly at the book. “Why am I not using my own wand?” he said softly. “I’ve planned the moment for quite some time.”

“If you’re going to wait for an answer, hope you have nothing planned for the rest of eternity.” said Moody gruffly. Sadly, due to the Dark Lord’s smug look, he remembered why.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“It’s sort of the same thing.” said Sirius fingering his own in his pocket.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“They should be honored…” snarled Voldemort, taking another liberty at speaking his thoughts aloud.

“Honored…yeah…honored that they could easily get wiped out by an Order member.” said Bill with a snicker. “And with your luck against Harry, you’ll lose the wand some way.”

End of dialogue set.

“We took care of that, long before you came to be here.” said Lionus.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph, second sentence.
“Sounds like one of your more loyal lieutenants is seeing things in a far different light, especially now that he’s had a taste of peace and his own personal power.” said Dumbledore carefully.

“He was a fool.” said Voldemort coldly. “And soon will be a dead fool.”

Draco paled.

“It’s adorable how you think you’re getting out of here on your own terms.” said Reaper absently.

End of twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

Voldemort chuckled darkly, but was struck from behind by the Ranger Warden. “You can talk, but further than that…nuh uh.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Stupid fool.” muttered McGonagall.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“He’s probably wishing he was still in Azkaban.” said Neville.

Voldemort once again had the barest look of puzzlement.

End of dialogue set.

“Most houseguests don’t have the tendency to lop off and kill you at the drop of a hat.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Seriously, you would have been okay with ‘Yes, get the f@ck out of my house’?” said Harry with a quirk of his brow.

“Harry!” said Mrs. Weasley looking scandalized.

“I am not fond of being lied to, boy.” snarled Voldemort.

“You’ve been and will be lied to…welcome to being human.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Here’s snakey.” said George.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Voldemort’s hands tensed on the armrests of the chair he was sitting in.

“If you’re wondering where your ‘pet’ is, she’s being looked after by one of our Rangers, and frankly, she’s in much better hands…” said Lionus.

“Doubtful…” muttered Voldemort.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“He said ‘did’.” said Tonks with a snicker.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“If that’s Bella, then…yeah…she’d get a kick out of being in the same house.” said Leroy.

Voldemort smirked. “She is quite willing to follow my instructions.”

“We don’t want to know…thank you.” said Rudolph coldly.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

The Dark Lord chuckled to himself.

“She’s a nut…” said whispered Seamus to Neville.
The students that were there, other than the Weasley children, Hermione, Harry and Luna were not all that keen on saying anything in front of the Dark Lord, despite the Ranger presence, so all their comments were doled out in whispers.

Dialogue line.

“Wondering if he’s talking about her sadistic pleasures…” said Leroy.

“Still would rather not think about it.” said Rudolph.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Wonder when the last time that happened was.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Voldemort scoffed. “I know she would not dare to tell me a lie.”

“Does he have no idea that she…loves him.” said Ginny.

“I don’t want to even begin to understand him.” said Hermione coldly.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Finally! I managed to drag you to bleeding altar!” said Tonks smiling happily over to Remus.

“I’ll mourn for you, mate.” said Sirius patting Remus on the back. “Just like I did for James.”

Thirty-first paragraph, third sentence.

“Not often his lieutenants get their asses handed to them.” said Moody darkly.

End of thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Glad I’m no niece of yours.” said Tonks smugly. “I already had to get over the hurdle of being an Auror with an Aunt who’s a psychotic freak.”
“Not till he goes through some tests he won’t.” said Remus quickly.

“Tests?” asked Draco, startled at his own voice as it sounded meek and barely above a whisper.

“Yeah, he didn’t let James or I hold Harry till we both proved that we wouldn’t drop him on his head, or muck about with him in our arms.” said Sirius.

“And you were able to keep Lily from him” asked Mrs. Weasley looking shocked.

“He wouldn’t have dared.” said Sirius with a snicker. “He couldn’t keep James away from his baby for longer than an hour. But Moony here was mad with becoming an uncle, he read every bloody book he could find, wizarding or otherwise. He was a nightmare before Harry was born, trying to quiz me with a little doll. I’ll admit, you were a tad creepy.” he added with a look towards Remus.

“Peter never passed.” said Remus firmly. “Thank Merlin…”

“You kept making him nervous, staring at him like you wanted to rip his face off if he so much as tilted the doll the wrong way.” said Sirius with a laugh.

“Should have snipped yours at the bud then.” said Harry coolly over to the nose-less man.

“Your’s should never have been allowed to go past it’s sapling year.” retorted Voldemort.

“You filthy hypocrite.” said Harry with a smirk. “You have less pure wizarding blood in your veins than I do.”

Voldemort snarled angrily over at the young man.

“Sucks when you can’t fight back or kill me, doesn’t it?” sneered Harry.

“Don’t be picking fights, boys.” said Reaper half-heartedly. “Mummy doesn’t want to have to bash some heads together.”

“Don’t be picking fights, boys.” said Reaper half-heartedly. “Mummy doesn’t want to have to bash some heads together.”
“Oh, this will not end well…” said George.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

“Can’t see him helping much, not with Voldemort right there.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Most everyone stared at the book in shock and horror.

“Oh, Merlin…no…” said McGonagall with a hand over her mouth.

“Poor Professor Burbage.” said Hermione softly.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Not so different…and yet, not quite the same.” said Luna serenely.

Voldemort rolled his eyes.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first comma.

“Oh, yes…and terrorizing families and instilling the children with fear, panic and distrust is so different.” said Mrs. McFinn with a glare.

Voldemort looked over to the woman, a firm look on his face, but then he startled after seeing her apparently for the first time. “Who…”

“No one you need to be asking for.” said Harry quickly.

Voldemort looked between Harry and then the woman that sat beside him, an interested look in his eyes.

Lionus gave him a warning look. “Don’t even try it.”
Dialogue set, third sentence.

“You cannot be serious.” said George.

“Yeah, we’ve already learned that that’s nothing but a load of waffle.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Professor Flitwick and Professor Sprout turned to hold each other and stare at the book, their eyes wide with terror.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to not cry in front of Charity the next time I see her.” said Professor Sprout, tears pouring down her face.

End of chapter

“You sick moth…” started Harry as he rose to his feet.

“Sit down, this hasn’t happened and won’t.” said Reaper in a bored tone, but she reached behind Voldemort and struck him soundly on the back of his skull. “That’s for Miss Burbage.”
First paragraph, first sentence.

“What?” said Sirius jolting terribly.

“Well, that was quite easy, hopefully it’s a mortal blow.” said Voldemort with a sneer.

“I have yet to use my mace, don’t make me start.” hissed Reaper.

End of first paragraph.

“What the…” said Harry. “Hope Aunt Petunia doesn’t know about that.”

“Yeah…” said Dudley nodding slowly. “That was her main rule, no tea cups upstairs.”

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph, second sentence.

“Not me…not that I know of anyway.” said Dudley.

“Maybe to get me in trouble or something.” said Harry with a shrug, “I wouldn’t be surprised.”

End of second paragraph.

“Just a finger? How disappointing.” muttered Voldemort as Sirius breathed a sigh of relief.

Third paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“With a wand, anyway.” said Harry.

Third paragraph, end of second sentence.

“Minimal magical healing is taught in your final year. There are far too many things that can go wrong if not done properly.” said McGonagall.

End of third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph, second sentence, first dash.

“I did the same thing.” said Sirius with a gleeful smile. “Only cause I didn’t let Kreacher anywhere
near my trunk.”

Fourth paragraph, end of second sentence.

“Sounds about right.” said Sirius.

End of fourth paragraph.

“Idiot, you left your potions dagger unsheathed, didn’t you?” groaned Snape rubbing his eyes.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence, third comma.

Several adults looked uncomfortable while Voldemort seemed to look almost nostalgic. “Diggory…wasn’t that…”

“Shut up.” growled Lionus firmly.

“Why would he even keep that?” asked Ron quietly.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma.

“Get rid of it if it doesn’t work.” said Bill with a quirked brow.

“It was the one that Ron gave me for my birthday.” said Harry.

Fifth paragraph, fourth sentence.

Sirius gulped quietly and looked over to his godson with a sorrowful glance.

End of fifth paragraph.

“Remind me to get you a box for that mirror.” whispered Sirius.

Sixth paragraph.

“Awkward.” said Ernie looking between Harry and Sirius.

Seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“Take the textbooks!” said Hermione.
“But if you were going to go…why need them?” asked Ron.

“I…well…” stammered Hermione, but then she sighed with a blush and a pleased smile on her face.

**Seventh paragraph, third sentence.**

“But if you were going to go…why need them?” asked Ron.

“I…well…” stammered Hermione, but then she sighed with a blush and a pleased smile on her face.

“Not something they’ve never tried.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

“Only once.” said Dudley quietly.

**Seventh paragraph, fifth sentence, sixth comma.**

“What the hell are you taking letters for?” asked Fred.

“Beats me, I didn’t pack them yet.” said Harry with a shrug.

**End of seventh paragraph.**

**Eighth paragraph.**

**Ninth paragraph.**

“With the way the world is right now, I’m sure someone would try and attempt to shoot her down.” said Harry.

**Tenth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Resignation my clawed foot.” said Moody.

**End of tenth paragraph.**

**Article Title.**

“Always knew he would be the one to write the obituary.” said Remus.

“Here’s hoping it’s not full of flowery words, that one poem he wrote was…nice, but you should really cut if off after ten pages.” Sirius replied.

**First article paragraph, second sentence.**

“Outsider?” asked Leroy.

Rudolph shrugged.
“Oh…” said Leroy.

“What?” said Hermione as she gazed at Dumbeldore with a shocked expression.

“It’s a long, complicated story.” said Dumbledore with a sigh.

“Muggle…rights?” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Ah…another…complicated matter.” said Dumbledore, looking slightly guilty.

“Sounds slightly familiar…doesn’t it, Dumbledore?” said Voldemort with a sneer.

“Ah, Tom, while there may be similarities, there are also a few important contradictions.” he said with a kind smile.

Dumbledore smiled.

“I don’t know if I would be humbled…or creeped out to hear my own obituary.” said Lee.

“I do feel a little…creeped out…” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

“Did they even give you the time of day?” asked Harry to the Dark Lord with a smirk on his face.

“They cower before me…” said Lord Voldemort.

“Well, not entirely…” said Dumbledore, a pitying smile on his face.

“I can relate.” said Percy.

“Yeah, so can I.” said Ron looking at his older brothers.
Bill and Charlie shifted uncomfortably.

**Sixth article paragraph, first sentence.**

“Our family still does that.” said Rudolph with a smile.

“Don’t tell me that I’m going to have to fund that whenever they become of age.” said Harry with a frown.

“They get five hundred galleons, that’s it.” said Rudolph with a smirk. “At least that family rule hasn’t ever changed. Though…most of the time the Potter family graduates just keep the gold and just go around their own country at the very most.”

“Five hundred galleons to go around the world?” asked Hermione thoughtfully. “I don’t know how far that will get you…”

“If you plan it out successfully, you won’t die of starvation, you might get close…but you won’t die.” said Rudolph.

“Wait, you starve?” asked Ron.

“They tend to right off the bat, because they don’t know how to manage their money properly.” said Rudolph. “But if they were ever in any real danger…there would be safety plans in place.”

“But still…some die on their journey. Can’t plan for every contingency.” said Leroy honestly. “I mean, when you go up and poke a sleeping Erumpent…them’s the breaks.”

“Who the hell did that?” asked Harry.

“Your first cousin twice removed, Alissia, she wasn’t…uh…she was sort of like Hermione…but delusional.” said Rudolph giving it a bit of thought. “She thought no creature on this planet could harm her because she loved them all and love conquers all.”

“And she got…” said Hermione slowly.

“Impaled on…stomped on…and shat on.” said Rudolph slowly.

**End of sixth article paragraph.**

Several people looked over to Dumbledore with sympathy in their eyes.

**Seventh article paragraph, second sentence.**

“I enjoyed them, not as much as I would have had I, myself, gone out into the world as well.” said Dumbledore. “I was quite jealous of Elphias.”

**End of seventh article paragraph.**
Harry looked over and saw that Dumbledore did not accept that reassurance.

End of eighth article paragraph.

Ninth article paragraph, fourth sentence, end of parenthesis

Dumbledore nodded.

End of ninth article paragraph.

Tenth article paragraph, third sentence.

“It was quite the sight to behold, I had…I wouldn’t dare say it was a ‘pleasure’, but the chance to see it in person was something I shall never forget.” said Flitwick.

End of tenth article paragraph.

Eleventh article paragraph, third sentence.

Dumbledore brought a finger up to his eye and wiped away a quick pair of tears.

End of article.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dumbledore looked over to Harry, confusion on his face.

Twelfth paragraph, first sentence.

Harry looked embarrassed as Dumbledore smiled kindly down at him.

“Harry…” he looked around at the others in the room. “We’ll talk later.”

End of twelfth paragraph.

Several of the people gathered laughed, while Harry blushed.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“I thought that was quite nice, I’ve had several students ask me quite a few questions about those
matters, I think it was quite a nice change to not be pelted with questions.” said Dumbledore.

Thirteenth paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma, first pause.

“My life meant nothing, compared to yours.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“Don’t bother responding to that.” said Sirius clapping a hand over Harry’s mouth. “All parents and guardians say that about their kids.”

“Oh, so you’re nothing special?” asked Harry thickly through Sirius’ hand.

“Don’t put yourself in a dangerous situation…” said Sirius pointing to spot behind Harry’s knee.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“What do you see when you look in the mirror?”

“I? I see myself holding a pair of thick, woolen socks.”

“Socks?” said Dudley looking confused.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Fifteenth paragraph, second sentence.

“I should hope that I’m front page news.” said Voldemort with a sneer.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Article Title.

“What?” said Remus.

First article paragraph, second sentence.

Before any of them could give a cry of outrage, a surprising person spoke first.

“Oh not her again…” said Voldemort with a groan.

Everyone turned and stared at the man.

“I cannot stand that woman’s writing…” continued Voldemort.

“Seriously?” asked Sirius.
“Why is she still alive then?” said Harry coolly.

“Don’t think I haven’t had someone trying to find her.” said Voldemort. “I suspect that’s due to that pathetic excuse for writing that she does, she has plenty out for her blood. I’ve only really had the few months to try and find her and put an end to her. Annoying insect that she is.”

Hermione, Ron and Harry looked at each other.

“Who would have thought that we could agree with him.” said Fred.

“Scary.” said George. “Very scary.”

End of first article paragraph.

Dumbledore had to stifle his laughter. “I suppose she was not quite paying attention the last time I gave her an interview all those years ago.”

Second article paragraph.

“Another useless wannabe journalist.” muttered Leroy.

Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.

“Don’t read it, don’t read it.” pleaded Rudolph with a groan.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

“Just dreaming up that image is making me sick.” said George.

“Too bad she’s not here right now, perfect place for it all to land.” said Fred.

First article paragraph, first sentence.

Harry gave a startled laugh.

First article paragraph second sentence, first comma.

“Means it’s a small apartment, not a lot of room.” said Harry wickedly. “No funds to speak of and has no credit to get a larger place.”

First article paragraph, second sentence, second comma.
“The rest of the house is a disaster.” said Dudley joining in. “Horrible housekeeper, or just shoved everything into the other rooms so that it wouldn’t show.”

First article paragraph, second sentence, second comma, fifth word.

“Couldn’t be bothered with providing adequate refreshments, had to throw whatever was in the fridge and pantry into a pan and baked it.” continued Harry looking at his nails. “Skills at baking, virtually nonexistent, pound cake is incredibly low standards for even the most unexpected social visits.”

The rest of the people gathered in the room stared.

End of first article paragraph.

“No comment on the tea, meaning it was weak, cold and low grade.” finished Dudley.

“Most likely teabags.” added Harry. “And I daresay…imported from America.”

“Too harsh!” laughed Dudley.

The rest of the people in the room stared at them as the two cousins laughed loudly. “What was that all about?”

“Just a little something we picked up from Aunt Petunia.” said Harry with a smile.

“And Skeeter failed.” said Harry gleefully.

“Miserably.” added Dudley with a smile, though he had no real knowledge about the woman.

Article Dialogue line.

“Here’s hoping that it’s the first and last of very very none.” said Bill.

Second article paragraph, second sentence.

“And now we have to wonder…fact…fiction?” said Charlie raising his lowering his two hands in opposite directions.

End of second article paragraph.

“Oh…creative license.” said Hermione with a roll of her eyes.
“I’ll give her that, but she’s use to glittering things up when she feels it’s getting a bit boring.” said Leroy.

“And that’s all her articles put together.” said Moody.

“And she’s a complete…” started Ginny.

“Easy there, shortcake.” said Bill.

Dumbledore sighed. “He was regaling her about the time he had found some merpeople in Lake Windermere.”

“Scale of one to ten, ten being she’s ready, one being she’s about as dumb as a bucket full of turnips? Negative infinity.” said Dr. Clark.

“And now she can be potentially arrested for assault.” said Officer McFinn.

“Which opens you up to a suit against you for slander if they are willing to lie for that money.” said Leroy. “We pay for information, but not a giant bag of galleons, you stupid woman.”

“Which is now not permitted to be used in my paper.” said Leroy.
“Jealous folk no doubt.” muttered Hagrid.

Dumbledore simply smiled. “You cannot please everyone.”

Dumbledore stroked his long beard, a twitching smile on his lips.

“An enemy that will work with you to make up any kind of story you want?” asked Hermione hotly.

“As strenuous as our relationship may be some days, I cannot see Aberforth being all that open to talking to any sort of reporter. I daresay he’s had quite a few of them thrown from his establishment from time to time. I believe Rita was one of the more repeated visitors.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“There is no such thing as a blameless life.” said Dumbledore still smiling.

“Oh brother, who didn’t know that?” Sirius rolling his eyes. “I mean, anyone that even had him as a substitute Defense teacher could tell you that.”

“It was almost a tradition, he’d come in every seven years, tell every year students about some of what he had done in his youth, warn you not to do it because of the consequences of such actions and that was it.” said Remus.

“I remember that, that was a slap to the face.” said Mr. Weasley. “Only made me hold him in higher regard.” he added with a whisper to his wife.
“Much like most people, I preferred to keep family matters private.” said Dumbledore.

Sixth article paragraph.

Article dialogue set, second sentence.

“I never had any intention to keep it ‘quiet’.” said Dumbledore.

End of article dialogue set.

“No one has ever bothered to ask.” said Dumbledore. “Other than Rita, but that was after our first unpleasantness.”

Seventh article paragraph.

Article dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“How kind of her to say that.” said Dumbledore with a chuckle. “I’m quite enjoying myself.”

End of article dialogue set.

Dumbledore chuckled once more.

“Who’s that?” asked Percy.

“Somebody who’s tried suing just about every famous witch or wizard that had made a discovery in the last seventy years.” said McGonagall. “His cases were thrown out just as soon as they were read.”

Eighth article paragraph.

Article dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“What?” said Flitwick looking confused.

End of article dialogue set.

“Oh sweet Merlin.” said Professor Sprout.

“Just one? I’m insulted.” said Harry with a smirk.

Article dialogue set, second sentence.

Harry blinked, the smirk sliding off his face. “Can I hit her? With a building?”

Voldemort chuckled. “If they don’t give you permission, I certainly will. You’re just his trained little puppy, not…that sort of thing.”

“I’ll take it.” said Harry to the shock of some of the people gathered.

“No wonder she waited till Dumbledore was dead. The lawsuits for slander alone would have killed her.” said Remus.

“And I would have taken actions against her.” said Dumbledore firmly, “I would not have settled for mere lawsuits however.”

End of article dialogue set.

“Oh, she has no bloody clue.” said Harry.

“Oh, yes, we’ve developed a close bond,” says Skeeter.

“F#cking lying bitch!” growled Harry.

“Easy…” said Sirius carefully.

Article dialogue set, first sentence.

“And yet, you said I was addled…how many times has she been struck in the head to cause that much of a lapse in memory?” said Harry.

“One too few.” said Charlie.

“We could help with that.” said Bill.

End of article dialogue set.

“A load of hippogriff dung…” muttered Hagrid darkly.
“And chasing a bunch of Death Eaters you stupid bint.” muttered Dr. Clark.

“You know, Fred…”

“Yes George?”

“That book of hers…might make a dandy fire…right next to the Lockhart books…and that Defense book of Umbridge’s.”

“It might…it just might…the other option is using it to fertilize mum’s garden.” said Fred with a gleeful smile.

“Don’t you dare put that trash in my garden.” warned Mrs. Weasley shaking her finger at the twins.

“Only if to just have something to warm our toes on a cold winter’s night.” said George.

“Not all…” said Dumbledore carefully. “But mostly yes and even the truths are more than likely stretched to the limits.”

“Not quite what you expect to hear on some lazy afternoon as you push the mower through the yard.” said Chief Hawkeye snickering.
“Blue?” said Sirius. “And will you stop doing that to yourself?”

Twenty-first paragraph, fourth sentence, first colon.

“‘Peach’, who paints a boy’s room ‘peach’?” said Ron.

End of chapter

“How in the world could it have been Dumbledore’s eye?” asked Hermione thoughtfully, then her eyes widened. “It could be…but…how?”

“Shall we move on?” asked Officer McFinn. “Or do we want to take a break?”

“Let’s go on, see if the next one is better.” asked Harry.

“I don’t know…I found this chapter to be quite amusing.” said Dumbledore.
First paragraph.

“Whaddya want?” yelled Fred.

“Not you, you!” shouted George.

“He’s busy!” bellowed Fred.

Second paragraph, first sentence, first semi-colon.

“Fred’s right, I’m busy!” shouted Harry.

End of second paragraph.

“I hope he wraps that mirror up before he cuts his hand again reaching into that bag.” said Mrs. Weasley quietly.

Dialogue line.

“I’ll be nice and give you two, piss off.” said Charlie.

Third paragraph.

Dudley blinked and looked over at Harry in interest.

“Muscular?” whispered Fred.

“Well, he doesn’t look as big as he used to be...” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Someone better mark this day on the calendar.” said Tonks. “Mr. Walrus said ‘Please.’”

Dudley snorted. “‘Mr. Walrus?’”

Fourth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“There’s a first.” said Harry with a snort.
End of fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Another first.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

“Fine, do whatever you want.” said Ron with a shrug.

Fifth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“ Seems like he’s trying to exercise his brain for once.” said Sirius quietly to Remus.

End of fifth paragraph.

Several people roared with laughter, even Dudley.

“ Oh blimey, that was good.” said Seamus wiping a tear from his eye.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“ The f#ck do I want with the house?” said Harry with a look of disbelief.

“ Harry!” scolded Mrs. Weasley and Mrs. McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I’ve got more money in my trust fund then you’ve got in every account you have.” said Harry which called Dudley stared.

Dialogue line.
“Has Vernon…actually learned something?” said Mr. Weasley thoughtfully.

“I’m…amazed this conversation is going this…calmly.” said Hermione quietly.

“I’m not.” said Glacier coolly with a pointed look at Harry. “Not quite due to internal strength, more along the lines of something else. Rearrangement?”

Harry looked off to the side for a moment.

“Thought so…though that will always just be a guess, we’ll never know for certain.”

“Rearrangement?” asked Ron.

“Rearranging one’s thoughts is a way to think about it, some people do that when they suffer a horrific loss. They block off quite a bit of their thoughts, memories and some emotions just so that they can attempt to move on, try and forget or just ignore the grief.” said Glacier. “But that doesn’t last for long and it could do more harm than good. However…you might be taking it into a different direction and if you are, I’m a little impressed.”

“Tell me we have a flashback, please tell me we have a flashback.” said Dr. Clark with a cross of his fingers.

“Nope.” said Officer McFinn.

“Can we…”

“Nope.” repeated Officer McFinn.

Mr. Weasley smiled slightly.

“My tongue exploded everywhere!” said Dudley, his eyes wide with remembrance and looked hesitantly over to the twins.

“We didn’t ‘explode’ your tongue.” said George.

“We just…expanded it…” said Fred.
“A bit.” finished the twins together.

“That was not ‘a bit.’” said Mr. Weasley pointedly.

Dialogue set.

“Would you?” asked Hermione quietly to Harry. “Would you go and save them?”

“I let Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia get arrested and I allowed Dudley to come here…” said Harry thoughtfully. “I might of. I don’t quite know for certain.”

“I believe you would have.” said Dumbledore with a waving hand in a “so-so” gesture. “I would also hope you would not run into the fray without a well thought out plan.”

Eighth paragraph.

“Here’s hoping that it’s enough.” said Kingsley.

Dudley blanched.

Ninth paragraph.

“Must have left the choke on.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Good memory, now there really wasn’t any excuse for him to forget my birthday, was there?” said Harry with a sneer.

Dudley looked embarrassed.

Dialogue set, second sentence, third comma.

“’Innocent’ my ass.” muttered Sirius.

“Down boy.” said Lionus with a calm sip of his tea.

End of dialogue set.

“Fine, but you’ll be dead before the day is done.” said Remus. “Especially if the Ministry is infiltrated.”
Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eleventh paragraph.

“Don’t pop yourself now.” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh. “Be quite the mess to clean up.”

Dialogue set.

Tonks squealed with laughter and nudged Kingsley. “He likes you.”

Kingsley chuckled darkly. “I’m not altogether sure how to feel about that.”

“He certainly didn’t like you when you up and arrested him for child abuse.” Moody also chuckled.

Twelfth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“So, he’d let the Prime Minister die, as long as he could live…human trait, can’t fault him for that.” said Bill.

End of dialogue set.

“I know when and where to wear…special fashion accessories.” said Kingsley with a look to Tonk’s Weird Sister’s t-shirt.

“Don’t worry, I’ll help you there.” said Tonks with a giggle.

“Please don’t.” said Moody. “Don’t need another walking trend disaster in the Auror Office.”

“Yeah, we just got rid of you.” retorted Tonks cheekily.

Dialogue line.

“Oh…I’m willing to bet they’re not going to like the idea of watching them.” said Sprout.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“Dementors? You mean that…” said Dudley, his whole body beginning to tremble and his face becoming flushed, his hand crept towards his mouth and his eyes widened.

Glacier walked behind Dudley and laid a hand on his neck. He stopped trembling for a moment and looked behind him to the Ranger.

“Calm yourself, have some tea.” said Glacier pointing to in front of the teen with his hand still on the back of his neck. Dudley faced forward and took the offered, floating cup of tea.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

“There’s…there wasn’t just that one?”

“It’ll explain I’m sure of that…not kindly, but it’ll explain.” said Dumbledore.

“If not, we will.” said Lionus.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Oh no I haven’t.” said Harry.

“There you go, not kindly, like the man said.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue set, first sentence, third dash.**

“Way to just sound bland about it.” said Fred.

“It’s not like it’s terrifying or anything.” said George.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

“Paycheck or painful death…”

“Diploma or diabolical torture.”

“Pick one.” said the twins.

“You two are in a right form today, aren’t you?” said Charlie.

“It just keeps handing us the material.” said George.

**Dialogue line.**
“Smart move…can’t say I ever thought I’d say that to him.” said Bill.

Dudley blushed.

“See ya, wouldn’t wanna be ya?” said Chief Hawkeye. “Always a classic.”

“Strange, she normally loves those things.” said Harry thoughtfully. “Just about takes them right from between the bars before I can get them a quarter of the way through.”

“Wouldn’t wish them on anyone willingly.” said Harry.

“Can’t say Dad’s going to enjoy going to be referred to as that.” said Dudley chuckling quietly.

“You don’t seem as scary…anymore.” said Dudley.

“I don’t seem ‘scary’ to you, boy?” said Voldemort with a slight baring of his teeth.

“Of course not, you idiot.” said Reaper with a warning look. “You look ridiculous without your nose.”
“And then I’d be killed the moment I hit the Ministry.” said Harry.

“Pretty much.” said Moody.

End of dialogue set.

Harry and Dudley laughed loudly.

“What’s so funny?” asked Ron.

“Dad used to be a racer in his ‘wild days’.” said Dudley with a laugh.

“A what?” said Ron.

“Sort of like a Broomer, only in a car…a faster car than the Ford Anglia.” said Harry.

“He had won several trophies and cups. He doesn’t talk about it when Mum’s around…or Aunt Marge, I don’t think either of them knew.”

“How did you two find out?” asked Mrs. McFinn curiously.

“He just about got into a car wreck one day on our way home from school. Dodge the oncoming car when it spun out of control, rolled up on the sidewalk and dodged a fireplug.” said Dudley.

“Have to admit, it was pretty wicked.” said Harry honestly.

“Did he ask how you both were after that little bit of excitement?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Uh…” said Dudley, looking uncomfortable.

“Take a guess who he wasn’t concerned about.” said Harry with a cold smile.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“…you turn a key, put it in drive and go.” said Dudley plainly.

“And you know this so well…how?” asked Snape slowly.

Dudley’s eyes widened.

“He took a car for a joy ride once.” said Harry and Inspector Homes together. Harry and Inspector Homes looked at each other in shock. “You knew? Did you do it more than once?” they said turning to look at Dudley in shock as he continued to sink into the sofa.

End of dialogue set.
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Dialog line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Seems like a safe plan to me.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“At least it said ‘coat’.” said Sirius with a sigh of relief.

“You would go there.” said Remus shaking his head.

“Like I didn’t see you smirk before I said anything.” said Sirius with a nudge.

Dialogue set.

Harry snorted.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph.

“What the fu…” said Harry with a confused look. “He was seriously going to?”

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dudley looked at the twins expectedly. The twins looked back, and then at themselves and then back to him. “No point in saying it if you’re expecting it.”

Dialogue line.
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Out of the corner of his eye, he looked down at his hand.

“Yeah, right.” said Dudley with a laugh.

“I agree, you haven’t got the legs for it, better stick to flamenco dancing instead.” said Harry.

“That would just defeat the purpose.” said Lionus.

“Yeah, who wants to be safe.” said Dean.

“And I’m thinking they would have pulled Kingsley off Minister duty to guard Harry.” said Seamus.

“They’ll pool the whole Order if necessary.” said Kingsley.

Harry turned to Dudley, a thoughtful expression on his face. “You had your epiphany later I guess.”

“Sure…whatever that is.” said Dudley.

“Later Hermione.” said Ron before Hermione could speak.
“Oooh…not the…perfect way to…well…this might not go as smoothly as it should.” said Dumbledore wincing slightly.

“Never has.” said Harry.

“It really should matter though.” said Tonks, her normal teasing tone gone.

“Bet that was like a slap to her face.” said Sirius.

“Oh, I believe it now.” said Harry.

“Not the time to mince words and meanings.” said Percy.

“I’m not all that great with awkwardness.” said Harry.

“You get that from your Great Uncle Rueben. Not a very social man, once parties turn sour he
tends to clam up.” said Rudolph.

“Have I met him?” asked Harry.

“No, like I said, not very social, but I’m sure that once summer hits he’ll make a special trip to come and see you…maybe.”

“I haven’t met him yet.” said Leroy. “And I’m the one that makes this old bat a social butterfly.” nudging Rudolph.

Rudolph blinked and mouthed the word “Old bat?”

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’d be telling him he’s sweet too, especially after how many years of shoving him around.” said Angelina. “That’s one hell of a personality change.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“I don’t think I could do that.” said Dudley slowly.

“That’s alright, takes a special sort of folk to do that.” said Officer McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Back to awkward.” said Lee.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Several people snorted.
“Uncle Vernon might just end up as chum if he pisses of Hestia.” said Charlie.

Thirty-fifth paragraph first sentence.

“No more sappy shit.” said Harry.

“That’s what I keep telling you, mate!” said Ron. “It’s gotten all huggy lately.”

“It’s either that or Harry yelling at us again.” said Hermione.

“Hug all you want, bring it in.” said Ron extending his arms as Harry laughed out loud.

End of thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“’Cause that would explain a lot.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Luna blew her nose loudly to the shock of Neville.

“What’s wrong?”

“It was touching.” said Luna with a kind smile.

“Yeah, a little…” said Neville.

“I’m touched too…might be food poisoning.” said George.

“Or gas.” said Fred.

End of chapter

“Not a word, not a goddamn word…” said Remus shaking his head.

“I would have been shocked, to be honest.” said Sirius.

“Shall we do another, this was quite short.” said Officer McFinn.

“Please do, the sooner we get this over with the sooner I get to hear how long it takes for me to kill Potter now that I know that Dumbledore’s dead.” said Voldemort with a sneer.

Harry blinked and then looked over to Remus.

“You still got that tape?”
First paragraph, second sentence.

“Can’t say I envy Dursley if he’s sitting beside Hestia, after that little touching farewell.” said Sirius.

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence, first colon, first comma.

“Something I had made, or something Aunt Petunia bought premade.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence, first colon, second comma.

Dudley looked over and stared at Harry. “Is that how I gained experience and some items or so while I was out?”

“You also might have lost about ten or so lives; freaking snipers on the roofs, how are you supposed to know where they’re at!” said Harry holding his hands up in the air.

Dudley laughed, “That’s the point, they’re snipers!”

“And your mother got you those games did she?” asked Mrs. McFinn with a frown.

“Nah…er no…I borrowed those.” said Dudley.

End of second paragraph.

“But you…” said Ron.

“Hush, Ron.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set fourth sentence.

“What the…did I find some of your cannabis or something?” said Harry looking at Dudley in bemusement.

“His what?” asked Mrs. Weasley.

“Nothing!” said Harry, Dudley, and Inspector Homes.

“That’s not something I want any of you kids getting involved with.” said Inspector Homes sternly.

“It’s not…” said Dudley.
“The day that it’s legal then you can, till then, it’s illegal and I will arrest them.” said Inspector Homes.

“What’s your point of view?” asked Hermione to the Rangers interestedly.

The Rangers stared back at her. “We’re not touching that discussion, but to be honest, we’re more worried about the things that make you think worms are wriggling from out of your eye sockets.” said Lionus.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Odd…happy memory.” said Remus.

End of dialogue set.

“Yeah…good times…” said Lee slowly.

“Not that there were going to be any more memories in that place now…” said Harry.

Third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Doesn’t make me feel any better Mr. Potter.” said McGonagall.

Voldemort, who escaped from having his mouth taped shut by Dumbledore’s saving grace turned and looked at Harry in confusion.

“A…cupboard? You slept in a cupboard?”

“For just about ten or so years.” said Harry plainly.

Voldemort looked thoughtful for a moment, but steeled himself to look passive. His slip in expression did not go unnoticed by Dumbledore and Chief Hawkeye.

Fourth paragraph, first sentence.

“I had enough fun keeping the rest of the house clean, I didn’t want to do anymore in my little corner of the world.” said Harry.

End of fourth paragraph.

“Was that the day that that snake came out of it’s cage?” asked Neville slowly.

“Yup.” said Harry.
“Did you know that it was Harry that removed the glass?” said Fred with a gleeful smile.

“Aye, he set that snake loose.” said George.

Dudley’s eyes widened.

“Wasn’t quite intentional.” said Harry with a shrug.

Fifth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“If you’re going to swear, use the best.” said Dudley with a slight smile.

End of fifth paragraph.

Sixth paragraph.

“Um…wouldn’t side along apparation be…easier?” said Alicia.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set. first sentence.

“Hate it when he does that.” said Tonks. “Makes me sea sick just watching him.”

End of dialogue set.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence, third semi-colon.

“Seems we decided to switch it up a bit.” said George.

“Good, would hate to be predictable.” said Fred.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence, tenth semi-colon.

“Ha, I get Kingsley.” said Harry with a chuckle.

Eighth paragraph, second sentence, first colon, first comma.

“Even Dung?” said Sirius confusedly.
“Though…I don’t see that feeling lasting too awfully long.” said Remus.

“Oh come on! I would have loved to have been there!” said Harry, “I didn’t go?”.

“I finally pinned you down and married you!” squealed Tonks happily as she stood up and threw her arms around Remus’ neck.

Remus looked stunned.

“You’d better at least have one baby, or I’m coming back to haunt you.” said Sirius nudging Remus in the side.

“I could have still found a way…” said Harry with a slight pout.

“Hmph…” said Tonks sticking her nose up into the air.

“I would wager that you were one of the first she had invited Alastor.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile.

“I’d only go on security duty, not as a bleeding guest.” growled Moody.

“So much for keeping that under wraps.” said Dr. Clark snidely.

“Um…if that was supposed to sound like helping…it failed.” said Charlie.
“The protection that’s already on the house isn’t common knowledge, so that decision would garner quite a lot of support.” said Kingsley. “So it went over just as they would have hoped.”

End of dialogue set.

“So…that’s why you can’t apparate…damn…” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Ease up there Mad-Eye, not many Muggleborns are even aware of it normally, not something that’s really talked about in normal conversations…unless you’re steering towards that topic.” said Sirius.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

“Hope Thicknesse realizes that if Potter doesn’t, something else will bite back.” said Voldemort coolly.

Ninth paragraph.

“Hmmm…” hummed the Dark Lord to himself. “I’ll have to remember this.”

“Save it, no point in doing what this has in mind anymore.” said Reaper shortly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Ah…haven’t called that place home…ever…” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Eleventh paragraph.
“Quite the birthday present.” Voldemort snickered.

Fred and George blinked. “We were going to say that, Fred.”

“We’ll never speak of this again, George.” said Fred.

“Mad Eye’s might be one of the safest places, can’t get much rest especially if you upset the bins, but its not a bad house.” said Mr. Weasley.

“We wouldn’t wish Auntie Muriel on anyone, hope you don’t get sent there.” said Charlie.

“Oh, she’s not that bad.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Harry’s hair alone would send her into a fit, she’d shave his head and then start all over in hopes of taming it.” said Bill.

“Just the big one.” said Harry. “I and I know what it is, and I’ll be pissed if it’s solved in the way I’m thinking.”

“Oh screw that!” said Harry quickly, standing up out of his chair.

“Calm down, Harry.” said Sirius standing up as well.

“The bloody hell I will!” shouted Harry.

“Once again,” said Glacier slowly. “This won’t happen, it’s just a story now.”

“Doesn’t help that this story is about people I freaking care about.” said Harry darkly as he paced around the room angrily.
“Anyone who’s known him for five minutes knows he’d take it that way.” said Fred watching Harry mutter to himself as he walked behind his couch.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Me agreeing to it certainly would be, as if I’d ever let that happen.” said Harry hotly.

“Calm down, now.” said Glacier with a sympathetic gaze.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Can’t say we’d last real long, walking targets as we would be.” said George.

“We’re not going to mention that though.” said Fred.

“Definitely not.” said George.

“Too bloody late.” growled Harry. “And that’s precisely my point!”

Thirteenth paragraph.

“You don’t smile often.” said Luna with a serene smile.

Dialogue line.

“Not that it’s not possible to just hold you down and take your hair.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

“First few of you won’t get close enough, who wants to be first?” said Harry coldly.

The other students stared. “I’m out.” said Fred.

“Me too, I remember what happened to that chair, I won’t be itching to get anywhere near your leg.” said George.

Dialogue line.
“And I have to live with that…thanks…” said Harry frowning at the Auror.

“Death happens boy, no escaping it.” said Moody. “You can claim all the fault you want, but those that choose to put their lives on the line to bring about the end of this wretched age of terror are willing to do it, and on their own terms. Don’t take the credit of their sacrifice for yourself.”

“’Credit?’ You think…” retorted Harry.

“If any of us die during this mission, it was our choice and we deemed it highly necessary to get you to somewhere safely…no matter what the cost.” said Moody with an air of finality. Harry made to argue some more but the cool hand came back and kept his neck in it’s grip and guided him into the seat he had vacated.

“You’re not going to win this one, no matter how much you protest.” said Glacier. “He’s right, they’re going to do what they want, and no amount of fighting it will change anything, you’re underage still, there’s not another option presenting itself and time is of the essence.”

“And going by that way of thinking had us catch a lot high ranking Death Eaters.” said Kingsley.

Snape blinked. “Hmm…Expected as much…”
The once tense atmosphere dissipated as a rousing laugh rang through the room, even Voldemort snorted with amusement, despite not having much of a nose.

Fred tried to speak, but only continued to laugh.

“Oh, I can’t breathe.” said George gasping for air. “That’s the funniest thing I’ve heard in a long time!”

“Not what I meant!” said Hermione blushing furiously.

**Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence, fifth comma.**

“I’m amazed I didn’t burst out laughing.” said Ron trying to stifle his laughter.

“Why are you all not laughing there, I don’t think I could keep a straight face hearing that!” said Bill wiping his eyes.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Nineteenth paragraph, first sentence, fourth comma, second word.**

“What?” said Bill, the mirth on his face gone in an instance. “She’s not…bloody hell…”

“If she’s going to turn into Harry, might make things a bit awkward.” said Charlie with a slight smile.

“Stuff it.” said Bill.

**End of nineteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

Sirius snorted. “You couldn’t handle being a guard without getting distracted.”

**Dialogue set.**

**Twentieth paragraph, first sentence, first comma.**

“Doesn’t reassure me either.” said Harry.
“So according to this, unless Ron grew even more, I don’t…” said Harry.

“Not without our involvement, no.” said Lionus. “That’s all down to Doc.”

“Yeah, cause that’s something new.” said Ron with a roll of his eyes.

“You always say that, but we both know I’m the pretty one.” said George.

“…ow…” said Harry.

“That’s gotta smart.” said Sirius cringing.

“At least go into different rooms for pity’s sake!” said Harry clapping a hand to his eyes.

“I never had time to go and get it!” said Harry with a slight chuckle.

“Didn’t you ever notice he just wore them for the fashion statement it made?” said Fred

“Big giant glasses as big as your hand is all the rage this season.” said George.
“Actually it was.” said Harry remembering the trip to the Eyeglass shop.

“Really?” said Fred.

“Who’s in charge of picking fashion anyway?” asked George.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not the person to pull that joke.” said Tonks wisely.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“No more damn was given.” said Tonks.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

“Oh sweet Merlin.” groaned Harry.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“And what is wrong with me?” said Tonks haughtily.

“Nothing that I know of, ask future me in the book!” said Ron swiftly.
“And what’s wrong wi’ me?” said Hagrid, though he sounded a bit more teasingly than Tonks did. Harry looked uncomfortable.

“Oh, I know Harry…but I’m sure we’ll be just fine, all of us.” said Hagrid with a reassuring smile from where he sat.

Harry blushed as almost everyone cooed. Voldemort however was snarling.

“Yeah, but you can fit a whole pumpkin in your hand.” said Ron.

“I know this hasn’t happened yet, but piss off.” said Harry to Ron who only snickered.

“So…what your saying is…” said Fred.

“Push it the first chance you get.” said George.

“Fine idea, we use that all the time.” said the twins together.

“Aw, you’re sweet Ron.” said Tonks.
“F#cking shit, I knew it!” groaned Harry loudly.

Voldemort chuckled but then stopped. “I’d better not get too optimistic, that book in his hands is far too thick to be the end of you just yet.”

“Thank goodness.” said Harry sighing with relief. Officer McFinn looked up at the young man guiltily but continued on.

Harry’s eyes widened in shock and horror, he didn’t move, he was frozen.

“We’re calling it a day once this chapter is done.” Glacier commanded as he stood behind the young man.

Harry bowed his head, and he gripped his knees tightly as he leaned forward.

“No! Don’t turn around!” said Hermione shrilly. “Get him out of there!”
“Well, he’s not going to have a pleasant landing unless he apparates before he hits the ground.” said Fred quietly.

“Wasn’t expecting that.” said George.

“Hope it’s something cool.” said the twins together trying to boost the morale.

“Worth it!” said Fred and George excitedly.

“Where did you think you got your pyrotechnic talents from?” said Mr. Weasley with a proud smile.

“What in the world is a slipstream?” asked Neville.

“When you ride on a broom at high speeds, the air behind you sort of becomes like this funnel, twisting the air around like a tiny invisible tornado. Some flyers dip their foot down so that it reduces the amount of pull of the wind and you don’t get yanked off.” said Charlie with a smile. “Dragons have a tiny fin under their bodies that do the same sort of thing.”

“When traveling along on the road, and you come across a bunch of leaves on the highway…when you go past them the a few of the leaves travel along behind you for a short distance while the rest get scattered.” said Sirius. “I used to love doing that.”
“Shit!” said Sirius.

“That won’t work!” said Hermione fearfully.

“Oh…” said Hermione in a surprised tone and with a startled expression.

“That would have been hilarious to see, if they weren’t trying to kill you.” said Katie.

“Not the most dashing way to lose a tooth.” said Sirius wincing.

Harry’s hands twisted the fabric of his trousers as he reminded himself to take a deep breath and recite in his head over and over again. “This hasn’t happened yet, it won’t happen. I’m not going to lose her, I won’t let this happen!”
“Oh no…” said Remus.

“He’d better not…” growled Moody. “It’ll be all for nothing if he does.”

“He did it…” snarled Moody. “Played right into their hand.”

“The Disarming spell is your signature move.” said Remus covering his eyes.

“Say what? I would have thought the Patronus would be.” said Harry.

“Well…yes, you have used it to great extent, but the Disarming spell is what you used against Voldemort the last time…and all the Death Eaters present would no doubt remember that. And you’ve spoken again and again about freeing Stan, seeing him again and not be willing to hurt him, just disarm him would make it clear to them that you are the real one.” said Remus.
“‘Nearly’ and ‘There’ are two different things.” said Moody.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“What the…” said Ron.

“You’ve got to be kidding me.” said Seamus.

“Bloody hell.” said Dean.

Despite all the tension, and Voldemort’s proud sneer, Dumbledore chuckled. “He never did get the hang of a broomstick.”

“Shut up.” the sneer dissipating from Voldemort’s face.

End of Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Fifty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Harry…” whimpered Sirius.

End of Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Glacier tightened his grip on Harry’s neck slightly when he noticed the young man tensed up.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Sixty-second paragraph.

As the pain from Harry’s scar forced his eyes shut, his wand acted of its own accord.

“Again…” mumbled Dumbledore thoughtfully.

Sixty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“Once again, my wand has a mind of it’s own.” said Harry with a shaky smile.
“Might not want to go that fast towards the ground!” said Sirius wincing.

“Forget you!” said George.

Sirius took a deep breath and released it. “I’m going to lose my mind. That’s enough for today, come on, cub.” he said as he stood up.

Harry however did move.

“Harry?” said Sirius, taking a knee and looked up at the young man sitting silently. “Come on, talk to your old Sirius.”

Harry looked slowly up at Sirius but then he dropped his gaze back down.

“Come on, let’s go get you into the kitchen.” said Sirius pulling on his arm slightly. “You could use some cooking therapy.”
Dudley wandered around the house after dinner, he remembered seeing a weight room on the
ground floor when he and the Inspector walked around during that first day of the so called
‘Readings’. The feelings he had hadn’t changed since that day, he wasn’t sure where his place was
all in this.

Was he supposed to have a say in all this, or was he just supposed to listen to what the book said
and wait for it to be all over? Everyone else seemed to just pick where they wanted to chime in, but
after all that had happened between him and Harry…did he honestly have a right?

He found the door to the weight room just as he and the Inspector had found the other day and
walked in. When he saw it the first time, he was not expecting it to look completely normal, with
mirrors on the wall, various exercise equipment strewn around the room, a record player with
records from an apparent rock bands that Dudley had never heard of. He was expecting floating
weights or…well…something odd….

He walked over to the records and looked at them with slight interest, his science professor at
Smeltings had one and they would have to listen to all his operettas or even worse…records for a
singer called “Tiny Tim”. That bloke hurt his ears whenever the Professor would put the record on,
the bloke must have gotten smacked in the groin too many times.

He put one of the records on and moved the needle to get the music started. His first impression of
the band was that they weren’t bad, in fact they were pretty awesome! He’d have to see if they
could make him a disk of the records.

He went to go and grab a few dumbbells and work out his muscles, but he could only find one set
sitting on a table and even they were apparently only the five kilograms ones. He disregarded them
and went to the barbells. Even in the case of those there was only one weight in the entire room.

He laid down on the bench and gripped the bar hanging over his head. They were the lightest ones
in a standard set so he didn’t think he needed to have anyone else with him. He did a quick rep and
groaned with irritation. “God, I’m so bored, these things could at least be a little bit heavier.”

Suddenly the barbell became a bit harder to push back up into the air and Dudley just about lost his
grip on the bar in his shock.

“What the hell? It’s heavier now, urkk…it’s getting even heavier?…arrgh!”

The barbell got even heavier and now it was slowly getting closer and closer to his neck. He tried
to push it off himself but it was now too heavy to push it up without assistance. He was regretting
not telling anyone that he was going to the weight room now, one of them at least could have been
helpful, even Harry with his skinny arms. That bloke Sirius didn’t look all that tough, who would
have thought he would have weights that could all of a sudden get heavier without even a bloody
notice?

How was he going to be able to get out of this? If he could just slip off to the side of the bench…

“I may be mistaken, but I do believe when one weight lifts, one should have what’s called a
’spotter’."

Suddenly the barbell was lifted off him and out of his grip and he looked over by the door to the
room, there was the Headmaster, causally waving his wand and setting the barbell back onto the
rack. Dudley scrambled to sit up and just stared at the old man. The Headmaster just smiled down at him.

“Are you alright?”

Dudley nodded dumbly.

“Very good, very good.” Dumbledore responded with a nod. “But I would like to transcend my last statement into a question; Why did you not have a spotter?”

Dudley blinked and looked away with a mutter, “Didn’t think I needed it, it felt light.”

“Oh, the misconception of the senses.” Dumbledore sagely. “And have you learned otherwise?”

Dudley turned a slight shade of pink. “Yeah…uh…how did that get heavier all of a sudden? Did I push a button or something?”

Dumbledore gave a soft warm laugh. “No, our weights increase and decrease their…well…weight when we say the words ‘lighter’ or ‘heavier’. Did you say the word ‘heavier’?”

Dudley nodded.

“And there you have it. That however does not excuse the fact that I at the very least should have told you about the weight room’s…magical tendencies.” said Dumbledore.

“You don’t know anything about me.” said Dudley with a confused look. “How would you know that I’d be in here.”

“I know enough that you have become much more physically active in your free time so I should have known that you would want to inspect this particular room.” said Dumbledore as he gestured to the surrounding area.

“Everyone seems to be a bit busy, don’t really know what to do or say while I’m here.” said Dudley quietly. “At the Inspector’s it was just talk to him, go to therapy, go down to the center and box around a bit…here…”

“It’s all about Harry…and a world you desired to be a part of.”

Dudley jerked his head up. “You…you remember that?”

The old man smiled, not unkindly. “Of course, I remember it very well. You’re not the first one in your situation to send me a letter. Though reflecting back, you painted quite a different picture of your home life in your letter than what I learned from these books.” the smile faded a bit.

Dudley shrunk slightly.

“Though, the statement ‘hindsight is twenty-twenty’ is becoming a quick slogan for this. But regardless, did you not find…Smeltings…an enjoyable place?”

Dudley shrugged. “It wasn’t bad…took me forever to get my homework done without…err…”

“Harry doing it for you?” supplied Dumbledore kindly. He smiled softly when Dudley looked slightly shamed. “He told us that learning did not come easily for you.”

“Yeah, they found out real quick that someone did my work for me…they got me some help about halfway through so it’s not all that…awful.”
“I am quite pleased to hear that,” said the Headmaster. “Harry did tell us that you had some difficulty with your schoolwork. Has your work gotten better since the previous year?”

“Better than last year? How do you know?”

“The books mentioned that you were getting grades that your teachers were not quite pleased by,” said Dumbledore. He waved his wand as he levitated a full tea cup and a fresh biscuit over to Dudley.

“It is clear that you do enjoy a bit of boxing, what teacher made you become so interested in that particular sport?” asked Dumbledore politely.

Dudley blinked a few times but then smiled guiltily. “The Deputy did…he…and caught me and my friends fighting some other blokes and…I got put on the team, I have a blast at it…”

Dumbledore hid a smile behind his teacup. “Sounds quite similar to the way Harry was chosen for his house team. Even the fight with another student.”

This got Dudley’s undivided attention. “HE got into a fight? I mean, just school fights?”

“Several,” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “Not nearly as much as Mr’s. Crabbe and Goyle, but…”

“I mean, he tried to fight me once or twice, but he could never really take me down for longer than a second or so. He always seemed to take a…”

“A pacifist, yet taunting path?” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Yes, Harry does take the path of least resistance for the most part, but there are some instances where Harry has certainly been the first one to fight. Would you care to hear a few stories about your cousin’s misadventures at school?”

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“No way? He did that? He seriously stood up to a teacher like that? He really liked that one teacher at primary school….” said Dudley staring at the Headmaster in shock.

“Indeed, when his head of house heard what had transpired, she was quite taken aback. It went down in school history as the first time a detention receiver ever was given a biscuit from McGonagall.” said Dumbledore with a twinkling smile. “And shortly after that was the catalyst that set this whole ordeal into motion.”

Dudley looked around for a moment, then turned towards the Headmaster. “So, if he hadn’t of done this, my parents wouldn’t of…”

“I doubt Harry would have ever admitted the wrong doings by your father, and I cannot say for certain that would have benefitted either of you.” said Dumbledore, the twinkling absent and was replaced with his rarely used somber tone.

“While according to these books, Harry seemed to be coping rather well, I’d still be quite concerned over what sort of damage it could pose later in Harry’s life.” said Dumbledore, “Not to mention your own.”

“My own?” asked Dudley.

“If we’re think, hypothetically of course, if you had continued with this path that the books had set, I daresay you might have the notion that treating a child the way your Uncle had, was socially
acceptable.” said Dumbledore.

Dudley looked down. “I don’t…I wouldn’t…”

“While that is reassuring, it’s best to have your Uncle see the error of his ways…however long it may take,” said Dumbledore. “When I had seen him last, he was more concerned about his wife than what he could possibly be doing to your cousin. And what he was doing at the time was holding a very sharp quill to Harry’s neck.”

Dudley mouth hung open in shock. “Dad…”

“It was a dark period…”

Then a knock came on the door and the when it opened, Ron poked his head in.

“Oh, here you are, dinner’s ready.” said Ron.

“Oh, has it gotten that late, well, shall we go and dine, Mr. Dursley?” said Dumbledore standing up.

Dudley followed Dumbledore in standing up and allowed himself to be led out of the room, when Ron had moved further down the corridor, Dudley spoke up again.

“So…did the others reading these…did they…hate me?” said Dudley uneasily.

“Oh, quite a few people back at the school still hold some resentment towards your past transgressions, but after reading this previous chapter I think our opinion of you has changed quite a bit.” said Dumbledore.

Dudley released a sigh of relief.

“But I wouldn’t be quite so quick to think it is all water under the proverbial bridge.” said Dumbledore with a slightly mischievous smile. “The twins at the very least are quite eager to catch you off your guard and prank you quite mercilessly.”

“And you won’t save me?” said Dudley looking at the old man in horror.

“I never disparage harmless mischief, but if they do cross the line, I and I believe Harry will come to your aid.”

Dudley looked down at the floor. “He’d save anybody, wouldn’t he?”

Dumbledore only smiled.

They were all gathered in the dining room, with the table laden with various dishes that Mrs. Weasley, Mrs. McFinn, Leroy and Harry had cooked up. Most of the people in the house were gathered around the table, passing dishes and glasses filled with pumpkin juice, butterbeer and wine down the line.

Reaper, Lionus and Voldemort were in another room, a secured area where they could feed Voldemort and not have to worry about him getting his hands on a salad fork and stabbing someone in the eye to try and escape.

Meanwhile, everyone else in the dining room were enjoying their meal, but no more so than
Dudley, who was eating with gusto.

“Mmm! This is great, more please!” said Dudley extending his now empty bowl of stew forward to be filled once more.

“My you have quite the appetite this evening!” said Mrs. McFinn with a kind smile as she filled his bowl.

“I’m always hungry after lifting. Harry, you’ve got to get the recipe for this!” said Dudley taking the bowl and tucking in again.

Harry, with a spoon of his own halfway to his mouth, paused and turned to look at Dudley.

Inspector Homes leaned forward and whispered into Dudley’s ear. “While he’s more than welcome to visit, he’s not going to be living with us. He’ll be living here with Mr. Black.”

Dudley turned a faint pink and lowered his utensils slowly. “I…I remember that…just…”

“Want me to send you a care package when you get to school?” said Harry with a slightly teasing smile. “Can’t send you all the sweets you want, but I can still…”

“Yes!” said Dudley.
They all gathered back to the room where Officer McFinn was thumbing through the Memorial books once again.

“I’ve got to say, I could read these forever, I always seem to discover something I didn’t see the first time I read them.” said Officer McFinn with a soft smile. “You alright there, Sport?”

“Will be, as long as no one else dies.” said Harry gloomily. He had had nightmares all that night long about everyone that he had ever been close to, being ripped from him and being killed right in front of him. Sirius was a recurring player.

“It’s just a story now, lad.” reassured Glacier as he took his seat beside Harry. “Shall we start with the readings?”

“Why not, though the title of the chapter isn’t very reassuring. **Fifth Chapter.**”

“Hedwig was a warrior?” said Ron in a hushed tone.

“I don’t think it means Hedwig.” said Hermione worriedly looking around at the various Order members.

Dialogue line.

“If that title means, Hagrid…” muttered Harry darkly.

“I’d much prefer it to be Moody.” sneered Voldemort.

“And I’m sure you’re not stupid enough to forget our preference.” snapped Reaper.

“Though him being a ‘Warrior’…” said Fred nodding towards the Dark Lord.

“Not buying so much.” said George.

_**First paragraph, first sentence.**_

“I forgot he crashed.” winced Sirius, wrapping an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

_**First paragraph, third sentence.**_

“Please let it be sweat and not...you know....” said Alicia wincing.

_**End of first paragraph.**_

Several people gasped.
“Oh no, not Hagrid. Please not Hagrid.” said Hermione, tears coming to her eyes.

Hagrid shifted uncomfortably in his large seat. ‘I’m…I’m sure I’m alrigh’.”

Dialogue line.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Forget me, Hagrid’s hurt!” shouted Harry gesturing to the book.

“That would defeat the purpose.” growled Moody.

“Screw ‘the purpose’!” snapped Harry.

Third paragraph.


“Is it a good thing to crash in your garden?” asked Lee.

“As long as Dad wasn’t mowing the lawn at any point that week. He tends to leave it out in the middle of the bloody yard, in case Mum notices he missed a spot.” said Tonks.

Fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Hagrid blew his nose.

Fifth paragraph.

Harry felt the arms surrounding him tighten.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

“That sounds like Daddy.” said Tonks with a giggle.

Dialogue set.

“Hi Daddy.” said Tonks waving to the book.
“Not quite all of Arthur’s doing, mostly battle induced.” said Remus.

“We, in the future, thought wrong.” said Kingsley.

“Bubble shields as big as a house…” said Fred.

“Interesting idea…: said George.

“We have something like that, only a lot smaller…maybe we could expand.” said the twins together.

“I hate it when they talk like that.” said Ron. “Weeks later…you either get blasted across the landing, or you grow a tail at breakfast.”

“Oops.” replied Hagrid as a few of the younger students sniggered.
“You who?” said Ron.

“You know who…” said George.

“Errgh, bad form.” said Fred.

“Quite right, no lady’s that ugly.” said George.

“Not true, we got Toadie…” said Fred.

“She’s a pro, we’re talking amateurs.” said George.

“Why are you shouting at my Mum?” asked Tonks.

“Think about what and who your Mum looks like.” said Remus quietly.

“Oh…I see..” said Tonks with a blush.

“Word of advice, never say she looks like her sister, she’ll hex you worse than Auntie Bella ever could.” said Tonks with a sneer.

“She’s got a point, Andromeda was the absolutely the better between the sisters…and they both were quite the duelists.”

“I think we must have told Mum what was happening, but I suppose she’s just worried…” said Tonks.

“With you as a daughter, I’d be worried about you going to the kitchen.” said Moody chuckling to himself.

“You had absolutely no say in the matter, someone would have just yanked the hairs right out of your head if you had refused completely.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“I’m betting you’d do it.” said Ron looking at Hermione.

“Why me?” asked Hermione confusedly.

“Well, you’re a girl, they pull hair, right?” asked Ron.

“Not all girls do…” said Hermione stiffly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Good timing, wonder what would have happened if Harry and Hagrid had remained unconscious?” asked Dr. Clark.

“A message would have been sent instead, I suppose.” said Professor McGonagall, “At least I hope we have planned contingencies.”

Dialogue line.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Bless him.” said Mrs. Weasley dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.

“Beats an old ragged boot.” said Bill.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Harry took a quiet yet shuddering breath, “I didn’t forget that…”

Sirius’s hand on his shoulder tightened in a reassuring squeeze.

Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.
“I was the same way when I lost Copernicus, my first owl.” said Sirius patting Harry’s shoulder.

“What happened to him?” asked Hermione softly.

“My mother’s cat killed him, just as I was leaving my family’s house for the final time in my childhood.” said Sirius. “Got vengeance though, I doused the fluffy little bastard in syrup, and from what I heard, it took months to get it all out of her fur.”

Nineteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Not long enough.” said Harry.

“For those we love, it is never enough.” said Dumbledore with a kind and sympathetic smile.

“Says the man that has an immortal pet.” snorted Voldemort.

Dialogue line.

Twentieth paragraph, second sentence.

“And he most likely threw up.” said the twins together.

End of twentieth paragraph.

“I don’ like Portkeys either.” said Hagrid.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“Oh no…my boys!” cried Mrs. Weasley in horror.

Dialogue set.

“That might not have made Molly’s fears abate any.” said Sirius.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.
“I don’t think I can stand it if any of you children were hurt, oh Arthur!” said Mrs. Weasley worriedly as she buried her face in her husband’s shoulder.

Voldemort rolled his eyes.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Most people’s eyes widened in shock, while Voldemort smirked.

End of dialogue set.

Mrs. Weasley started to sob loudly.

“I’m sure that they’re alright, darling.” said Mr. Weasley patting Mrs. Weasley’s hand in his own.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley gave a shrill cry and launched herself at George, who was already having his hand gripped tightly by Fred. Both twins were pale, and were sporting very nervous smiles.

“Just had to go and muck up the already disaster area nature gave you, eh?” said Fred shakily.

“You’re just jealous that it would take a blow to the face to make me half as ugly as you.” said George weakly.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, third sentence, first colon, end of first sentence.

Fred and George looked at each other in horror. Without waiting for nearly a second to pass, Fred leaned over and whispered in George’s ear. George shook his head, but Fred gave him such a stern look that George could only bow his head in response.

“If you go without, so do I. No one is going to tell us apart that easily, ruins all our jokes you know.” murmured Fred with a sorrowful smile.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.
“What are you doing?” asked Bill looking at Remus hotly.

“Good thinking Remus, might have been the imposter, course we’re almost certain he isn’t, but one never knows.” said Moody nodding approvingly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-eighth paragraph.**

“After what we had been through, that’s a good way to get yerself thrown across the room.” said Hagrid darkly.

“Or across the country.” said Ron quietly to Hermione. “Hagrid’s strong enough…”

**Dialogue line.**

“How the f#ck would you expect me to remember that?” said Harry.

“Harry…” chided Mrs. McFinn carefully.

“I am well aware of how excellent your memory is.” said Lupin with a sigh.

**Dialogue line.**

“See?” said Remus with a smile.

“Still…” said Harry his cheeks slightly pink.

**Twenty-ninth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“And…they would have gotten into the Dursley house, how?” said Lionus with a curious tone.

“Could have been a fake house, right when they opened the door and whatnot.” said Ron slowly.

“While I would love nothing more than the destruction of both Potter and the Order, even that is far too much work, and I could never even get down the same street, also…I would prefer to lord his death over you the first chance I get.” drawled Voldemort. “Besides, blasted Moody would have seen through the enchantment.”

“So if Harry had been an imposter, Moody would have seen it!” said Katie.

“My eye, as well as other magical tools, are not infallible Bell.” snapped Moody. “No matter what, CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” roared Moody, causing several students and even a few complacent adults to stagger in their seats.
“For pity’s sake Alastor, do stop that!” retorted McGonagall.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And if you had been the Death Eater, all it would take to just killed Potter right in the sky is flip upside down and let him fall to his death.” said Moody.

“Thank you, Alastor!” said McGonagall in a warning tone.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Someone did.” said Charlie. “No matter how much you butter it up, it’s what happened. Those Death Eaters weren’t just lucky, not enough Felix Felicis in the world for them to be that lucky.”

“Sort of makes me wonder…why not just brew up a bunch before every mission?” asked Ron.

Hermione nudged Ron and nodded towards Snape.

“Ah…never mind.” said Ron looking down at the floor.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Which one do you want answered first?” asked Luna serenely.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I kept myself and Hagrid alive….” said Harry slowly.

“He’s talking about you using Expelliarmus on Stan.” growled Moody.

“I’ll still say it was the right thing to do, he’s not…” said Harry.

“Of course he’s not, but when it comes between saving you, an underage young wizard who hasn’t even graduated school yet, never mind that you’re the bloody Boy Who Lived, and trying to not hurt an Imperised Stan Shunpike too badly…slam the stupid bastard into the ground and keep flying!” scolded Moody.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-first paragraph.
“Stunning him at that height would be the exact same if he hits the ground though.” said Mrs. McFinn softly.

“Ow…” said Remus looking over at Harry.

“Hey, call it like I see it.” said Harry. “And I think you’re lucky you’re not getting punched.”

“Breathe.” said Glacier leaning forward from behind Harry and placing a hand on his shoulder. “Just breathe…”

“Doesn’t understand…” mumbled Harry who had his hands over his face.

“Not everyone is willing to throw themselves under the bus for the sake of anyone they’ve met thrice and thrice only.” said Glacier calmly.

“It’s what you just told me to do!” snarled Harry looking over to Remus angrily.

“He hasn’t said that yet.” said Sirius soothingly.

“It was a stupid move, but good boy.” said Moody.

“Would have thought that my signature move would be the Patronus.” said Harry absently.

“I side with Harry.” said Dumbledore.

“But…” said Remus.

“I have no doubt that Tom would discover which Harry was the real one before long, in fact it was quite a lucky chance that he was drawn elsewhere first. He might not have been willing to use Legilimacy, but not even Polyjuice potion can replicate Harry’s innate charm, a few moments with
the false ones, he would see the difference and then he would move on.” said Dumbledore sagely.
“The Disarming Spell merely sped up the process by ten minutes.”

“Ten minutes is all it takes to stay alive or become dead.” interjecting Moody.

“That is true.” conceded Dumbledore with a nod. “But sometimes, even years of easy attempts, will
not come into fruition.”

Moody blinked his unmagical eye a few times. “What?”

But Dumbledore only smiled.

“What did he mean by that?” asked Ron quietly.

“I…I’m not sure.” whispered Hermione back.

Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence, first colon.

Sirius gasped.

“Shut up.” said Remus tartly.

“What?” asked Bill.

“He’s never lost an argument! We’ve just ignored him, knew the bugger was right, but we just
ignored him!” said Sirius gleefully. “He’d win on the moral grounds but we did whatever we
wanted!”

End of thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

“Aw, he can never be mad at you for long.” said Sirius nudging Harry with a slight smile.

“I can be mad at him for days though.” said Harry.

“Well, you’re special.” said Sirius. “But he’s just so warm and fuzzy that he and we can’t be angry
for long at each other.”

“I’ll kick you where you’re warm and fuzzy.” muttered Remus.

Dialogue line.

Lionus scoffed. “There are ways, not easy ways, but there are ways.”

Thirty-fifth paragraph.
“Least he didn’t point it at me.” said Harry.
“I’m sure I’ll be aiming at you next.” said Kingsley. “No offense meant.”

“Way to trust me then.” said Harry.
“I’m trying to keep you alive, trust me to do that.” said Remus calmly.

“Wow, you never *snarl*.” said Tonks.
“I do when someone tries to stab me in the back.” said Kingsley.
“Minus a little dismemberment, we all seem to be fine.” said George, his hand being held tightly by his twin.

“How the hell can you fly without a broom?” asked Katie with a shocked look.
“Flap your arms real fast?” said Seamus.
Snape rolled his eyes.
“Do all Death Eaters learn that?” asked Neville nervously.
“Like he’d share that information.” scoffed Harry.
“Bloody brilliant…” groaned Moody.

“Easy son.” said Mr. Weasley grabbing Fred by the arm, though his eyes were frozen on Snape. “Easy…”

“HE...!” shouted Fred.

“I know…trust me…I know…” said Mr. Weasley.

“Just have a seat, Hagrid.” said Harry a twitching smile.

Mrs. Weasley, who was still standing, weeping and hugging George from behind, kissed both of George’s ears.
“Never get between him and one of his children...if you think Mum’s terrifying...” said Charlie.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

George looked concerned for a moment, but then groaned softly. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Dialogue line.

“Might as well be.” muttered George.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“That curse must have hit my head to be settling for that.” said George.

Dialogue line.

“No she won’t.” said Fred. “Don’t be like that.” said George. “Seriously though, it’s not going to happen.”
“If it does.” started Fred.

“It’s…not…going…to…happen.” repeated George slowly.

Forty-seventh paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, first sentence.

Harry flinched.

“Oi…we signed up for this, knowing what might have happened, getting you somewhere safe…it’s worth it to us.” said George.

Nearly everyone in the room nodded.

Voldemort shook his head with a snarl. “Pathetic…”

End of dialogue set.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“And here I thought I just wasn’t special enough to get the oldest and youngest brother to bother with me.” said George weakly.

End of dialogue set.
Dialogue line.

“Oooh…poor Ron.” said George and Fred together.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Harry blushed, but didn’t quite looked embarrassed to be displeased with what he heard.

Forty-ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“Sorry.” mouthed Harry.

End of forty-ninth paragraph.
“So we’re just missing Dung, Moody, Fleur and Bill.” said Kingsley.

“At least the younger kids are alright.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Hermione gave a watery giggle.

“Oi, I’m not afraid to slap you.” said Tonks.

“Neither am I, it’s a good thing there’s another one around, it’s hard doing it all by myself.” said Sirius.

“She can be a bit of a shrew sometimes, but she does love to fuss.” said Fred.

“Can you imagine if she got her claws on Harry?” said George.

“Merlin, she’d never let you out of the house, mate.” replied Ron looking at Harry with wide eyes.
“Don’t be thanking us.” said Remus with a glum look, “I’m sure if I had kept my eyes…”
“Mate, it hasn’t happened, we’ll never know what could have been done or not.” said Sirius.

The room was silent, and no one moved, aside from Voldemort who gave a quiet “Yes!” from his seat.

This time, Mrs. McFinn walked over to Harry and wrapped her arms around him.

“You’re a stark raving mad, McFinn.” said Harry softly.

“No dear…it’s not…” said Mrs. McFinn. “This won’t happen like this now.”
“Fool, gave us away right off from the start.” said Moody shaking his head, apparently unfazed by his own demise.

End of dialogue set.

Moody, still the only one saying or moving much other than Mrs. McFinn’s tending of Harry and Mrs. Weasley’s own now receding weeping over George, nodded. “Good, it took you yourself to bring me down, and I had to be distracted in order to do it. Damn it Fletcher, if I get my hands on you again, I’ll teach you a thing or two.”

“For letting you get killed?” asked Ron.

“For knocking me off my guard, Malfoy’s little ferret stunt will look quite appealing compared to what I’m going to do to him.” snarled Moody.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

“The tough and the brave ones are the first to go, ‘cause we don’t give a toad’s ass.” said Moody with a firm nod.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, third sentence, first colon.

“Why? I told you, no sobbing like an infant if I die.” said Moody.

“And when I have ever listened to you?” said Tonks blowing her nose loudly on a borrowed handkerchief from Dumbledore.

Sixty-fourth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Never said she was my favorite.” retorted Moody.

“As if there could be any doubt, Alastor.” said Dumbledore.

“Doesn’t say much for the rest of the Auror’s now does it?” said Moody and Tonks together. That only sent Tonks over the edge as she wailed even louder and leaned against Moody for support.

“Oh botheration.” growled Moody looking around and down at Tonks with unease. He raised a grizzled hand and patted her awkwardly. “There…there…stop it…come on…Auror up…”
“I’ll kill him myself.” said Tonks sitting up and drying her eyes.

“Don’t be daft, you’ll never get the chance.” said Kingsley. “I’m going to do it.”

“Get in line, forms behind me.” said Moody.

“Dung offered that?” said Remus looking confused. “Well, I suppose he would be capable of thinking of something like that, old faker knows many ways to dodge the Aurors.”

“So then Hermione was next on the list to get hit.” said Ron and Harry together, looking at Hermione in shock.

“I’m glad I disarmed Stan then…” said Harry weakly.

Harry blushed as Hagrid looked deeply touched.

“Tellin’ some little info about a three headed dog is one thin’, but yer safety…I’d never do that.” said Hagrid firmly. “Yeh mean the world ter me ‘arry.”
“No more talking out of you unless you come up with some better material.” scolded Fred, wagging a finger at the book in Officer McFinn’s hands.


“That tends to happen.” Dumbledore said solemnly.

“We’ll get the door for you.” said the twins together.
“We just lost Moody and George’s ear getting you there…where the hell are you going off to?” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Makes me sound like an invalid or something.” said Harry.

“You might be, if you mention bowing out again.” said Fred.

“Mum’ll tie you to a cot…” said George.

“And Fleur will break your legs.” said Fred.

“As gently and kindly as possible.” they said together.

Seventy-sixth paragraph.

“Oh Harry dear…” said Mrs. Weasley, tears pricking her eyes once again.

“Better get the Beater bats away from Fleur.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sort of obvious that I’d be there.” said Harry. “I mean, where else have I ever been during the summer?”

“That’s what makes it so brilliant, Harry.” said Fred.

“It would be stupid of you to be in the Burrow.” said George.

“So we’d have to put you up somewhere else.”

“Therefore, they’d look for you all over the place.”

“Except in the place where it would be obvious,”

“And stupid to keep you.”

“Therefore:”
“You’re safest there at the Burrow.” said the twins together.

Everyone nodded, but Voldemort only looked between the two of them. “I hate it when they do that.”

Seventy-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

Harry only burrowed further back into the sofa’s cushions with Mrs. McFinn and Sirius’ arms wrapped around him.

End of seventy-seventh paragraph.

Seventy-eighth paragraph.

“Oh no…” said Mrs. Weasley, bringing a handkerchief up to her eyes which were threatening to be barraged with tears again.

Seventy-ninth paragraph.

“Was it even me?” said Harry quietly.

“No…I meant what I said.” said Harry, his lips quirking slightly.
“Not like that.” said Dumbledore honestly.

Dumbledore nodded.

“Good, we won’t get yelled at then.” said Ron.

“Don’t push it.” said Harry, smiling a bit more now. “I’ll find something to yell about.”

“Don’t leave him alone…not if he does a repeat performance from the Ministry.” Sirius.

“Thestrals are omnivores?” asked Hermione.

“It all depends on how they feel.” said Hagrid. “They go through stress, they’ll eat some grass to calm themselves down.”

“Of course I would have,” said Dumbledore kindly. “You are not one for embellishing a story, quite the opposite in fact.”

“I don’t always have the answers, but I certainly do try and find out.” Dumbledore replied.
“Well, this is uncomfortable again.” said Lee.

Eighty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-fifth paragraph.

Dumbledore covered his eyes and bowed his head. “Oh no…”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“There’s confirmation that he’s got Ollivander.” said Kingsley thoughtfully.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’m sure deep down he wants to.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-sixth paragraph.

Several people hissed in pity.

Dialogue line.

Eighty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“At that moment, I just want the pain to stop.” whispered Harry soberly.
“I’m sure Fleur would hunt you down and drag you back by your nose to be at her wedding.” said Bill. He looked at the twins and smiled ruefully. “Yes, after breaking his legs.”

“It has been a long night.” said Leroy.

“Yeah, cause I’ve proven I can do that pretty damn easily, haven’t I?” retorted Harry.

Voldemort looked over to Harry, a sneer on his face.

“You wouldn’t last a single day in my shoes.” Harry said with a sneer of his own.
“Don’t you start again.” growled Moody to Tonks.

The students all looked at Harry, when Harry looked back, all that he did as a reply was shrug. “Beats me.”

“Hunt us down and then use a sticking charm on us to stay in a chair.” said Ron. “After they beat us with broomsticks.”

Mrs. Weasley made to speak, but nodded. “Thought so.” said Ron.

“Well, Dad wouldn’t be happy, but he wouldn’t nearly be so violent.” said Ron.

“Which is far safer for them.” said Dumbledore.

“I’d kill them either way.” said Voldemort dully.

Reaper leaned forward slowly and slapped the back of his head harshly. “Keep dreaming.”
“Wish her luck.” said Harry.

“He has his reason.” said Remus. “And now that we know, they’re admirable...knowing what they’re going to go hunting for.”

Voldemort snarled.

“Still...they’re only babies...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“At the time, they’re just about grown men and woman.” said Kingsley.

“But still our babies...” said Mr. Weasley kindly before his wife could huff with indignation.

“That’s normal.” replied the Weasley children collectively.

“It’s from a burglar that broke in the house.” said Officer McFinn with a snicker.

“That was always his excuse for the odd sock laying around somewhere.” said Mrs. McFinn, giving her departed husband a tearful smile.

“They loved our house, they left socks everywhere.” said Officer McFinn.

“With Dumbledore gone and Voldemort running amok, I wouldn’t want Harry trapped in the school, in my opinion.” said Sirius.

“But it’s going to have so many wizards and witches...” said Mrs. Weasley.

“There was quite a bit of protection around the school, and Death Eaters still managed to get in.” said Sirius. “Here’s hoping though that the Vanishing Cabinet was taken out...destroyed or something.”
“It is now.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“To stay alive.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Grocery shopping, laundry pickup.” said George.

“Usual stuff.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Fine, ask them, I’ve got nothing to do with their obligations to you.” said Harry firmly.

“Nice tactic though, using the “family concern” ploy…good move.” said Lionus. “Lesser criminals tend to fall for that all the time.”

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Harry’s turning a bit red don’t you think?” said Fred.

“I think the ‘tough act’ is just an act.” said George.

End of dialogue set.

Despite the worry, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley laughed.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

The Weasley children all gasped.

“She snapped at Harry!” said Bill.
“Harry’s her favorite non-Weasley kid!” said Charlie.

“And if Ginny and Harry get married…” said Bill.

“We’re out of the running for favorite kid, period.” answered Charlie with a teasing smile.

Dialogue set, fourth sentence.

“That I…did…but this was not a job for them.” said Dumbledore. “It would be better for you all to do your best to save as many people as you possibly could during the undoubtedly dark days ahead.”

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“Misunderstood him for nearly an entire year?” asked Ginny.

End of dialogue set.

“Bless her…she wants to shield him even from Dumbledore’s orders.” said Leroy.

Dialogue line.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Since when?” said Harry looking confused.

“That’s what I’d like to know!” said Sirius.

“I don’t know that football team…” said Dudley.

“It ain’t football…it’s better.” said Harry with a bright and shining grin.

Dialogue set.

“I’ll cook.” said Harry rising his hand.

“Let him.” said Dudley swiftly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“She’s planning something, careful lad.” said Mr. Weasley.

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Or she could be trying to just make sure you three don’t plot an escape.” said Remus.

Eighth paragraph, third sentence, first comma.

“Ah, no….I hate that job…” said Harry cringing.

“But you’re so good at it…” replied Dudley with a quiet tone. “Mum only had to wipe it down two more times before serving it to her garden party.”

Eighth paragraph, third sentence, fourth comma.

“Ugh…sounds dead boring.” said Ernie.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t ‘ear’ of doing it unless it was one of our weddings.” said George with a smirk.

“Oh brother…” said Percy covering his eyes.

“You were just waiting to use that, weren’t you?” asked Bill.

End of eighth paragraph.

“Called it.” said Remus.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“He might get hit by a lorry.” said Inspector Homes with a nonchalant shrug. “I’d love to see any wizard try and survive that.”

“Lorry?” asked Ernie.

“Those massive trucks you hear booming down the road.” said Harry. “Smaller version of a train, if you think about it.”

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Sick joke…but really what else could he be planning to do?” said Lee.

**Tenth paragraph, second sentence.**

“Stolen hours? The last time you talked to her was only a few minutes…wasn’t it?” asked Ron to Officer McFinn.

“Might be.” said Officer McFinn with a roguish wink towards Harry.

Harry and Ginny blushed.

**End of tenth paragraph.**

**Eleventh paragraph.**

“So…Snape is one of them.” said George.

“Well…so much for that place.” said Fred.

“Oh…there are safeguards beyond safeguards.” said Dumbledore.

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“Oh, I’ve put up charms against everyone in case we had another traitor. Even myself.” said Moody.

“How do you put up charms against yourself?” asked Ron.

“I put up the charms, and then do a selective obliviate spell.” said Moody gruffly.

“And you did that?” asked George.

“I don’t remember.” said Moody.

“How do you know you did it then?” asked Fred.

“Wrote myself a note.” said Moody.

The twins opened their mouths, but dismissed it with a wave. “Never mind.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“Yet we use the Weasley house…” said Harry.

“Like we said, it’s so stupid, they won’t think of it.” said George.
“You two playing ‘footsie’?” said Angelina with a giggle, which sent the rest of the girls into giggles as well. Ginny only turned pink and smiled while Harry turned his gaze away with a reddened face.

I just hope they didn’t get me… but I left myself a little surprise around in the usual Order haunts, I should be taken out fairly quickly.” said Moody with an approving nod.

“Here’s hoping someone else doesn’t set them off.” said Neville.

“Good, never wanted my obituary in the paper, any fool knows what sort of life I had. Also didn’t want some dark wizard to dig me up and turn me into an inferi.” said Moody with an approving nod.

“They don’t want the news that he attacked you, everyone’s already going to be in a panic since Dumbledore’s death, won’t due to be even more worried.” said Rudolph with a roll of his eyes.

“Oh brother, wouldn’t it be better to warn people?” said Katie.

“What?” said Voldemort with a curious look.

Lionus reached over and picked up the hand with the offensive scars, “A past teacher made him write it on his own hand… with a bloodquill.” Harry wrenched the hand out of Lionus’ grasp.

“That’s twisted… not a bad idea… but… a teacher?” said Voldemort.
Alicia and Angelina blinked. “Not really all that comforting when even he thinks it’s twisted.”

Dialogue line.
Dialogue set, third sentence.
“She didn’t.” said Professor Flitwick sadly.

End dialogue set.
Thirteenth paragraph.
Dialogue set, first sentence.
“Ah, bloody hell…come on…” said Harry wincing.

End of dialogue set.
Fourteenth paragraph.
“This hasn’t happened yet.” said Bill waving his hands quickly.
“Aye…don’t care for the bubbly stuff anyway.” said Hagrid.

Dialogue set.
“They’re not going up there, even if they’re horribly lost, they’re not going up that far.” said Ron.
“I want the house looking nice!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.
“Then I’ll clean the door!” retorted Ron.
“Ron.” warned Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Awkward dinner…isn’t it?” said Fred.
“Rather.” George responded with a posh voice.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“I’m assuming she and Arthur had talked about this earlier, I can’t seem him siding with that, but I can see him scolding him for what Ron was about to say.” said Sirius.

Fifteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, fourth comma.

“Uh…I don’t much about magic…but couldn’t you just…wave your wand and poof, you’re done in less than two minutes…for all this stuff?” said Dudley.

“It builds character doing it by hand!” said Mrs. Weasley stiffly.

“She wants to kill time, and kill any chance of us talking.” said Harry. “But yeah, we’d have been done will this, minus the cooking by the first day.”

End of dialogue set.

“Another thing that takes two seconds.” said Sirius quietly.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence, first colon, second comma.

Harry snickered as Inspector Homes and Officer McFinn waved their hands in a “sort of” gesture.

End of dialogue set.

“I want it to go to Harry.” said Sirius quickly. “Muck about with it all you want, as long as it’s back to normal and flyable, but it goes to Harry.”

Seventeenth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“So…that’d be a ‘No,’ you’re not doing it.” said Fred.

“Tsk tsk…such nasty little fibs.” said George.

Dialogue line.
“I would have sent word of some sort, even if I was laying low.” said Moody.

“Quit killing my hope.” said Ron. “I don’t want him dead!”

“As realistic as a world full of magic can be.” muttered Dudley. “Not that I don’t believe you all… about…err…everything.”

“I’m disgusting…” said Harry with a grimace.

“At least you admit it.” said the twins together.

“Shut up!” said Sirius turning a sickly green. “I don’t wanna remember that!”

“No one is, it’s a terrifying time for everyone.” said Tonks.
“Easy there…” said Sirius with a smirk.

“Here’s hoping she either doesn’t mind that, or avoids it on accident.” said Hannah.

“CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” shouted the twins loudly, catching most of the people, including Moody off guard.

“Hey, we were right!” said the twins brightly.

“Should have learned that years ago.” said Sirius.

“Hey, push comes to shove, toss the book at them, at least *The Monster Book of Monsters* will eat their face if given half a chance.” said Bill.
“Doubt we’ll need that.” said Ron.

“You never know.” said Hermione.

“Sure, if we have a battle against a wizard that says ‘I’ll let you go and join you if you can answer who was the second Headmaster that was left handed?’” said Ron.

“That would be Argyl Wells.” said Dumbledore and Voldemort together.

Ron and the rest of the students blinked.

“Headmistress would be Elmira Ramtin.” added the both of them together once more.

“That’s weird.” said Ron.

“You’re telling me.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

“Thanks…” said Harry.

“We know the tone you have when you’re going to be all noble and self-sacrificing.” said Hermione.

“Best to be prepared.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Hey,” chuckled Harry. “I’m talking, I look at you when you talk!”

End of dialogue set.

“You have the bloody thing memorized.” said Ron.

“And they ignore me.” said Harry holding his hands up in defeat.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You knew about this for years? Way to let me know.” said Harry.
“I should hope so, that book is garbage.” said Sirius.

“Why do you even still have it?” said Remus.

“Bet she’s not going to like that.” said Percy.

The people in the room were silent.

“Oh…Granger…” said Professor Sprout softly.

Hermione sniffed. “So I did go through with it. I’ve had that plan…since Y…Voldemort came back. My parents and I talked about it, they didn’t want to…but I was going to do it either way.”

“You’re a very brave young lady.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile. “It might not have hurt to tell someone, so we could send someone down there with them, to at least protect them.”

“I…I guess I wasn’t too sure who to trust, who would be willing to go.” said Hermione.

“It’s a chance to get out of the country, a lot of people would have jumped at the chance.” said Ernie.

“But let’s face it, no one would have had the courage to send their parents away in such a fashion.” said Lionus. “I’ll pass on this new bit of info to Doc, you’re going to get some massive bouts of respect, young lady.”

Hermione wiped her eyes on a handkerchief given to her by Tonks.

Mrs. Weasley, Leroy and Mrs. McFin stood up suddenly and went to pull Hermione in a large hug, no words were spoken, for no words would ever be enough.
Ron smiled softly and rubbed his pink ears.

“I don’t want to know!” said Harry, holding out his hands in a stopping motion.

“The hell...?” said Dr. Clark.

“What are you showing him for?” asked Charlie.

“It might have something to do with the title.” said Officer McFinn.

“What is it?” asked Bill.

“I don’t want to ruin it for you.” he replied with a smile.

“Scared me the first time I stayed over.” said Hermione.

“The f#ck is he wearing pajamas for?” said Charlie, ignoring the spluttering of his mother.

“And the title of the chapter is: The Ghoul in Pajamas.” said Officer McFinn.
“Doesn’t answer the question.” said Charlie.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You never looked so good.” said Fred and George together.

“Boys…” warned Mr. Weasley.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Several people laughed loudly.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“If I remember what that is, it’s a great plan.” said Dr. Clark.

“Quite ingenious.” said Dumbledore with a smile.

Dialogue set.

“Which is why I’m wondering why they haven’t come here yet.” said Harry.

“Could be that they’re waiting for the Ministry to fall.” said Luna softly.

“Killing me would only strengthen their…morale wouldn’t it?” said Harry.

“Maybe they’re worried that would only incite a riot, more than submission.” said Luna in her dreamlike tone. “I for one would be very upset, furious even.”

Voldemort looked at her with a confused gaze. “Does she have the capability to feel as such?”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue set.

Dudley looked down at his lap.
“It’s in your mouth, Dud.” said Harry without looking at him.

“Oh.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Here’s hoping she lets you sneak some food then.” said Colin.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Hermione broke through the hugs and went to go and hug Harry. “We know, Harry…we know.”

Harry held her tightly, until Ron came over and patted Harry somewhat awkwardly on the shoulder.

“Can’t let you go and have fun without us, can we mate?” said Ron.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“They might want to help with the preparations.” said Mrs. McFinn. “I know James’ mother took over my mother’s duties and was with me the entire time.”

Dialogue line.

“You’re indecisive about that one too? Kindling…there I made it easy for you.” said Remus.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma, eleventh word.

“Good.” said almost everyone together.

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“If you can’t learn spells from it, leave it behind.” said Moody.

End of dialogue set.
Dumbledore chuckled. “It took many years to track down the Horcruxes I found, my dear. I don’t see much wrong with going to Godric Hollow, especially if you go guarded and go soon.”

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“There may very well be, but you’ll still need to go carefully. I wish I had taken you there years ago.” said Dumbledore.

“Nothing that can’t be fixed now.” said Rudolph.

**End of dialogue set.**

“Good luck mate.” said Seamus.

**Dialogue set.**

“Like I said, ‘go guarded’.” said Dumbledore with a nod.

**Thirty-first paragraph, first sentence.**

“I’m an idiot.” said Harry covering his eyes.

“You’re a teenager, it’s your god given right to be an idiot.” said Inspector Homes. “And it’s our god given right to call you out on it, and then deal out some punishment for being so.”

**End of thirty-first paragraph.**

“Way to keep up, Ron.” said Dean.

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-third paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“I can think of something more important than trying to include both sexes at this point.” said
“Hmm…it would seem I made quite a grave error…I should have told you how to do it…but I believe that you will think of the way, as you have already done it.” said Dumbledore.

Voldemort rolled his eyes. “Always the one to just dance around an answer, aren’t you?”

“No…no I did not.” said Dumbledore, a twinkle in his eyes.

“Enough with trying to find legal loop holes, you’re trying to explain yourself, not write batch of laws.” said Moody gruffly.

“Are you joking?” said Snape looking over to Dumbledore with an incredulous look.

Dumbledore only smiled and gave a small shrug.

“I suspect that I wanted you to find them, if I certainly wanted them to stay out of sight, a simple fourth year spell would not bypass it.” said Dumbledore.
Voldemort only smiled, a terrifying, pleased smile.

“That’s not the only book I conferred with.” said Voldemort, his face sporting a wide smirk.

“Now doesn’t that explain what happened to your face?” asked Reaper.

“The soul affects your physical self?” asked Terry.

“There’s your proof.” said Reaper pointing to Voldemort with a thumb.

“I’m all for pain when it concerns him.” said Harry.

“Nope.” said Harry.

“I regret nothing…” said Voldemort.

Dumbledore shook his head.
“I’m regretting eating that big of a breakfast.” said Hannah.

“We’ve been using them as a sugar substitute.” said George.

“Would you like a tea cake?” said Fred.

“I’ll pretend that makes sense.” said Dennis.

Harry looked down at the floor thoughtfully, but Dumbledore broke him out of his thoughts by patting his shoulder.

So did many other people in the room.

“I dunno, you running me through with a sword would bring up a few questions. Like, ‘What line did I cross?’” said Ron.

“Really happy about eating breakfast.” said Hannah.
Harry blinked and then looked over to Dumbledore with a fixed look. Dumbledore only smiled softly and shook his head.

“It was not your error to make, my dear boy.” said Dumbledore. “It was my own.”

“See, now if you had cleaned your room, that wouldn’t have happened.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Sort of easy to sort those: First pile is from people you actually invited, second pile from the ones you didn’t, third are the presents from the people you really like, fourth are from the ones you detest.” said Sirius.

“Oh really, Sirius!” chided Mrs. Weasley.

“That’s the way that James and Lily did it.” said Sirius with a shrug. “Well…perhaps not Lily, but she didn’t know what system James had used and was happy with it.”

“Everyone feels that way before the wedding starts, we eloped and still James’ mother wanted to throw us a little party.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Then it exploded into a bigger party.” said James with a fond smile.
“Why do you lot need to be so liked.” said Ron.

“I never match my socks, too much work.” said Tonks with a wink towards Ron.

“And it’s never going to lay flat.” said Sirius tousling Harry’s hair.

“I quite agree.” said Dumbledore with a nod.


“I’m not sure.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Oh…well..I’m happy that she thought we were working hard.” said Mrs. Weasley with a fixed smile.

“Best not have her write that…” said Charlie.

“No trouble my…” muttered Ron.

“No need to take it out on the poor gnomes.” said Charlie with a firm tone.
“Mum’s not going to like that much.” said Bill quietly.

“That’s what happens when you’re married kids, you learn to switch facial expressions pretty fast.” said Mr. Weasley.

Ginny rolled her eyes.

“Just get in the house!” said Dean.

“But wasn’t the shoes the bridesmaids are going to wear Fleur’s job anyway?” said Alicia.

“And anyone other than the Delacours can understand them.” said Ron.

“Harry speaks a little French.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“Not much, not even to hold a weak conversation.” said Harry.

“Well, we’ll have to pick that back up.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“I’m sure that Bill learned a little French, a way of payment to help Fleur with her ‘language lesson.’” said Charlie with a nudge to Bill.

“Stuff it, dragon boy.” said Bill.

Percy blushed.
“Awww…” said Charlie ruffling Bill’s hair. “Knew I was your favorite.”

“Don’t blame you, never cared for large crowds.” said Moody. “Too many open opportunities.”

“Everywhere has too many ‘open opportunities’.” said Tonks.

“Not that we want you to go!” said Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and Bill.

“Treacle for breakfast?” said Harry hopefully.

“Try again.” said Sirius.

“Treacle for lunch and dinner as well?” replied Harry.

“Much better.” said Sirius.

“It never is…” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Oh, don’t be silly dear, I would feel just awful if no one had done something for you, your seventeenth birthday is very important!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“And frankly, I’m sure that we had planned to have the wedding around your birthday.” said Bill.
with a wink. “just another way to keep you at the Burrow.”
Did you leave the house?” said Ron in shock. “Without us?”

“Beats me, maybe we should wait to hear!” said Harry.

“That answers that question.” said Fred.

“Unless some stranger just came up to you and you told you to wake up as you were walking.” said George.

“That’s also a possibility.”

“Happens to us all the time.”

“Oh, shit…” said Sirius.

“Funny, you didn’t mention his name in the dream.” said Ron.

“Fourth year, Ollivander said it.” said Dr. Clark with a smile.

“It’s easy to remember when all this information only happens not too long ago.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“Wouldn’t want to be in his shoes.” said Dennis.

Voldemort smirked.

“Well, then England’s looking a little safer.” said George.

“Click my heels three times and hope for a miracle.” said Harry.

“Pretty good association…” said Rudolph.

“Not something I would want to be remembered for.” said Charlie.

‘Record Fee for the most or least amount of money given to a member?’ asked Officer McFinn.

“Least, only five hundred galleons.” said Ron.
“Wonder if I can warn them to practice his handwork?” said Ron.

“Pity.” muttered Voldemort.

“Bless your heart…” said Sirius wiping a tear from his eye. “Your dad did the same thing.”

“Even the part about poking yourself in the eye.” said Remus. “Though, James managed to do it to both.”

“I did that.” said Rudolph with a raise of his hand.

“Finally!” whispered Mr. Weasley. “I’ve been wanting to change the color of his room for years.”

“Someone I know didn’t.” said Remus with a chuckle.

“Stupid idiot, he was mortified when he had to go to St. Mugoes to get it fixed.” said Sirius snickering.

“I’m going to guess…Peter.” said McGonagall with a roll of her eyes.

“He begged us to never mention it to anyone else, but that certainly didn’t stop us from talking about it in our dorm with no one else around.” said Sirius.

“Hold on…if it’s a book for Mum to not see…I don’t want to know where you got it.” said Charlie.
Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh…just that?” asked Charlie. “Never mind.”

“I think I want to read this book.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“It’s harmless, Molly.” said Mr. Weasley. “I’ve read it…in fact, it does make some sense in there.”

“And what does that book teach young, impressionable men?” said Mrs. Weasley.

“How to avoid getting slapped, mostly.” said Mr. Weasley.

Well, Fred and George gave me a copy, Dialogue fifth sentence, second comma.

“Come on, you didn’t want to say ‘Hermione’?” said Fred with a cheeky grin while George making kissing noises.

End of dialogue set.

Mrs. Weasley turned and looked at her husband fixedly.

“Mother!” gasped Fred.

“Not that kind of wandwork!” said George wagging his finger.

Mrs. Weasley blushed as she sputtered indignantly.

Tenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry blushed.

“Can you imagine what his presents are going to look like as the Patriarch?” said Leroy.

“His grandfather was still unwrapping presents nearly two weeks after he turned seventeen, and he was just the successor, not the actual Patriarch.” said Rudolph.

Eleventh paragraph.

Sirius wiped his eyes. “I wanted to get him his watch…”

“I would have…if I had the opportunity.” said Remus.

“I would as well.” said Dumbledore with a sad smile.
Dialogue set.

Harry brought a shaking hand to his eyes and leaned forward on the sofa.

“Dear?” said Mrs. Weasley.

Sirius leaned forward to check on his godson, and then patted him on the back tenderly. “He’s crying.”

Twelfth paragraph.

“Here Molly.” whispered Mr. Weasley handing his wife a fresh handkerchief.

“Such a dear…such a darling…” said Mrs. Weasley sobbing softly.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“He ain’t telling her.” said George.

“Guess Ron’s not as stupid as we thought.” said Fred.

Thirteenth paragraph, first sentence.

“What happened to the last one?” asked Bill.

“Well…we might have smashed the thing after our first Poker Night a year ago.” said Seamus. “Kept going off every single hand.”

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence, fourth comma.

“Good luck with this mop.” said Sirius placing his hand on Harry’s head and giving the hair on his head a little shake.

Thirteenth paragraph, second sentence, fifth comma.

“Oooh!” said the girls excitedly together.

End of thirteenth paragraph.

“Couldn’t ask for anything more, especially if you’re going to be doing some dangerous stuff.” said Fred.
“Though I kind of hope that we gave them more…for free…” said George. “You know, for the ‘Greater Good’ and all.”

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

“Not something I would want to hear coming out of a girl’s mouth.” said Ron.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

“I’m sure nothing happens!” said Harry looking up and holding out his arms in front of her older brothers. Ginny blushed.

**Seventeenth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Thought he had taken a few hairpins.” said Sirius.

“I went in for him, he went into the bathroom.” said George.

**End of seventeenth paragraph.**

**Eighteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Nineteenth paragraph.**

Several women and girls cooed.

“Sappy.” muttered Ron with a uneasy look towards Hermione.

**Dialogue line.**

“Lame.” said George.

**Twentieth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**
“She’s the toughest one out of us all.” said Charlie.

“Wasn’t always, but she got there pretty quickly.” said Bill.

Ginny’s brothers looked between Harry and Ginny with wide eyes.

“Doubt they’re going to just crop up, besides, Hermione’s going to be there as well. She’ll beat some sense into their heads.” said Leroy.

“Yeah, right.” said Katie.

“You couldn’t wait fifteen bloody minutes?!” said Angelina, “It was just getting good!”
“Yeah, having friends can be a pain in the ass when you try to have a romantic moment.” said Sirius.

“Doing adult stuff sucks…doesn’t it?” said Lionus with a chuckle. “Much easier just being a kid.”

“I’d be scared of what Harry’s going to do to Ron for that.” said Neville.

“That’s Ron’s sister though, I think I’d be more worried about getting the Weasley boys upset.” said Dean.

“We parted for a reason!” growled Harry.

“I get it…I get it…” said Ron holding up two hands in a submissive gesture.

“So was Harry.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“She led him up there.” said Hannah.

No one could say anything, most people just looked between Harry and Voldemort.

“‘Groping’?” screeched Ginny as she chucked a cushion at Ron.

“Oi! I’m being…” started Ron but he had to duck after his sister hurled another cushion.

“A…complete…arse!” yelled Ginny, she wanted to continue but her oldest brother reached over and took her by the hand.

“Easy shortcake.” said Bill. “He gets it.”

“She’s a good actress…I used to get us in trouble in all sorts of different ways.” said Charlie.

“Ha, I’m one of his favorites.” said Charlie.

“Well, never mind then.” said Charlie touching his hair absentely.

“Just in case anyone forgets what they’re there for.” said Fred.
“It’s a way to cope, making jokes.” said Luna softly.

“if anyone says that it’s because she’s a girl…I’m going to shove my broomstick…” said Angelina.

“No one is going to make that sort of assumption.” said Lionus with a laugh.

“Chapter four, if I’m not mistaken.” said Dumbledore.

“You’ve read it?” asked George looking taken aback.

Dumbledore smiled genuinely. “Of course I have, in fact, if you read the dedication, I’m one of the listed names. I’ve had to intervene several times when the author of that particular book had incurred the righteous fury of several of his female classmates. Seven at one time I believe was the record number.”

“You got your wish for your cake.” said Leroy with a smile over to Mrs. Weasley. “And it sounds like he really liked it.”

“You can tell that already?” asked Terry.

“Sure…he didn’t say ‘what the bloody hell is that?’” said Leroy.

“Seriously, we need to get you to a tailor.” said Leroy with a slight pout.
“That’s normal, I have enough happiness for the both of us. Can you imagine if the roles were reversed? I don’t think he could pull off the bubblegum hair.” said Tonks with a gleeful smile.

Harry laughed, “Best day of my life.”

“Those details aren’t ones that I’d forget so easily.” said Bill.

“Wow…” said Dr. Clark, “I could use a wallet like that.”

“Oooh….poor Charlie.” said George.

“We like having long hair for the most part.” said Fred. “Especially since as we get older, Weasley’s tend to lose their hair.” he added in a whisper to Hermione with a brief look to his father.
“I can easily bench press Fred and George. Not at the same time though.” said Charlie flexing his arms.

“It’s like they’re in heat all the damn time…and they can get downright pissy.” said Charlie with a smile. “Mostly that has to do with that they’re about fifty degrees warmer than the males.”

“Hermione looks all eager to go and try that now, doesn’t she?” said Terry.

“Well, my birthday now sucks.” said Harry.

“Could be worse, could be Fudge with Umbridge.” said Ron.

“I’m afraid I’d have to kill someone if that happened on my birthday.” said Harry with a serious tone.

“So just hide in the kitchen or something.” said Sirius. “You don’t have to leave.”
Fortieth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“One last attempt at trying to butter me up?” said Harry.

Forty-first paragraph.
“He really needs to change it up a bit.” said Tonks.
“Just because you change every other minute doesn’t mean the rest of us has to.” said Moody.

Forty-second paragraph, first sentence.
“Well, if you’re going to be a party crasher, might as well be famous.” said Dr. Clark.

End of forty-second paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Forty-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Thanks…I see you’re gifting me with awkwardness, sorry, but I’ve got lots of those, can I regift it?” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Well, that’s new.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Settle down there…” said Fred.
“Just because you’re the Minister, that doesn’t mean you can just ask for whatever you want in our house.” said George.
“We’ll be the judge of that.” said Moody.

“We are of age…” said Hermione.

“Doesn’t mean the Minister can’t be Imperiused and attack you.” said Moody. “Or at least an imposter…not that I don’t think you wouldn’t check, Arthur, but they’ve slipped through tighter defenses before.”

“Can’t see how he would find out, especially when it involves you.” said Kingsley.

“Any excuse to use magic…” said Sirius. “Thumbing your nose at the Minister?”

“Ministry at least. Tried to expel me…well…screw you, I made it!” Harry laughed triumphantly.

“We’re not criminals, and we’re not going to let you interrogate us.” said Ron coldly.

“Not if you want something.” said Remus.

Everyone minus Dumbledore blinked.

“Well, we would have known, had you sent an owl ahead of time.” said Hermione.

“Didn’t see that coming.” said Ron.

“Would have, had I told you the title of the chapter.” said Officer McFinn.

“You gotta stop doing that.” said Dr. Clark.
“They probably want to inspect every little thing that was in the will. If Fudge had been still in power, I would think he would personally confiscate a few things for his own benefit, claiming them to be ‘not truly Dumbledore’s’.” said Sirius.

“Whilst true, they do have to give at least forty-nine reasons to the Wizengamot, families and beneficiaries within the course of seven days of receiving the will. They clearly have not done so in regards to the beneficiaries…and the Ministry risks both a fine and a lawsuit.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “And when that happens, the families and beneficiaries can contest it, but I don’t believe it would be wise to go to the Ministry now. Though…if they were merely trying to hold them hostage for a little bit, their time may be close to being up.”

“Wouldn’t be a bad idea. Dad would love you.” said Ron.

“Ooooh……” chuckled Mr. Weasley.

“I surmised as much.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “Well, done Miss Granger.”
“Well…closer than maybe Terry was, yeah…” said Ron.

“I don’t think any other student really had his attention like Harry had…er…has.” said Remus quietly.

“Need to work on your ‘giving the enemy too much’ way of talking.” said Sirius.

“Daily interactions mean nothing, I seem to remember putting in my last will and testament that I wish to give quite a few tomes to an old colleague of mine.” said Dumbledore. “And I had not seen, nor spoken to him for nearly half a century.”

“He liked my family…” said Ron with a shrug.

“I do not like your family…I adore your family.” said Dumbledore fondly.

Ron blushed.

“I suppose I did not say as much, but I am quite fond of you, as I am of all my students.” said Dumbledore.

“Way to just skip ahead of any sort of sentimental messages.” said George.
End of Will excerpt.

Fred and George looked at each other and then back to Ron.

“If you do get it…” said Fred.

“Can we borrow it?” said George.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” said Remus.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Maybe he thought I was afraid of the dark.” said Ron.

Dumbledore looked thoughtful.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“Well, that was surprising, never knew him to give up like that.’ said Kingsley.

Will excerpt.

“Quite an excellent choice.” said Dumbledore nodding.

“Am I missing something?” asked Sirius.

“It has something to do with the title of the book.” said Officer McFinn.

“And you didn’t tell us the title of the book…” said Remus.

“No, no I didn’t.” said Officer McFinn. “Get away.” he added swatting at them when the twins both leaned over to try and read the spine.

Fifty-fifth paragraph, fifth sentence.

“But didn’t you take the assessment test? You said you could read them.” said Hermione in shock.
“A bluff…Harry?” said Dumbledore.

“I don’t translate…I decode.” said Harry smoothly. “I figured it out using…guesswork.”

“You…?” said Hermione.

“I figured out the most common symbol, replaced it with the letter ‘e’ as a way to make a sort of baseline. From then, I simply…guessed what they were talking about, saw if it held up to what the questions were talking about and then…allow it to simply fill in the blanks on it’s own. I can’t read it, yet…” said Harry. “But I’m sure given a few months, I’ll be alright to start on.”

“And apparently you never bothered to study it in these future books.” said Moody.

“Because it turned out that I didn’t need it at the time, and I had enough on my plate, so I focused more on learning defensive and offensive spells. My time was better spent trying to keep others alive, then trying to pursue any sort of self-advancement with multi-spanning knowledge. I can always study later, I can’t keep everyone alive if it’s too late.” said Harry leaning forward on the sofa with his hands clenched together. “That’s only a guess though…”

“You do a lot of scary guesses.” said Terry.

End of fifty-fifth paragraph.

“You have to stop noticing things like that.” said Hermione softly, her eyes not straying away from Harry’s stern countenance.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Everyone knows you like books.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“All that time of reading merely informative tomes, I simply wanted her to read a book of fairy tales.” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling brightly.

“He knows why he did it, didn’t he?” Ron.

“I’m thinking so.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

“Why in the world would we tell you?” said Harry.
“I believe he’s hoping that once I was gone, and you had time to grieve, you would open up to him more.” said Dumbledore.

“True, but he’s a fool if he thinks Potter or any of the them would be willing to simply bend over and tell him anything.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

“Perhaps not in thirty-one days, but I doubt I had put in any sort of secret message.” said Dumbledore.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

“What a jerk.” said Alicia.

“He’s trying to get information, and he’s doing badly.” said Kingsley.

Will excerpt.

“I think you got the short end of the stick there.” said Fred.

“Yeah, Ron at least got a cool tool and Hermione got a pretty old and most likely valuable book.” said George.

“You got a toy.” they said together.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

“Yeah, wills tend to do that.” said Sirius with a bark-like laugh.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“You’re so flippant towards him…I love it!” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“You’re not asking any good ones.” said Ginny.
“Stupid…stupid idiot…” said Moody.

“Cause it’s unexpected?” said Dean.

“Flesh memories?” asked Dr. Clark.

“It’s a way to determine who caught the snitch first.” said Charlie. “In case there’s a conflict between two Seekers.”

“That comes in handy, I’ll bet.” said Inspector Homes.

“Simple…and yet highly probably, I feel that there might be a bit more to it.” said Dumbledore. “Or inside it.” he added quietly to himself.

“I’ve got nothing.” said Harry.

“It’s always going a million kilometers an hour.” said Ron.
“That was hyped more than it needed to be, huh?” said Lee.

As did a few of the others.

“Great, something useful.” said Harry. “Gimmie.”

“Ooh…not his to give.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Not if you have the right charms around the container.” said Hermione.

“It doesn’t quite work that way, it’s not a ‘Finders Keepers, losers weepers sort of law.” said Bill.

“ Might have to give that a bit of thought.” said Harry thoughtfully. “Might look pretty cool.”
“Not quite what I think I have in mind.” said Dumbledore.

“He won’t like that.” said Leroy.

“Best not let any of the adults see that, Rufus won’t be allowed to leave without a bit of pain on his end.” said Kingsley.

“Yes, but he attacked you first!” said Ron.

“I’ll give him the part where Dumbledore forgave his insolence, but I begrudgingly admit, he doesn’t quite wear that scar in that fashion.” said Snape with a frown.

“Somehow…that doesn’t quite sincere.” said Ron.

“Oooh…” said Sirius. “It’s like two guys trying to verbally duke it out.”

“Or at least a dick measuring contest, while it’s still in their pants.” said Lionus.

“Oh, you heard…” said Charlie.
Sixty-sixth paragraph.

“I should certainly hope so!” said Mrs. Weasley.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“That the Ministry gave me that attitude, or that I simply have it?” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“That would be first.” replied Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Well, *he* wasn’t the one that was behind it, but he certainly did help matters during or after the fact by keeping Umbridge around.” said Mr. Weasley.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Sort of sick that they did this on my birthday.” said Harry.

Sixty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Sort of…lame in comparison.” said Ernie quietly.

End of sixty-eighth paragraph.

“You want my permission? Eat, I’m not stopping you.” said Harry.

“Manners, Harry.” said Mrs. McFinn kindly. “They have to wait for the birthday boy.”

Sixty-ninth paragraph, first sentence, second comma, seventh word.

“We could always do it at the funeral march speed.” said Fred.

“That’s a bit twisted.” said Hermione looking uneasy.
End of sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Hermione and Ron blushed. Harry groaned and covered his eyes. “Don’t take it there.”

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Harry extended his arms in silent indignation.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

“Hypocrite.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fred and George smiled proudly but then stopped. “Can’t put the lights back on, on command.”

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It’s not going to be figured out in a single night, Miss Granger.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Obvious…highly unlikely.” said Dumbledore kindly.
“Then why not have your future-self tell us.” said Ron.

“As the saying goes: All in good time.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“You figured it out? Seriously, already? Are you showing your smarts?” said Colin excitedly.

“I should sort of hope so if it’s going to be a life or death situation year.” said Flitwick.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Seventy-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.

“There you go.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
Seventy-fourth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Seventy-fifth paragraph.
Message.
Seventy-sixth paragraph.

“Quite clever, my boy.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

“No clue.” said Terry.

Seventy-seventh paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“With what may happen quite terribly soon, it wouldn’t be a bad idea to have an extra weapon.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Excellent point, but I daresay the school governors would have been quite upset knowing that the one relic of Godric Gryffindor was taken out of the school.”

“If you missed it, then we all did.” said Hannah.

“How have you not?” said Neville, “I would have thought that you would have read it a bunch of times!”

“I’m more into informative books.” said Hermione quietly. “I do read some fiction…”

“Like the Lockhart books.” muttered Kingsley.

“Not something you ever thought would happen.” said Fred.

“Then again, most kids have read at least one of them.” said George.

“Oh come on! All the old kids’ stories are supposed to be Beedle’s, aren’t they? ‘The Fountain of Fair Fortune’ . . . ‘The Wizard and the Hopping Pot’ . . . ‘Babbitty Rabbitty and her Cackling Stump’ . . .”

“That’s my favorite.” said Ron.
The muggles and muggleborns/raised laughed loudly.

“Some of the adaptations sure could be attributed to an illness of some sort.” said Dr. Clark.

“There is a story in there that I think you would find quite enlightening.” said Dumbledore.

“It’s not the “Warlock’s Hairy Heart” is it?” said Sirius.

“Charles!” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Mum…short hair is not for me.” said Charlie weakly.

“Just a smidgen.” laughed Sirius. “I know James and Lily’s Mum just about threatened us with severe hexing and running us over with the family vehicle if we didn’t sober up properly by the next morning.”

“You’re going to use that thing a lot, aren’t you?” said Ginny.

“Hey, guys always love a new toy.” said Dudley piping up, surprising himself.

*I didn’t have my book with me at the time, but Harry is telling Mrs. Weasley that the cake looks amazing.
The Union of Bill and Fleur

First paragraph, second sentence.

“Now I’ve got to wonder, did he barely feel it or did he just about fall backwards when his head was yanked on by magic.” said Hermione to Ron with a giggle.

Several members of the Weasley family shrugged they had not heard what Hermione said, “Red hair, you could pass for a relative.”

End first paragraph.

“Barny? Seriously?” said Sirius with a wince. “You couldn’t pick a better name?”

“I’m assuming we didn’t want him to stand out.” said Mr. Weasley.

“With a name like ‘Barny’, that’s all he going to do.” said Sirius.

Second paragraph.

Third paragraph, third sentence.

Bill blushed while Mrs. Weasley cooed and smiled fondly at her son with tear filled eyes.

End of third paragraph.

“So…he was built normally?” said Fred.

Dialogue set.

“Fred!” said Mrs. Weasley with her hands on her hips.

“I’m going to want that in writing.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Fourth paragraph.

“Not our relatives…I can guarantee that.” said Bill.

“Yeah, we don’t tend to be all that flashy at weddings, simple affair, and then we eat.” said Charlie.
“I’ll make you match before I even lose an ear!” said George bopping his twin with the cushion.

“I think it’s amusing that they forget we’re sitting right here.” said Angelina to Alicia with a smirk towards the boys who immediately ceased.

“Can we fast forward through all this till we reach the part where I kill the boy?” said Voldemort in a bored tone.

“Can it.” snapped Reaper.

“Really?” said Harry with a put out look. “Can I un-volunteer for this?”

“I understand, but frankly, they can kiss my…”

“Harry…” said Mrs. McFinn warningly.

“My…glass…” said Harry with a twitching smile.

“Oh please, are you trying to look like a hen-pecked husband? It doesn’t happen that fast, and if it does, get the damn thing annulled before you give yourself an ulcer.” said Sirius.

“Excuse me?” said Tonks.

“Yeah, I said it, deal with it.” said Sirius.

Hagrid blushed.

“Hello, Daddy.” said Luna.
Several people laughed loudly as Mrs. Weasley looked indignant.

“Wasn’t the twins that did that.” said Bill quietly to Charlie.

“Yeah, I think I remember them copying dad after he smashed his finger with a hammer when we were little.” said Charlie beaming. “That’s how we learned.”

“Sometimes you get a look of suspicion on your face when you’re in a crowd.” said Luna. “You try and figure out everyone around you.”

Luna smiled sweetly.

“The Rumpfles must have borrowed them, they love anything to do with radishes, but they always return them a few days later.” said Luna.

“Did you remember to sign the waiver?” said Dr. Clark with a chuckle.

“My cousin was bit by a gnome once and she suddenly became quite the cross-stitcher.” said Luna.
“It usually pays off.” said Harry.

“Interesting…” said Sirius, trying vainly to not laugh out loud.

“Well, he’ll fit in with the décor then.” said Ron.

“Hello, Auntie Muriel.” said the twins together with cheeky grins.

“Isn’t she just lovely?” said Ginny with a laugh.

“Ouch.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

“Ouch.” said Mr. Weasley with a smile.

“Oh, I like her.” said Harry with a laugh.
Bill whistled. “This is going to be fun in the future.”

End of dialogue set.

Eleventh paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“We always do our pranks for the greater good.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

“Awww….” said the Chaser girls.

Dialogue set.

“It’s a wonder that we procreate at all with her hovering all over our potential mates like a buzzard.” said George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Always the sensitive one.” said George.

“But she likes us.” said Mr. Weasley chuckling.

End of dialogue set.

Mrs. Weasley shook her head. “Not in some people’s opinion.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Mrs. McFinn and several other girls’ jaw dropped.

Dialogue line.

“Oh my sides, oh sweet jeezus.” said Harry gasping for air.
“We can guess why not, not the party trick most ladies look for.” said Tonks giggling.

“Oh, no! Not when they’re finally going together!” cried Katie in despair.

“He obviously got an invitation, Ron. He’s and Fleur went through the Triwizard Tournament… they’re most likely friends.” said Bill.

“Now that would have pissed off some famous people. They come all this way for a wedding and not even the groom’s brothers seats you.” said Lionus. “Special consideration for the well-known.”

“Viktor isn’t like that.” said Hermione stiffly.

“I know that…” said Lionus with a smirk. “Just saying…”

“Oh sure, we’re all related, every ginger in the world is a Weasley.” said Charlie.

“Can you imagine if Harry were to show his face? Ooh, Viktor wouldn’t get a second look.” said Neville.
Mr. Weasley laughed loudly.

“Arthur!” scolded Mrs. Weasley shortly.

He sobered as best he could, a grin still on his face. “Yes dear.”

“Be honest, mum, it was funny.” said Ginny giggling.

**Fifteenth paragraph.**

“Argh, not this bloody mess again.” said Harry covering his eyes.

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

“Don’t involve me, don’t involve me, don’t involve me.” chanted Harry.

**Seventeenth paragraph.**

Mrs. Weasley smiled as Mr. Weasley patted her arm.

**Eighteenth paragraph, first sentence.**

“Which one of us was he whistling at?” said Charlie.

“I’m their favorite, so it was me.” said Bill.

“Bollocks, I bring them various dragon scales that fall off the dragons I keep when I come back home.” said Charlie. “I know I’m the favorite.”

**Eighteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence.**

Mrs. Weasley stood up suddenly before the paragraph was even starting, rushed behind Bill and covered his ears. “He should not know what the dress looks like!”

“I agree, it’s bad luck!” said Mrs. McFinn with an approving nod.

**End of nineteenth paragraph.**

“Mum…can I hear now?” asked Bill.
Mrs. Weasley looked pointedly at the deceased Officer, and then removed her hands from his ears.

Dialogue set.

“Faithful to who?” asked Dr. Clark in a quite tone.

“Nice switch, from funerals to weddings.” said Fred.

“He loves weddings, always wants to attend, even when he’s not officiating.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

She reminds me of mum.” said Dudley. “A little louder though.”

End of dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph, first sentence, third comma.

“Might not want to do that if you’re supposed to be relatives there, love.” said Sirius laughing loudly.

End of twentieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Lord knows I love a wedding.” said Chief Hawkeye with a smile.

Twenty-first paragraph.

“So do many other people, it seems.” said Chief Hawkeye.

Dialogue line.

“That was quick.” said Mrs. McFinn with a giggle as she dabbed at her eyes.

“This moment makes divorce a bit awkward.” said Seamus.

Twenty-second paragraph.

“Oh, this sounds just so lovely.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“You know what I just remembered, she at first wanted pink.” said Fred.

George grimaced, “If it was going to look like an Umbridge wedding, I’d just send a card.”

“Not unless you want to hear about your ankles all night.” said Ron.

“Have to say about Hermione, when she smacks you, she smacks you and when she kicks, ooh… duck and cover.” said Ron.

“Thank you, Ron.” said Luna happily.

“Neighborhood nutter.” whispered Ron.
“Finally…” said Harry with a groan.

“Never a party without a good fight, have to have one or at least two at a wedding.” said Sirius. “You have to have some entertainment afterwards.”

“It was not his symbol to start with, but symbols are mostly remembered for the negative rather than the positive.” said Dumbledore.

Lionus smirked, “He’s not the only one to turn a harmless symbol into something heinous.”
“It’s part of one of my favorite stories.” said Luna.

Dialogue line.

“That’ll throw him for a bit.” said Ron.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Most likely.” said Luna.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Bloody hell, that’s where ‘Quidditch’ came from?” asked Lee.

“Harry does that, it’s right scary.” said Dudley. “Anything small he can’t remember, he does some weird word association thing to remember it.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“You’re cover is breaking, though you’re not doing a fair job to start with.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Skeeter was there, she’ll write whatever the hell she wants.” said Harry.
“Too right.” said several students.

“They both know their own personal secrets, but I fear it is for a far different reason that Gregorovitch is being hunted.” said Dumbledore.

“Jealous type, sure…but big?” said Fred as George clicked his tongue.

“Naughty, naughty…” said George. “Fibber, fibber.”

“Sorry, not my type either way.” said Ginny giggling with Hermione.

“At least he doesn’t try and put the moves on them regardless.” said Sirius.

Lee slowly turned to smile at both Harry and Katie. “Hi.”

“Hey.” said Harry and Katie together.

“We wish.” said Mrs. McFinn.
“Hasn’t happened yet!” said Fred and George hurriedly as they scrambled off their seats and ran out of the room.

“Get back here, you cheating doppelgangers!” screamed Angelina and Alicia as they rushed after them.

“Should we wait…or just get a Healer ready?” said Ron.

“They’re going to be a while.” said Charlie. “It may not have happened, but it’s going to take a lot of work for those four to be able to sit in a room without the girls bashing them with whatever’s heavy and handy.”

End of fortieth paragraph.

Forty-first paragraph, first sentence, first comma.

“Hope it’s not Uncle Bartholemew, he gets a little whacked out when he drinks.” said Ron. “That and cousin Fergus isn’t all that great to look at…so…doesn’t put you in a good light, mate.”

End of forty-first paragraph.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Forty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I think you’ve had a few too many, my good lad.” said Tonks with a masculine voice.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

“Not even a test to prove who you are.” said Moody shaking his head.

Dialogue line.

“I would have liked that, I think.” said Harry quietly.
“Which they should count him.” said Dumbledore.

Dumbledore hissed and winced slightly. “Not the topic to bring up to Elphias.”

“Well, of course, should have expected that.” said Remus with a frown.

“It’s best to get both sides of the story, but always remember the good time and learn from the bad.” said Dumbledore.

“He doesn’t know you as well as we do.” said Dumbledore.

“Not surprised.” said Charlie.

“She and I never were close.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.
“Why not?” asked Ginny.

“I would rather not say.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

“Oh, she can go for a good, lengthy walk if she had a need to.” said Bill.

Dialogue set.

“I would be quite surprised if Flourish and Blotts would carry such a book, but if they want to make money, I hold no ill feelings towards them for stocking it.” said Dumbledore.

Fifty-third paragraph, first sentence.

“She reminds me of Aunt Marge.” said Harry with a twisted smile.

Fifty-third paragraph, second sentence, second comma.

“Hi, Aunt Marge.” said Harry dully, Dudley snorted.

End of fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“It’s an obituary, not a roast.” said Officer McFinn.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore blinked. “I’ll say this honestly, she’s lucky I’m dead.”

“Didn’t think anything would get under your skin.” said Voldemort.
Dialogue set.

Dumbledore took a deep breath and leaned back into the chair, he reached for the phial of Calming Draughts and downed one in a quick motion.
Dumbledore took a deep breath, “It seems she finally found a way to get under my skin.”

“Nice to know she waited till you were dead to do it.” said Harry.

“Run, Harry.” said Ron quietly. “She’s not going to clam up for a while.”

“And she knows that how?” asked Dr. Clark.

“Which opens him up to a lawsuit…and frankly, not every doctor knows about what patients have been seen by other doctors.”

“I’m having Dursley flashbacks.” said Harry.

Dumbledore only shook his head.

Harry looked at Dumbledore out of the corner of his eyes.

“Remind me to not have her near my table at the Summer Soiree thing I have to host.” said Harry
coolly.
“Duly noted.” said Rudolph taking out a small roll of parchment.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

Mr. Weasley took a deep breath and covered his eyes. “She should not drink.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, first sentence.**

“This Calming Draught is not working…” said Dumbledore quietly turning the phial around in his hand.

End of dialogue set.

**Dialogue line.**

“I don’t remember her being there…” Dumbledore said, an uncharacteristic cold tone to his voice.

**Dialogue line.**

“She won’t shut up…will she?” said Bill cringing in his seat.

**Fifty-seventh paragraph.**

“She needs to go and lay down.” said Mrs. Weasley looking uncomfortable.

“It’s not surprising that she loves Skeeter.” said Remus.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“Those of you who are shocked by that, stand on your head.” said Ginny.

**Dialogue set, fifth sentence.**

“And I never blamed him for striking me.” said Dumbledore. “Emotions were quite raw that day.”
“He’s a skilled duelist as well, I would not have won so easily.” said Dumbledore.

“Someone cut her off!” said Ron.

“It never a simple story when you talk about a person’s past.” said Dumbledore.

“I should think not, she despises Skeeter.” said Kingsley.

“Don’t say that too loud.” said Sirius with a chuckle.

“Muriel and Bathilda have never gotten along, not without a bit of trying by Muriel in the beginning, but Bathilda never did like the sharp tongue she could have from time to time.” said Dumbledore with a weak smile.

“Then why can’t she remember that I can’t stand her?” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.
Hermione opened her mouth but closed it after Ron shook his head.

“So…you lived in the same town as Dumbledore and Bathilda Bagshot! I want to live there!” said Hermione excitedly. “So much history!”

“It’s not a lucky place apparently.” said Harry dully.

I have lived many years thinking back to the past, I did not want you to distress yourself with similar thoughts.” said Dumbledore.

Dumbledore rubbed his hands slowly and closed his eyes. “It was not my intention…”

At least someone is having fun.” said Harry.

“That’s what gives me solace.” said Dumbledore with a sad smile.

Since when does Ron dance?” said Fred as George shrugged in response.

Better than Dumbledore I reckon.” said Ron quietly.

“Did we miss something?” asked Fred leading his brother and their girlfriends, they did seem the worse for wear, but they were looking at the girls with a wary glance.

“Tell you later.” said Charlie with a quick look over to Dumbledore.

End of chapter.
No one spoke for a good while.

“Well, can’t say that the wedding was boring.” said George uncomfortably.

“I’m sorry to say that I may take this opportunity to take a break, please continue on without me.” said Dumbledore, he stood up and slowly walked out of the room.

“Do we want to continue on? It is one hell of a cliffhanger.” said Dean quietly.

“I’m good with leaving it off at that moment.” said Harry also standing up, “He’s been sitting in on the readings since the beginning…I’d rather keep him in the loop.”
Chapter 225

Dumbledore wandered the peaceful halls of Night’s Rest in silence, he was not aware nor was he pleased that Harry would come across this particular part of his past. The future Harry of these books seemed to have more than enough to think about and with these new “developments crashing down around him, he was concerned that Harry would take their pseudo-information the wrong way and would be focused more on that than trying to end Voldemort or for that matter, stay alive.

Though he couldn’t help but smile a little fondly, if there was anyone who could find out and figure out anything that was buried, it would be Harry and his friends. Especially when they didn’t have any sort of inkling something was going on, they always seemed to find some sort of foothold to get a firm footing on and then plundered the situation for quite a few small but vital secrets.

He felt it in his heart that they were going to find out what had transpired that day, which both secretly amused and publicly terrified him. What if he finally learns the answer he had been desperately wanting to know and yet running from for so many decades. Was he the one that…no, he couldn’t stand the thought that he had caused his remaining family to fall apart so horribly. He wanted to know the answer, but he wasn’t sure that he would remain in the room should that answer be finally discovered. He would have to see, as of this moment, he couldn’t give a definite answer or plan out what would happen. These books tended to drag you off into a part that you were not expecting, either whimsical, terrifying, or heartbreaking, the change could be gradual, or slam you down with the immense force of a giant’s strike.

He turned the corner and saw someone he was not expecting to see, but nevertheless, it was someone that he wouldn’t mind talking to at this moment, if only to release a few of his feelings.

“Ah…Lionus.”

The professors had decided, much to the chagrin of the students present, to take the opportunity to give impromptu lessons in various places in Night’s Rest. Dudley was at first excited to hear what all they could do and perhaps see some magic being performed properly, but it was short lived when Inspector Homes, Dr. Clark and Mrs. McFinn pulled him away to take a few lessons of his own.

“But...I want to see…” whined Dudley pointing listlessly towards the rest of the children .

“I want to see it as well, but unfortunately, I have to make sure that you don’t fall too far behind…you’re already missing out on Smeltings, best not to let you get too far back in your own studies. Let’s see if we can’t fix that…”

“Harry’s smart, can’t he just tutor me when he’s done?” asked Dudley still wanting to sit in on the magical courses.

“Harry’s going to have enough work on his plate without having to switch back to Muggle teachings, besides, you really think that we…a high bred lady of quality, a doctor and a Police Inspector just fell off the turnip truck? You’ll be fine…more than fine I should hope.”

Dudley looked less than impressed, but he still followed the three muggles out of the room as the others pressed on with their own studies.
“I dunno, learning what muggles learn might be fun.” said Ernie with a shrug.

“Learning is learning, mostly boring, no matter what you’re studying.” said Ron, his head resting in his palm.

“Trust me, it’s boring compared to our stuff.” said Harry. “Don’t blame Dudley for wanting to sit in.”

“Now, if we’re done with all that,” interjected Remus. “Can anyone remember what significant event happened in 1345?...Come on, I mean someone besides Hermione for this one.”

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The students present were groaning as they at dinner that night, the table was not full of food as it was usually, now there were books, quills, parchment and inkwells on the table along with their plates. Normally, Mrs. Weasley wouldn’t have insisted the teens to not bring their work on the table, but with how much they were loaded down with homework by the teachers…she took pity on them and allowed them to bounce help around to each other and do their work.

Dudley would have been having a grand time, if he wasn’t elbows deep in his own work.

“I hate history, Charlemagne did what again?” said Dudley.

“Mainly, Charlie went to go and work with dragons.” said Fred with a smirk.

Dudley snickered. “I’d remember that in the book.”

“Allright, soups on, at least move the books off the table.” said Mrs. Weasley. “That means you too, Hermione. You can keep the parchments and…note…books…on the table, however.”

“Harry…I’ve got a question.” said Dudley as he placed his book on the side table that appeared beside each of them, wondering for a brief moment where in the world it had come from.

“What’s that?”

“Are you still as smart as you used to be?” asked Dudley after taking a few drumsticks off a nearby plate. “I mean, you could do both mine…and…well...your homework at the same time. Years ago, I mean.”

Harry’s mouth twitched slightly. “All depends…what’s the real question, remember, I most likely haven’t learned all that you have.”

That perked Dudley up quite a bit. “You mean…I’m smarter than you now!”

“Most likely.” said Harry.

Dudley’s smile grew, but then it fell. “Wait…can you still fix the television?”

“Most likely.” repeatedly Harry.

“Well…never mind.” said Dudley.

“What’s that got to do with it?” asked Ron.

“Uncle Vernon tried to do it himself once, not even the repairmen could get the picture to go right side up, being un-inverted and in color again.” said Harry smiling as he took a bite of the lambchop
he was eating.

“How did you fix it?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Didn’t, we got a new tv, but Uncle Vernon never touched it again after that, and just left it to me if he was desperate enough.”

“Is Dumbledore going to join us for dinner tonight? I haven’t seen him since the readings were adjourned.” asked Mrs. Weasley as she spooned a helping of casserole onto Ron’s plate.

“He’s with Lionus and Chief Hawkeye tonight, I think I saw a house-elf taking a whole chicken out of the kitchen.” said Bill.

“He’s not with me, just Lionus.” said Hawkeye from behind Bill’s chair. Bill nearly choked on his wine and turned to look at the Chief with a stunned look.

“Where the hell were you hiding?”

“Nowhere in particular.” said Chief Hawkeye reaching over and snatching a chicken breast from the plate in front of the Eldest Weasley child.

“He was in the pantry.” said Harry dully. “Eating a chocolate croissant.”

The Chief’s brows escaped up into his white hairline, a smirk slid across his lips. “Traitor.”

“You’re not my boss.” retorted Harry calmly, sipping a glass of pumpkin juice.

“Not yet, anyway. Don’t think for a moment that we’ve given up on you.” the man shot back as he sat down onto a chair. “Though I think I’m just looking for you to do some part-time work.”

“You have part-timers?” said Ron.

“We tend to call them retirees, but yes.” said Chief Hawkeye. “No one says you have to dedicate your life to us…we’d very much prefer that to be honest, but not quite required.”

Mad-Eye looked over to him with a frown. “And I say he’d sleep better knowing the people he was protecting personally.”

“You’re not the one to be promoting “sleeping better”, you’ve been known to go a week or two without sleep.” said Chief Hawkeye.

“Ease up there, fellows.” said Sirius nearly barking with laughter. “You might only be scaring him off.”

“Won’t work on us, Black, we’ve heard the experiences he’s had, a pair of old warriors aren’t going to strike fear into his heart.” said Hawkeye.

“Might, if you point your wands at me…” said Harry as he took a bite. “That would make me nervous.”

“I should ruddy well hope so.” muttered Moody.

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Later that night, Harry was in his newly furnished office working on the Potter family, balancing the books, sending stern warnings, and summoning the Potter family house-elves to give various
orders to them. It came to his attention that some of the written orders to the house-elves were being intercepted by other members of Paradise castle and switching the orders to suit themselves. Thankfully, a few members of the family had thrown in their lot with him and warned him what was going on.

Though he had a feeling that they were just trying to be informants to get in his good books so that he’d rule in their favor when it came to the holidays or whenever they had to have their budgets adjusted. He’d have to prepare something for that if it were to come to that. He was grateful for the help, but really, they’re family, it shouldn’t come at a price.

To his surprise, a knock came on his door, he looked over at the grandfather clock and saw that it was past midnight. Curious as to who it could be this late at night, he looked towards the door and called “Come in.”

The door opened and revealed Dudley with a torch in his hand, shining a light around the room. Harry blinked in the bright light and looked at Dudley in confusion.

“Hey…what’s with the torch?”

“It’s dark in here.” said Dudley. “Can hardly see…”

Harry looked around the room and nodded with sympathetic agreeance, “Yeah, I can see that, it’s a little dark compared to what you’re used to.”

“How can you people see in this?” asked Dudley. “I’ve crashed into so many different things before I managed to scrounge this.”

“It took me a bit to get used to no light switches or anything like that.” said Harry with a smile. “Did you need anything?”

“I…I couldn’t sleep, what about you?” asked Dudley.

“I’ve got paperwork.” he gestured towards the tall pile of scrolls.

“You mean homework?”

“No…legitimate paperwork. Do you remember how once a month Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon would take up the dining room table and have a list of things I could make and how much it would cost?” said Harry leaning back in his chair and stretching his arms above his head. “Along with other stuff they needed to set aside money for.”

“Yeah, ‘Balance the Budget Weekend’, we go without any extra snacks and we don’t go out for dinner at all that week.” said Dudley.

The rebuttal went unspoken as Harry leaned forward once more. “That’s what I’m doing, but on a much larger scale.”

“You balance the books here?” asked Dudley looking confused.

“No…for my dad’s entire family.” said Harry taking another scroll down off the pile and unfurling it.

Dudley blinked. “What?”

“As it turns out, I’m the heir to one if the richest and most influential wizarding family in the
world. Meaning, I’m the head of all their house-holds.” said Harry looking at the parchment in front of him. “However, it’s not all bossing people around and controlling their lives through threats of withholding money or whatnot. I’ve got to make sure they’re all happy…safe…and not doing anything to insult the family in normal society.”

“So you’re like the Godfather?”

Harry blinked. “What?”

“You remember, that movie from America, with the gangsters…”

“…No…I…don’t kill people. I just balance the books and distribute money to different members of the family…the amount tends to depend on what they need it for.”

“So, if they say they want a new pair of shoes?” asked Dudley.

“If they already went through their allowances, and they ask for money, they had better have either lost them to garden gnomes or wore them out.” said Harry. “And if they wore them out, I want to see the remains.”

“They try and pull something on you?”

“Just a bunch of hippogriff shit that is as transparent as a crystal ball.” Harry muttered as he signed the bottom of the parchment with a firm hand. “Though, I’m thinking it’s going to take them a year or two in order for them to figure out I’m not going to just give them what they want, when they want it.”

Dudley shifted in his seat. “Uh…so…you’re going to be up for a while?”

“Yeah, if you want to go to bed, no one’s really stopping you.” said Harry as he took another parchment in hand, he then looked up at his cousin. “Unless you need some sort of light in there with you.”

“I’m just…it get’s cold in there.” said Dudley, “I can’t find the thermostat…”

Harry put the parchment down. “What do you mean it get’s cold in there? Isn’t there a fire in the fireplace?”

“It goes out after I start it up…if I can start it up.” said Dudley.

“Hold on, Dobby?” Harry looked down beside himself.

“Yes Master Harry Potter?” squeaked Dobby as he appeared beside Harry’s knee.

“What the bloody hell?” said Dudley looking around frantically and then trying to look over Harry’s desk.

“What the bloody hell?” said Dudley looking around frantically and then trying to look over Harry’s desk.

“Do we know why Dudley’s room’s fire goes out?” asked Harry.

“House-elves were told to keep away from Master Dudley’s rooms and sight sir!” piped Dobby with a bright smile.

Dudley was trying to lean over the desk to get a better looks at who or what Harry was talking to but couldn’t quite see who or what it was.

“Well, can’t fault you for that, Dudley’s fire keeps going out in the middle of the night, don’t any
of you walk up to him or Inspector Holmes for the time being…not until we can ease them into you, but still…make sure they’re comfortable.”

“Yes, Master Harry Potter!” said Dobby and with a resounding crack, he disappeared.

“Wh…”

“Your fire should be roaring in the fireplace by the time you get back to your room, sorry about that.” said Harry turning back to face Dudley. He looked between his cousin and the spot where Dobby was, “I don’t think you’re ready for that bit of information just yet.”

“Who was that?” asked Dudley pointing to the spot where the mysterious squeaky voice came from.

Harry chuckled and looked down at the floor, “Remember when Uncle Vernon brought home the Masons?”

“You dumped all that pudding on Mrs. Mason…”

“No…I didn’t do that…that…was Dobby…the House-elf that was just here.” said Harry.

“Hou-“ started Dudley.

“Let me run you through it real quick….” said Harry putting the parchment and quill down. “Better take a seat, we could be here a while.”
The next morning, everyone was gathered back into the den. Dumbledore had returned as well, apparently finding something to raise his spirits to the extent that he was just about back to his normal cheerfulness. However, there was still a lingering feeling of melancholy that hung about him ever so faintly.

“Please forgive my…exit yesterday, I hope I keep my thoughts to a more cheerful nature.” said Dumbledore as he took a seat and an offered cup of tea. “Are we in for a pleasant chapter to start the day off with, or am I correct in thinking that this entire book may be blanketed in gloom?”

Officer McFinn waved his hand in a so-so gesture.

“That’s never a good sign.” said Rudolph.

Everything seemed fuzzy, slow. Harry and Hermione jumped to their feet and drew their wands.

“Nice to know that you two at least are ready to fight at the drop of a pointed hat.” said Moody with a pointed look.

“Oi, I could be ready to fight too…” muttered Ron.

End of first paragraph.

“The time wasted on screaming could be used in either running for it or at least preparing for an attack.” said Leroy.

Neville opened his mouth, but then he closed it.

“What?”

“How…how fast did you two run away?” said Neville quietly to Rudolph and Leroy.

“It took us a few weeks.” said Rudolph boldly as Leroy flinched. “Had to get the paperwork all in order, gather up different tools, books, set up our own protective charms around several people…we didn’t just up and leave.”

Harry and Hermione threw themselves into the panicking crowd.

“In these dark times, you’d think they’d all be prepared for the worst.” muttered Moody.

“It’s a wedding Alastor, they were hoping that it was going to be peaceful.” said Dumbledore.

End of second paragraph.
“How? Just because the Ministry fell, shouldn’t mean that it all goes to pot.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

Third paragraph.

“Ron! Ron!” Hermione called, half sobbing as she and Harry were buffeted by terrified guests: Harry seized her hand to make sure they weren’t separated as a streak of light whizzed over their heads,

“Please just let it be red and not green.” said Terry quietly.

“Sometimes red is not all that safe a color.” said Leroy.

End of dialogue set.

Fourth paragraph.

Mrs. Weasley held her husband’s hand tightly, “At least those three got away.”

“And I hope the rest of us did as well…” said Mr. Weasley. “I can only imagine what Harry, Ron or Hermione would do if we were captured.”

“Oh…” said Mrs. Weasley in an anguished moan.

Dialogue line.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Are you saying that you arrived in the middle of a busy street?” said Snape massaging the bridge of his nose.

“Perhaps they were down a darkened alley, Severus.” said Dumbledore with a smile. “At least, I certainly hope so…even the busiest non-magic folk will notice some people in formal wear appearing out of nowhere.”

Sixth paragraph.

“I’m the pretty one.” said Harry with a laugh.

Dialogue line.

“She’s just jealous that I’ve got better legs.” said Ron, also snickering.
Dumbledore shook his head in disappointment. “I am sorry that you did not have it in the future, but I dearly hope you don’t attempt to go back and get it now.”

“It’s okay, I’ve got the Cloak, I’ve got clothes for both of you,” said Hermione.

“Oh! How fortunate!” said Dumbledore with a relieved smile towards Hermione.

End of dialogue set.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“It’s Mary Poppin’s bag!” said Dudley with an excited look.

“A what?” asked Neville.

“Might be where I got the inspiration…” said Hermione smiling brightly.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, damn, that’ll be the books,”

Harry and Ron blinked.

“She said…”

“I heard…”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.
“Listen to her, get out of sight as fast as you can.” said Kingsley.

**Eighth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Not the definition of ‘appreciate’ you think it is.” said Harry to Ron and Dudley.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Ninth paragraph.**

Mrs. Weasley and Mr. Weasley held each other’s hand tightly.

“I had that feeling just about every day that James went out to work.” said Mrs. McFinn softly.

**Dialogue line.**

**Tenth paragraph.**

“At least someone is having a good time.” said Neville.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Anywhere in Britain is where they’ll expect you to be.” said Moody. “Best to hide out on the Continent and then come back at a safer time.”

**Dialogue line.**

“Where else is there?” asked Hermione, cringing as the men on the other side of the road started wolf-whistling at her.

“They must like your ankles too.” whispered Ron as Hermione elbowed him.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

“Can’t, I’m busy.” said Harry, Hermione and Ron both roared and screamed with laughter.
“Not a wise move.” said Lionus.

They relapsed into a prickly silence. The gum-chewing waitress shuffled over and Hermione ordered two cappuccinos:

“What the hell is that?” asked Ron.

“Ah…”

“Yeah, he’s not going to like that stuff…” said Harry with a snicker.

“Well, as long as it doesn’t get them into trouble, though they might’ve been arrested already. God, that’s revolting,” Ron added after one sip of the foamy, grayish coffee.

“Knew it.” said Harry with a smirk. “Knowing Ron’s tastes, that is one of the few things I know how to make that he won’t go near.”

“What does it taste like?” asked Ron.

“Trust me, you’d prefer your coffee with just sugar, no milk.” said Harry.

“Not good, get out of there.” said Moody.
“It’s just two blokes taking a break.” said Dudley. “Dad used to do that all the time.”

“You go into a café, you order something, even Uncle Vernon ordered a cup of coffee just to kill time.” said Harry. “They’re not ordering anything…I’m not liking that either.”

“We just apparated, Harry. How could they have found us?” asked Hermione curiously.

“Beats me, but I hope we get out of there.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Here’s hoping you have enough to last a while, I’m not too sure I’d be willing to risk the lives of any muggle or Inspector Homes to get the money from my own accounts.” said Harry.

The two workmen made identical movements, and Harry mirrored them without conscious thought:

The Rangers present and Moody all bore large grins.

All three of them drew their wands. Ron, a few seconds late in realizing what was going on,

“And that can mean death.” said Moody.

“Thank you Alastor.” said McGonagall firmly.

End of fourteenth paragraph.

The great blond Death Eater was hit in the face by a jet of red light: He slumped sideways, unconscious. His companion, unable to see who had cast the spell, fired another at Ron:

“I forgot that he was invisible.” said Dennis. “Bet that’ll be easy to fight Death Eaters with.”

Shining black ropes flew from his wand-tip and bound Ron head to foot — the waitress screamed and ran for the door —

“Smartest decision she’s made this week, I’ll bet.” said Ginny.

End of fifteenth paragraph.

“Oops, sorry.” winced Harry.
“Glad I could join the fray…” said Hermione with a weak giggle.

“Don’t use that spell if you don’t have a steady hand!” squeaked Flitwick as he covered his eyes.

“Transfigure them into plates and then smash them against the walls.” said Chief Hawkeye plainly.

The room was quiet for a moment.

“No, Ron…killing is not the answer.” said Dumbledore swiftly.

“You’re the boss,” said Ron, sounding profoundly relieved.

“Can’t be too hard, if Lockhart can do it.” said Katie.
“Nor have I,” said Hermione,

“Harry has.” said several of the students together.

“Not that I would remember.” said Harry.

Voldemort blinked, and for a slight moment, a look of confusion stretched across his face.

End of dialogue set.

Twentieth paragraph.

Twenty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“If they were Muggles and in a bar, I would think that a football game was on.” said Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’m impressed you managed to get them on without saying a word before, then.” said Hermione.

Dialogue set.

Several people burst out laughing, including Ron and Hermione.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“I didn’t do anything.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.
“As far as you know,” said Hermione.

“It’s impossible, your core rejects any attempt to put the Trace back on you, a different sort of way of tracking a person is possible, hypothetically…” said Dumbledore.

“Has someone tried to put the Trace back on someone?” asked Hermione.

“A few centuries ago, mostly attempted by over-protective parents when their children left the home and went out into the world. They wanted to know if their children got into any sort of trouble. Alas, it had a disastrous effect and several young wizards and witches were cut down before their prime.”

“Glad mum never tried to be *that* worried about us,” said Charlie quietly.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Possible, but I doubt it.” said Dumbledore. “And by the way, you are far from tainted, my dear boy.”

“Still doesn’t make me feel any easier in my mind.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not a wonderful idea, but you don’t have many options at this point.” said Sirius. “I would have said Remus’ place, or Tonks’ place…but they are most likely being watched and you may or may not know where they live.”

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“Not till you learn to close your mind and learn a lot more curses.” said Moody sternly. “He’s regrettably one of the best dueler we had.”

“As he is with me as well… I daresay I hope that it’s Severus that brings you to me.” said
Voldemort with a hungry look towards Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

“And here we can only hope that the Death Eaters simply leave the poor waitress alone.” said Dumbledore.

“You know, I don’t think they mentioned that Harry at the very least passed the Apparition test.” said Hermione thoughtfully.

“Yeah, like we’ve never done anything without really…uh…” said Ron.

“Knowing what we were doing?” supplied Harry.

“Yeah, that.”

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“Never rush into a place where a Death Eater was probably just at!” shouted Moody.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Tonks nervously giggled.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Katie, and Alicia squeaked.

“I’m so happy that we’re not reading this at night.” said Hannah.
“I certainly hope I do more than just that.” said Moody with a growl.

“Who is that supposed to scare, Alastor? I can assure you that he…” Professor McGonagall nodded towards Voldemort. “Wouldn’t be quite impressed.”

“I had something special for him if he showed his…lack of a complete face there, this is more to scare those gutless cowards that call themselves Death Eaters.” muttered Moody gruffly.

“That…that was horrifying.” said Dudley. “Is this normal for you people?” he asked in shock.

“Not really.” said Harry taking a deep breath.

“Nice to know that the curse worked though.” said Moody with a pointed look towards Dumbledore.

“Indeed, I just had hoped the three of them wouldn’t experience it.” said Dumbledore.

Had it worked, Harry wondered, or had Snape already blasted the horror-figure aside as casually as he had killed the real Dumbledore?

“You cannot simply just blast that particular phantasm aside.” said Snape coolly.
“Silly girl, there are at least a dozen ways around that particular revealing spell, and I should hope that all of my Death Eaters know them.” sneered Voldemort.

“Not all of them.” smirked Moody. “I’ve found at least a quarter of a dozen of your Death Eaters using that spell, have to say, I was greatly disappointed.”

“Then they are of no great loss to me.” said Voldemort with an icy coolness to his voice.

“It’s quite alright, I found the joke to be quite droll.” said Dumbledore a twinkling sheen in his eyes.

“Can’t see anyone out there,” he reported. “And you’d think, if Harry still had a Trace on him, they’d have followed us here. I know they can’t get in the house, but —

“If Snape gave them the go ahead, they might be able to.” said Moody with a suspicious look towards Snape.

“I have not given the information out to anyone, I’m sure of it.” replied Snape silkily.

“Oh no!” gasped Mrs. Weasley.
“Some connections can be reopened later, Miss Granger.” said Flitwick somberly.

“Sort of hard to forget…” mumbled Harry. “And stop nagging about it already.” he added in a hushed mutter.

“Sometimes, it’s just easier and better for you to get sick.” said Dr. Clark. “Best get it over and done with, but then again it’s not good to do it much and often.”

“Oh, thank Merlin.” said Mrs. Weasley with a sigh of relief.

“I’ve got to say, that’s a safe way of communicating.” said Inspector Homes.

“It’s not easy to intercept it, I’ll say that much..” said Mr. Weasley with a chuckle.

Angelina, Alicia and Katie smiled softly.

“My heart is just melting.” whispered Katie. “You know, despite all the terror.”

“Don’t pass out, don’t pass out…” muttered Sirius.

“Die, die, die.” whispered Voldemort.
He barely made it: Bolting the door behind him with trembling hands, he grasped his pounding head and fell to the floor.

“Oi! Don’t lock yourself in there!” said Remus. “What if you need help later?”

“Alohomora?” asked Terry.

“Doesn’t work on the bathroom…that might have been my fault growing up.” said Sirius scratching the back of his head and looking embarrassed.

“Why would you have it so Alohomora doesn’t work on the door?” said Hermione with a frown.

“I…Let’s just say…it’s a guy thing.” said Sirius quietly.

End of forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Draco began turn to a pasty white.

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“I’d rather have a stiff drink I think…or some stomach relaxer.” said Harry.

End of chapter.
The Truth of Regulus Black

First paragraph, first sentence.
“There’s plenty of beds…” said Sirius with a chuckle. “No need to sleep on the floor.”

First paragraph, fourth sentence.
“Oh, Ron!” said Mrs. Weasley looking at her youngest son fondly.

Ron pinked. “Hey, I’m…”

Her arm curved to the floor, her fingers inches from Ron’s.

Hermione and Ron blushed as they avoided each other’s gaze, shy smiles on their faces.

End of first paragraph.

“Say one thing…and I’ll shove this cushion down your throat.” warned Remus.

“Say what? Oh…you filthy…” Sirius snickered.

“Say ‘Ah’,” said Remus raising the cushion threateningly.

Second paragraph, fourth sentence.

“I know what I would hope would happen.” muttered Voldemort.

End of second paragraph.

Third paragraph, second sentence.

“That will happen sometimes, it’s an unfortunate occurrence when someone passes.” said Dumbledore.

Third paragraph, fourth sentence.

“I…I wasn’t always alright with it.” said Dudley quietly.

“And I certainly do not even entertain the notion of being “content” with watching neglect and abuse.” said Dumbledore with a slightly stiff edge to his voice.
“Never, and besides, that is not what had happened with my sister.” said Dumbledore.

“He does, if the look of hurt on his face is any indication.” said Dr. Clark quietly in Harry’s ear.

Dumbledore held his face in his hands and said nothing.

Ron looked over at the Headmaster and then looked over to Hermione. “Remind me to not hold anything back when I’m taking to someone.”

“You don’t hold anything back.” said Hermione.

“Why in the world would I waste time searching your and Weasley’s room?” sneered Snape.

Ron and Harry both blinked “I’m not too sure I’m comfortable with him rooting around in there.” said Ron.

“Me either.”

Remus covered his eyes. “Tell me you took the posters down…”

“Probably not.” chuckled Sirius.

“Just as handsome as the owner.” said Sirius snickering.
“Oh don’t you start.” said Remus.

End of seventh paragraph.

“Bollocks…you’d think with all the magic at our disposal, we’d have a decent charm to keep those damn little vermin out of the house.” said Sirius coldly.

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Sounds like my room, every inch of my room was covered in dragon pictures, some even breathed smoke, just about smothered myself a few times when I forgot to leave a bit of the window open.” said Charlie. “Mum didn’t mind the smokeless ones, but she put her foot down when a small bit of fire would blow out of a Chinese Fireball’s mouth.”

“Not quite as…whimsical, if I’m correct.” said Dumbledore with a dry chuckle.

Eighth paragraph, fifth sentence, first comma.

“Not as bad as I thought it was going to be.” said Rudolph with a slight smile.

Eighth paragraph, end of fifth sentence.

“Not that I didn’t try.” whispered Sirius.

Remus elbowed him in the side, though he was trying to hide a smile.

“I swear, I got them to wink once or twice.” said Sirius.

“Shut up.” hissed Remus.

“Even I had one…two…maybe four…” said Dr. Clark with an embarrassed smile.

End of eighth paragraph.

Ninth paragraph, second sentence.

“We’re going to rectify that…” said Sirius.

“So does that mean I can prank you?” teased Harry.

“Oh, not me, but we’ll prank the daylights out of Remus.” said Sirius with a snicker.

“If you think I’ll just sit back and take it, you’re out of your mind.” said Remus.
“You’re not far off the mark…” said Sirius.

“Oops.” said Sirius apologetically. “I didn’t think of that. I didn’t think about you possibly wanting it.”

Dumbledore was more interested in Harry who was looking firmly down that floor. Sirius and Remus were also keeping an eye on Harry and were whispering to the young man, inquiring if he was alright.

“What’s going on?” asked Ron, pointing to the sofa with Harry sitting on it, he didn’t want to speak too loudly as Harry was sitting quite still and wasn’t responding to the others.

“I believe…that this is the first time that Harry’s seen or read of anything that his mother’s…” said Hermione.

“But he had that Pior…Incan-can thing.” said Ron. “He saw his mum then…not that that was all that great with just that…and he heard her….”

“But this was a nice and peaceful conversation.” said Hermione. “This has got to be really hard for him.”

“I may have to take another look at Potter’s homework…” said Professor Flitwick faintly.

Snape stood up and walked out of the room, a few people were confused but a handful knew what was going on in the Potion Master’s head. Voldemort himself glared at the door fixedly.
“Moved on…I think not.”

**End of thirteenth paragraph.**

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

**Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, first pause.**

“Have to say, you and that cat…you never really did get on very well.” said Remus.

“Now you’re allergic so you wouldn’t have had cats anymore, but yeah, the cat would bat you in the head a few times if you were caught crawling in front of it.” said Sirius. “Funniest thing I ever saw…”

“Thank goodness the cat was declawed, I think Lily would have been forced to murder her own cat if he had scratched you.” said Remus. “Not that she would have…really done it…most likely just gave it to Batty.”

**Fifteenth paragraph, first sentence, third pause.**

“It would have gone to Batty’s it wouldn’t have had to go far for food, it knew just about everyone in the neighborhood, they would have known it was Lily’s cat.” said Sirius.

“Not Dad’s?” asked Harry.

“That cat…well, she was a really fluffy little bastard, especially on her belly. She would flip over and just look up at you and say ‘pet me!’ with her eyes. You reach in and pet her on her belly she’d rear up like a cobra and just bite your hand…. Lily always said it was just a playful nip, but when you pull your hand away and it’s bleeding?” Sirius shook his head. “Chloe was a nasty little nipper when she got all riled up.”

**End of fifteenth paragraph.**

“Are you trying to find something that’s not there?” asked Ernie with a curious look. “So he borrowed your Dad’s cloak…”

Harry ignored him and looked at the book pointedly, his brows furrowed together.

**Sixteenth paragraph, fourth sentence.**

“The Order always had their own, they never needed James’ and he never lent it out to anybody, unless you were Moony or me; Peter spilt milk all over his favorite jumper in our fourth year, and after that he didn’t give Peter any of his clothes. No one could hold a grudge like your Dad.” said Sirius fondly.
“Most likely that little fuc…” muttered Remus.

“Oi…it’s my job to curse around him, get your own job.” said Sirius nudging Remus.

Dumbledore chuckled. “Oh I had never done that…I did however fail a test on Herbology once, but that was due to my not being able to sleep for two weeks, I quite remember how badly I did on it, but the teacher did take pity on me.”

“What did the teacher do?” asked Ron interestingly.

“Gave me only a week’s worth of detention and I had to do quite a lot of makeup work to fix the damage it had done. Two weeks of remedial Herbology if I’m remembering correctly.”

“I wouldn’t call that ‘pity’….” muttered Ron.

Dumbledore had to cover his mouth to hide his quietly chuckle and shook his head. “No…No I have not done that.”

“Oh sure…don’t’ treat my stuff with respect, I see how you treat my memory.” said Sirius with a pretended tone of hurt in his voice.

“What do you want me to do? Build an altar in your bedroom?” retorted Harry.

“That’d be creepy…but no…if you’re going to do it, do it properly, burn the place…” said Sirius. “Right to the ground.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“It’d be one of my final wishes, I can tell you that much.”

“How in the world...did you still have that picture?” asked Remus. “How is it at Grimmauld Place?”

Sirius smiled to himself. “Had the picture on me...the entire time.”
“And you managed to keep it from the guards?” asked Moody.

“Not telling, can’t let all my secrets out, now can I?” said Sirius with a cheeky grin.

End of twenty-first paragraph.

Twenty-second paragraph, second sentence.

“Other than what was written on that last page, can’t see why anyone would care…” said Sirius, “Rita may want it….”

“The day that snooping woman can slip through one of my protective charms is the day I surrender to a Death Eater.” snarled Moody.

End of twenty-second paragraph.

“That he owns four pairs of trainers?” said Fred.

“Will you let the man finish?” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“As a matter of fact, I own about twenty-two…pairs of trainers I mean. I wear them during the winter times when it is a bit slick out. They have such excellent traction.” said Dumbledore fondly.

“And an Anit-slip charmed pair of normal magical shoes wouldn’t do it?” said Charlie with a quirked brow.

“Ah, but our world’s shoes don’t come in those delightful colors and styles.” said Dumbledore brightly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“What’s with the panicking?” said Terry.

“I could have left them behind to take on this whole mess by myself.” said Harry dully.

“Oh…well…he stayed…” said Terry meekly.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Every good friend needs someone to tell him that at least once a month, weekly if you’re best
mates.” said Tonks.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“For it’s an impressive mess, then yeah, I did it.” said Harry.

“He never was a tidy boy…” said Mrs. McFinn shaking her head with a loving smile. “Had to keep
at him to keep his room clean.”

“You had a room?” asked Ron.

“Of course he had a room, we would keep him for a night, weekend or so.” said Mrs. McFinn.

“It was like pulling teeth with Dursley…he’d try and stop me left and right. He’d cower after a bit,
but it was a pain sometimes, worth the payoff though.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I could have all the information I could ever need, as I personally was part of the Order.” said
Snape coolly as he swooped back into the room and sat firmly back down in his high winged-back
chair.

“’Was part’.” parroted back Harry with a raised finger. “Plans, passwords, strategies, codes,
weapons, emergency protocols, people, values, leadership…it all changes some way or another
when a traitor is found among you. You’d have to be incredibly stupid, or naïve if you stick to the
same road if you know your friend just tried to stab you in the back and slipped off into the night.”

The room was silent.

“Not as stupid as I thought you were…” said Voldemort thoughtfully.
“Why would I bother investigating Dumbledore when the old man would ask me around for tea once a month. I could just as easily get all the information I could want.” said Snape with a frown.

“Ah, but I wouldn’t give you all the information you would be looking for, never take a old man at his word when he is relating his history, if you want the truth, you must get all sides, the one you are investigating, the other mentioned party and a third, neutral party. Put all the information you gathered down and you will find your truth and the heart of the matter. Even a mirror tells a lie.”

“How does a mirror tell a lie?” asked Ron.

“You hold up a piece of parchment and the words aren’t the same. It’s all backwards.” said Hermione.

“But it’s still the same letters.” said Ron with a confused look.

“Not in the order you wrote it in though.” said Luna with a dream like smile. “Also time goes backwards if you’re looking at a clock with no numerals of any kind; it’s quite fascinating, watching yourself go forwards and backwards in time at the same time.”

Ron blinked and then looked at Hermione. “I should let this go, shouldn’t I?”

“It’s for the best.”

End of dialogue set.

“And we’ve all met her, move on.” said Ernie leaning forward a bit in his seat.

“Auntie Muriel? Not really, unless you want to listen to her waffle on about a whole load of rubbish and gossip.” muttered Ron.

“It’s not Muriel he’s talking about.” nudged Hermione.

“What does that mean?” said Hermione putting her hands on her hips.
“Means…that I don’t want to get something chucked at me, so I’m going to not say anything further.” said Harry.

“Smart lad.” said Dr. Clark.

End of twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“A chat taking maybe thirty minutes is going to hurt you?” asked Dudley with a frown on his face.

“Thirty minutes…” started Moody.

“’Can be the deciding factor between living and dying’…we know…we know…” said Tonks.

End of dialogue set.

Voldemort sneered.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Upset is not really the word I would use. Confused, maybe, betrayed…a bit…but upset? Makes me sound like I didn’t get a lolly at the market.” said Harry.

Dialogue set, first sentence, second comma.

“Or apparently, I would use that word.” said Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Memories are not made of pure and clean silver, they’re more akin to a murky crystal ball.” said Dumbledore.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Truth is not always a pleasant thing, while it is necessary, sometimes it feels better to never know
“I would say something about being kept in the dark, but I did the same thing to Ron and Hermione.” said Harry.

Sirius rolled his eyes. “Never stopped me.”

“Not the letter.” said Ron.

“No, Ron, I get that now…” said Hermione.

“Appears that he didn’t just try and run.” said Moody thoughtfully.

Voldemort scoffed. “The stupid fool wouldn’t dare attempt that.”

Sirius flicked his eyes over towards the Dark Lord, his eye twitched slightly.

“Well, it seems like he certainly attempted it.” said Bill.
“Nice to know that even Ron can keep up.” said Fred.

“Oi!”

“You’d think that he’d come up with some better enchantments.” said Sirius.

“You’re not going to like what you see on that wall.” said Sirius.

“He was pretty good, just about in your league, but not quite there, though it wasn’t often that his team lost.” said Sirius honestly.

Dumbledore smiled fondly at the bespectacled young man. “You are trying to learn more about him as a person…very good.”

“I would be more concerned about the horcrux hidden somewhere in there.” said Ron quietly.
“It freaking was at some point.” said Harry burying his face in his hands.

Lionus noticed that every time someone mentioned the locket, Voldemort’s mouth twitched into a snarl but disappeared quickly.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Forty-first paragraph.
Forty-second paragraph.
Dialogue set.
“Hermione just figured it out.” said Harry.
“Figured what?” asked Ron.

Forty-third paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
-fourth paragraph, first sentence.
“I’m an idiot.” muttered Harry.
“You didn’t have this all spelled out for you like this, you lived it.” said Katie.
“If Kreacher has it, then that’s one down.” said Colin.

“No thanks, don’t want to deal with you today.” said Harry.

“So much for this starting out reasonably easy.” said Ron.

“Oi, none of that!” snapped Sirius shortly.

“He must have hidden it somewhere.” said Hannah.
“What?” said a few people in shock.

“He had orders?” questioned Colin.

“Who gave them?” added Dennis. “And what were they?”

“Not right now, I’m not.” said Harry. “He’ll do himself an injury.”

“As much as I don’t like Kreacher, but I just want to punch Mundungus, right now.” said Alicia.

“Forgive me for not wanting to be just like my dear old mum…a psychotic old bag.” said Sirius.

“Marry a cousin?” muttered Fred.

“Well…thank you for not letting him do that.” said Inspector Homes blinking in shock. He and Dudley were just barely following with most of what was going on, Dudley seemed to grip and
accept it a bit faster than what he did, so he mostly sat in silence.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Run Kreacher, run.” said Hannah.

“Wonder why he didn’t borrow Dobby?” asked Ernie.

“I’m grateful he didn’t ask Dobby,” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dumbledore looked thoughtful but then he smiled. Voldemort on the other hand looked livid, “That was the elf? How did he…?”

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, first sentence.

Dumbledore closed his eyes, “I had not thought about it that way.”

“Leave it to Harry to think of it dramatically.” said George meekly.

End of fifty-eighth paragraph.

“Kreacher’s a pain in my ass…and the one that pretty much set me up to die…but…I wouldn’t put him through that…. What the hell was Regulus thinking?” said Sirius quietly.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.
“It was the order, the order that Regulus gave him.” said Dumbledore with a slight smile.

Lionus waved his hand in a so-so gesture. “Not quite disapparating, but close enough.”

“Because he doesn’t give a damn about what they can or can’t do.” muttered Moody.

“So…being a House-elf and having them be the way they are…saved him.” said Ron tentatively as he looked at Hermione out of the corner of his eye.

“But it also put Kreacher in danger.” retorted Hermione.

“He could have picked anybody, a muggle even…” said Ron. “They really would have dead.”
Sirius took a deep breath and clenched his hands together, leaning forward in his chair.

“My brother was a prat…but he did like Kreacher, I can’t see him doing that.” said Sirius.

“Bloody hell Reg…” said Sirius covering his eyes with a shaking hand.

Sirius winced and grimaced. “Cub, can…”

“We’ll stop for the day.” said Harry.

“Thank you.” he added in a whisper.

“OI!” shouted Ron.

“Let him be.” said Hermione, dabbing her eyes.
“The punishing part is sick, yeah, but it saved his life by having to obey Regulus…” said Harry truthfully.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“That would have been easy had he been able to open it or us for that matter.” said Ron.

“I daresay it would have been terrible if it were opened and whatever is inside was unleashed.” said Dumbledore with a brief glance to the smirking Dark Lord.

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“No one said all house-elves make sense.” said Ron.

Dialogue set, second sentence, second semi-colon.

“That is a not true, Miss Granger.” squeaked Flitwick. “While there are families that indeed mistreat their house-elves and should be made to undergo what they put them through, there are families that treat them well. Mr. Crouch for instance, throughout all the faults he had, was very good to his house-elf.”

“He made her sit in a place that she was terrified of!” said Hermione.

“She pleaded with Mr. Crouch to let his son watch a game, something she knew he liked. He had to pretend to go to the game, and have her save him a seat. He listened to her, and instead of killing of when his son escaped for a bit, he dismissed her. I’d reckon that was reasonably nice, and especially since he was showing that he was stronger, he sent her away before she could be killed.” said Bill.

“I, nor any teacher harm the house-elves in our care at school.” said Dumbledore. “Most of them have had their families in the service of Hogwarts since the near beginning and they have never had a hand raised to them.”

“I have house-elves, about fifty or sixty, and I know no one in the family had hurt any of them. If they do something wrong, they put themselves in time out for a few hours at the most. They don’t slam their ears in the ovens.” said Harry coolly.

“We don’t ignore the fact that there are families that abuse them, but it would be very erroneous to say that all house-elves are used to such abuse.” said Dumbledore.
Hermione looked down at her lap.

“You have been shown the ugly sides of House-elf culture, there is a brighter side as well.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“And smooth the way for who else could have attempted to vanquish the Dark Lord.” said Hermione softly.

“Yeah well…not much of a help was he?” said Ron.

“We had the Horcrux in our hands a year before we knew we were going to be looking for it.” said Hermione.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“He certainly wasn’t going to be getting it from me and he didn’t want any from me period. He loved my mother far too much.” said Sirius ruefully.

**End of dialogue set.**

“They do not do things properly when it comes to house-elves, but…using human emotions and trying to add them to non-human entities doesn’t always work. Works a lot of the time, but not for every occasion.” said Leroy. “Trust me…”

“Do we get to hear an awesome story that follows that? You can’t just stop at that.” said Fred.

“Watch me.” smirked Leroy.

**Seventieth paragraph.**

“I never said human…I said ‘as acute as a human.’” said Dumbledore before Hermione could begin.

**Dialogue line.**

**Seventy-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

“That’ll get him on your side.” said Remus as he patted Sirius on the back.
Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“I’ll say it…poor Kreacher…” said Fred.

“Aye, never thought we would say that.” replied George.

Seventy-fourth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“Oh…bless him…” said Fred.

End of chapter.

“You wanted to call it a day?” said Officer McFinn looking over the top of the book.

Harry looked to Sirius and nodded.

Sirius stood stiffly up and walked out of the room, without a second glance back.

“Should I go, or you?” asked Harry to Remus.

“I’ll go first.” said Remus standing up, “Then I’ll send for you if it comes to that…might as well make him something to eat…I have a feeling it’s going to be a long night.”
Author's Note:

Sorry for the LONG LONG LONG interval in updating, I have been working my freaking BUTT off trying to get my life in some semblance of a system since the holidays had finally come to a close and have been trying to plan out what my next step will be in life. I have finally found some slight sort of system and am going to try and get that to work on my hobby. I would love for this to be the thing that my life revolves around, however I have to instead fixate on the thing that brings money into my way of living and that unfortunately, is not writing. I will be posting two chapters today as this one is a little on the short side. Thank you all for sticking with me.

Remus followed the trail of Sirius’ scent to wherever his best friend had gone after he left the den. He was expecting him to go and stay in his own bedroom, go into the kitchen and make something to eat or even take a run outside to clear his head. While there were similarities between the two of them, the one glaring difference that separated he and Harry was that when he was upset, Sirius would eat. Remus remembered that Lily would rant about that particular aspect of Sirius whenever his nerves or emotional state was ragged and he’d come over and clean out their refrigerator. When Lily was upset and felt compelled to eat nearly three bowls of ice cream, she’d have to work hard to lose the weight whereas Sirius seemed to blink off the extra pounds, and he could stress eat far more food than anyone else he had ever seen eat in one sitting.

Ron was like Sirius in that regards.

Instead of the kitchen or his bedroom, Remus followed Sirius’ scent to the far off wine cellar. He stepped down the cold stairwell to fully stocked cellar and as he passed several rows he could hear the sound of bottle being placed down on the hard stone floor.

“Padfoot?” called Remus.

“Fourth row from the end, Moony.” came Sirius’s dull voice. “In with the good stuff.”

Remus continued down till he found Sirius sitting on the floor with a crystal wine glass and an opened bottle of wine. Remus Sirius didn’t look up at his old friend, he only kept sipping from the glass and refill it slowly.

Remus folded his arms and sighed. “Have room for one more?”

Sirius slid over silently and handed him a glass. “Want a fresh bottle or do you want to split?”

“All depends, did you add anything to it this time?” asked Remus as he sat down on the floor.

“Six shots of Ogden’s.”

“Fresh bottle please.” said Remus holding up his glass, watching Sirius reach behind him and pull bottle off a shelf.

They sat together in companionable silence for a few moment, after the second glass Remus spoke up. “What are you thinking about?”

Sirius was quiet for a moment. “I’m just thinking about Regulus, that stupid…bloody idiot.” he downed the glass in his hand. “Why didn’t he come to find me…I could have helped him.”
Remus stirred the wine in his own glass by twirling his wrist. “I hate to say it, but would you have believed him? Would you have even listened to him without hexing him?”

Sirius opened his mouth, but he closed it. “No…I would have handed him over to Dumbledore in a moment, maybe Dumbledore would have….”

“We’ll never know what could have been, it’s done…. He made his choice, he risked it all to give the rest of the world a chance to bringing down Voldemort. I’d say that he was trying to do you proud.”

“Me proud? We never got along…I should have done…”

Remus sighed. “It’s like talking to Harry…” he said absently. “We could be here all day and all night trying to convince you that there was nothing you could have done. Regulus had to keep this all to himself and let no one know about what his plans were, if he had talked to anyone, there was going to be a great chance he would have been caught and killed before he could even start. That’s why they didn’t let even Moody know about Severus being a double agent, Dumbledore wouldn’t dream of risking the opportunity or Severus’ life.”

He poured himself another glass after he finished the current one. “With these books, we’re all worrying about the past, time to start planning for the future, especially since a lot of the things that are said are not going to happen…not if we all can help it.” he raised his glass and clinked it softly with Sirius’, “Now, should we send for something to eat and talk about happier times, or do you just want to hole up down here and be all sulky and drunk?”

“Oh, just for that, you and I could duel…”

“I swore to my mother that I would never duel a drunk. It’s like taking a cookie from a house-elf.” said Remus with a snicker.

Hours later, Mr. Weasley went in search of the two Marauders on orders of his wife, neither one of them had been to dinner and they weren’t sure if one of the house-elves had taken them food or not.

He went down into wine cellar and heard a pair of voices that were singing old songs and laughing when they would change a bit of the lyrics around to make them funnier or (in Sirius’ case) a little vulgar.

Mr. Weasley walked down to them and stared at the number of bottles that were littered on the floor, and then turned his attention to the pair of them attempting to pour themselves another glass.

“ARTHUR!” yelled Sirius happily. “Welcome to the party! Pull yourself up a bit of floor, do we have another glass?”

“He can have yours, you need to slow down a bit.” said Remus gently shoving the glass towards Mr. Weasley’s foot, hiccupping slightly.

“You’re one to talk…” muttered Sirius taking a drink straight from the bottle instead.

“Have you two had anything to eat?” asked Arthur as he took a seat across from the two of them and poured himself a glass of sherry from a nearby bottle.

“We had a house-elf bring us some nibblies.” burped Sirius. “Want some? I think there’s still some
cheese on a plate here...somewhere."

“I’m alright…Harry was a bit concerned that you didn’t show up…but he knew you had some things to think out.” said Arthur.

Sirius looked at the bottle in his hand, deep in thought.

“Speak up, Sirius, don’t hold it in…we tend to go to some dark places when we do that.” he held in a burp. “Especially after the fifth bottle.”

Sirius was still silent for a moment, but then in a whisper: “I’m letting him down…first my brother, then James…now him…”

“You’re not letting him down…you’re having a drink in the basement with some old friends.” said Remus. “He’s admitted that he’s had a few drinks himself, and he’s not as much of a kid as we’d love for him to be.”

Sirius took a deep breath and released it slowly. “Still....”

“Still nothing, Harry’s fine, and James wouldn’t be blaming you for anything, in fact, if he was still here, he’d be sitting next to Arthur there and laughing at how you spilt all that wine on your shirt.” Remus said flicking Sirius’ collar. “Now, come on, I’m almost willing to bet that you can’t sing the entire Ode to Ogden.”

“You’re on, Arthur make sure he pays up.”

Harry was working once more in his office when he heard a loud thumping knock come from the other side of his door.

“Come in.” he said without much thought as rolled up a now completed piece of parchment. He was not expecting the door to suddenly bash open and his godfather leaning up against the door frame, bottle in hand and a crooked grin on his face.

“HARRY! MY FAVORITE PRONGSLET!” shouted Sirius lifting the bottle sluggishly and drinking straight from the bottle.

Harry blinked, “What the bloody hell?”

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? YOU SHOULD BE OUT HAVING FUN WITH YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS! LIFE’S TOO SHORT!” he said as he stumbled towards Harry’s desk and crashed ungainly into the wooden piece of furniture and laid sprawled out on the floor. Harry leaned over the desk to look at his godfather with a bemused smile.

“Looks like you had fun.” said Harry smirking as he levitated his breakable inkpots and more important paperwork high up so that nothing happened to them. “Do you want to go and sleep it off?”

“Nah, I want to keep you company!” said Sirius jovially as he got to his unsteady feet and made to sit down on the chair in front of the desk. However, he missed the seat and thumped right onto the floor.

Harry leaned over the desk again and noticed that Sirius was now slumped against the desk and had passed out.
“Nighty night.” said Harry, he waved his wand and placed Sirius on the sofa in the corner, draping a blanket over his godfather…a faint smile on his face.
The next morning, Harry set a plate of bacon and eggs down by the sofa and smirked when he heard Sirius groan and plead that the plate and the aromatic food be removed.

“Shouldn’t be having a good time without me then, should you?” said Harry.

“Not old enough…” grumbled the ex-convict thickly.

“Oh please…” said Harry, “I can guarantee I can give you a run for your money the day I turn sixteen.”

Sirius rubbed his eyes tiredly as the rest of the people gathered in the dining room loudly chatted and clinked their dinnerware as they ate breakfast.

“I feel like there is a troupe of trolls just smashing through my skull.” muttered Sirius.

“My head just have hippogriffs, at least I knew when to stop.” gloated Remus weakly.

“Are you two going to eat something this morning?” said Mrs. Weasley. “Toast, perhaps?”

“I’ll take the toast, I don’t think I could face eggs or anything like that.” said Sirius quipped tiredly. “I’ll take it in the den, though…I’m not sure I can face food right now.”

An hour later, after both Sirius and Remus had recovered enough from their drinking the night before, they all gathered in the den and waited for the day’s reading to start. Sirius pulled Harry over to him, elevated their feet with a large ottoman and settled onto the sofa.

“How’s your head?” asked Harry.

“If I could survive without it, I would have lopped it off hours ago.” said Sirius.

Officer McFinn chuckled to himself and began to start reading.

First paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“I’d much rather chase after Dung across the countryside as opposed to a lake full of Inferi.” nodded Sirius. “And Dung can hide in some really nasty places.”

“How he could stand being in that Troll cave is beyond me, but it took several days of cleaning charms for the rest of the prisoners to be willing to have him the same cells.” said Kingsley.

First paragraph, second sentence.

“Yup, that’s him hiding in all the bad places.” said Tonks.

End of first paragraph.
“There’s not much that can be done, you can transfigure it into some other piece of food, but it’s still going to have that mold. There is a wizard in America that is trying to come up with a way to remove the mold completely from the piece of food.” said Chief Hawkeye absently.

Second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“That is curious, why not send Snape in?” asked Bill.

“I believe that the dark lord has other plans for me.” drawled Snape.

“More important than finding me? I’m deeply offended.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence.

Snape rolled his eyes.

“The curse is not impossible to undo, I’m sure after a few weeks, Tom can come up with a way to remove it.” said Dumbledore.

Voldemort scoffed, “Give me more credit, old man.”

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“And with Death Eaters infiltrating all over the place like a mess of cockroaches, it’s not too far out there to think that they’ve known since the moment Harry was given the house.” said Dr. Clark.

Third paragraph.

“What in the world were you thinking?” said Neville.

Ron gaped and just shrugged his shoulders.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.
“Better start being aware of it…you don’t want those birds of her coming after you.” said Neville carefully.

Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

“Not to incur the wrath of Miss Granger.” said Dumbledore a twinkling smile on his face.

Fourth paragraph.

“Best tell the two of them to quiet down.” said Mr. Weasley with wide eyes as he held his wife’s trembling hands.

Fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Can we get a bit of proof for that?” said George.

Sixth paragraph.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Don’t give your position away!” scolded Moody.

Eighth paragraph.

Ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Now give us proof to that.” said Fred.

Dialogue line.

“At least one of you has some sense.” said Moody.
“Wait…lemme get something to take notes with…” said Lee.

“Especially when you’re on the lamb.” said Sirius.

“He and I didn’t kill each other…so…no.” said Harry firmly.

“We saw them…you’d think that the one would stop picking his nose in public.” said Fred.

“Which makes them really stupid…” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

“Well, we went out for coffee.” said Ron.
“That might have been preferable.” said Dumbledore.

Dialogue line.

Thirteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Say it, don’t spill it.” sneered Lionus.

Fourteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“And Hermione is probably slightly miffed that she’s wrong.” said Fred.

“I’m NEVER angry when I’m wrong.” shot Hermione.

“No, of course not…” said George quickly, but then in a whisper to his twin he said. “Note to selves, don’t say that out loud again.”

End of dialogue set.

Fifteenth paragraph.

“Not for too long, I hope.” said McGonagall.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, first sentence, first semicolon.

Chief Hawkeye snarled. “I hope we’re doing something.”

Dialogue set, end of first sentence.

Voldemort sneered over to Headmaster who was merely shaking his head.
“Well, you were right, Albus…he managed it…you knew he would…and he had to kill the two of us to get it.” said Moody.

**End of dialogue set.**

Harry leaned forward and covered his face in his hands. Sirius reached over and patted Harry on the shoulder. “At least he showed his true colors in the end, I don’t think Fudge would have gone through all that.”

**Sixteenth paragraph.**

Tonks wiped her eye quietly.

**Dialogue set.**

“That kept them all safe at the very least.” said Mrs. Weasley with an apologetic look towards Harry. “Hopefully when Bill get’s married now you won’t have to hide.”

“That is, if Fleur says yes.” said Charlie, he chuckled when Bill elbowed him hard in the side.

**Dialogue set, third sentence, first comma.**

“Not much of a loss there, he’s burnt that house down of his about five times in the last three years.” said Flitwick.

**Dialogue set, end of third sentence.**

Remus had to wrap his arms around Tonks to stop her from attacking the restrained Dark Lord.

“I’ll kill him.” growled Tonks. “No one…touches…my…parents!”

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set, second sentence.**

“The shoe’s on the other foot, now we’re the ones that have to worry about getting caught.” said Ron.
“Oh, this is going to be good.” said Harry with a roll of his eyes.

Mrs. McFinn gasped loudly and glared fiercely at the book.

“Easy, sweetie, I’d think you were upset with me over something.” said Officer McFinn with a chuckle.

“Most ridiculous thing I…” muttered Mrs. Weasley.

“They need to have some reason for everyone to go and look for him, especially since everyone was trying to get back in his good books last year.” said Professor Sprout.

“Not that there would appear to be much of a difference where a few stories are concerned.” said Leroy darkly.

“But they kept that part of the story out.” said Charlie.

“The paperwork has got to be a pain, might as well have someone else do all of it.” said Rudolph.

“Yeah…someone else” said Harry with an elevated brow.
“I was quite frank about not liking all that work…I wasn’t shy about it.” said Rudolph with a laugh.

**Dialogue set.**

“Now don’t be linking me up with him!” said Rudolph leaning over to look at Harry and pointing at the Dark Lord.

**Dialogue set, third sentence.**

“It’s worse this time around.” said Sirius shaking his head solemnly. “I hope this doesn’t last as long as it did back then.”

**End of dialogue set.**

“He’s learning, you have to give him that…” said Dumbledore.

“I’m not willing to give him anything.” said McGonagall.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue set.**

“But the only ones that would believe that are complete idiots.” said Hannah.

“And we know the world has quite a collection of those.” said Ernie.

“Yeah, just look at what you did to him in your second year.” said Ron offhandedly, causing Ernie to turn pink.

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-first paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Twenty-second paragraph.**

*Page two of the Daily Prophet.*

Everyone, except for Voldemort stared in complete horror at the book in the officer’s hands, then as if the sound was turned back on, a flurry of indignant cries erupted around the room and a few disgusted mutterings.

“If it was the Department of Mysteries, they sure are completely off the mark.” said Mr. Weasley.

“Especially if what Dumbledore said about Muggleborns is true. Don’t they talk to you about such things?”
“Oh, they and I have wonderful conversations, but you cannot have innovative ideas and theories if you only think as everyone else does. Sometimes, you must test your theories on your own… though this is a very despicable theory and I wish they had given this idea a bit more thought.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Must be how they think there are Squibs in the world…the only thing is, Muggleborns far outnumber the amount the Squibs!” said Terry.

Dialogue set.

“And what would this ‘punishment’ be?” wondered Dr. Clark out loud.

“Excessive, let’s just leave it at that.” said Officer McFinn.

Twenty-third paragraph.

Twenty-fourth paragraph.

“Which would make your relationship something…different.” said Bill.

“Malfoy-ish…” said Charlie quietly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“‘Family tree’? That’s an understatement.” said Fred.

“It’s more of a rabbit warren…” said George. “We’re just all over the place, and all connected back at the beginning.”

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Oh, there would be some substantial changes but I cannot think that Tom would destroy Hogwarts, not with how fond he is of the castle.” said Dumbledore. “It would not be the same, I will say that much.”
“Not many parents would deny their children the chance to learn at Hogwarts…but that is what is wonderful about having the choice, broaden horizons or keep their loved ones close. This is where I dearly hope for the first time that I can remember, that the families take their children and flee abroad.” said Dumbledore.

End of dialogue set.

Twenty-sixth paragraph.

Tissues and handkerchiefs had to be handed around the room to various people that were in need of them.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Best not to, Remus, my young friend. The less people involved the better.” said Dumbledore. “Less of a trail to lead back to them.”

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“There’s a much bigger issue than that.” said Flitwick with a thoughtful frown.

Sirius was puzzled for a moment, but then he looked slowly over to Remus and chucked a small biscuit at his head. “You bloody idiot.”

Before Remus could speak Tonk’s eyes went wide and she spun in her sea, glaring at the werewolf hotly.

Thirtieth paragraph.
**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

SMACK!

Tonks slapped an open palm across Remus’ face, nearly knocking him backwards. She got to her feet and ran out of the room.

“Tonks…Tonks wait!” said Remus, recovering quickly and clamoring to his own feet to go after her.

Sirius watched as his best friend after his cousin and released a deep breath. “I’m not getting involved with that.”

“Should someone go…and mediate?” asked Charlie. “She might…you may lose a few of your more breakables…”

“I’m more experienced in this.” said Inspector Homes. “I’ll go.” he patted Dudley’s shoulder and left the room in the direction of the couple.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-first paragraph.**

“I daresay I know what is the problem.” said Dumbledore. “Oh Remus…I had hoped you would not entertain this thought for even a moment.”

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

Harry’s eyes widened. “Then why…why would you…?”

“Oh, he’s lucky that only she slapped him, I would have knocked his brains out.” said Sirius.

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-third paragraph.**

“Which means that you are willing to leave your wife and unborn child?” said Mr. Weasley,
“Molly would still have me sleeping in the chicken coop….to this very day if I even paused to think about leaving her, Bill, Charlie and Percy back in those days.”

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“For the sake of Remus’…genitalia, let’s not mention that to Tonks.” said Bill.

“As long as he ends it there.” said Mrs. McFinn. “And doesn’t say anything further.”

End of dialogue set.

“That’s it, I’m telling her.” said Sirius.

Dialogue line.

“If James didn’t say something first, Lily would have whipped his ass.” said Sirius quietly.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Get ready with crane…we may have to pull him out of the hole he might dig himself in.” said Dr. Clark.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Crane isn’t going to be enough.” whispered Dr. Clark.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.

“Just a little more, Harry.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “Just a little more…”
“Not with us, she’s not, nor is she with her mother and father, of that I’m sure.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“No, in fact, I couldn’t be happier for her…and perhaps Remus can calm her…exuberant nature down.” said Flitwick.

“Sometimes it’s not, you can have a large support, but there are times that other people’s opinion and acceptance of you can mean a lot as well.” said McGonagall. “They may say that it doesn’t affect them, but it just may have some internal feelings that they keep quite private.”

“Oh, I highly doubt that Andromeda and Ted are anything less than accepting of Remus.” said Professor Sprout. “I have no doubt that Andromeda was ecstatic that someone would come calling for Tonks.”

“And Ted has always had a fascination for feats of fantastic magic. I’m sure, with his work on that Map of their’s, Remus has quite a lot to share with Ted.” said Professor Flitwick.

“She didn’t marry the werewolf. she married Remus Lupin, a very kind, brave and talented wizard.” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Remus should really be in here, to hear this.” said Mr. Weasley, “If he and the Inspector weren’t both trying to remove his foot from his mouth.”

“Aye, the baby will start off being joyless bookworm.” said Sirius with a smirk. “With a touch of clumsiness from his mother. I can’t wait!”
“Lycanthropy is not a passed on affliction, well, not in that sense. It’s only passed on via biting, not from parent to child through reproduction.” said Dumbledore calmly.

“He called me dramatic in school…” groaned Sirius. “All he’s missing is apparently some dramatic poses and violin music.”

Sirius’ eyes widened. “Ooohh…that’s going to smart for a while.”

“I know where that rage is coming from.” said Officer McFinn absently.

“Remus is picking fights again.” said Fred.

“This is going to be awkward.” said George.

Sirius lifted his foot and chuckled softly. “He wouldn’t be able to, his feet are a little bigger than mine.”

“This is going to be ugly.” said Ron.
“Sit boy! Sit!” shouted Harry as he struggled to keep Sirius in his seat. Sirius, in response, was trying to get up off the sofa and make his way angrily to the door.

Sirius growled darkly. “He can be all broody and whatever else he wants to be, but he does not…”

“I’m siding with Harry.” growled Sirius.

“Everyone to their corners, now.” said Fred.

“Wait for the bell…” said George.

“Oh, I think Remus needed to hear it.” said Dumbledore.

Harry tried to drown out the silence with his own breathing, his eyes scrunched up as he tried to pull Sirius down, but he couldn’t really drown it out. Chief Hawkeye nodded however and clapped softly. “Amen, son.”

“They seem to do that a lot more lately.” said Katie.
“You should have, tough love, baby.” said Sirius darkly, finally settling down in his chair.

“He needed to be kicked in the ass and sent back to his wife.” said Sirius.

“He would have been patting you on the back.” said Sirius.

“At least they choose one of my personal favorite pictures.” said Dumbledore with a fond smile.

“I’ve always been told I had my father’s eyes.” said Dumbledore.

“A very handsome woman.” said Flitwick.

“Oh no…pitch it, burn it…something…” said Angelina.
“You are just a glutton for torment, aren’t you?” said Bill.

First Article paragraph.

“She sure is fixated on you.” said Charlie.

“She got most of her fame from all her writings about Harry.” said Hermione.

Second Article paragraph.

Article paragraph, first sentence.

“Mother thought she was the, as children are known to say, crazy old bat that was from a few houses down the street. Bathilda and she eventually became as close as mother had ever let someone become after Father was incarcerated.” said Dumbledore.

End of third article paragraph.

A few people looked confused as well, but Dumbledore was not forthcoming in supplying any further information.

Fourth Article paragraph, fourth sentence.

“My mother was a very private person when it came to Ariana, as was my father. There was a reason why kept her close to the family home.” said Dumbledore.

Fourth Article paragraph, fifth sentence.

“We were well prepared to just accept that white lie, it was better all things considered to just give people that.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“But…what did happen?” asked Ron before Hermione could shush him.

“We seem to be focusing very highly on my young life, so, as much as I prefer not to share at this time, we may hear what currently being hidden.” said Dumbledore looking up at the ceiling.

Fourth Article paragraph, sixth sentence.

“That was not the reason why we moved.” said Dumbledore quietly.

End of fourth article paragraph.
“Welcome back Kreacher.” said George.

“Just in time for elvensies.” said Fred.

“Good on yeh, lad.” said Moody. “A little roughing up is good for him. Scratch that, a lot of roughing up.”

“What haven’t you done?” said Ernie.

“Oh, five minutes with that old faker and I’ll make him wish that he had stayed behind to face Voldemort.” muttered Moody.

“That’s not going to have much of an effect on him.” said Lionus. “They tend to thrive on being unreliable to those who aren’t in their circles or wanting anything from them.”
“You’d better go and find them, then.” said Harry darkly.

“Not the point.” said Harry sharply.

“Twack him again!” said Neville.

“Eh, toss in seven more.” said Fred.

“Double your luck.” said George.

“You have no idea.” said almost the entire group collectively.
“Oh no…she’s a Ministry worker.” groaned Dean.

Mr. Weasley looked up to the ceiling, deep in thought. “That might narrow it down to…twenty or so…most of the women we have there are fairly decent.”

“F#ck.” said the children quietly.

“Oh….no…..” sighed McGonagall.

“Dammit…” said Harry covering his eyes.

Sirius lifted Harry’s scarred hand and ran his thumb over the writing. Officer McFinn waited for no one and turned the page to continue the readings.
“Matches the interior…unkempt.” said George.

“George!” hissed Mrs. Weasley shortly.

“It’s fine, it kind of fits.” said Sirius.

“I’d find it hilarious if that happened.” said Dr. Clark.

“You’d think that they would be a bit more subtle.” said Moody with a roll of his eye.

“Dumber than a village full of trolls, the lot of them.” muttered Kingsley.

“Muggles?” asked Hermione indignantly.

“Death Eaters.” replied Kingsley.

“Idiots, every last one of them.” said Remus.

“Not quite so dumb then, but if they really want to get ahold of you, they need to find a better way to do it.” said Tonks.
“I’m fairly certain that only the news that You-Know-Who is finally dead is going to brighten their spirits.” said George.

**Seventh paragraph, second sentence.**

Mrs. Weasley looked at Hermione and Harry, “I wonder which one was the one that did the cleaning?”

“Sure, don’t believe I might have helped.” said Ron with a snort.

The Weasleys were all silent.

“S..Shut up..” said Ron, his ears turning red.

“We’re not saying a word.” said the twins together, wicked smiles stretched across their faces.

**End of seventh paragraph.**

Sirius blinked. “Sounds like he is doing better.”

**Dialogue set, first sentence, fifth comma.**

Sirius continued to blink while Dumbledore smiled.

**End of dialogue set.**

**Dialogue set.**

**Eighth paragraph.**

**Article Title**

“Well…I hope the poor first years don’t have to suffer their entire school life without a normal bit of whimsy that the other students got to enjoy.” said Flitwick quietly to Professor Sprout.

“I daresay, that’ll only happen if he is removed entirely.” said Professor Sprout nodding towards Voldemort.

**Dialogue line.**

**Ninth paragraph.**

**First article paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“’Resignation’ my ass.” said Harry.
“I think we can eliminate three words from that job title.” said Remus darkly.

“I doubt very highly he is a qualified teacher.” said McGonagall coldly.

“Miss Granger!” gasped McGonagall in shock.

“When it comes to such events, I don’t think we would be willing to stand up to that publically.” said McGonagall.

“But…why not?” asked George.

“If we stay in the castle, we can protect the children as best we can.” said Sprout.

“Good thinking.” said Flitwick appreciatively.

“Maybe I should have sicced Harry on Kreacher sooner.” whispered Sirius quietly.

“Unless Harry had that locket, I don’t think it would have done much.” said Remus.

“Can you admit that he was a good cook?” said Hermione leaning forward and looking pointedly at Sirius.

“Never said that he wasn’t a good cook when I was younger, doesn’t change that he was…” said Sirius.
“Let it go.” said Remus, not to either one of them in particular.

**Dialogue set.**

**Twelfth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line**

“Wait till you send your kids on the train and you have to watch it pull away from you.” said Mr. Weasley with a fond smile.

**Thirteenth paragraph.**

**Dialogue line**

**Dialogue line**

“Ronald!”

“I didn’t say it yet, Mum!” said Ron defensively.

**Dialogue line**

**Fourteenth paragraph.**

“A real life Mary Poppins.” said Dr. Clark with a chuckle.

**Dialogue line**

**Dialogue set.**

“If I wanted to have Albus’ job, I certainly would be overjoyed to have all his... knickknacks.” replied Snape with a roll of his eyes.

“I quite liked a few of those.” said Dumbledore.

“Like, Albus, you like those.” said McGonagall, a slight twitch by her eye.

**Dialogue set.**

“You’re forgetting to put a charm to keep whatever you’re discussing amongst yourselves.” growled Moody. “You’re only going to be telling instead of showing Snape all your bloody cards.”

**Dialogue line**
“Partially.” mumbled Moody.

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

Fifteenth paragraph.

“That’s normal, unfortunately.” said Lionus.

Dialogue line

“Hope she pukes.” said Harry darkly.

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

“And knowing Ron, he didn’t share that with you till now.” said Fred.

Dialogue line

“We knew it.” said George.

Sixteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

“Does when you’re trying to imitate someone perfectly.” said Kingsley.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line

“Let’s not dwell on that, you’re only going to make it worse.” said Neville quietly.
Seventeenth paragraph.

Moody groaned and shook his head. “If you’re not fully prepared, don’t risk it.”

“I’m siding with him…” said Lionus nodding towards the Auror.

Dialogue set.

“What I’m worried about is if she had opened it.” said Hermione.

Voldemort scoffed.

“You were defeated by an eleven-year-old when you first attempted to come back to power. You have no qualification on judging the intelligence and powers of others.” snorted Hawkeye.

Dialogue line

Voldemort rolled his eyes, but then caught the sight of the writing on Harry’s hand, he then shrugged. “I suppose it wouldn’t be completely out of the question.”

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“You’d think that the ‘Unspeakables’ wouldn’t be blabbering on about stuff.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line

“Tokens? You need a token to get into work?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“Damn bitch…took our idea…can’t she come up with something on her own?”

Ron turned and stared at the bushy haired girl sitting next to him. “Holy….”
“That’s just about with any plan though, isn’t it?” said Colin.

“I hope your sheer dumb luck holds out.” whispered McGonagall.

The adults in the room were stunned, slowly turning their attention to the teens.

“You’d better swear that you’re not going to use…whatever innate talents you have for evil purposes.” said Sirius.

“Well, that’s no fun.” said Ron.

“Too late.” said Harry, grinning as several people blinked and stared.

“Like anyone as smart as Hermione would be willing to go and sit in interrogation.” said Bill.

“Just send Kreacher again, give him an order to get it and he has to return alive and unhurt.” said Dudley. Shifting slightly under people’s gazes he sputtered. “Well, he got out of…that place that sounds a lot worse than what it was described as, maybe he could come back from that Ministry place.”

Dumbledore stroked his beard thoughtfully. “I daresay that it just might possibly work. While House-elves cannot enter someone else’s home without express permission, and thieving is strictly prohibited, the item in question is not lawfully hers. It belongs to the Black family as a sort of treasure hunt find.”

“But…they’re not going to try that.” said Charlie.

“Most likely not.” said Dumbledore a chuckle escaping his lips.
“Why do I get the feeling you don’t even grimace with pain anymore?” whispered Sirius.

“Oh Merlin…he’s going to just worship you…I think I’m going to be sick.” said Sirius.

“Stuff it, fluffy.”

“This won’t end well…whatever the hell he’s got planned.” said Dr. Clark.

“Run…or something.” said Hannah looking uncertain.

“Won’t matter either way, if he wants to kill you, there’s not much you can do but run for as long as you can till the bitter end.” said Harry.
The room went quiet. “Or be me. That’ll give you better odds.” said Harry with a laugh.

“You had coffee this morning, didn’t you?” said Ron weakly.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

“Now it’s no longer funny.” said Harry.

Dialogue line

Thirtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line

“Occupied!” said George.

“Wait, did we use that joke before?” asked Fred.

“Beats me.” said George.

“Well, in that case, ‘Occupied!’” said Fred loudly.

Thirty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line

“Would a general answer be okay, or would you prefer details?” muttered Charlie.

“Gross…funny…but gross.” said Ginny with a weak giggle.

Dialogue line “

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

“In the loo? You just went up there!” said Ron.

Dialogue line

Thirty-second paragraph.

Dialogue set.
Snape groaned. “We got it…enough with the mentioning it already.”

“Even I want me to stop bringing it up.” Hermione whispered to Ron. “But he should be blocking…”

“Yeah, I guess it’s easier to do when it’s not you.” said Ron.

Harry took a deep breath and released it slowly. “Deep breath….deep breath…”

“Just be careful.” said Dumbledore. “That is all I really ask.”

“We all have our preferences.” said Kingsley absently.

“That’s a good theory.” said Dumbledore.
“Because I wouldn’t just make that up, not with our lives hanging in the balance like this.” said Harry.

“I vote silencing charm.” whispered Ernie.

“Apparently you last way longer than most.” said Sirius to Harry.

“Duck and cover, people.” said Harry.

Ron said quietly. “If we come back.”

“Don’t jinx us, Ron.” said Harry.
“Now, let’s go over the plan one more time, Hermione.” said Fred.

“Shut up, George.” spat Hermione.

“Oop, you know she’s not in a good mood when she mixes us up.” said Fred.

“But a lot of people mix you two up.” said Hannah.

“A lot of people are so unhappy.”

“Bless them…”

“That’s why we do what we do.” said the twins together.

“Or it could just help in pissing people off.” muttered Terry.

“That’s another reason why we do what we do.”

“And the cover is going to be blown.” Moody drawled.

“Cover…blown.”

“Ow! Hey, this hasn’t happened yet!” yelped Ron as Hermione knocked his side with a stiff elbow.

Moody snorted with laughter, he covered his mouth and tried to recover, steeling his features back into his normal state.
“Can I get my revenge… get a marker and draw on her face a bit?” whispered Harry.

“I don’t think anyone would be too thrilled about that, but I’d say go for it.” said Sirius.

“I’ve got the sneaky suspicion that I’m going to be stunned or not ever get to work today.” said Fred.

“But that’s just silly.” said George.

“That is one dedicated workaholic.” said Dr. Clark.
“What in the…” said Dudley.

Dialogue line

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line

Dialogue set.

“Dedication…to something.” said Bill.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line

“Reg? He never was all that gung-ho about going to work before.” said Mr. Weasley thoughtfully.

Dialogue line

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line

“Did you three take some Felix potion or something?” asked Charlie in amazement.

“Well say that we should just bulk brew a bunch of those potions.” said Ron.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line

“Sucks doesn’t it?” said Harry with a manic smile.

Dialogue line

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“Mum never let us use the public loos.” said Dudley. “If we did, we’d have to take a bath the moment we got home.”
“That is so funny!” said Neville with a giggle.

“Irony is one of the best forms of comedy.” said Luna dreamily.

Mrs. McFinn winced. “That’s disgusting. Who decided on that entrance?”

“A black statue? With what is all going on now, I’m betting it’s not going to be a cheerful statue.” said Ernie.

“And if Harry’s thinking it’s frightening, it’s going to terrifying.” said Terry.

“Can’t say if it’s purely Voldemort behind all this nonsense.” said Hawkeye. “Or if some other freak came up with this.”

“Runcorn? You picked Runcorn!” said Tonks in shock.

“Oh no…” said Moody covering his eyes.
Sixty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

“I’m guessing I would rather not know.” said Harry.

Sixty-seventh paragraph.

Nearly everyone in the room leaned back in horror.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

Hermione clapped a hand to her mouth, her eyes brimming with tears as she furiously shook her head.

“I’m going to be sick.” said Ron.

“That’s terrible!” said Katie.

“It’s disgusting!” said Ginny.

After several minutes of disgusted outrage, Dumbledore looked pointedly over to the muggles in the room and said. “I would love nothing more than to say that no wizards or witches would ever think of such a thing and even remotely be called decent. But it is an…ugly truth that such prejudices exist and sadly will continue to exist for several more centuries, but I do humbly apologize for such despicable show of racism.”

“So…he’s admitting that there are bastards in the world…but not all of them necessarily bad, but he’s sorry that they did this.” said George slowly.

“Sounds like it…” said Fred. “There are racist muggles too…look at the walrus.”

“…Humans suck.”

“I’ll say this much, if it’s a fountain for St. Mungos, they can get their own money, I’m not chucking anything but spit into the water.” said Fred.

End of dialogue set.

Sixty-eighth paragraph.

Sixty-ninth paragraph.
“If that’s not a clue that the Ministry is being taken over…don’t know what would drive the
message home.” said Bill.

Dialogue line

Seventieth paragraph.

Dialogue line

Seventy-first paragraph.

Dialogue line

Seventy-second paragraph.

Dialogue line

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Oh my goodness.” gasped Mrs. Weasley covering her mouth.

“No wonder he was so desperate.” said Mr. Weasley weakly.

End of dialogue set.

Seventy-third paragraph.

Dialogue line

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

Kingsley shook his head. “Dear lord…makes you wonder who else was removed or who stayed.”

“I’m hoping you’re still alive.” said Moody gruffly. “Need someone with balls to stand up to these
dark bastards.”

“Alastor!” snapped McGongall.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line

Dialogue line

Dr. Clark said a few choice words under his breath.

Seventy-fourth paragraph, second sentence, second comma.
“You lot picked a good person to take down.” said Moody gruffly.

End of seventy-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line
Dialogue line
Dialogue line
Dialogue set.
Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.
“Maybe picking Ron as the Magical Maintenance person wasn’t the best.” said Lee.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue set.
“I’m going out on a limb here and thinking that poor Cresswell didn’t have a pleasant encounter with Runcorn.” said Ron.

Seventy-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue set.
Seventy-sixth paragraph.
“But if you’re supposed to be somewhere else, best not to blow your cover…though I’m quite disappointed that the Ministry is being infiltrated by seventeen year olds.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.
“We infiltrated it when we were fifteen.” said Harry.
“Ah, but that was after hours and the security was not so high then.” said Dumbledore with a quiet chuckle.

End of chapter.

“Found her!” said Bill. “But…now what?”
“Knock her out and steal the locket?” said Fred.
“I second it!” said George.
Return of a Fighter

Author’s Note: I’M NOT DEAD!

I am SORRY about the length of time it has taken me to update this story, there had been so many changes to my life that I couldn’t keep up with all the extra things I do with my free time.

First thing that happened: It was approaching the holidays and with me being a Manager at the retail store I worked at, meant that most of my time was going towards my job.

Second thing that happened: The bane of my existence, someone that had been my superior for a year and then equal was finally terminated. We couldn’t find anyone to fill the gap for a long while so we were trying to keep up with the holiday rush. If I wasn’t working, I was sleeping, planning on Christmas presents, or trying to gain back some sanity. I opted to bake a bunch of cookies for all my aunts and uncles for Christmas and let me tell you, that’s what I’m going to be doing from now on. It was my mom’s Chocolate Chip Cookies, always a crowd pleaser, (those can get HONKING big) and my new staple Honey Orange Ginger Cookies. AMAZING cookies.

Third thing that happened: After the holidays, the company we worked for had filed for bankruptcy and a store in our nearby area had received the pink slip and they needed to start liquidating. We felt safe as we were always busy and our small store was one of the best in the region for sales figures, we fielded calls and tried to help customers by explaining what was going on, and reassuring customers that we weren’t closing.

Fourth thing that happened: A month later, we got the notice that our store was closing. So, we had to work even more to prepare for the store closing. So that meant even more work and even more headaches as we were trying to help customers understand the new rules and policies. We all now have to try and find other jobs, I decided to stay on with my store as I was there for the setting up the store in the beginning, I will stay till the doors lock for the final time.

Fifth thing that happened: The ENTIRE company went under, not only was our store and the other store in the nearby town, but EVERY branch of the store across the country was given notice. If you’re curious as to what store it was, it was a SHOPping store that was actually a great KOmpany to work for. I will miss it greatly.

Sixth thing that happened: Now that the time of the eminent closing is approaching faster, I
decided to take up college, I had never done so before, so this is going to be an exciting and yet scary. I have yet to apply to my first choice college, but I will be doing so in the next few hours.

So…that’s my life up to this point, hope you all don’t hate me too much.

Dialogue line.

“Uh…sure, we’ll go with that.” said Hermione.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, fifth sentence.

“So she’s ‘officiating’ those things? Knew she was a sadistic…” muttered Ron.

End of dialogue set.

“Albert who?” said Dennis.

“The person that Harry’s impersonating.” replied Colin in a whisper.

Dialogue line.

First paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“That’s the impression I get from him.” said Alastor.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, third sentence.

“Yeah, all decent and whatnot, can’t have those people around, now can we?” Bill.

End of dialogue set.
“Sounds like you weren’t all that tall in the future.” said Ron with a wiggle of his brow.

“Stuff it.”

“Just use your own plans then!” said Colin.

“I don’t know what sort of planning I would be doing.” said Harry.

Harry shook his head and buried his face in his hand. “I’m only going to assume I have lost my mind or took a severe blow to the head because I hadn’t come up with something.”

“Most people wear their jewelry on them.” said Katie.

“It’s not advisable to wear anything that the accused can get ahold of and use it to strangle a person.” said McFinn calmly. “It’s most likely different here.”

“Atta boy.” said Moody.

“Why not just write it down yourself?” asked Mrs. McFinn.

“Well, her office has to be somewhere close, if they’re using pink colored paper.” said Charlie.
End of sixth paragraph.

“It takes more than a pair of wizards or witches to make a pamphlet?” Inspector Homes.

Seventh paragraph.

Pamphlet

“Put up your arm.” said Hermione quietly to Ron.

“What?”

“Put your arm up.” hissed Hermione. Ron lifted his arm and hidden behind his large sleeve, she rose her middle finger in the direction of the book.

“Good for you, sweetie.” said Office McFinn with a snicker, amazingly not looking in her direction. Hermione blushed.

Eighth paragraph, first sentence.

“What the hell?” whispered Flitwick.

“Filius!” said Sprout in shock.

“If Miss Granger can extend a middle finger, me swearing is not the most shocking thing to occur today.”

Eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“You didn’t need to have proof of who wrote this. “ said Sirius darkly. “You had the gut feeling already, and I would take the risk in saying that she was the one that wrote it.”

End of eighth paragraph.

“Somehow, despite that you called her a hag, I’ve got the feeling we’re still not going to like you.” said Neville.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She’s got a magic eye?” said Harry looking confused. “I would have thought a magic tongue or something that could snatch flies out of the air.”
Ninth paragraph.

Moody blinked. “My…eye…? How the bloody hell…did she get…my eye?”

While McGonagall was gently scolding Moody, mostly due to him being deceased in this book, Sirius and Kingsley looked between each other. “Makes you really think about how she got to possess his eye.”

“Perhaps the Ministry took his body…at least I hope they did. The other option is Death Eaters taking his body and just carving him up.” said Kingsley quietly.

Tenth paragraph.

Plaque

Eleventh paragraph.

“Ugly, Toad-Faced Bitch?”

“ALASTOR!”

Second plaque

“That’s sick.” said Hermione with a scowl.

Twelfth paragraph.

“Oh, bless him.” said the twins fondly.

Thirteenth paragraph.

“Tell me that you two are going to be selective about who you sell these things to if times get dark.” growled Moody.

Fred and George looked between each other and then back to Moody. “If we say yes, then you won’t hurt us, right?”

“I promise nothing.” said Moody.

“Better chances on surviving with the side saying ‘sure’.” said Fred.

Fourteenth paragraph, third sentence.

“Tell me that I puke in her chair.” said Harry crossing his fingers.
“Sick…” muttered Ginny.

“Thanks lad.” muttered Moody.

“That would have to be freaking hilarious to watch.” said Lee with a roar of laughter.

“Burn them.” said a majority of the room collectively.

“Don’t worry about me, just get going!” said Mr. Weasley.

“Tell that to a few of the girls back at school.” whispered Ginny to Hermione who giggled.

Harry hissed in pain and reached behind his shoulder, grimacing in pain.

“Ah, shit!” muttered Office McFinn.

“No, no, no, no.” said Sirius, Dumbledore and Lionus together as they stood up and hovered around Harry.

“We’re stopping here, I’ll have Nicodemus here in three minutes.” said Chief Hawkeye standing up and kneeling in front of the young man.
“No…let’s finish the chapter at least.” hissed Harry.

“Your health is more important than seeing how you children get out of this.” said the Chief sternly.

“Finish… the… goddamn… chapter!” growled Harry. Harry glared at the man kneeling before him, the man looked back at him, his face plain.

“I’ve had men with bigger balls than you try and give me orders, boy.” sneered Hawkeye. “Nicodemus is coming, whether you like it or not. We’re not moving on till he gets here so we can get you sorted out.”

It was not quite three minutes when Dr. Nicodemus came back to Night’s Rest. He was already informed about what had happened and in the span of seven minutes, he had Harry down nearly four different potions and with him sitting on the sofa with Sirius and the young man’s head against his chest.

Hermione and Ginny asked after the tiny little babies that he was supposed to be watching over and he motioned to the room next to theirs, but he said nothing further.

Once he was given the nod by Dr. Nicodemus, Officer McFinn continued on, internally regretting not taking the proper amount of care before.

Eighteenth paragraph.

“I doubt highly that she would have my picture in her office willingly. I daresay that she may have a copy of Miss Skeeter’s book.” said Dumbledore softly.

Nineteenth paragraph.

“‘Bestselling’? According to what research?” said Kingsley.

Twentieth paragraph.

“Shit, get out.” said Charlie.

Twenty-first paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

“Lad, you need to have less close calls.” said Kingsley.

“Tell me about it.” said Sirius.

Twenty-first paragraph, fifth sentence.

Dr. Clark waved his hands and wiggled his fingers. “Do none of those idiots use their hands?”
“I don’t, please share!” said Fred eagerly.

“With Hermione in with Umbridge, she’s in the most dangerous position out of the three of you.” said Professor Sprout worriedly.

“Whoever came up with that sort of hairdo should have a few lessons in hair styles.” said Alicia.

Mr. Weasley chuckled fondly, but he stopped when he saw Dr. Nicodemus rub salve on Harry’s back.

“You’ll be fine lad.” said Dr. Nicodemus absently. “Just need to keep this under control.”

“Dad always said he could tell Fred and George apart just by their eyes…I don’t think future me wanted to risk it.” said Ron weakly.

“He never tells us how he figures us out either, when we work so hard to be exactly alike some days, he can still tell us apart.” said Fred with a slight huff.
“That’s awkward.” said Ron.

“Well, this is a pleasant family reunion, isn’t it?” said Bill.

“Who? Oh…me…” said Harry.

“News to me.” said Harry.

“So, nothing new?” sneered Voldemort.

“You’ve gone this long without speaking…what made you speak up now?” muttered Ron.

“I’m talking about Runcorn.” whispered Mr. Weasley to his wife.

“Might be best that you didn’t say this to Runcorn, I don’t want to think about what he might have done to you.” said Mrs. Weasley.
“No, just an out of character warning.” said Moody.

“Now get back to the mission, enough mucking about.” said Kingsley.

Harry felt Sirius’ hand tighten slightly on his shoulder, giving him a silent show of support.

“Better than trying to wrestle a lone witch out of a room full of whatever defenses they have in place.” said Dumbledore.

“It’ll take some delicate footwork, to say the least.” said Lionus.

“Ah, shit.” muttered Harry.

“Knew it.” snarled Harry.

Mrs. McFinn’s hand went over her mouth to stifle her gasp.
“Good boy.” said Dr. Nicodemus absently.

“Something not many Voldemort supporters have.” said Leroy.

Dumbledore’s face as well as several other people’s went terribly pale.

“Oh my God.” said Dumbledore faintly. “I feared this would happen, but I didn’t dare believe…”

“What…was that what you were talking…” Dudley weakly whispered.

“Yeah, Dud…don’t ask…” said Harry swiftly.

Mrs. Weasley and Mr. Weasley looked fearful.

“Oh, no, Mary…” said Mrs. Weasley. “She’s not a physically strong person to begin with!”

“Oh…bless him.” said Professor Sprout.
“I have a dog as a patronus, maybe I can sic it on the cat.” said Ron.

“Mine would work too, too bad that they don’t fight each other, they act more like friends when you try and pit them against each other.” said Sirius. “Might not get along with Umbridge’s, though.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

“I’m sorry.” said Mrs. Weasley standing up, her face white as she hurried from the room. Mr. Weasley was right on her trail, snatching a calming draught and stomach soother from Dr. Nicodemus as he passed.

Dialogue line.

“No, I’m Henrietta Snodgrass. Mary couldn’t be here today.” said George.

“I can take a message if you like.” said Fred.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Is that who that man is? Well, news to me, we don’t talk much.” said Lee.

“Or see each other, honestly, I think he just uses the place for the owls to drop off his post.” said George.

“And for someone to wash his socks.” said Fred.

“This is a serious matter, boys.” said Flitwick, “But thank you for the levity.”

Forty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“No wonder Mum had to go.” said Charlie.
“Bet his mother is so proud of him.” said Hermione darkly.

“His mother left him in the care of his grandfather, she hasn’t been seen since. ..no one knows for certain who his father is.” said Dumbledore.

“So he could have been a muggle, or a muggle born too.” said Hermione with a small, gleeful smile.

“It is a possibility, Yaxley’s grandfather was always adamant about that the father was a wizard of a pureblood status, but no one can verify that for certain.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully, his eyes twinkling.

“Damn bitch.” muttered Harry.

“Sure it was OLLIVANDER!” said Katie loudly.

“Steady now, there have been many times that I wanted to wipe the floor with Death Eaters while I was waiting for them to let their guard down, but it’s best to bide your time and watch for them to make themselves look like fools.” scolded Moody.

Voldemort’s eyes widened slightly.
“Oh, thank goodness…now we just have to get it, easy…right?” said Ron.

“And you are not a human.” said Dr. Clark with a scowl.

The scowl faded way to a snort.

“Yeah, of someone else’s family.” muttered Charlie.

“Yeah, who wants to be associated with you?” said Bill.

“Wait, does that mean we’re related to her too?” said Ron his face a sickly shade of green.

“Thankfully, to those sitting around you, she is not related to you.” said Dumbledore.

“Unfortunately, the person she is closest related to would indeed be…Harry.”

“I could have done without that knowledge thank you.” said Harry.

“My deepest sympathies, but I do enjoy entertaining the possibilities of how her life would have been like had you have known she was a relation and being the head of the Potter family and all…” Dumbledore eyes twinkled in amusement.

“‘He’s saying you could have made her life a living social hell.” said Sirius happily.

Harry chuckled, though he had to repress a wince.
“This…won’t end well.” groaned Moody covering his eyes.

End of fifty-seventh paragraph.

“If you’re aiming for a mass panic, you’re going to get it.” said Kingsley with a groan.

Fifty-eighth paragraph, second sentence.

“Idiot boy, at least keep your hand and wand in your cloak!” said Moody sharply.

“Can we not invite him to the chapters where we have missions?” said Harry quietly.

“He’s the best, but yeah, a silencing charm wouldn’t go amiss sometimes.” said Sirius.

“I heard that.” growled Moody.

“And perhaps that ‘Muffliato’ charm as well.” added Sirius.

End of fifty-eighth paragraph.

“You’re faster than Yaxley, but that’s nothing to be proud of, he’s slower than a flobberworm in January.” said Kingsley.

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Not the important part, here!” said Chief Hawkeye.

Dialogue line.

Sixtieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-first paragraph.

Dumbledore smiled fondly.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.
“Well, this is going to blow her mind, isn’t it?” said Alicia.

“Change of heart? Runcorn doesn’t not simply have a change of heart., and Mafalda’s name isn’t Hermione.” said Rudolph.

“Experiment later, or better yet, you should have done this earlier.” said Moody.

“Most likely confused as to how the hell Runcorn doesn’t know how to remove the chains.” said Terry.

“Prayer?” said Dean.

“Especially right now.” said Sirius.
“Not so much of an official position, ‘Run so we can’t find you.’” said Hermione.

“Oh boy this is going to be awkward, hopefully Ron can find a way around this or he’s going to be married for a bit.” said Fred.

“Sorry Hermione, he’s a family man now.” said George.

“Okay, we’re going to give you that…” said George.

“That was pretty funny.” said Fred.

“Well, I knew there was going to be a backlash to taking my eye back.” said Moody.
“Shit.” muttered Sirius.

 Dialogue line.
 Dialogue set.
 Dialogue line.
 Dialogue line.

 Seventy-second paragraph.
 Dialogue line.
 Dialogue line.
 Dialogue line.

 Lionus, Chief Hawkeye and the Aurors in the room all looked excited for a moment.

 “Damn son, that’s….phew….” said Chief Hawkeye.

 Dialogue line.
 Dialogue set.
 Dialogue line.

 Seventy-third paragraph.

 “Oh bloody hell, you couldn’t stay home for fifteen more bloody minutes, you bloody idiot?” shouted Ron.

 “Oh, no! Our cover!” said Hermione worriedly. “We’re going to be caught!”

 “The book still a bit thicker, you might escape…” soothed Neville.

 “Perhaps we spend weeks in torture, sure the books just focus on one year in Harry’s life, but so much could happen in a year, so much…” Hermione nearly wailed.

 “Calm down, and just listen, this hasn’t happened and it won’t happen now.” said Officer McFinn calmly.

 Dialogue line.

 Seventy-fourth paragraph.

 Seventy-fifth paragraph.
“Oh, I’d love to be able to punch people like that.” said Harry with a fond smile, the salve on his back alleviating the pain.

“It’s a nice feeling, let me tell you.” said Dudley, “Especially when they’re your size.”

“Bet they fly farther when you’re bigger than them too though, eh Big D?” said Harry with a wicked smirk.

Dudley looked away with a blush. Inspector looked between the two of them and fixed Harry with a quirked brow.

“Can you imagine if she had kissed him?” said Fred.

“Oh Ron, you homewrecker you!” teased George.

Moody shook his head. “Something went wrong, better get out of there immediately.”

“Hope Kreacher doesn’t get the door then.” said Ron.

“That’s the end then? Good, into bed with you.” said Dr. Nicodemus taking Harry by the arm.


“Three….two…one…there you go.” Dr. Nicodemus counted until Harry fell limply into his arms, completely unconscious. “Even moderate doses knocks a person out.”

“What in the world kind of medicine do you keep giving him?” said Sirius taking Harry’s other arm and lifting him into the air bridal style.

“He’s dramatic.” said Lionus.

“You’re overdue for your physical, do you really want to be poking fun?” said Dr. Nicodemus.
without looking at Lionus.

“Never mind.”
Once again, I’m not dead, but I was unemployed for a little while. If you remember, I had said that my the Corporation that my store belonged to had gone out of business so I was working tirelessly to close the store down and then to give myself another month of paychecks I went to go and close another store down, my lord was that fun, the kids in that town were entitled little sh^ts, because we were closing, they thought they could bring in their SKATEBOARDS AND BICYCLES and ride through the store, I never had to ask kids at my own store to leave, but I must have escorted at least 3 sets out.

Absolutely ridiculous.

Once that was over, I went to go and take a few days of rest for myself, then, while I was on the break and afterwards I was applying to so many different jobs that I completely lost track of them all as well as time.

After about a month (let me tell you, filing for Unemployment sucks, but it’s a good thing that it does suck or everyone would want to do it) I finally got a new job! However, now I get up before the sun even had it’s first cup of coffee and I spend either 6-10 hours at work every day I work, then when I get home, I eat, shower and then hop right to bed, the only days I have time to type is when I have the day off, but even then, that has to compete with everything else that has to get done.

So I am back, and I’m going to do my best to get back on some sort of regular posting schedule, though it may have to be every two weeks. It’s not going to be every week unless I can come up with a healthy balance of my time.

The next morning, Harry had woke refreshed and stretched languidly as Dr. Nicodemus poured him a small glass beaker of medicine that didn’t taste as badly as he feared.

“They want to give you the option, continue on today, or take the day off, or get a late start, or call it an early day after a little while.” said Dr. Nicodemus taking a final check of his eyes.

Harry waited till the Ranger physician was done with his examination before he answered. “What does Glacier say?”

Nicodemus placed his little instruments away. “He says it’s up to you, as long as you continue the readings at least once this week there shouldn’t be any problem. Just have to remember that you cannot run from the books forever, and you don’t want to put your and the rest of these people’s lives on hold.”

Harry thought for a moment. “So he’s saying…”

“In his own special way? Get off the pot.” smirked Nicodemus.

Harry opted to have a fairly late start so that they (meaning him as everyone else had eaten) could have a calm breakfast and then he joined the others in the den.
“So…how are you feeling?” asked Inspector Homes.

“He must be feeling better, if that doctor let him out of bed.” said Dudley.

“That doesn’t quite mean much, if you’ve seen how many times he’s passed out in the middle of a chapter.” muttered Sirius.

“Don’t pick a fight, trust me.” said Lionus.

Remus and Tonks were sitting in the usual spots, Tonks only seemed a little cold towards Remus when she and he met each other’s gazes, but they seemed to have patched things up…for the moment.

Office McFinn smirked and read the chapter title. “This next one is called **Fourteenth Chapter Title.**”

“A title? we don’t normally get a title!” said Ron.

“Well, we used to, we haven’t in a while.” corrected Hermione.

“Not much since he started reading.” said Ron.

“I don’t want to ruin any surprises.” smirked Officer McFinn.

**First paragraph, first sentence.**

“I hope you kids get to cover soon, and that you didn’t just appear in front of a group of muggles.” said Kingsley.

**First paragraph, second sentence, first comma.**

“I kept forgetting to breathe the first few times I apparated.” said Charlie. “Scared Mum a few times.”

“Well of course it scared me, three times you turned blue because you forgot to breathe!” said Mrs. Weasley.

**First paragraph, fourth sentence.**

Fred and George looked at each other and lifted Ron’s foot by the ankle.

“Get off me.” said Ron shaking his foot loose.

**End of paragraph.**

**Second paragraph, first sentence, third comma.**

“And especially how…”
“‘You can’t apparate on castle grounds.’” chanted Ron and Harry together.

**End of second paragraph.**

“Aye, that’s one thing you can’t say about the Forbidden Forest, it’s not clear.” said Sirius with a snicker.

**Third paragraph, second sentence.**

Ron’s mouth hung open but closed tightly when his mother came up from behind him and held him tightly.

**End of third paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Mr. Weasley reached over to Ron’s seat and took a strong grip on his knee.

**Fourth paragraph.**

Mrs. McFinn screamed horribly as she heard the description. Dr. Clark held her, his own eyes shut.

“I don’t think we want to hear about you apparating for a little while.” said Dr. Clark weakly.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

**Fifth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

“Oi, it’s not easy to go into a girl’s purse and pull out one thing.” said Harry weakly.

**Sixth paragraph.**

Dialogue line.

**Seventh paragraph.**

The Gryffindor Chasers winced and squirmed.
“Should have practiced a few healing spells before the end of the prior year.” drawled Snape.

“Maybe Harry knows a few…” started Dennis.

“I have no clue what I do or do not know at this point.” said Harry.

“Not the best choice for when you’re trying to flee.” said Dumbledore.

“Never go back to the safe house immediately if you’re being chased.” lectured Moody.

“We’ll bear that in mind.” said Fred.

“If he saw the number on the door and they had a suspicion on what street you were on, then most assuredly.” said Dumbledore in a somber tone.

“Summon Kreacher and get him out of there at least.” said Dudley gesturing towards the book. “Then he can at least be safe, and maybe bring your things to you.”

“Knowing them, they don’t think about it.” said Snape, “Generally a logical response is not quite in their arsenal.”

“I’m sort of stunned that Dudley can be logical.” said Harry.
“I got a souvenir at least.” said Fred, holding out an invisible item.

“Stupid of you to risk the mission…but thanks, Potter.” said Moody.

“Lovely, can we do it again?” said Ron.

“Close.” said Ron.

“Never go where wizards have seen you in before.” said Moody. “It puts them in danger best stick to Muggle places.”

“Safest place I know is Buckingham Palace, but I’d never risk her.” said Harry.

“Let’s switch that to a yes, if you’re on the run, never a good idea to stay in one place.” said Sirius.

“Words of experience.” said Remus with a minute trace of a tease.
“Now we just have to hope she remembers how to hide the haze.” said Flitwick quietly.

“You really were prepared…” said Ron in awe.

“Always the tone of surprise.” Hermione replied warmly.

“Hermione! Did you steal poor Perkins’ tent?” said George in a scandalized voice.

“Harry, you’re such a horrible influence on her!” said Fred.

The younger Weasley children blinked. “We could have been in our tent in less than two seconds had we set up the tent that way at the Cup?” said Ron.

“At least Dad had fun.” said Ginny.

Dumbledore stroked his beard thoughtfully.
“Wrong choice of words.” said Terry wincing slightly.

“I’ll be getting back to you; don’t you worry about it.” said Harry coolly.

“Might have to have a talk amongst themselves about security questions…” said George.

“Or Mrs. Cattermole being seen with a much younger man…either one.” added Fred quietly.

“Thanks for that little boost of morale.” said Dean.

“Having a wand or not does not mean that you cannot apparate, if she is able to apparate, she can.” said Dumbledore.

“Mary can’t.” said Mrs. Weasley in a frenzied whisper. “She’s never been able to do it without almost hurting herself, she’s terrified of it.”

Harry rolled his eyes with a slightly fond smile.
“If you had lost it, I’m not going to be all that happy...we’d be going back for it.” said Harry.

“We were a little busy!” said Hermione.

“And we’re not that lucky.” said Harry. “The harder part is still there.”

“Don’t open it yet!” whispered Dumbledore his grip tightened on the chair he was sitting in.

“Alohomora? You expect it to open with that?” said Voldemort, looking at the Boy Who Lived in confusion.

“Throw it in acid?” said Dudley.
“I like his answer.” said Lionus with a smirk.

Dialogue line.

Chief Hawkeye slapped a hand to his forehead. “Don’t put the dark magic item on yourself! The girl only wrote in the diary and look what happened to her! Dumbledore only had to put on the ring once and he was dead in a matter of months!”

Dialogue line.

“Not that I could go anywhere anyway.” said Ron.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, second sentence.

“Well, there’s some protein for you, catch a squirrel.” said Lionus.

Lavender and Pavarti looked horrified.

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.

Twenty-seventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Hope you know the difference between the good and bad kind of mushrooms.” said Harry weakly. “Or we may be in just as incapacitated as Ron.”

End of twenty-seventh paragraph.

“Nice…” said Hermione with a smirk to Ron.

“I’m injured…I’ve got other things to think about.” said Ron weakly.

Twenty-eighth paragraph.

“Well, next time, you can find the mushrooms and cook them.” said Hermione firmly.

“Sure, not sure why we had you cook anyway.” said Harry.

Twenty-ninth paragraph.

Thirtieth paragraph.

“Take…it…off…” the Chief said slowly.
Thirty-first paragraph.
“I’m with him, take the damn thing off.” said Sirius quickly.

Thirty-second paragraph, seventh sentence, first colon.
“He comes when he’s called, call him!” shouted Harry towards the book version of himself.

Thirty-second paragraph, eighth sentence.
“Unless the house-elf is ordered by it’s master or mistress, they can’t bring anyone else with them.” said Dumbledore.

End of thirty-second paragraph.

Thirty-third paragraph, third sentence.
“I did not have the Stone.” said Dumbledore kindly.

End of thirty-third paragraph.

Thirty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-fifth paragraph.
“Well, someone’s going to be on a naughty list for a thousand years.” said Dudley.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Thirty-sixth paragraph.

Thirty-seventh paragraph.
“So…he told the truth, but that doesn’t quite guarantee that he’ll live.” said Harry.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.
Dumbledore closed his eyes, a moment of silence for the old wandmaker.

“Good luck with that one, mate.” said Ron.

“Wasn’t enough luck, I guess.” said Ron.

“Quit nagging Ron.” said Fred.
“Go back to bed.” said George.

“I know, I know!” said Hermione held her hands up in defeat.
“Book version of you doesn’t.” said Lionus chuckling to himself.

“Let me tell you what had happened!” said Harry.
“At least someone’s on my side.” said Harry quietly, “But we’d better not let Hermione know.”

“Which means that a new wand is not what he wanted.” said Kingsley.

“That may mean that you only saw it once and it was very fleeting.” said Bill. “We won’t find out where for a long time.”

“No, I believe he has all that he could want for the moment, he may make another one, if it all goes horribly wrong.” said Dumbledore, stroking his beard.

“And maybe to replace the ones that were destroyed.” quipped Hannah.
“I don’t believe he has the strength to replace the ones he has lost.” said Dumbledore, pointedly ignoring the growl that the Dark Lord sent his way.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Fifty-first paragraph, first sentence.

Dumbledore smiled.

End of fifty-first paragraph.

Fifty-second paragraph, first sentence.

“Wasn’t us, Mum!” said the twins together.

End of chapter

“Want to bet that Harry remembers who the thief is in less than four chapters?” whispered Fred.

“I’m in.” said Neville.
“Don’t leave without us!” said Ron quickly.

“Or don’t leave the tent without telling us!” added Hermione with a frantic tone to her voice.

“What in the world are you looking for a tree like that for?” asked George.

“Oh.” mumbled George quietly, looking a little sheepish.

“A gnarled tree, eh?” mused Moody. “I’d prefer on the shores of Azkaban, make sure no one else escapes the prison.” he added with a pointed look to Sirius.

“I was innocent.” said Sirius dully.

“You still escaped…not altogether keen on that.” said Moody.

“Being flushed down the loo is preferable to being stuck on her door.” said Moody gruffly.

“Why mark the tree?” asked Dean.

“Maybe I want to come back to it.” shrugged Harry. “This hasn’t happened yet, I don’t know.”

“Provided you aren’t hoping for it to have mayonnaise, we can’t work miracles you know.” said Fred.

“Wish Muggles had that ability.” said Dr. Clark. “I hate going on a camping holiday and the grounds are just littered with crisp packages and beer bottles.”
“I hope that it was a coincidence.” said Dumbledore closing his eyes in a silent prayer. “And not them knowing precisely where you are.”

“And it is a good thing that you didn’t cast one, everyone that knows you will be on the look out for a Stag patronus,” said Kingsley. “Hermione’s was seen at the Ministry as well, the only one that’s safe to use is Ron’s.”

“I’m going to take a pass on saying ‘Insert dirty joke here’.” whispered Fred.

“They’re trying to draw out any resistors.” said Moody.

“Avoiding Dementors or not having food for a little bit longer…” said Charlie raising and lowering his hands as if he were weighing something. “I’ll pick avoiding Dementors.”

“You’ll say that now, but you’re a male Weasley, you’ll pick food.” said Mrs. Weasley, a faint smile on her lips.

“You’ve had an immense amount of pressure placed on your shoulders, why just in the prior book I failed…and your stumble was far less devastating than mine.” said Dumbledore.

“Well, this isn’t going to end well…” said Fred.
“Nope.” agreed George.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Harry groaned softly. “Oh not again…”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“Nover talk till she’s done with her epiphany, bad things happen.” said Harry, as Ron nodded.

End of dialogue set.

“I thought Ron was wearing it.” said Dennis.

“I never said Ron was wearing it, the locket was only worn by Harry so far.” said Officer McFinn.

“Oh oops.” said Dennis.

Seventh paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Chief Hawkeye threw his hands up in despair. “Never wear dark magic items!”

Dialogue set, first sentence, third comma.

“Oh, not this again.” mumbled Harry.

End of dialogue set.

“He was possessed by stupidity, but nothing more than that.”

“Thank…you…Severus.” replied Dumbledore, though his eyes were filled with a slight mirth.

Dialogue set.
“Also, her possession and mine are really different. I’d know right off if he tried to possess me.” said Harry. “You know, with all the pain and agony.”

Dialogue line.

“Sadly, that’s not a better option.” said Chief Hawkeye, “if you have to grab it quickly in order to flee, you’re screwed if you misplace it.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Chief Hawkeye gave a muffled shout as he put his hands over his face. “Put it in a box, and then put it in your purse! You can’t summon the locket directly, but you can summon the box, with the locket in it!”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Umm…you might want to put it somewhere where the family might be able to find it.” said Mr. Weasley with a chuckle. “I don’t go into the coop at our place and expect to find money.”

Ninth paragraph, first sentence, second comma.

“Easy there, hamster boy.” said Alicia with a giggle.

End of ninth paragraph.

Tenth paragraph.

Eleventh paragraph, first sentence.

“Not to mention that you had the locket on.” said Hermione.

Eleventh paragraph, second sentence.

Dudley turned white and stared at Harry. “We didn’t…we really didn’t do that…did we?”

“Sure did.” said Harry plainly as several members of the group snarled at the floor.
“But…when you were sent to your cup…your room, Mum would ask Dad if he gave you something to eat, she’d do it later…but…he always said yes.” said Dudley softly.

Harry looked slowly over to Dudley and stared. “What? But at the zoo, when you turned eleven she wasn’t all that keen on…”

“I heard her, that night she asked Dad to go down and give you an apple or something.” said Dudley. “I always heard her say that you needed to eat, you were attracting too much attention from the neighbors for being so skinny. They were asking if you had a…eating disorder or something.”

Sirius, Dr. Clark, Mrs. McFinn and Officer McFinn blinked. “I’m going to go and kill that son of a…” muttered Sirius.

“Line forms behind me.” said Officer McFinn darkly.

Eleventh paragraph, third sentence.

“It’s the locket.” said Ginny in a hushed tone. “I hope it’s just that…”

“Why just that?” asked Neville.

“They just started, and if they’re falling apart now…”

End of eleventh paragraph.

“Oh boy…” said Ron cringing slightly. “I don’t like how that’s going to sound.”

Dialogue set, second sentence.

“You’re the chessmaster, you plan something.” said Hermione tightly.

“Ah…” said Harry quietly as he Ron exchanged a look.

“If you think our collective plans go to hell, imagine how mine turn out.” said Ron. “Second year…oof, it was far from pretty, if Harry hadn’t done something, we would have been kicked out…”

“When was this?” asked Hermione in shock. “Where was I?”

“You were in the hospital wing, the whole Polyjuice thing.” said Ron.

End of dialogue set.

Twelfth paragraph, second sentence, first semi-colon.

Voldemort snorted.
A scowl appeared.

The sneer returned.

"Sort of adorable how you think this is something we were going to be able to do in a short amount of time, this is a task that was going to at least take months, maybe a few years.” said Harry.

“So…we may not know how this was going to end?” said Colin softly.

“Not really a guarantee, it only depicts seven years of my life, it could be missing a lot of stuff once a few months before my eighteenth birthday comes around. We could fail horribly and never know.” said Harry.

“Of course you’re going to fail…if you hadn’t of had…help…I doubt you would have gotten very far. I’d wager I’ll find you and kill you before Christmas…If I make it merciful, well, all the better present to give you.” said Voldemort smoothly, his eyes fixed on Harry’s.

“Shut up.” snapped Lionus slapping the back of Voldemort’s head. “You’re starting to lose my amusement.”

“Well, bugger off then.” said Harry, his lips twitching.

“Well, perhaps…but…chances are…they would not have something so powerful laying out in the open…and they have no notion that Tom Riddle was in fact Lord Voldemort. I don’t believe that they would dare to promote that their old employee was the Dark Lord himself.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.
“Ah, but I hadn’t found the Chamber of Secrets, I would need several hundred more years in Hogwarts in order to find all what the school holds, I daresay.” said Dumbledore brightly.

“Bloody year one all over again.” muttered Harry.

“If the name is jinxed, then it is a good plan, the only ones that would dare say his name would be the ones trying to oppose him.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“It’s like home…to the both of us.” whispered Harry with a soft shrug.

“We’ve been resisting the temptation to do it for years.” said Fred.

“It helps to not be around him more than what is absolutely necessary.” said George.

“Your point?” said Seamus.
“Not to say that he didn’t already have the item somewhere else hidden in the school, and this was just going to be a two part errand. Nothing saying that he didn’t stop off somewhere else before or after the meeting to drop it off or pick it up again.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

“A little hasty to do that, in my opinion.” said Dumbledore.

Sixteenth paragraph.

“Maybe it’s a stapler.” said Dr. Clark with a snicker. “Good luck with that.”

Dialogue line.

“By all means, waste your time.” said Voldemort coolly. “Improves my chances of finding you.”

Dialogue set.

Voldemort twitched slightly, but Harry noticed it. A small smile on his face.

“Hope you never played poker, Riddle.” he added absently.

Seventeenth paragraph, third sentence, second comma.

A few people chuckled.

End of seventeenth paragraph.

The chuckling stopped.

Eighteenth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.

“Seeing it from Harry’s scar might not be the best thing to hope for.” said Remus.
“It’s not a good idea to be fixated on one thing, and completely ignore what the enemy is doing.” said Moody.

“Ooh….paranoia…or if they’re actually talking about you, shame on them.” said Tonks. “You didn’t beg for them to come along.”

“Which is stupid to think that, I shared all I knew with them…well…most of what I knew.” said Harry.

“From what I’m gathering, you’re doing a fine job.” said Dumbledore.

“How can you tell…not that I’m saying you’re not!” she added looking at Harry quickly.

“You three aren’t dead yet.” Moody said plainly.

“But that would be the most likely out of any of the suggestions you three had come up with so far that we’ve heard. That and one other place.” said Dumbledore with a kind smile.

“Are we stuck eating only mushrooms, or is there something else we can eat?” muttered Ron, temporarily forgetting Hermione was sitting right next to him and being violently remembered when she swatted his arm.

“Your mother has had plenty of practice at feeding people with magic.” said Harry.

“And the food is already there dear…” said Mrs. Weasley.
“Okay, time to change the jewelry around.” said Harry, “Before you get attacked by birds again.”

“I’ll get you a mirror so you can make sure you get all the feathers out of your hair.” replied Hermione coldly.

“Hasn’t happened yet!” said Ron leaning a bit away from Hermione.

“Why…am I not in charge of the food?” groaned Harry. “Why is she in charge of the food?”

“I don’t cook with magic, you don’t need magic to cook!” said Harry.

“I’ll eat that, you can have the rest of mine.” said Harry quickly.

“But it’s been on the ground.” said Dudley with a cringe.

“Not like I haven’t eaten off the floor before.” said Harry. “At least your floors were cleaner then a tent’s.”

Dudley stared again.

“I’m hoping it’s not what we think.” said Harry holding his hands up.
“Crud…” said Harry. “I was hoping that I was just siding with Ron for some bizarre reason.”

“Get ready to fight.” said Moody tensely.

“Ah…” said Fred with a fond smile.

“Bless…” George added kindly.

“Why do I get the feeling that I did things a little harder?” said Harry with a weary chuckle. “And if that’s how I did it, why didn’t I think of salmon…I love salmon.”

“Goblins, I shouldn’t wonder.” said Bill. “If I was going to describe gobbledygook, that would be it.”

“Called it.” said Bill.
“Daddy!” breathed Tonks.

“Hey, I’m on the run too! Hope I keep on the run.” said Dean hopefully.

“Looks like some others aren’t just lying down and taking it.” said Mr. Weasley.

“But seriously, how many times has Dawlish been attacked now? He needs a bit more retraining.” said Moody, “I’ll whip him into shape in no time.”

“Or make him as nervous as a cat in a dog pound.” whispered Hermione quietly.

“That’ll get just about anyone in firing range killed.” said Hannah.
“You might not want to know,” said Bill.

“Oh, but we’re going to try and pick up what’s missing,” said Ron.

“Oh, this ought to be good…hope this a lucky break,” said Charlie leaning forward in his chair.

“Well…that sounds like a stupid thing to do,” said Ginny. “The kids there are kind of at the mercy of the teachers…or in this case Carrows.”

Ginny made a choking sound.

“What was that you said about it being stupid, little sister?” said Fred weakly.
Thirty-seventh paragraph.

Dialogue set.

“So this is what they come up with when we’re not there.” said George shaking his head.

“Pathetic, I say.” said Fred.

“We’ve let her down, who knew we had to take her by the hand…Ginny…we’re so sorry.” said George somberly.

“We’ll pick up lessons in pranking and all beings sneaky once we’re done for the day,” said Fred.

“Oh, you will not!” scolded Mrs. Weasley.

“Yeah…not without me!” said Ron quietly.

Fred and George looked at Ron pointedly, giving him an appraising look. “We’ll do our best.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Thirty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Harry blinked. “What?”

“Say what?” parroted Voldemort.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Voldemort snarled as Harry looked concerned.

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Mr. Weasley made to stand up, but Bill grabbed his arm tightly. “It’s the way they are Dad, and it
“I’m not too sure I have enough power in me to give him more than a broken leg.” said Harry.

“I would have said parchment cut.” drawled Snape.

“I would side with Harry, though I believe he could injure me far worse than that.” said Dumbledore absently.

“Still buying the manure when there’s a perfectly good sale on the gold, huh?” said Leroy.

“…Not something you often hear.” said Sirius leaning over to Dumbledore.

Fortieth paragraph.

Luna stiffened slightly.

“Be thankful he’s vanished.” said Chief Hawkeye.
“And I’m pretty sure they’d be singing it from the rooftops if that had happened.” said Dr. Clark squeezing Mrs. McFinn’s hand tightly.

“Oh...not him.” groaned Sirius.

“Not that he hears it much.” said Dumbledore kindly.

“Ooo, he won’t like that.” said Dumbledore chuckling.

“That’s debatable.” said Harry.
“Don’t take the bait.” said Sirius.

“We helped, be happy.” said Luna dreamily.

“Oh, we did that ages ago, if you had cared, you would have visited a long time ago.” said Ron.

The teachers blinked heavily. That was a token detention…not quite what they were expecting.
“How would you like to meet a jar of turpentine?” snapped Dr. Clark.

“I wish, but unfortunately, I cannot leap into his paintings. I could travel to his painting on the
wall, but I cannot leave the school through just any painting.” said Dumbledore.

Harry thought for a brief instance and looked at the Headmaster, “Hope you don’t mind, but I want
a copy of whatever painting you have of yourself.”

Dumbledore was stunned for a moment, but he spoke again, his voice thick with emotion. “I would
be honored.”

“How you say that now…” said Ron.
“That would mean…if asked…he would have.” said Sirius. “And he still may.”

“And you always do that.” said nearly everyone collectively.

Dumbledore smiled at the room surrounding him. “Do I?”
“Don’t be too sure.” said Dumbledore holding a finger up.

“Mmm…” said Dumbledore lowering the finger with an apologetic smile.

“Well, why weren’t you saying anything?” said Harry.

“Fracking locket…” muttered Colin.

“We’re having enough fun with all these other puzzles, don’t add another one to the pile.” said Harry.
“You wanted to come along, you wanted to join on this scavenger hunt. We’re supposed to be a team effort here.” said Harry hotly.

“Don’t you have a stove in there?” asked Dennis.

“I’m assuming that you don’t know how to cause the smoke to be invisible.” said Flitwick.

“You’re bloody wearing one of the achievements.” said Katie.

“Yeee….don’t bring Mummy into this.” offered Harry to his book self.

“You’ve been in on it the whole time, why would you think I was holding something back?” said Harry.

“Well, why don’t you have a plan in your pocket? You’re smart, real smart! If you weren’t so busy pussyfooting around and just use those smarts you have, we’d be in and out of all this mess by now!” shouted Ron, suddenly surprised that he said it out loud.

“I don’t know why I’m not doing what I should be doing!” said Harry hotly. “This hasn’t happened yet, and it won’t!”

“Moving on!” shouted Officer McFinn.
“Go find a Basilisk, that shouldn’t be too hard, we’ll wait here. On your way back, pick up some milk.” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Oh, thanks!” said Harry.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-second paragraph.

“Which is a damn good achievement.” said Moody.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue set.

“She’s with Hagrid, I’d trust him with my life!” said Harry standing up. Sirius pulled Harry back down and patted his back.

“He’s not saying that now, it won’t happen. Calm down.”

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“‘They’ve got Bill scarred, George’s missing an ear and you’ve got Spattergroit, that’s what they’re talking about!’ said Harry sharply.

“And we know that how?” said Ron hotly. “Cause we’ve only got your point of view on all this!”

“Well no shit it’s on my point of view! They’re my Memorial Books!”

Voldemort sat back and watched what was unfolding before his eyes with amusement a pleased
smirk on his face.

It took Ron’s mother and Charlie to calm Ron down and then they resumed the reading.

Dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

“Go nuts.” said Sirius pushing Harry forward in the sofa. Harry didn’t get off the sofa, instead he fixed Ron with a hard stare. “We’re going to finish a few more, and then you and I…we’re going to have a little talk.”

Ron looked a bit concerned at that point.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-third paragraph.

Dialogue set.

Hermione looked fearfully between the two of them.

Dialogue line.

Sixty-fourth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“She’s not just going to lie down and let herself be found, you idiot.’ said Harry.

End of chapter.

“Well, both out here and in the book is awkward.” said George.

“Carry on, Mr. Puh-lease-man.” said Fred.
Officer McFinn shook his head, but turned his gaze to the next chapter.
First paragraph, fourth sentence.
Fred and George looked over at Harry with disgusted expressions on both their faces.
“You’re really morbid in the morning.”

End of first paragraph.

Second paragraph.
“He’s giving you some credit Ron, he’s leaving open that tiny window that you’d be back to them if given a chance…both for time and a moment to clear your head.” said Katie.
“Though, all night could qualify as enough time.” said Alicia quietly.
“It took them months the last time and that was just because Ron didn’t believe Harry…and it wasn’t nearly that dramatic that time.” said Angelina.

Third paragraph.
“It’s all sorts of awkward now.” said Dean.

Fourth paragraph.
Fifth paragraph, second sentence.
“So…don’t expect any sort of jokes in this chapter, eh?” said Terry.

End of fifth paragraph.
“So there you go, using the brains you have.” said Ron.
“I could have told him the spells we were using and taught him and you.” said Hermione.
“…Oh…right…” said Ron. “But he is smart.”
“Someone take the shovel away.” said Harry.

Sixth paragraph, second sentence, first comma.
“Well, that would make going to the Weasely’s for the holidays a bit awkward. ‘Hey, pass the mash potatoes…you…’” said Dean pointing in Ron’s direction.

**Sixth paragraph, fourth sentence, first comma.**

“Having Weasley go back to Hogwarts where Death Eaters are in charge would be incredibly stupid.” said Moody gruffly.

“So…give him five minutes to get there.” whispered George.

**Sixth paragraph.**

“Or it could make you seem really creepy.” giggled Hannah softly.

“I’ll go with creepy.” said Ginny teasingly.

“Fine…I’ll go stare at…no, never mind.” chuckled Harry.

**Seventh paragraph.**

“I’ll accept whatever anger you wish to place in me, but perhaps I might have had a plan set in store for you…to receive the sword at a safe moment?”

“At least we’ll hope that’s what you had planned.” said Sirius.

“I do too.” the Headmaster agreed.

**Eighth paragraph.**

“Make sure you’re not wearing the locket!” warned Remus.

**Ninth paragraph, second sentence.**

Dumbledore smiled, “He always had a penchant for taking part in others’ business.”

“Must be a requirement for becoming Headmaster.” said Lionus with a snort.

**End of ninth paragraph.**

“I don’t know if I’d be able to resist such temptation.” said Sirius.

“Don’t give yourself any credit, you’d have not resistance to doing that.” said Remus.
“Yeah, you got that right.” said Ginny and Neville together, though Neville said it a lot quieter then Ginny.

“Don’t care…” said Ginny. “I don’t really feel like getting abducted so I might be bait to lure Harry out.”

“Good thing he did that then.” said Harry quietly, looking at the red head pointedly. “I’d come in a heartbeat.”

“And you’d be dead in one too, I’d rather not ever be the reason you got caught.” retorted Ginny.

Harry held his hands up in a surrendering gesture.

“Sure, you’ll avoid a fight with her…” frowned Ron.

“I’m border lining suicidal, not stupid.” said Harry. “It’s a joke, it’s a joke!” he added quickly at several people’s gasp and squeaks of horror.

“Not a very good one.” said Sirius weakly.

“And we’ve had our share of duds.” replied Remus.

“Priorities, Potter.” said Chief Hawkeye with a laugh.
“It always does.” said Bill.

“Well, you’ve done one, you might as well do the other.” said Charlie.

“Pity.” said Sirius.

“Couldn’t you take holiday to the Bahamas or something?” said Neville. “At least warm yourselves up.”

“Are you kidding, we’d never leave.” said Harry.


“Compared to sometimes sketchy mushrooms…yeah.” said Harry.

Dumbledore smiled warmly.

“This may get you brownie points to get what you want.” said Leroy.
Fifteenth paragraph.
Dialogue set.
Chief Hawkeye blinked.

Dialogue line.
“Doesn’t mean he doesn’t know what it is!” said Colin excitedly.
“Or I just might not know what it is.” said Harry tiredly.

Dialogue set.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
“Not what she was looking for, I don’t think.” said Ron.

Sixteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.
Dialogue line.

Seventeenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.

Eighteenth paragraph.
“He didn’t unite his followers under a particular symbol.” said Dumbledore. “Like someone else I know, actually, two people.”

Dialogue line.

Nineteenth paragraph.
Dialogue line.
“Because it is not a symbol of Dark Magic.” said Dumbledore.
“Or he recognized the symbol as something else.” said Rudolph. “Using the context.”

Moody sighed. “If you’re going to go, be prepared.”

“Are you sure you were listening?” said Seamus.

“I don’t think I would have put anything in Godric Hollow, it would seem to obvious a place. Though I could be wrong.” said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

“Wow…really?” said Dean.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

Harry and Ron laughed loudly, “We’ll never admit to reading it.”
“Hey…I’ve been having an off…year…” said Harry defensively, though he said it with a smile.

“Ah…nostalgic memories.” said Fred.

“It’s been so long…”

“Nearly eight months.” said the twins together.

“Huh, you learn something new every day.” said Ron.

Hermione groaned. “We’ve had this book since our first year! You should have read it at least seven times by now!”

“After all the side stepping and separate paths we’ve gone on, I’m not sure that it’s going to be all the easy to find the sword.” said Harry. “I’m thinking I just want to see…”

“We got it.” said Sirius patting Harry’s back fondly.

Harry scratched the back of his head sheepishly.
“Hope we avoid the awkwardness.” said Ginny.

“How you remember that she called my ankles skinny, I’m not sure…” said Hermione with a smirk over to Harry.

End of dialogue set.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Twenty-fifth paragraph.

“Don’t do that!” said Harry with a surprised laugh.

“Sorry!” said Hermione, laughing as well.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

“Absolutely not!” said Dumbledore shaking his head and waving his hands quickly.

“Bathilda and something pointy that’s not a quill is a disaster waiting to happen!” said Sirius. “And she doesn’t even hurt herself.”

“Remember when someone got her that silver cutlery for her birthday?” said Remus. “I don’t know how she managed to get all the knives and forks embedded in the bell in the church tower.”

“Then that time she had all her knitting needles chasing after us that night, I wasn’t sure we were going to get away with as little injuries as we did.” said Sirius rubbing his back absently. “It was like running from an army of angry knarls. To this day she said all she was trying to do was knit a sweater for James.”

“She just about put my eye out when she bought a silver unicorn horn from the apothecary. It wasn’t in her bag for longer than a half an hour!” said Remus.

“But…she bakes.” said Harry.

“And she doesn’t have a single knife in her kitchen. If she wants something made, she has to cut things with magic.” said Sirius.

Twenty-sixth paragraph, fourth sentence.

“Oh, we have tea every Sunday.” said Dumbledore. “I daresay she would not like it if it were mentioned that I didn’t speak of her to you. I am very grateful that she is not here right now.”

End of twenty-sixth paragraph.
Moody nodded appreciatively, while Voldemort only scowled.

“Oh, Harry.” said Mrs. McFinn her eyes watering, as Rudolph and Leroy held hands.

Harry allowed himself to be pulled against Sirius, as his godfather needed the comfort as much as he himself did.

“Which is what he is most likely planning on you doing.” said Moody.

“Now I only hope you don’t accidentally bring those muggles into danger by having their likeness in a place that they shouldn’t be.” said Lionus.

“Harry, stop messing with your hair.” said Sirius.

“You’ve adjusted your hair more times than Sirius did in our fourth year.” said Remus.

“Oi.” said Sirius.

“One day you went through more than two hair makeovers before the lunch…” said Remus. “You couldn’t decide whether to have long or short hair, curly, wavy, straight…every time you went to the loo, you came back looking different.”
Harry tried to swallow, but found his throat tightening up, he had to reach over and take a drink out of the glass of water on the nearby table. Sirius rubbed his arm supportively when he had returned it.

**Dialogue line.**

**Thirty-second paragraph.**

**Dialogue line.**

“And if you’re spotting removing footprints, it’s only going to be easier to pick you off.”

“Alastor…” hissed McGonagall.

**Thirty-third paragraph, first sentence.**

“You’d know your parent’s house the moment you saw it, as for Batty’s…well…that depends on what her future self had done to the place.” said Remus.

“Remember that time she was all mad for lilacs. That was a nice time for the village, lilac bushes everywhere,” said Sirius. “She even painted her house purple to match it.”

“Or that time she went on a windmill phase. She liked them spinning at such random times that several poor birds and a few bats ended up getting smacked.” said Remus. “They wouldn’t move for the longest time till all of a sudden…” he made a fast circling motion with his hand to the amusement of the younger inhabitants. “Never knew what hit them.”

“Remember that squirrel? Flew so far it went right through an open window and landed in that poor woman’s bath. I don’t know who freaked out more, the thoroughly soaked and traumatized squirrel, or the startled woman.” laughed Sirius loudly.

“James’ money was on the squirrel.” said Remus snickering.

“I’ll be right back, I’m about to piss myself from laughing just remembering the screams and squeaks.” said Sirius disentangling himself from the covers and walking out of the den, and returned a few moments later.

**Thirty-third paragraph, third sentence.**

Dumbledore looked down. “They’re…revealed…the house, the people within, it’s all revealed.”

The joking mood, evaporated immediately.

**End of thirty-third paragraph.**

**Thirty-fourth paragraph.**
“Sounds like a nice little town to live in.” said Dr. Clark.

“It was boring.” said Sirius, “Except at night, then the pub got a bit excitable.”

“It was boring enough for Lily to feel safe raising a family in it, and it was fun enough to stop James from sneaking out with Sirius all the time.” said Remus.

“Hope you’re not expecting Father Christmas to come to the tent, even he would have a hard time finding you.”

“Fred!”

“Sorry, Mum.”

“Wait…sorry for what?” asked Ginny.

“It’s an automatic saying for us to her, best to just apologize, doesn’t really matter.”

“I don’t think they’d be…” started Ron, but Hermione cut him off.

“No, Ron, I don’t think they’re in the church singing.”

Ron snapped his mouth shut.

“We have a way to attract each other’s attention.” said Fred. “It’s a way we breathe.”

The rest of the people in the room stared at them.

“I’m not going to ask.” said Ron covering his eyes. “It’s only going to hurt.”
Thirty-eighth paragraph.

“Give me one of those right now.” said Mrs. McFinn quietly to Chief Hawkeye, who had a box of tissues sitting next to him.

“My pleasure.”

Thirty-ninth paragraph.

Sirius reached behind Harry and rubbed his temple, Harry relaxed into the gesture and leaned further back against his arms.

“You must get headaches a lot, if you’re enjoying this this much.” said Sirius quietly.

“When they hurt, they really bloody hurt.” muttered Harry.

“So I’ve learned.”

Dialogue set.

Fortieth paragraph.

“And he completely forgets the time that we dragged him to church that one Christmas.” said Officer McFinn fondly.

“I’d forget too, if I had to listen to your singing.” said Dr. Clark with a chuckle.

Forty-first paragraph.

“Ke…”

“’Keeping to the shadows means nothing if you’re going to leave a trail to follow anyway.’” said McGonagall in a bland tone, a pointed look towards Moody, who huffed.

Forty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“Ooh, that might be interesting.” said Hannah with a smile.

“Yeah, and it’s most certainly….” said the twins with a slight smile.

“One more word and I’ll smack you with a poker.” said Charlie coldly.

“You don’t know what we’re…okay we’re done…” said George, he quieted down when Charlie slowly began to reach towards the fireplace.
Forty-third paragraph.

Forty-fourth paragraph.

Forty-fifth paragraph.

Grave Memorium

Forty-sixth paragraph.

“A hard fact of life, the press do get some things right, some of the time.” said Dumbledore, his face alight with a sad smile.

Forty-seventh paragraph, second sentence.

“There’s never a really good time to mention things like that, especially when we are so focused on you staying alive.” said Dumbledore.

“Could have taken me there, I’m the safest when I’m with you.” said Harry coldly.

“Simple safety is not the issue, it’s…time.” said Dumbledore.

Harry meant to say something, but he felt the hand on his forehead tap warningly.

“When he gets like that, best to just sit and stew about it, you’re not going to get a decent short answer in this lifetime.” whispered Sirius.

End of forty-seventh paragraph.

Dumbledore made an obvious effort to look anywhere else but where Harry was. “Our families, are never unimportant.”

Forty-eighth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Ron and Hermione looked between Dumbledore and Harry. The once tense air that came between
Harry and Ron lay between the student and the Headmaster, though it was not nearly as hostile as it was compared to earlier, it was cold…and full of hurt.

“Remember when these used to be fun?” said Ron. “Now you don’t know whether you’re coming or going.”

Dialogue line.

Forty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dumbledore looked at the book in the deceased man’s hand out of the corner of his eye. A small, yet triumphant smile on his face.

“Do you think he knows what marker it is?” whispered Dean.

“It said it was mossy, crumbling and Hermione thought it said Potter….How can he know what one that marker is?” replied Seamus in a hissed whisper.

“Well, maybe he goes there…he’d know…” said Dean with a shrug.

“My gran takes me to the cemetery every year to spruce up the flowers, I wouldn’t be able to tell you the people next to everyone in the cemetery.” said Seamus.

Fiftieth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-first paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-second paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-third paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“…His mother and father must have really hated him.”

“WILLIAM!” said Mrs. Weasley in a stern tone.

“Either that or they thought by naming him that, they were sure a bunch of other kids weren’t going to respond when they yelled at him to come home.”

“CHARLES!”
“I love it when she yells at someone else.” said Fred, he fell silent when his mother pointed a warning finger at him.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-fourth paragraph.

“It sounds horribly morbid, but I did like walking through that graveyard sometimes.” said Sirius. “Also helps that church ladies always threw out the best scraps after their potlucks.”

“But couldn’t you go IN the church and just eat in there?” asked Ron.

“Not when you’re on the run you can’t.” said Sirius.

“And when you’re dodging one set of church ladies in particular because you broke it off with one of their daughters for some ridiculous reason.” added Remus to Sirius’ dismay.

“I told her that we could still be friends!”

“And you remember what happened after that?” said Remus with a bright smile.

“Still can’t stand the smell of boiled cabbage…threw the whole pot at me, I stunk for a week!” said Sirius moaning slightly. He glared at the people who laughed at him. “You don’t understand! My sense of smell is stronger than yours, it was even worse!” That only caused the others to laugh harder.

Fifty-fifth paragraph.

Fifty-sixth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

Fifty-seventh paragraph.

Sirius said nothing, but moved his hand and arm down to pull Harry tight against him.

Fifty-eighth paragraph.

Grave Stone

Fifty-ninth paragraph.

Dialogue line.

“It’s not quite what the Death Eater slogan is.” said Dumbledore kindly.

Dialogue set.
But they were not living, thought Harry: They were gone. The empty words could not disguise the fact that his parents’ moldering remains lay beneath snow and stone, indifferent, unknowing.

Harry felt Sirius’s arm tighten around his chest.

**End of sixtieth paragraph.**

The silence was incredibly thick, Harry kept his eyes fixed firmly on the slippers he wore on his feet. Officer McFinn didn’t resume the reading for several minutes, and Harry didn’t dare tear his gaze away from his feet to look at anyone else. After a moment, Officer McFinn started up again.

**Sixty-first paragraph.**

“Lovely gesture, dear.” said Mrs. Weasley, dabbing her eyes with a damp handkerchief.

**End of chapter.**

“Sad thing is, you might just have given yourself away.” said Moody. “But…other than going there in the first place, no fault of yours. Doubt even I would be unaffected…”

Tonks blinked.

**End Notes**

Thank you for reading, please remember, take your time. There is no need to rush...and at first if you think it's hard reading it, you should be on my side typing it up!

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